



MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.





MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII.

MAY 1875, TO OCTOBER 1875.



London :

MACMILLAN AND CO.

29 & 30, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND

Cambridge.

1875.

W. J. LINTON, S^r





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PRINTED BY R CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
LONDON.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. TO XXXII., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—192,
HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, PRICE 7s. 6d. EACH.

Reading Cases for Monthly Numbers. One Shilling.
Cases for Binding Volumes, One Shilling.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1875.

A YOUNG ENGLAND NOVEL.

It is as natural in the present day to forget the *raison d'être* of the "Young England" party, as it is easy to satirize its principles and its programme. Romantic absurdity and picturesque extravagance notwithstanding, its mission becomes intelligible when examined by the light of historical facts. The writings and the speeches of the Coryphæi of "the New Generation" forty years ago were a protest against the prevailing *régime*, political and social, not without something of national significance. Young England essayed the patriotic task of interpreting the discontent of the older and the more prosaic England, and of supplementing these functions with a pseudo-philosophic statement of the cause of the evil, and the suggestion of a picturesquely impossible propaganda for its cure. The nation was thoroughly dissatisfied with the practical results that had followed Earl Grey's measure of 1832. It had been led to anticipate a social regeneration as an immediate sequel: it found as a matter of fact that things continued pretty much as they were before; that the relations of labour and capital were not ameliorated; that the condition of the people was not improved. The commercial aristocracy, whom Pitt had created for the purpose of playing off in his political system against the aristocracy of birth, had the first place in the attentions of Peel. Parliamentary power was not exercised for the good of the masses, and the masses rushed to

the conclusion that popular representation was a delusion, and the Reform Bill itself nothing better than one vast legislative sham. The reformers were told that they had tricked the constituencies; the anti-reformers were accused of acquiescing passively in the deception. "No party," said Mr. Disraeli, in his preface to "Lothair," "was national: one was exclusive and odious, and the other liberal and cosmopolitan."

The French revolution had spread throughout Europe a vague desire to reconstruct society upon the lines of an ideal perfection; and the public faith which Young England elaborated was as much a product of the inspiration of the great drama enacted in Paris, as the project of Coleridge and Southey for reorganizing humanity upon a pantisocratic basis. No one denied that the times were out of joint; but no one could see how the mummeries and morris dances, the reversion to ancient rites and forgotten customs, which were essential ingredients in the political nostrum of Young England, would suffice to put it right. Just as the resuscitation of classic names, and an affectation of a primitive simplicity of habit, were integral parts in the system of the political philosophers of the French revolution, so Young England strove to create anew the traditions and the influences of that golden age which began with feudalism, and which

vanished when Charles I. became the "holocaust of direct taxation."

At a time when the erewhile reputed leader of Young England is the Prime Minister of the British empire, it may be worth while to say something about the three politicians whose names are most prominently associated with the phrase. "Living much together," Mr. Disraeli has written of himself and his friends at this period, "without combination we acted together. Some of those who were then my companions have, like myself, since taken some part in the conduct of public affairs; two of them, and those who were not the least interested in my speculations, have departed. One was George Smythe, afterwards seventh Lord Strangford, a man of brilliant gifts, of dazzling, not definite, culture, and fascinating manners. His influence over youth was remarkable, and he could promulgate a new faith with graceful enthusiasm. Henry Hope, the eldest son of the author of 'Anastasius,' was of a different nature, but he was learned and accomplished, possessing a penetrating judgment and an inflexible will. Master of a vast fortune, his house naturally became our frequent rendezvous, and it was at Deepdene that he first urged the expediency of my treating in a literary form those views and subjects which were the matter of our frequent conversation." The outcome of this the world has before it in the history of "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred."

Mr. Disraeli was the first who attempted to give anything like political consistency to the sentimental statesmanship which was discussed in "the glades and galleries of the Deepdene." It would indeed be a mistake to look to "Coningsby" for the political philosophy of Mr. Disraeli himself. Neither that nor any of his novels contains a political system to whose principles their author is prepared uniformly to adhere. Mr. Disraeli's statesmanship has always been empirical, and is therefore without a philosophy. But it is in "Coningsby" that the chimerical aspirations of Smythe's "Historic Fancies" and "England's

Trust"—Lord John Manners's volume of poems—are first expressed in a form which is precise, and which at least pretends to be practical. A critic of the day compared the members of the select little coterie—to the infant prodigy, of whom the fond mother exclaimed, "Dear baby, it has got a little of everything!" So, he said, it is with Young England: it has got a little of history, somewhat more of metaphysics, and a small portion of unintelligible theology. It is the mission of the hero of Mr. Disraeli's best known political fiction to rally the aristocracy round the Sovereign—to establish an alliance between Crown and Chartists, peer and peasant; to restore the original constitution in Church and State; or, if that be impossible, to relieve the Church of its alliance with the State, and of the "indignity of having its bishops virtually appointed by the House of Commons, which is now a sectarian assembly." Mr. Disraeli had been four years in Parliament when Lord John Manners published his poems and his pamphlets, and seven years when George Smythe's "Historic Fancies" made their appearance. It is customary to speak of the exceptionally disadvantageous circumstances under which Mr. Disraeli commenced his political career; but Mr. Disraeli had opportunities denied to Burke, or Sheridan, or Canning. The distinction of his father, and the reputation which he had himself won as a novelist, had already combined to secure him recognition in society. At Lady Blessington's he had made the acquaintance of the most celebrated personages of the day. He was the friend of D'Orsay and of Duncombe. Introduced by Mr. Hope to Lord Granby, the present Duke of Rutland, he became a visitor at Belvoir, and gathered his initial experience of those scenes of high political life which are depicted in his novels. In joining, or rather in organizing, the Young England party, Mr. Disraeli was at once placing himself at the head of a sentiment of distrust in the Conservative policy of the time, and was secur-

ing to himself the unquestionable advantage of a great social alliance. The romance which tinged the political and religious sentiments of Lord John Manners and Mr. George Smythe, their admiration for all that was splendid in the ceremonials of feudalism, for the grandeur and the picturesqueness of English mediævalism, may also have had a congenial attraction for Mr. Disraeli, whose innate love of Oriental pageantry had been stimulated by recent experiences of travel in the land of his race. "Coningsby," which was published three years after Lord John Manners's poems, and in the same year as Mr. Smythe's "Historic Fancies," should be regarded rather as a tribute at the shrine of friendship than the exposition of political principles which it was seriously contemplated to translate into action. Mr. Disraeli did in admirable prose what Lord John Manners has done in very mediocre verse: he commemorated in a spirit of appropriate gratitude associations which had been to him of the utmost profit and importance. But the political significance of "Coningsby," as of Mr. Disraeli's other novels, is critical only, and it is a pregnant commentary on their author's consciousness of the visionary nature of Young-England's projects that in "Coningsby" and in "Sybil" the story is prudently concluded before its *dramatis personæ* have addressed themselves practically to the reforms which they have preached in periods of glowing antithesis and paragraphs of sparkling paradox.

The political union between the three chiefs of the Young England party—their followers being Mr. Hope, Lord Granby, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Lord Ellesmere, and Mr. Monckton Milnes—was of brief duration. The same year as that which saw the publication of "Coningsby," heard the formal repudiation by George Smythe of the principles of protection; and in 1845 both Lord John Manners and George Smythe voted with Sir Robert Peel's majority and against Mr. Disraeli in the matter of the Maynooth Grant. George Smythe was always the

weakest link in a weak, because a purely sentimental, chain. The predominant idea in his mind was the necessity of maintaining an ancient territorial aristocracy. The predominant idea with Lord John Manners the necessity of maintaining, in addition to such an aristocracy, a not less aristocratic and a universally beneficent Church. The Ecclesiastical Counsellor of the coterie, to whom both Lord John Manners and Mr. Smythe dedicated various sonnets, was Frederick Faber of the Oratory, author of "The Water Lily on the Cherwell." His lordship had come to the conclusion that society might be regenerated by the instrumentality of monastic institutions and holydays, over which the Church should preside. But what Church? Not the Church of the Reformation; for that Lord John had as undisguised a detestation as for the Protestant Settlement of 1688. Not the Church of Rome either, which he admits may have deviated into extravagances, as Protestantism has undoubtedly into coarse excesses; but some Church superior to and independent of the State—such a Church system as that of our fathers, "which sanctioned and hallowed the every-day employments, the needful recreations, the birth, life, and death of the poorest and meanest artisan," and which is "holier and better and more politic than that state system of ours which places labour at the mercy of mammon, handing over with easy indifference the recreation of the people to Socialism and Chartism, and contents itself with rejecting the miserable birth, and the yet more miserable death, of the toiling being whose life it disregards." Lord John Manners's ideal Church was an institution designed to spiritualise the people in the aristocratic interest.

Just as "England's Trust" was dedicated "most affectionately and admiringly, *parvum, non parvæ pignus amicitie*," "to the Hon. George Percy Sydney Smythe," so "Historic Fancies" is inscribed—"To Lord John Manners, M.P., whose gentle blood is only an illustration of his gentler conduct, and

whose whole life may well remind us that the only child of Philip Sydney became a Manners, because he is himself as true and blameless—the Philip Sydney of our generation.” “Historic Fancies” is less ecclesiastical, more purely aristocratic in its tone, if that be possible, and aims at something more in the direction of philosophic history than Lord John Manners’s volume of verse. The opening essay is a vigorous panegyric upon the aristocracy of France, whom the author describes as “the most illustrious that the world ever saw.” The spirit of the churchmanship, which was a vital article in the new Anglican Creed, soon asserts itself. The “Catholic Cavalier” is a lively lay supposed to be sung at the restoration of the second Charles :—

“A hundred years of wrong shall make our
vengeance strong,
A hundred years of outrage, and blasphemy
and broil,
Since the spirit of Unrest sent forth on
her behest
The Apostate and the Puritan to do their
work of spoil !
Since the tyrant’s wanton bride trode the
truth done in her pride,
And God for England’s sin gave power to a
lie—
And through the land the light of False-
hood burnt all bright,
As each churl thought to see the day-spring
dim on high.”

The following extract from the note which follows the poem will illustrate the identity of Mr. Smythe’s and Lord John Manners’s ecclesiastical views :—
“I have” (he writes), “in the foregoing ballad purposely made no distinction between the Churches of Rome and England, because if I had done so, I think I should have been untrue to the character and feeling of the Roman Catholics of the time. The limits which separated the Churches could not have been thought of by such men as Sir Kenelm Digby very broad, or the obstacles to union very strong.” There are several other poems in this volume, all emanating from much the same inspiration, and fashioned after the model of Macaulay and Praed. Generally, however, it may be said that the sentiment of these com-

positions is more liberal than that of the eccentric patriotism which was the ruling passion of Lord John Manners’s muse. The member for Canterbury bids his readers adieu with a really stirring song in honour of the merchants of old England :—

“The land it boasts its titled hosts—they
could not view with these,
The Merchants of Old England, the Seig-
neurs of the seas,
In the days of Great Elizabeth, when they
sought the western main,
Maugre and spite the Corsair’s might and
the menaces of Spain.

* * * * *
“And by the power that was her dower,
might Commerce once more be
The Helper of the Helpless, and the
Saviour of the Free ;
Then glory to the Merchants who shall do
such deeds as these,
The Merchants of Old England, the Seig-
neurs of the seas.”

A more noticeable feature in the “Historic Fancies” is the manifest influence of *les idées Disraeliennes*. The philo-Judaism or philo-Ottomanism, which occasionally colours the writings of Mr. Smythe, extends to the work of an author of whom more is known, Mr. Monckton Milnes, the present Lord Houghton : “Thy heart has been stirred within thee at the glories of Islam. Doubt not ; truth is not mine only, but multiform. And benevolence is the disciple of truth.” “The conquest of Egypt and Morocco, the invasion of Spain, the learning of Cordova, the politeness of Damascus, Charlemagne, and Haroun al Raschid, Saladin and the Crusades, Boabdil and Granada ! What animated associations ! What themes for luxurious or thoughtful reflection ! What inevitable incitement for future history among a race almost as numerous as that of Christendom, and far more susceptible to the legends of their faith.”¹ Such passages as these illustrate the degree to which the enthusiasm of Young England was interpenetrated by the associations of old Judæa. *Inter alia* the author of “Historic Fancies” suggests in all earnest that it might be desirable to revive the practice of

¹ See *Historic Fancies*, p. 379.

"touching for the evil" on account of the "direct communication which it brought about between the highest and the lowest, between the king and the poor." "If," he adds, "the great only knew what stress the poor lay on the few forms which remain to join them, they would make many sacrifices for their maintenance and preservation. Dr. Johnson, a man of the people, if there ever was one, was yet prouder of having been touched by Queen Anne, when he was a child, of speaking about the great lady in black, of whom he had an indistinct recollection, than he was of all the heroism under misfortune and of all the erudition of his works."

Such were the vague aspirations which it remained for Mr. Disraeli to popularise in his novel. The task was not an easy one, but it was executed with consummate skill. Chief of the sect of Young England, as Mr. Disraeli had been unanimously nominated, he was without some of the qualifications for his new position which George Smythe and Lord John Manners each possessed. Though long since intimate with English society, he had never received the early training of an English statesman. He had neither been at a public school nor a university. "Born in a library," to use his own expression, his only knowledge of English boys and classical literature had been picked up at an "academy for young gentlemen," kept by a Nonconformist minister, Mr. Cogan, at Walthamstow. But Mr. Disraeli's genius triumphed over all these obstacles. He produced in "Coningsby" not only a graphic picture of Eton life, and a complete synoptical epitome of the opinions of Young England, political, social, religious; but, so far as its purely political and many of its descriptive passages were concerned, a telling impeachment both against the results of the Whig Reform Bill and against the principles of Modern Toryism as illustrated by Sir Robert Peel. "Coningsby" combined with the attractions of a fashionable novel the animus of a political pamphlet. It at once

served as the avatar of Neo-Anglicanism, by bringing the principal personages of the party into one focus, and took a brilliant place in the *chronique scandaleuse* of the period by its satirical portraits of some of the best known people of the time. More than this, its fruitful repertory of political aphorisms and constitutional maxims supplied Mr. Disraeli with an abundant justification for the attack which he had already commenced to make on Sir Robert Peel, and which he was shortly to renew with increased bitterness and effect.

In 1844 Mr. Disraeli was already known as a novelist of singular gifts, and he was still best known by "Vivian Grey." A "key" was published to this "book written by a boy"—as its author has since with an affectation of contempt called it—according to which the originals of the characters were as follows:—Vivian Grey, the author; Sherborne, Disraeli the elder; Marquis of Carabas, Lord Lyndhurst; Stanislaus Hoax, Theodore Hook; Duke of Juggernaut, Duke of Norfolk; Prince of Little Lilliput, Prince Leopold; Mr. Million, Mr. Coutts; Foaming Fudge, Brougham; Lord Prima Donna, Lord Wm. Lennox; Prince Xttnpqrtosklw, Prince Gortchakoff; Fitzborn, Sir Robert Peel; Charlatan Gas, Canning; Lord Past Century, Eldon; Marquis of Grandgout, Marquis of Hertford; Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Lady Caroline Lamb; Southey, Brummell, Esterhazy, and Metternich, and other celebrities, being the prototypes of the minor personages introduced into the panorama of this startling romance. It may be mentioned that another "interpretation" was current at the time the novel appeared. The ill-starred *Representative* started by Mr. John Murray (the elder) had just collapsed; its death speedily followed an article commencing "As we were seated the other night in our opera-box." It was declared that in "Vivian Grey" the ex-editor of the *Representative* had, as in a parable, depicted the fortunes of a newspaper, and that the Marquis of Carabas was none other than the enterprising publisher of Albemarle

Street himself. It was only about eight years ago that Mr. Disraeli condescended to correct the impression that he was connected with this organ, by stating that he had never written a line for it, and that he had at no period of his life acted as a journalist. This assertion, of course, settles the matter; and, so far as the editorship of the *Representative* was concerned, I believe I may state positively that it was assumed by Lockhart, the editor of the *Quarterly*. There is less dispute as to the identity of the human models who sate to Mr. Disraeli in "Coningsby." The hero, Coningsby himself, is none other than the author of the novel now before us.¹ Lord Henry Sydney is Lord John Manners; Buckhurst, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, the present member for the Isle of Wight; Lord Monmouth represents the late Marquis of Hertford; "the Duke" is his late Grace of Rutland; Lord Eskdale, Lord Lonsdale; Lucian Gay, Theodore Hook; Mr. Lyle, the amiable and excellent Lord Surrey; Mr. Rigby, John Wilson Croker; Sidonia, a sublimation, one-half Mr. Disraeli himself, and the other half Rothschild; Lucretia, Madame Zichy; the Countess Colonna, according to a letter written by Lord Palmerston in 1844 to her brother, not "Lady Strachan, though the character is evidently meant to fill her place in the family party;" Messrs. Earwig, Tadpole, and Taper, Messrs. Ross, Bonham, and Clarke. Mr. Ross, it may be said, subsequently married Lady Mary Cornwallis, was a famous whist-player, and a Parliamentary oracle in the matter of minute precedents and details of legislative etiquette. With Mr. Bonham Mr. Disraeli had, a few years before "Coningsby" appeared, had a quarrel. He accused him of high treason in the House of Commons, confusing him with his brother—a mistake which Sir Robert Peel was not slow to detect and to

visit with a rebuke that Mr. Disraeli avenged with interest. It may be conjectured that Mr. Millbank was suggested by Henry Hope, and that Mr. Ormsby and Mr. Melton were rough likenesses of Mr. Irving and Mr. Harris respectively. It is unnecessary to say anything specially of the characters in "Sybil" or "Tancred." They are much more shadowy adumbrations than those of the fiction which introduced the series, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Vavasour in "Tancred," who is a happy sketch of Mr. Monckton Milnes. The reception accorded to "Sybil"—the unintelligible affectation, or the not less unintelligible ignorance, which induced Mr. Disraeli thus systematically to transpose the two vowels in the familiar Greek word Σίβυλλα is quite as intolerable as the affectation which leads him to write "and which" for "which"—was very different from that obtained by "Coningsby." Both novels were successful—even brilliantly successful. Neither was made the subject of the hyperbolical praise, or the not less exaggerated condemnation which had been the meed of their predecessor; and for the simple reason that neither "Tancred" nor "Sybil" had a tithe of the bitterness or the personality of "Coningsby" condensed into their pages. Mr. Colburn, it is stated, paid two thousand pounds for the copyright of that novel: a critic of the day remarked that it was worth twenty thousand, but that he himself would not have written it for sixty. The truth is, no person but Mr. Disraeli could have written it at all. There is nothing in the whole range of fiction like the concentrated venom of the sketch of Rigby, *alias* the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, just as there is nothing in the whole history of the vituperative rhetoric of Parliament like Mr. Disraeli's consummately artistic onslaughts on Sir Robert Peel. It has been said that Wilson Croker repaid Mr. Disraeli with an article in the *Quarterly* on "Coningsby." No such article ever appeared, and it is worth notice that no mention whatever is made in that periodical of Young

¹ "Angela Pisani," a novel, by the late Hon. George Sydney Smythe, seventh Viscount Strangford. London: Richard Bentley and Sons, 1875.

England from first to last. "An Embryo M.P.," in 1845, the year after "Coningsby" appeared, attempted a sort of literary reprisal on Mr. Disraeli in "Anti-Coningsby," caricaturing its author as Ben Sidonia. The novel is deservedly forgotten, and the few moderately clever passages which it contains are some satirical criticisms on the fashionable novels of the period. The writer, being a lady, is true to the jealous traditions of her sex, and lashes Mrs. Gore with considerable severity. The second hero is Ben Sidonia's ally, Gym Customs—Lord John Manners. The novel concludes with the defeat of Ben Sidonia in England, and his flight to Syria, there to organise a Young Palestine party. The penultimate scenes are a poor attempt at fun. Ben Sidonia and Gym Customs have had a temporary triumph. There is high carnival—a parody of the Christmas rejoicings at St. Geneviève in "Coningsby"—when "the buttery hatch was open for the whole week from noon to sunset; all comers might take their fill, and each carry away as much boiled beef, white-bread, and jolly ale, as a strong man could bear in a basket with one hand. For every woman a red cloak, and a coat of broadcloth for every man." Writes the author of "Anti-Coningsby":—"Cock fights, wrestling matches, boxing, shooting at targets, hobby-horses, grinning through horse collars, were the order of the day. Bread and beef and beer were everywhere distributed (the sinking fund paid the piper); music and singing were heard at every inn. Dancing, too, there was, and no rick-burning, but plenty of fireworks." Finally comes a procession. First, "the whole operative corps, Mosaic Arabs, to a man;" then "the Marquis of Wilton, with his head to his horse's tail, devouring the puddings with the most unremitting voracity;" then "fifty thousand of the new generation, in white chokers and vests, trying to look supercilious and sarcastic at the crowd." Last of all, "Lord Gymnastic Customs, on a hobby-horse, drawn by opera dancers in short petti-

coats and high boots, balancing a cricket bat on the tip of his nose, with his hands tied behind him." This sort of thing may provoke a passing smile, but it is poor stuff, and it stands in the same relation to Thackeray's "Codlingsby" that mere buffoonery always does to genuine satire.¹

The absence of any attempt to caricature George Smythe in "Anti-Coningsby" is significant. He had already broken with the Young England clique. In October 1844, at Manchester, he expressed himself a convert to the principles of Free Trade. From the very first he had dissented from the views of Mr. Disraeli and Lord John Manners on foreign and domestic politics, alleging with perfect truth that they led logically to sheer and unmitigated absolutism. There is nothing in George Smythe's career to make us suppose that he ever occupied in the "Young England triumvirate" the position assigned to him in "Coningsby." The identity between Lord Monmouth's grandson and the member

¹ But of all the satires on Young England none can be more amusing than that which is to be found in "Coningsby" itself. "Buckhurst," remarks Mr. Melton, (Book viii. Chapter i.) "is not in that sort of way; he swears by Henry Sydney, a younger son of the duke, whom you don't know, and young Coningsby; a sort of new set, new ideas, and all that sort of thing." "A sort of animal magnetism, or unknown tongues, I take it, from your description," said his companion. "Well, I don't know what it is," said Mr. Melton, "but it has got hold of all the young fellows who have just come out. Beau is a little bit himself. I had some idea of giving my mind to it, they made such a fuss about it at Everingham, but it requires a devilish deal of history, I believe, and all that sort of thing." "Ah, that's a bore," said his companion. "It's difficult to turn to with a new thing when you are not in the habit of it. I never could manage charades." . . . "Have you heard anything about it?" continued Mr. Cassilis. "Young Coningsby brought it from abroad; didn't you say so, Jemmy?" "No, no, my dear fellow; it's not at all that sort of thing." "But they say it requires a deuced deal of history," continued Mr. Cassilis. "One must brush up one's Goldsmith. Canterton used to be the fellow for history. He was always boring one with William the Conqueror, Julius Cæsar, and all that sort of thing."

for Canterbury ends with Cambridge as it began with Eton. It is impossible not to feel that into the composition of Mr. Disraeli's hero there enters an element which Mr. Disraeli never contemplated or discovered in the accredited original—that, in fact, just as Sidonia is Rothschild with the Disraeli sublimated, so Coningsby may be Smythe, but is Disraeli too. But Mr. Disraeli was not at Eton or Cambridge, as were his friends, therefore he could not avowedly place his own features in the gilded frame that he had prepared.

In her graceful memoir prefixed to "Angela Pisani," Lady Strangford speaks of her brother-in-law as having had genius, nor is the expression too strong. The testimony of the Rev. W. G. Cookesley, for many years a master of Eton, and now rector of Tempsford, Beds, supplies me with an interesting confirmation of Lady Strangford's statement:—

"I was not," writes Mr. Cookesley, "his tutor, but I was extremely fond of him as a boy. When he came to Eton he was in my division, *i.e.*, he was placed in that part of the school of which I was concerned in the management. After he had been under me a few days, I went to his tutor, Mr. Pickering, to learn who he was. Pickering asked me, 'Why I wished to know?' I replied, 'Because that boy is a very clever boy; I am sure he has genius about him.' Though he was, as I have said, not my pupil, yet I always kept up an intimacy with him, which, I am happy to say, survived our Eton life, and I knew him to the last. I remember that Smythe got a prize for English verse in this way. During William IV.'s reign, who always came to election speeches—as we used to call the ceremonial at the close of our summer school time—Dr. Hawtreys, the head-master, always gave a prize to the boy who wrote the best poetical address to his Majesty. In 1835 Smythe got this prize. . . . I had a great love for George Smythe; he was so genial and generous. Unhappily he

"Wore his heart upon his sleeve"
For daws to peck at."

But he was a noble bird himself."

The "poem" to which Mr. Cookesley alludes, and which he has most obligingly forwarded to me, does not rise above the ordinary merit of such compositions, but concludes with some lines which are interesting as a metrical

commentary on some of the more ambitious soliloquies in "Coningsby:—

"And here, perchance, some yet may earn a name

Not all unworthy of their fathers' fame;
For in this mimic world your hearts beat high,

And feed on thoughts of bright futurity.

Oh! may not all their orisons be vain!

May joy ne'er change to woe, nor hope to pain,

May Glory's flame some Wellington inspire,

Another Gray invoke the Theban lyre;

Some Grenville wise—some Canning yet be known,

To charm the Senate and uphold the throne."

Physical reasons, if no other, must have prevented George Smythe from realising in his own person this ambitious dream. Political success and party eminence in England imply extraordinary powers of bodily endurance as well as unflagging patience and indomitable resolution. George Smythe had the intellectual aptitudes, but he was without either the moral or the physical qualifications. Some of his speeches in the House of Commons, in which he sat for eleven years as member for Canterbury, were exceedingly telling—notably those on the Maynooth Grant, and the annexation of Cracow, subjects on which he was opposed diametrically to Mr. Disraeli. But it was as a hustings orator that he was most effective, and an interesting account has been given by one who was present on the occasion of the speech which he made to his constituents at Canterbury in 1847, when he was called on to vindicate his political independence. It was said that Peel offered him the Under-Secretaryship of State in 1846, "with a view of breaking up the Young England party." But the Young England party had been broken up a long time previously. George Smythe was a convert to Peel at least as early as 1843. The words which he addressed to his constituents in 1847 contain a short summary of the history of his political opinions. On the subject of his opposition to Sir Robert Peel, he says:—

"I came in with others, full of hot thoughts and ardent speculations, and we sat by men

orsooth who are now patriots, but who then had but one rule, which adapted itself to all things, to all measures, to all debates, to all bills—the will of the sole minister. When persons were thus substituted for principles, personalities became a duty with those who wished to substitute principles for persons. ‘I am no more ashamed of having been a Republican,’ said Mr. Southey, ‘than of having been a boy,’ and I am no more ashamed of having used strong language against the minister than I am of having been young. But now that I appear before you to render an account of my parliamentary conduct, I would fain take this opportunity of making an apology to a great man—a great man who has since shown that his heart was all the while with the people. But if I now regret the strong language—now here before you—I do not regret its occasion, for it was always used in defence of English liberties.”

For five years, while Peel was succumbing, or after he had succumbed, to the attacks of Mr. Disraeli, George Smythe was writing in the paper that had been bought to support the Peelite cause—the *Morning Chronicle*. How soon and how entirely Smythe succeeded in making his mark as a speaker may be inferred from the fact that in 1841—the same year as he entered Parliament—Mr. Gladstone said, in reply to the question asked him by Sir Robert Peel, what member should be chosen to second the address to the Crown: “There are two young speakers beyond all others to choose—Jem Bruce and George Smythe.” Lady Strangford’s estimate of his character is probably correct:—

“He was never a very ready speaker; he had to be worked up under the pressure of a high nervous excitement, which not only wore him out, but made him much less useful than he would otherwise have been. His speeches were graceful, striking, rich in imagination and glow; but he required time to elaborate them, and an effort to overcome his natural or constitutional indolence to deliver them. . . . He could not curb his erratic and restless disposition to the trammels and discipline of a party. He had none of the habits indispensable for close and solid study, just as he was too impulsive for the sober, steady, round of daily work in public life.”

Peel undoubtedly made a blunder in not giving Mr. Disraeli a place in his government in 1841. He may very likely have made a mistake in passing over the claims of George Smythe. As a

statesman George Smythe can only rank among the might-have-beens; as a speaker he was successful; as a writer he was brilliant; as a journalist he gave up to the *Morning Chronicle* what Mr. Disraeli thought or professed to think—though his interest in “Coningsby” subsided considerably after the disruption of Young England on Peel and Maynooth—was meant for the House of Commons; as a prominent figure in London society George Smythe is not yet forgotten.

It was indeed in society that the gifts of art and nature alike qualified him eminently to shine—a polished address, great conversational power, and, what is more, conversational tact, that *savoir faire* which good breeding and knowledge of the world alone can give, and, to quote Lady Strangford’s happy description, “a bright deferential sweetness of manner about him which conveyed at once and equally the idea of his wish to please his companions and of their power to please him.” “His aptitude for satire,” writes to me one who knew him intimately, “gave an exquisite flavour and piquancy to his talk”—a natural gift which, as his accomplished memorialist and editress tells us, had been too assiduously cultivated by his father, so that “at any time, when the spirit seized him, he would turn his nearest and dearest friend upon the spit of his ridicule, while yet all the time adoring that friend in his heart;”—“and it used to be said that ‘Canterbury Smythe’ after dinner was as the devilled biscuit or the olives to the claret. He brought out of the company all that these relishes could bring out of the wine. We all used to think,” continues my correspondent, “that he mistook his *métier*, which was clearly rather diplomacy than Parliament.” There can be no doubt that this remark is true. Lionel Averanche in “Angela Pisani” is probably a much more faithful portrait of George Smythe than “Coningsby” is. Like Averanche, Smythe united to his intellectual tastes and political and literary ambitions a craving after fashionable fame. Keen politician and acute thinker

as he was, he was a man of pleasure as well; nor could he have been more gratified than by being classed, as one of his friends has classed him, with those heroes at once of the senate and the *salon*, of whom Alcibiades will remain the dazzling and perennial type. Diplomacy would have afforded George Smythe the just the career of which he was ambitious; and it is difficult to repress the idea that, when, after the reading of Lord Monmouth's will, Mr. Disraeli makes Sidonia suggest to Coningsby the diplomatic profession, he had not in mind the special case of his friend. His father—whom Byron has immortalized in the couplet,

"Hibernian Strangford, with thine eyes of blue,

And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,"

—the translator of Camöens, was our ambassador at Sweden; and it was his father whom, both in tastes and appearance, George Smythe was thought chiefly to resemble. "One would scarcely have expected," continues the correspondent of whose letter I have above availed myself, "sentences so stirring and epigrams so strong from a form as slight and delicate as Smythe's. Never was a man, to judge from his exterior, less adapted for the rude atmosphere of a popular assembly. Thoroughly to enjoy his eloquence it was necessary to sit close to him, and watch the varied play of feature—the ever-changing expression responsive to each successive sentiment of his speech. Yet animated, excited, even as he often obviously was, he never lost a perfect self-control, and invariably conveyed a sense of suppressed power. His voice was of great flexibility and compass, and only after a long effort did it languish. Towards the close of his life it became chronically weak, as might be expected from the malady which killed him; but in the early days its clearness was as unrivalled as was the youthfulness of his look—a feature which he retained even to the last."

Lady Strangford has told the story of George Smythe's life very well, and she has been well advised, on the whole, in publishing "*Angela Pisani*." One

need not here minutely examine a work which is not so much a novel as a kaleidoscopic series of scenes taken from the drama that was being enacted in London and Paris, and on the battlefields of Europe, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, and which has already been noticed at due length in the daily and weekly press. "*Angela Pisani*" is a romance without a hero, and a story without a plot. But it abounds in powerful descriptions, and in very elaborate writing. Its style is overladen with ornament. There is an excessive fondness, which becomes wearisome, shown for recondite historical allusion, though there is no special advocacy of the Neo-Anglican ideas, as there is none of the personality of Mr. Disraeli's fictions. Yet there runs a strong vein of human interest throughout; and, fantastic as they are in some of their developments, Charles Denain and Lionel Averanche are not mere barber's blocks. We have in "*Historic Fancies*" the rough material of "*Angela Pisani*." The influence of Mr. Disraeli is very visible in the mould of the sentences, in the perpetually-recurring paradoxes and epigrams, and in the esoteric sense in which certain words are used. There is, it may be said, internal evidence to show that the book was written between 1845 and 1847—that is, when George Smythe was not more than thirty. It is no discredit to his genius that "*Angela Pisani*" shows how largely the spirit of Bulwer and Alfred de Musset had entered into him.

George Smythe must have left much behind him quite as well worth publishing as this novel. If Lady Strangford, or some other competent editor, were to collect his speeches, were to supplement them with some of his literary and political essays written between 1847 and 1852, and were to introduce the volume with a more ample biography—perfect model of its kind as Lady Strangford's memoir is—it would be a monument neither without attraction nor value, of a gifted man and an interesting period.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ELLEN mounted the stairs to Anne's room with a much less tranquil mind than she had carried in coming down. The prospect of danger to Connor five or six weeks hence was a different thing from the thought of his being in peril now, perhaps at this hour; and yet, so completely was she imbued with his spirit, that she could not help a vague feeling of exhilaration stealing in among her fears. She had heard the question asked so often in eloquent speech or verse—"Has the time come?" that the thought "It has come, then, at last," sent a thrill through her nerves. She hardly asked herself "The time for what?" The glowing words and burning verse had raised a mist before her, through which she could only see that something was to be nobly dared for Ireland, and the consequences lay beyond, hidden by the halo that appeared to surround the effort. Anne was asleep when she re-entered the room, so she took her writing-case to a table in the window, to begin her letter. The writing it took a long time, for she had to frame her sentences cautiously, so as to appeal to considerations most likely to weigh with Connor, and yet not stultify him by seeming to ask too much. She thought it better to avoid any allusion to Mr. Thornley, as Connor would think of him only as a cunning enemy to the cause, and might even in his vanity consider his cautions a stratagem to deprive the movement of his valuable presence and aid at its most critical moment. As she wrote, fear and sickening anxiety for Connor predominated, and put out the will-o'-the-wisp light of excitement, and she was often obliged to lay aside her pen and calm herself by looking over the quiet

valley. How many mothers and sisters and friends might there not be throughout Ireland employed just then like herself, scheming with sick hearts to hold back their dearest from rushing on destruction; or, more painfully yet, battling within themselves between the martyr spirit that urged them on to let go, and the cry of the heart that bade them hold back! Oh, if the right and the wrong were only quite clear to her mind, how much easier action would be! If she could feel sure that this effort about to be made for restoring nationality to Ireland was not only hopeless, but wrong. That it was hopeless was not, she thought, enough to urge against it; so many apparently hopeless causes had been gained in the end. Had not Gideon gone out to victory with three hundred chosen men, and Tell with three; and had not Bruce landed with his friend, the two of them on the shore at Arran over there, to save Scotland from wearing that Nessus garment of shame, the consciousness of being a conquered country, which clung to Ireland and eat into her vitals yet? It was not reason enough to urge for holding back that the cause was hopeless. But, might it not be true that the days were past when such struggles had the help of Heaven; that the time for smiting with the sword had gone by, and bloodless moral victories were those alone on which Heaven smiles now? And then on Ellen's memory there rose a vision of a scene she had witnessed in her childhood, when her father had taken her to Cliefden to hear Daniel O'Connell harangue a countless multitude gathered on the green hill-sides, and along the shores of the blue fiord that there indents the coast, on his favourite scheme of raising Ireland to the rank of an independent

nation again, through the majestic force of its people's united will, peacefully expressed. She saw again the genial, beaming, grand face of the speaker raised above the throng, the thousand faces turned one way, all with an intent, sympathetic look upon them; she heard the deep, acquiescing shout that greeted every pause in his speech. Was it all wasted feeling, wasted eloquence? Were the thousands of hearts that had all but attained the fever-heat of enthusiasm that moulds an inspired nation to sink back into units again, unable to act on the impulses that moved them most deeply? *That* seemed to Ellen, just then the saddest tragedy of all—a worse death than any other dying. To weave ropes of sand eternally that bind nothing; to struggle and rage unceasingly and bring forth nothing! Were not Connor and his friends perhaps right to try to create some spark of life, if it were only the galvanic spark that moves a corpse? Or was it better to bow meekly before the Inevitable, trusting to the Guiding Hand, of God and to confidence inspired by faith in Him, that no unselfish effort shall fail utterly, but that even in dying it shall find a new body prepared for it, a fruit unlooked for, something different from and beyond what the flower promised. In the far future Ireland's past struggles and woes, and those of other nations as ill-fated, might have some such unforeseen solution—in the grand gathering up times, when not nationality, but something larger and higher, shall be the bond uniting the peoples of the earth together—it may be that the nations and races who have suffered most and drained the cup of humiliation to the dregs will be found (having learned most from suffering) capable of the grandest work for the whole, and will be preferred to the highest places, and crowned with crowns of dominion. Then would the names of those who from afar had foreseen the glory, but never entered into it, who had refused to give up hope, who had worshipped at the cradle of worth, be remembered again, and honoured and worn in all the glad hearts.

It was late when the letter was finished, and Ellen resolved not to trust it in the hands of Malachy, who usually took the letters from Good People's Hollow to meet the post-car that passed in the early morning on the road between Westport and Ballyowen.

She believed him quite capable, in the case of a letter from Connor, of exercising a right of investigation, and speeding or retarding its despatch, according to his own approval of the contents. She had meant to return to Eagle's Edge early on the next day, and as she could reach the point where Murdock usually intercepted the car by making a circuit of a few miles on her way home, she resolved to be her own letter-carrier, and took leave of Anne when she wished her good night.

During the summer of Miss O'Flaherty's illness, Ellen had been in the habit of taking the long walk between Eagle's Edge and the Hollow at almost all hours of the day, from early morning till late evening; she knew the shortest cuts across the mountains, and had her favourite resting-places under sheltering rocks by the side of lonely mountain tarns; or in ferny nooks of the valleys fragrant with woodbine, when the sunshine lay hot on the hill-sides, and the shaded hollows were the most inviting. The divergence from her usual route to meet the car would prolong her walk by an hour or so, and she determined to set out very early before any of the household were up. It was the dim grey hour before sunrise when she stole softly down the staircase with her letter and the key of the front door in her hand, and she felt some surprise at perceiving she was not the earliest riser. There were sounds of some one stirring down stairs, and when she had let herself out of the house, she came upon Murdock Malachy limping round the corner from the back premises. 'He started at sight of her, and seemed disposed to slink away without his customary "Top of the morning to 'ye, Miss Eileen," but thinking better of it, he ran after her and caught her up as she was crossing the bridge.

"It's early ye're setting out for yer walk this morning, Miss Eileen dear," he said, looking into her face wistfully; "the paths up the mountains are bad for such feet as yours, wid the dew thick on them. Ye'd a dale better go back to the house and wait an hour till the sun's up. The girls are setting to work to make hot bread for breakfast this morning, and fit to break their hearts they'll be if there's no one to ate it, such a sin as it is to waste the good food this year."

"But I must go home, Murdock. I intend to be at Eagle's Edge long before breakfast-time to superintend the bread-making for my mother's breakfast. You'll easily find somebody to eat my share of the Indian-meal cakes you have learned to make so well at the Hollow."

"The path across Lac-y-Core is the road ye're taking this morning, Miss Eileen, then, if you must go, you'll find it the driest and most convenient by a long way."

"Thank you, Murdock. I've come so often to the Hollow on foot lately that there's little chance of my losing my way, whichever path across the mountains I take."

He did not seem satisfied she thought, and when she had crossed the valley and was half way up the steep road that led out of Anne's domain, she looked back and saw him still leaning with his elbows on the bridge-rail looking after her. The mist lay thick in the Hollow, but a little group of cabins on the hill-side had caught the first rays of the rising sun, and stood out distinct against the sky, and Ellen saw through the low doors, one, two, three, four figures of men creeping out. She stood still to watch them. They did not disperse into their little patches of garden-ground on the slope of the hill or to the pastures where the cows were feeding. They turned to the mountains and began to climb, taking the direction she herself was following, and when she had reached the highest point of the path, and began to descend towards the main road, looking down she saw

another frieze-coated figure striding along through the mist before her. Early as it was there was an unusual stir, as if others beside herself had found the summer night too long, and were impelled to be beforehand in meeting what the day was bringing. Ellen was not afraid to meet any of these people. No one would hurt her on these lonely mountain sides, but the sense of expectation to which their alertness testified, excited her and made her press eagerly on her way, longing to have despatched her letter and to be at home. She did not pause to rest till she was close upon the hamlet where the post-car stopped to change horses, and there she discovered that she was considerably more than an hour too early, and must find a convenient place to wait in till the car appeared. The road along which she was walking skirted the side of a hill, at whose foot the little hamlet lay, and, looking upwards, Ellen saw a peat pile conveniently placed for shelter, with one or two fallen sods at its base, arranged so as to make a comfortable arm-chair to rest in. She took off her bonnet and drew her cloak over her head, when she had established herself in this nook, for the morning air was chilly still. The mountain tops were beginning to grow red in the sunlight, but the mist lay in long curling wreaths along their sides and brooded over the valley. From where Ellen sat it was like looking down into a sea of moving quicksilver, which, swaying and parting now and again, showed glimpses of what lay beneath—the church spire, with its vane catching the sunbeam, the straggling street of cabins, many of them deserted and roofless now, the small wayside inn where the car stopped. The churchyard crowded with graves and sloping up the hill-side to the edge of the road, was the object nearest Ellen and the one that looked most real. She amused herself by making out the boundary lines of its inclosure, and observing how, minute by minute, as the sun rose higher and the mist rolled back, the shapes of the crosses and head-

stones by the graves grew clearer. Was it a funeral that was going on there below at this time of day ; it was hardly possible and yet it was clear that some ceremony was being enacted in that least-frequented corner by the north wall just below her feet. There was a group of figures moving, and some of them appeared to be stooping over an open grave. Were they mourners, or what had drawn that little band of frieze-coated men together in the misty morning twilight ? Ellen thrust herself further under the shelter of the peat wall, and her heart almost ceased beating with horror as her eyes, grown accustomed to the scene made out more and more clearly what was going on below. Dreadful stories she had heard of murders of supposed spies by their comrades in secret lodges, and of their subsequent interment, recurred to her mind, and made her long to hide her eyes, even while anxiety compelled her to look. They were certainly digging a grave, those two men only a yard or two below her, hastily and yet cautiously. The surface had been carefully pared away and laid in sods ready to be restored to its place, and as the trench momentarily grew wider and deeper, the bystanders began to crowd round the edge, and push eager faces forward over each other's shoulders to look in.

That was Murdock Malachy's face thrust between the arms of the diggers. What a curious expression there was on it, and on those of the other men round — flushed with joyful expectation, and yet fierce, with staring eyes that seemed longing for some dearly-loved sight long withheld ! It would be terrible to think that such smiles could come on faces that had recently seen blood shed. At last there was a dull ring, as if the spade had struck some harder substance than clay. A murmur rose among the bystanders, low but intense — "Glory be to God, they're there, boys ! A moment longer and we'll have them betwixt our fingers again. Pass the rope down, and hurry, in the name of God." The two men who had been digging now jumped into

the pit. A few more strokes and they were heaving something up which eager hands from above clutched. Ellen saw it distinctly ; it was a coffin, rude and roughly put together, like many that had been used in the two black years of constant funerals they had passed through, but unmistakably a coffin ; and when it had been placed on the ground, and a dozen hands at least were tugging at its sides and top to tear it asunder, a feeling of deadly sickness came over her, and she let her head sink on her knees, not daring to see further. What fearful fierce orgie was she witnessing ? The sound of voices speaking in indifferent tones, and the words that reached her ears, reassured her by degrees.

"Look out for your own, boys ; and if there are any whose spalpeens of owners ain't here to claim them, let the captain say who's to have the handling of them." "The top of the morning to the beauties ; see the glint of the sun on them." "Long life to them ; now we've given them a happy resurrection, may they soon have a bloody baptism, and may they niver rest in pace again till they've done their work." "Toss the ould planks back into the hole, boys ; and hurry to cover them up, for the day is upon us, and it's far enough from this we'll be with these by our sides before night."

The meaning of the whole scene dawned on Ellen at the last words, and she sat up courageously and bent from her hiding-place to witness the end. The diggers, aided by many helpers, were now rapidly filling in the hole and replacing the sods on its surface ; and on the ground where the coffin had lately stood lay a little pile of arms — pikes, guns, and muskets — with here and there an old sword whose handle, in spite of rust, glittered in the morning sun. When the last sod was replaced, two men who had hitherto stood on the outskirts of the crowd came a little forward, and standing on the re-filled grave, began to hand out the arms. Their backs were turned to Ellen, but though no word was spoken while the

distribution lasted, she knew perfectly well who they were. The taller of the two picked up the last of the muskets, stepped to the front, and spoke a few words in a low voice, distinct enough, however, for Ellen to distinguish every word:—

“Boys—brothers, the sun is up and we must disperse for a few more hours of silence and hiding; a few hours more and then we'll meet again, please God, never to part till our work is done. We're fewer this morning than I thought we should be; but what of that? we feel like men now with arms in our hands. Hundreds all over Ireland are doing this hour what we have done, and in a little while we'll all be together—all the brave, true men that famine and oppression have left in the land. If our hearts are one, few or many, we'll be enough for what we have to do, boys. Now go home quietly, for you have each a treasure beyond price to guard—the weapon with which you are to strike for your country. We must not shout, but we'll stand silent together for a moment; and vow all of us low in our hearts, with this morning's sunlight on our heads, that we'll never cease the struggle till the night of oppression and wrong in Ireland is past, and the daylight of liberty bright over our land.”

A dead silence, that yet seemed to Ellen to throb with emotion, followed when the eloquent voice ceased, and then there was a shuffling of feet and steps moving away in different directions, and in a few seconds more the churchyard was deserted by all but the two young men who had last spoken. These two, when the frieze-coated figures had all disappeared, passed through a gate of the churchyard that opened on the hill-side path, and stood for a few minutes talking together directly under Ellen's hiding-place.

“A mere handful of men,” she heard Connor's voice say; “hardly worth the risk of our coming here to look them up. We had better have gone at once to join the main body in the South.”

“If we only knew that by this time

there is a main body,” answered D'Arcy O'Donnel, in a desponding tone that struck Ellen in contrast with the hopeful words he had so lately spoken.

“You are not doubting it surely?”

“No, no; but don't you feel a deadness? If things were going according to our hopes, I fancy we should feel it even here and now. There would be a thrill in the air all over Ireland, instead of this blank, that somehow, struggle against it as I will, weighs on me. The spirit of this district has changed since we were here last—only that handful!”

“But the notice has been so short. The few we have seen will whisper it about that we are here, and you will see what a gathering there will be at Dennis Malachy's old still to-night.”

“Your henchman Murdock seems dispirited, however.”

“Yes, and I'm sorry to see it, for he's a shrewd fellow. He says it's John Thornley's influence and Miss Maynard's money and kindness that have worked the change. O'Roone was harrying the boys into a ripe state for rebellion. I wish I had spared my precious journey to London, and never sent that little witch, Miss Lesbia, to lull them into ignominious prosperity and content.”

“My despair is to think that such a slight relaxation of misery should be enough to lull them into inaction. If it should be the same story everywhere—but we at least must not lose heart. Now for disposing of the next twelve hours. Shall we go at once to our quarters in the old still, or do you hold to your intention of hanging about Eagle's Edge for the chance of a sight of Ellen? You said something of it.”

“In a sentimental mood. If I thought I could have a word with Ellen.”

“Here, Connor dear, here!” and letting the cloak fall from her head, Ellen stepped down from her hiding-place on to the path and threw her arms round Connor's neck. “I have been watching you all the time from that seat under the peat cone on the hill,” she said, in answer to their looks of dumb astonishment. “I left the Hollow before daybreak to walk

home, meaning to catch the mail-cart here, and post a letter to forbid your coming home, you wicked, dangerous conspirators, and fate has turned me into a secret spy and witness of your treason. I have only to go straight to Mr. Thornley, or old O'Roone, and inform against you, to have you both put out of the way of further harm ; safe in prison for six months."

"We'll trust her, won't we, D'Arcy?" cried Connor joyfully. "May we never have a spy among us falsen to the cause ; but to think of your being there, and my first wish this morning granted before it was well out of my mouth. If that's not a good omen for the enterprise, D'Arcy, I don't know what we'll want to heighten our hopes."

"Or give us something better," said D'Arcy, who had not yet spoken ; "when first and last wishes are granted, one is ready for whatever comes." Ellen shook hands with him in silence. The glance she had into his face told her that the last six months had altered him greatly. The bright enthusiastic countenance that had made such an impression on Connor when first seen a year ago was much worn now, and lined with anxious thought and mental suffering, young as it was. There was the same resolution upon it, but no longer the inspired look of hope ; a degree of disappointment and awakening had evidently come to him, not sufficient, unhappily, to turn him from his purposes, but to send him forward with the determination of a man bound by honour to a desperate attempt rather than with the expectation of victory that is such an element in success. Ellen's heart was almost as full of pity for him as of anxiety for Connor, whose lighter nature sent him into danger without misgiving, full of the excitement of the moment, and eager for action of any kind. They turned and began to climb the hill, as the quickest route by which they could escape observation from the road, along which the mail-car was coming ; and when they had gained the summit, and were looking across the valley towards Eagle's Edge, Ellen said, "Come home

to spend the day. Our house is nearer at hand than the old still, and you would sooner be sheltered. It is getting late for you to be abroad, if you don't want to be seen. You might meet Darby O'Roone himself on your road to the still, and the Green-coats seem to have multiplied tenfold during this last week, and to be about everywhere."

"But Pelham and my mother?"

"Pelham is from home to-day ; he has gone to Galway on business, and mamma won't be very much surprised at your sudden appearance, for I told her your last letter held out a hope of your coming. If things should so turn out that you are not able to visit us again for a long time, this one day will be something for us all to look back upon and be glad of."

"What do you say, D'Arcy?"

"I say that if your sister will take the risk of sheltering us after what she has seen this morning, the day will be, as she says, something to be glad of for ever after, wherever in space we take the recollection of it to."

"Come, D'Arcy, don't be tragic. The day is to be a jolly day. Mind you, Ellen, no entreaties or tears from anyone, or I'll not put myself in the way of them ; and, Eileen aroon, there's no trickery in your thoughts ? Swear to me you're not beguiling us home to get us into a trap, and keep us from fighting."

"No, Connor, no ; I dare not, however much I may wish I could keep you out of harm's way. I know that there are things that would make life worthless, and I have no right to force dishonour on you or D'Arcy. Whatever the consequence of keeping your pledges may be, I can believe that nothing would be so hard for you as breaking them."

"That's right. She's a true Irish-woman, is she not, D'Arcy ? Now take hold of hands, and let us have a race down the hill. Why, is not this the place we used to call Bogberry Gap, when we were children—the furthest point of our bogberry-gathering excursions from Castle Daly ? Ah ! and look,

D'Arcy, before we begin to descend; that blue glimmer down there in the south-east is the head of our own lake, and there against the green hill you can just make out the Castle towers. I wonder what Miss Lesbia is thinking of down there this minute; not of me, at any rate, the stony-hearted little flirt! She'll not have me risking my neck to get a sight of her this summer, anyhow. Ireland's my mistress to-day, and it's all the one I'll ever have to trouble my head about, hurrah!"

Thanks to Connor's gay spirits and determination to keep serious topics out of sight, the day at Eagle's Edge passed pleasantly, and even gaily, in conversation that chiefly turned on reminiscences of childish times, in discussing which D'Arcy grew as eager and interested as the two who had been concerned in them. They did not leave the house all day, but sat together in Mrs. Daly's favourite room at the back of the house, looking away from the road. Ellen did not know whether or not her mother was aware that any special cause for anxiety respecting Connor existed; but she seemed to take unusual pleasure in his company that day, and would hardly let him stir from the sofa by her side, but sat holding his hand as if he had been Pelham. Ellen tried to keep the two servants out of the room as much as possible, for all through the day she had an uneasy feeling that something unusual was going on outside the house. It might be far away, it might be near; but even in that secluded nook of the world there were signs of hurry and excitement. The high road, usually so quiet, had many passers on it, and countrymen and women, wearing troubled anxious faces, came up to the house, on what Ellen felt were sham errands, and in spite of all she could say to dismiss them, lingered by the windows, or stood leaning against the kitchen door, staring into the house. Long before the sun set she began to wish that the day and the parting were over. Mrs. Daly, worn out with talk, fell asleep late in the afternoon; and Connor, leaving D'Arcy busy writing out an address, of

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which his mind was full, went with Ellen into the wide low passage that divided the house, and stood at the back door looking forth. The farmyard on which the back door opened was for the moment free of intruders, and had no tenants but its rightful occupants—long-eared Connaught pigs routing with their long noses among the straw, and hen-mothers cackling and scratching for the benefit of their broods. Connor amused himself for a few minutes by aiming bits of turf at the head of a slumberous sow, and raising false expectations among the feathered heads of families by sending showers of gravel in their neighbourhood; but his face grew graver and more absent as he went on, and as he tossed away the last sod, he turned to Ellen with a more serious look than his face had worn all day.

"Well," he began, "have those two made it up yet?"

"What two?"

"Oh, you know; Pelham and Lesbia. You need not have been afraid to tell me, and I think I have a right to know all about it if any one has."

"I should not have been a bit afraid, I assure you; but there's nothing to tell. Connor, can't you understand how it is? We're getting poorer and poorer; the three years of famine have fairly ruined us at last. There has not been a shilling of rent paid on the estate except for the Castle itself, and the creditors who hold mortgages on the land would have seized everything long since if Mr. Thornley had not paid the money and taken possession of their claims, on Lesbia's account, I believe; so that now every inch of the property, and even the Castle itself, belongs virtually to her. Can Pelham go a beggar to Lesbia and say, give me back my inheritance and yourself too? It would be too barefaced."

"I don't see that. I'd have taken it all, if she would have given it to me, as kindly as the sunshine, and would have been proud to owe it to her, the kind-hearted, sparkling, little jewel of a girl, that she is! Pelham's just a dull, clod—worthy of his name to haggle so long over the bargain. Now I'll tell

you what I'll do to give him a lift out of the bog of his own obstinacy. D'Arcy is a thought down-hearted to-day, and of course there's no denying that we are risking our necks and may come to grief, the whole lot of us. If this is to be the last you ever see of me, I'd like to have done something for you before I vanish from the scene for evermore. When we were at Whitecliffe, and Miss Maynard was no heiress, but the little scrub you all looked down upon, I sent her a love-poem of my own, that must have shown her what I thought about her, and moreover had verses in it that D'Arcy himself would not need to be ashamed of—well, I'll turn over the whole credit of the thing to Pelham. Let him give her to understand that he sent it, and if, with that proof of the disinterestedness of his love to put before her, he daren't go and claim a return, he's a greater dolt than even I take him for."

"But, Connor dear, I'm afraid Pelham won't choose to woo in borrowed plumes, even if he thinks the poem worth offering in exchange for all the Castle Daly estates and their present mistress; and he won't do that, for he is not you!"

"The more shame, then, for him for a money-weighting Saxon, who does not know how to honour the bard; but you'll tell him, if I never see him again, how I wished at the last to wipe out old scores, and help to lift him up into all I would like well enough to have for myself. Heigho! D'Arcy's forebodings have taken hold of me. I did not think to feel like this the evening before we marched; the eve of Ireland's resurrection, that we've been looking to, and writing and singing of these two years."

"D'Arcy is full of forebodings, then?"

"Yes; it has been growing on him all the summer—no shrinking, but a presentiment of failure, and—I don't mind saying it to you—a doubt of the wisdom of the course of action resolved upon by the other leaders."

"Then why not withdraw, you and he? How I wish you would!"

"How could he, when his words, beyond any one's, have urged it on? And for myself, where he goes I go,

proud enough and glad enough to throw my life on the same cast that decides his. If he is to go down in the game, I'd be just ashamed to stand up safe; that's all about it with me. He says that the great bane of Ireland, the cause of all her failures, has been the dissensions among patriots and their lack of fidelity to each other, and that if half-a-dozen of us stick together to the last, in the bitterest moments of failure, we shall have done something to make the next attempt successful."

"But you ought to be prepared for emergencies. You may have to fly the country for your lives. Connor, have you any money?"

"Not a rap, either of us; there has been no pay from our newspaper for many weeks, for its issue has been stopped, and every penny you last sent me has gone in the club expenses. We are cleaned out. D'Arcy says it does not matter, since we have hands and brains; but I confess that was one reason why I wanted to get a word with you this morning."

"We have a few pounds left in the chest up stairs, and I am sure mamma and Pelham will gladly let you have them; and it came into my mind this morning that I have two trinkets of value, which I should like to give you. One is the diamond ring that papa wore when he died. Pelham gave it to me. Keep it if you possibly can, but don't scruple to part with it to procure you means of living. The other trinket I thought of is an emerald hoop-ring that Marmaduke Pelham gave me on my birthday the year we stayed at Pelham Court. Do you think D'Arcy would take it from me if I offered it as a farewell present when we part? It is worth several pounds, and might be of use to him if he wanted to get away."

"He would take it from you, but it would not answer the purpose you have in your mind. I should be sorry to think of his ever being in such straits as to be willing to part with it again."

"You don't know what may happen. Wait here till I come back."

Ellen was half way down the pas-

sage on her way to her room when a loud knock at the front door of the house startled her. She ran back to Connor pale and breathless.

"What shall we do? The door must be opened at once, or they will come round here, whoever they are, and see you."

"Where can we go to be out of the way?"

"Mamma's bedroom will be the best place, for it can only be reached through the sitting-room, where mamma is sleeping. Go there at once, and call D'Arcy, softly, to follow you as you pass through. Take care not to awaken mamma, if you can possibly help it."

"Right! I'll go; but don't frighten yourself. Perhaps it's little Lesbia herself; and I'll court her for Pelham, and settle it all before I go."

The knock came again, before Connor's sentence was completed, and he walked towards the sitting-room, while Ellen flew down the hall, and stood before the door to secure its not being opened by the servant till the minute necessary for his disappearance had elapsed. When she lifted the latch she was confronted by two men in the dress of police-officers, and saw in the distance two more, mounted, and holding the horses of their companions at the gate. Their faces were strange to her, and so was the accent in which they asked—

"Does Mr. Pelham Daly live here?"

"Yes," Ellen answered, "but he is from home. Your business, whatever it is, must wait till his return. Mr. Daly's mother, who lives with him, has lately been very ill, and must not be disturbed or alarmed on any account."

"Very sorry, miss, but we have a warrant to search the house for arms, and time presses. We are obliged to do our duty."

"I am sure you will do it as considerately and quietly as possible then," Ellen answered, her courage rising with the greatness of the peril. "To prove the truth of my words and the necessity for quiet, I will take you into the room

where my sick mother is asleep; and if you will stay there quietly, I will myself bring you the few arms we have in the house. I feel sure you will find there has been a mistake in your being sent here. Mr. Pelham Daly's loyalty has never been suspected."

"We have nothing to do with that, you see, miss. We have only to obey orders."

"Follow me, then, softly, if you please."

Ellen led the way to the little sitting-room at the back of the house, and, opening the door, noiselessly stepped back for the men to enter. The sight of Mrs. Daly tranquilly asleep on the sofa, with her worn, white cheek resting on her thin jewelled hand, had quite as much effect on the intruders as she expected when she brought them there. They drew back a little from the door, and looked at each other sheepishly.

"No need for us to go in there, miss," the elder of the two said, carefully scanning Ellen's face as he spoke; "I will stand in the hall, and my mate will go round the house with you. Stay, though, for form's sake, I'll step inside and take a seat till you come back."

Ellen feared that some sudden look of relief on her face had caused this change of purpose, and her heart sank, but she did not dare to object. She pointed silently to a seat near the door, and then led the man, followed by the younger officer, to Pelham's bedroom, where there was a case of pistols and a gun leaning against the wall. These the man secured, and carried into the hall, opening the doors of the other rooms, and looking in as he stepped backwards and forwards. Then he asked to be shown the servants' rooms; and Ellen led him a bewildering circuit through cross passages and empty rooms that brought him out to the front of the house again.

"It's a vast dreary place for so few people to live in; I wonder you like it," the man remarked, shrugging his shoulders, as he looked up at the reeking damp-stains and forlorn shreds

of paper hanging from the wet walls. "We should pull such a worn-out old pile down in my country, and build up a snug farmhouse in its place."

"It was not too large for us once," Ellen said; "and since the famine it would be as difficult to find people to pull it down as to fill it."

"True enough; it's all a strange sight to us. We've been sent over from England to help to keep the people over here quiet, as we supposed; and, as far as we've seen, there don't seem to be no people about; nothing but ruined villages and waste lands as we can see. I'll take these here pistols away with me, by your leave, miss; you'll have no need of them now we're here to keep the peace; and I'll trouble you no further but to go round and tell my mate I'm ready to go."

Long as the time had seemed to Ellen, the inspection had in reality only occupied a few minutes. Mrs. Daly was still asleep when she reached the door of the sitting-room, and the police-officer, in the same spot where she had left him, was occupied in replacing a bulky pocket-book, whose contents he had apparently been examining, into the pocket of his coat. At Ellen's sign, he came out into the passage, and met her with a smile of satisfaction on his face that she could not understand.

"You need not have alarmed yourself, miss; we've done no harm, you see," he remarked, when Ellen gave him his comrade's message.

"I don't know how it may be in your country," Ellen answered, "but here lonely women do not expect to be intruded on when the master of the house is away."

"We were sorry to disturb you, miss, but we had our orders; and when all things come to be looked into, I fancy you'll find that we have only done what was necessary, and taken away what it was our business to take. Good-day to you."

Ellen followed the man to the door, and watched the little cavalcade, as it wound along the road, till it was lost behind the hill; then she ran back into

the sitting-room, and threw herself on her knees by her mother's sofa. Never had she been so thankful for anything in her life as that Mrs. Daly's afternoon slumber had been so deep and lasted so long; and then so strange did it seem that those white lids should have remained closed so long with no weightier seal than that of sleep upon them, that a sudden fear seized her, and she stooped and pressed her lips on her mother's eyes to assure herself that the warmth of life was in them still. Mrs. Daly started up awake at last.

"My dear, have I slept too long? Where are Connor and D'Arcy? You have not let them go without saying good-bye to me?"

"No, dear mamma," Ellen said, struggling hard to speak naturally; "but I am not sorry I have awakened you, for I think the time when they will have to say good-bye has nearly come."

"Then make Molly bring some tea. We must not let them start on their walking tour fasting. You should have wakened me sooner."

And when, at the sound of her voice, Connor and D'Arcy appeared from the next room, she began so eagerly to urge their remaining for another meal, that nothing struck her as unusual in their look or manner. Ellen slipped away to hasten the appearance of the supper, and stop the clack of tongues among the servants, and in a few minutes D'Arcy and Connor followed her to exchange hand shakes and looks of congratulation, since they could not venture on words.

"True as steel," Connor whispered; "did not I know you would be?"

"It was instinct, not reason," Ellen answered; "and oh, Connor avourneen, I hope—I hope I have done right, and not wrong by you. Perhaps I shall have to regret it all my life; for I believe you would be safer if you were now riding away a prisoner with those men, who are looking for you, than you will ever be again when you have left this house; yet I did not even think of betraying you."

"And you may take this for your

comfort, that if you had, and the fighting had come off while I was locked up, I'd have revenged myself on you by blowing my brains out the very first day I was set at liberty. Nothing but that and the haunting afterwards would have equalled your deserts."

D'Arcy seemed disposed to linger over that last meal in Mrs. Daly's little sitting-room; but Connor, who was struggling to keep up his spirits to nonsense-pitch to the last moment, and signally failing every now and then, was in haste to be gone. Their plan was to wait at the old still till midnight, and then march southward with the comrades, who were to join them there, confidently expecting that before the morning dawned they should find themselves at the head of such a force that only an organised body of troops would attempt to stop their progress.

"The true-hearted among the soldiers will come out and join us," Connor averred to Ellen, when, after tea, she came into the hall with him to slip the little purse of money she had got together into his soldier's knapsack.

"But supposing no one joins you at the still to-night?" she asked.

"We shall go alone to Tipperary," D'Arcy, who was standing near, answered. "I read what you are thinking in your face. The domiciliary visits, of which we have had a specimen, show greater alertness on the part of the authorities than we expected, and it is possible that very many arrests on suspicion have been made to-day, and that most of those who sympathise with us about here are put out of the way of helping us; but we two have escaped for the present, and an hour or two's travelling will take us among our friends who will have had better luck than ourselves. At all events, we are determined to show among them, however it may be going."

"And how shall I know how it is going?"

"It will be in the air; no fear of your not knowing."

Ellen now rose from her knees by the knapsack, and D'Arcy came near and took her hands in his.

"I have been asking myself all day," he said, "whether I am most glad or most sorry for the circumstances that make my individual fate of no special consequence to any human being. When the doubt that for the last six weeks has been growing upon me predominates, I can conscientiously say I am glad, and even thankful, to you for leaving me the lonely man I am. If, as I begin to fear, a glorious struggle even is denied to us, and only the bitter dregs of ignominious failure given to us to wring out, it will be something in the torture of it to know that my share of the shame and ridicule that will be cast on us will weigh on no one but myself; that I can be tossed away as a tool broken from all its uses without involving any other life in the ignominious ruin."

"No, D'Arcy, no," Ellen said, looking up to him with eyes full of tears; "you can't, you must not say so, or you will break our hearts. You are a brother to Pelham and me almost as dear as Connor, and whatever happens to you, and wherever you go, our thoughts and our love will follow you; and not only ours, but those of the hundreds whose hearts your words have touched, and who will have better or worse hopes for Ireland all their lives as you prove yourself strong or weak in whatever comes. Here, I want you to take a token from me—a little bit of 'the green' that is to pledge you not to throw your life away in any moment of bitterness, but to keep it for Ireland's service when the way of serving her best is clearer to us all."

Ellen took Marmaduke Pelham's ring from her finger as she spoke and put it into D'Arcy's hands, who tried to speak in answer, but failed, and after stooping down and pressing the lips that trembled too much for speech on the hands he still held, he walked away down the hall, and leaned against the open door of the house, till Connor came from the inner room, where he had been taking leave of his mother, to join him. A slender silver thread of the waxing harvest moon was beginning to show in the sky when the young men left the house arm in arm,

and crossing the level space at the back, were soon climbing the side of Lac-na-Weel. Ellen watched them till they were no more than black specks against the green, and then went back to sit by her mother's sofa, and listen with a heavy foreboding heart to her regrets at Connor's wandering habits, and thankfulness that Pelham was different, and could be trusted always to stay by her. What should she do if anything ever happened to take Pelham away?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"No, Wattie, there is no use in your trying to play tricks on me about the letters now, because if you do I shall feel obliged to send you back to Whitecliffe, and take away the gun and sword I gave you when you came here," said Lesbia, looking up with dignity from behind the silver tea urn she was presiding over, at her little cousin who was executing an insulting war dance before her face, with the letter-bag concealed behind his back. "I can't think how it is that you don't learn to treat me with more respect, Wattie, now that you are staying with me at Castle Daly, and I am so kind to you and make you so many presents. Now don't you think he ought to treat me differently, John?" she continued, appealing to her brother, who stood with his back to the fire-place tranquilly watching the contest.

"I can't say. Perhaps Wattie is a clothes-philosopher, like Professor Teufelsdröckh, whose life you decline to study, and he is taking this picturesque method of expressing his conviction that nothing more respectable exists under all your toggerly than the original little Babette whom he was brought up to bully."

"I wish you would make him give up the letter-bag, however, John. Don't you want the *Times* yourself?"

"No; it will be full of the Irish rebellion, and we know more about it than they do out there."

"The Irish rebellion! Why, is there a rebellion? Has it really begun, and you stand warming your back there as

quietly as if you did not care what happened to us all?"

"I am warming my back because I have been up all night writing letters and transacting business, and I am very tired; and as for the rebellion, I believe, or at least I hope, that it is virtually over, and that throughout Ireland as about here, the active spirits who were looking forward to a general scrimmage will awake this morning in safe keeping, comfortably stowed in prison out of the way of mischief."

"Oh, John; was that what you were doing all yesterday, when you went out so early and did not get back till after dark?"

"Do you take me for a police officer? or do you suppose that I have power to realise the Roman emperor's wish, with a difference, and concentrate all the rebels in Ireland in one prison-van?"

"But you were busy all day; and John, do you know that I saw James Morris shaking his fist at you, and making the most horrid possible grimaces behind your back?"

"I hope it relieved his feelings."

"You *had* been helping to send people to prison, then, I am sure. If Connor Daly had been one of the rebels brought before you, what should you have done?"

"He was not one; but it would perhaps have been the best thing that could have happened to him if he had been, for I fear he has left Dublin. Now, Wattie, we have had enough of those antics. Give up the letter-bag to me and come to breakfast."

"You ought to be extremely anxious, if you have the least affection for your poor mother," said Lesbia reproachfully, "for there is most likely a letter from Bride in it to tell us how she is."

Under this reproof, and with the prospect of a hot scone spread with honey, which Lesbia placed before him, Wattie surrendered the bag and subsided into his breakfast, and the brother and sister, after dividing its contents, proceeded to open their budgets and impart sentences from their contents to each other.

"Mrs. Maynard is not so well, I am

sorry to say, and Bride is in despair at the prospect of the Irish rebellion coming off in her absence, Lesbia," said John.

"And oh, John," exclaimed Lesbia, "this is from Louisa Pelham, and her brother's regiment has been ordered to Galway, and she seems to think we ought to ask him to come and stay here."

"Captain Pelham will be otherwise employed than in paying visits, if there is truth in this, or foreshadowing of truth, as is sometimes the case with rumours," said John, gravely, as he ran his eye rapidly over a paragraph in a paper he had just unfolded. "This looks as if other districts had been less successful in disposing of their rebels than we have been about here. Listen: 'The following intelligence was received last evening in Dublin. The whole of the south of Ireland is in rebellion. The station at Thurles is on fire, and the rails torn up by the mob. At Clonmel the fighting is dreadful; the people arrive in masses; the Dublin Club leaders are there. The troops were speedily overpowered; many refused to act. At Kilkenny the contest is proceeding, and there, too, the mob is said to be successful.'"

"Do you think it is true, John? It sounds just like what Connor Daly expected would happen. I hope the rebels won't come here, or at all events not unless he is with them, to make them behave well to us, as he promised he would."

"Promised! What do you mean, Lesbia? Have you seen Connor Daly, lately, and where? How came he to make you such an idiotic promise? You had better tell me the truth, Lesbia, at once. Connor Daly's whereabouts may prove to be of consequence to more people than himself just now, and unacknowledged communications from him, if you have to confess to them by and by, would be very compromising to you. You had better take me into your confidence in time."

"Don't frighten me to death if you please, John, or I shall not be able to remember a word of what you want me

to tell you. There is no occasion whatever for you to put yourself into such a fuss. I have not seen Connor Daly since we left London."

"Connor Daly was never in London, as far as I know."

"No, not as far as you know, I acknowledge; but I think it is very hard that I should be made to confess things of this kind, at breakfast-time, with people looking on and listening," said Lesbia, glancing at little Walter Maynard, and beginning to sob.

"If you are afraid of Wattie we will wait till breakfast is over," John answered a little severely, and turning back to his letters he opened and read one after another with gradually increasing anxiety on his face, while Lesbia, with all disposition for breakfast taken away, sat silent behind her urn, and tried hard to work herself into a state of indignation, hot enough to enable her to withstand John's efforts to intrude into her confidence. She was not prepared for the gentleness and gravity of his manner when, after sending Wattie out of the room he came near and seated himself by her side. "Now, little one, I have not much time to spare this morning, and I am sure you will forgive me if I seem abrupt or over anxious. More important consequences may be involved in the matter we have to discuss than you, or perhaps any of us can foresee as yet, and I can't judge how to shield you most effectually unless you are quite open with me. You need not be afraid of surprising me. Bride and I have been dreading to hear it for some time past."

"Dreading to hear what Connor Daly said to me about the Irish rebellion?"

"Lesbia, I think you must understand me better than that. What I mean is that we have feared to hear that you were engaged to him."

"Then I must say that I think you are both very unkind, and that it is a shame," cried Lesbia, drawing herself away from her brother, and looking at him with tearful, flashing eyes. "You have no right to think so meanly of me as that I should have engaged myself

to Connor, or any one, secretly. I dare say you have let other people know what you believe, and put it into *their* heads to suspect me, and think poorly of me, too. It would be just like you."

"No, Babette, it would not be at all like us; and you don't in the least mean what you are saying now," John answered, smiling.

"I mean it would be just like what is always happening—just the way things fall out here—to make people misunderstand me, and fancy I like what I don't like, and take offence and be unkind to me," sobbed Lesbia.

"Come, Baby, do try to be a sensible child for once," pleaded John in despair at the sight of her tears. "Leave the general public alone and try to keep to the matter in question. We will say nothing about an engagement since the word offends you. What I require you to tell me is, what amount of understanding does at present exist between you and Connor Daly, and how you came to see him unknown to all your friends?"

"Bride says," began Lesbia, drawing away her hands from her face, and assuming an aspect of dignified reserve, "that it is extremely unbecoming in a woman to speak of—of—admiration that she does not return, and I told you of Captain Pelham's offer, which perhaps I ought not to have done. You must not expect me to betray people's feelings *every* time they speak of them to me."

"You would not waste my time in this fashion, Lesbia, if you knew how much depended on my getting the information I want you to give me at once. Perhaps, though, all that is immediately necessary is that you should tell me where you saw Connor Daly last, and when he made the extraordinary promise you quoted just now about protecting you during the rebellion."

"I have told you once, and you did not believe me. The last time I saw poor Connor was in London, on St. Patrick's Day, at the ball, when I wore my Limerick lace dress and the sham-

rocks, and he promised to take care of us through the rebellion when he and I were in the balcony together, just before you took me down to supper."

"What brought him to London, then?"

"He came to see me. Yes, you may look surprised, John. *You* don't think me worth all that trouble, because I am only your little sister, whom you don't think highly of; but I am not everybody's sister."

"I am not surprised at Mr. Connor Daly's taking the trouble to come to London to see you; but at his having the coolness to force himself upon you unknown to your friends. He was perfectly aware you were worth the trouble of a journey. Though he is acting the part of a fool just now, I give him credit for being quite a sufficiently wideawake young gentleman to know that."

"Yes, John, you think he cares for me only for my money; but is it not rather hard in you to be so sure of that? Why should not I count for something—just for a little something, too—with somebody; and, if I do, why should not a person forget about my money, and speak to me as another girl might be spoken to? It is not that part of Connor Daly's conduct I see any fault in."

"Yet you say you are not engaged."

"No. One is not obliged to take a person because one believes he likes one sincerely, though you do think that such a marvellous thing to happen to me. I could not accept Connor Daly's honest liking, not because he was poor and I was rich—I hate to think of that as a barrier—but because—and he found it out that night; oh, John, I am so unhappy that I can't help telling you, though you will despise me for it—because I love another person better; and he is like you, John—he can't forget about my money. Sometimes I almost hate him for thinking of that more than of me, for I know he loves me; but oftenest I feel that even if he never speaks kindly to me again I shall love him always better than any one else in the world. Bride would think

it dreadful of me to say this, and you will despise me, but I cannot help speaking. I am so unhappy."

"I am very far indeed from despising you, my dear little sister; you are a brave child for telling me the whole truth. As this is so with you, you and I must help each other to put personal thoughts out of our minds for the present. I fear that very dark times are coming on our friends. It is hard for you to hear the news I have to tell just upon this confidence, but you will have to hear it sooner or later."

"Oh, let me hear at once. Is it that Pelham—that the Dalys are in trouble about Connor?"

"They are, or will soon be, in great anxiety about Connor, for I see in one of this morning's newspapers that a proclamation has been issued offering large rewards for the arrest, on charge of high treason, of the Dublin Club leaders, and Connor Daly's name is in the list."

"Would he be hanged?"

"If he is taken and convicted of high treason he is liable to be hanged."

"But if the news in this morning's paper should prove to be correct, and the rebels are succeeding?"

"It will be the most temporary success, and every moment of it makes the case of those who incited the rising worse than before. For their sakes, as well as on every other account, we must hope and pray that it may be put down in a few hours—before there has been time for great crimes to be committed. While the alarm lasts, suspicion will be rife everywhere, and innocent people, if they have enemies, may be involved with the guilty. I have a letter here from old O'Roone. It seems that while I was at Westport yesterday, an order was sent out to search Eagle's Edge for arms, and that letters and papers of a highly treasonable character were seized by the police and brought away. O'Roone discovered—or pretended to discover—that some of the most damaging of these papers were in Pelham Daly's handwriting, and sent a warrant to arrest him late last night on

his return from Galway, where it seems he has been for two days on private business, unluckily without my knowledge. Pelham refuses to account in any way for his possession of the papers, and it has been decided to send him, with others who were arrested yesterday with arms in their hands, this morning to prison in Galway. O'Roone pleads the urgent necessity of the time and the danger of a rescue being attempted if the prisoners are allowed to remain at Ballyowen, as an excuse for this haste; but I am afraid there is spite in it, and that it shows a determination on his part to inflict as much hardship on young Daly as he can while he has the power."

"Oh, John, John, and it was for my sake that he made the O'Roones his enemies! and I was comfortably asleep in bed last night while all this was happening, and I have eaten my breakfast and talked and laughed this morning."

"Little one, you must be reasonable; you must try to keep calm, or I shall not be able to trust you. You and I must both remember that these are dear, dearest friends, but that they have not chosen we should be anything more to them, and even in this time of trial we have no right——"

"No, John, no; I won't remember any such thing. *You* may do as you like: but while they are suffering I shall not think of rights or of anything but how I can best serve them. If afterwards they should choose to despise my service, I shall not complain. I shall go quite away from them and bear it as well as I can; but I shall never be sorry that I did what I could, when every one else was against them."

"It was for you I was trying to be wise, not for myself, Babette; but I believe you are right, and that you will make no mistake in following your generous heart-instincts. I will trust you, and not hold you back in anything you wish to do. We will act together."

"But perhaps we can do nothing I talked of *afterwards*; but oh, John, perhaps there will be no afterwards;

you said a dreadful thing would happen if Connor were taken."

"And convicted of treason. But Connor has committed himself by word and writing and by participation in illegal acts, whereas there can be nothing against Pelham except these papers; and even if he refuses to explain how they came into his possession, I don't suppose anything worse can happen to him than imprisonment while the present state of things lasts, and the magistrates have power to keep suspected persons in confinement. Perhaps he may even be detained for six months, but it can't be longer."

"In prison for six months! Mrs. Daly will die of misery long before the six months are over."

"The treasonable proclamations were no doubt sent or brought to Eagle's Edge by Connor or young O'Donnel. When you spoke of Connor, I thought you might have seen him, and be able to prove that he had been in the neighbourhood lately. Perhaps the papers were sent to Ellen. Ah, I owe Pelham service indeed for the part he is acting, if it is for her sake, to keep her name from being talked of, perhaps to spare her the agony of having to testify against her lover, that he refuses to clear himself."

"I wonder if Mrs. Daly and Ellen are alone at Eagle's Edge now. How desolate they will feel!"

"The first thing to be done is for you to go to them; you must offer to bring them here, of course, if they will come. I shall ride at once to Ballyowen, see old O'Roone, and learn all I can from him. If the prisoners have not already been sent off to Galway, I will see Pelham and consult with him on what is best to be done. If I miss him in Ballyowen, I think I had better go on to Galway myself, and wait there till I can get access to him. In the present state of feeling, it may not be easy even for a person as well known as I am to communicate with prisoners supposed to be rebels; but you may tell Mrs. Daly that no efforts shall be spared. I shall go on to Dublin if I see

that anything can be done for him there."

"And John, dear John, don't think me very foolish; but if you should see him, and if he should look very unhappy, would you mind telling him that I have gone to his mother, and that I don't mean to leave her again till he is set free? I have seen him look so very much pleased when I have paid any little attention to her, that I can't help believing it would comfort him to hear that."

"Well, run and get ready; I will order the car round, and James Morris shall drive you to Eagle's Edge. He is always eager to see his former young mistress, and I will indulge him to-day, though he is an arrant rebel, and though he does make grimaces at me behind my back."

"And John, you are not angry with me about—the message?"

"No, no, I will see what can be done; but, considering all things, it is perhaps as well that Mrs. Joseph Maynard's rheumatic fever continues obstinate, and that Bride is not here to criticise our sayings and doings."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was well for Lesbia that she had by this time overcome the nervousness that had once made a car-ride along the rough roads round Castle Daly a painful experience, for James Morris set out on the road to Eagle's Edge at a great pace, and only relaxed his exertions to lean over from his driving seat at intervals and whisper into Lesbia's ear an emphatic assurance that she might trust him to bring her in the twinkling of an eye to them with whom her heart was; and God bless her for being in all the mad haste and the hurry she was to comfort them. The way to Eagle's Edge lay for a mile or two along the public road to Ballyowen, and by the shore of the lake, till a certain cross road leading up among the hills was reached. About a quarter of a mile before they came to this turning, Lesbia's eye was attracted

by the appearance of a little crowd of people on the summit of an eminence they were beginning to mount. They came in sight in detachments, first a bare-footed advanced guard, that appeared to be running on in front of, then turning back to gaze at, something—some procession following behind; then the heads of two files of mounted policemen, carrying arms, appeared above the crest of the hill, and between them, two and two, walked slowly a string of other men. Their figures and their motions grew distinct, as they began to descend the slope, and Lesbia perceived that they were bound together hand and foot, prisoners. James Morris drew up his horse suddenly, as the meaning of the scene dawned on him, and a fierce oath burst from his lips.

"Will we have to pass him on the road, Miss Lesbia?" he said, turning back to look at her.

"Who, James?" she asked, in a trembling voice, struggling hard to put back the recognition that every moment brought nearer. "It can't be any one we know. No one we know could be treated like that."

"It is, then; it's young Mr. Daly, and the boys who were taken yesterday for marching with their pikes across the hill. Look for yourself? It's him that goes first. Who but a Daly would hold his head up and walk like that, proud and stately, whatever they do to him? and that one wid the green coat riding near, who is stooping down to spake to him now, with the devil's own spiteful sneer on his ugly face, is the thundering villain, Darby O'Roone. May iver curse he has iver earned be paid to him to the last mite, and I can't wish him worse than that. Look for yourself, then, Miss Lesbia, dear!"

But Lesbia could not summon courage to look; her eyes were fascinated by the wild rage that convulsed her companion's face, as, throwing the reins on the horse's neck, he sprang upon the driving seat and shook both fists with impotent anger towards O'Roone; then, with a sudden change of mood, he jumped down to the

ground, and coming to the side of the car where Lesbia sat, and looking humbly in her face, said in the tone of a child making a confession, "Miss Lesbia, once Mr. Connor and I played the young master there a spiteful trick anint a dog he cared for, and now I'd like to go down on my bare knees on the road and ax his pardon. It's not 'the cause' that brings him to this. It's not that he has 'the cause' at heart like Mr. Connor; it is that he won't turn informer agin his own people to save himself. Glory be to God for that same. I'd go down on my bare knees this minute to thank him for it."

"I will get down and stand in the road, I think, James," said Lesbia, putting out a little hand to be helped from the car. "I—I—think I shall like it better."

She was trembling so that she had to lean against the side of the car to support herself as she stood, and she put up her hands to hide her face. The tramp of horse hoofs and feet came nearer and nearer. Should she look up at him as he passed? Would it be better or worse for him to meet her eyes? Would he read in them how she loved him? Would he know that it was a thousand thousand times more than it had ever been before, for seeing him thus, with gyves on his wrists, bearing insult and suffering for his brother's sake? Surely yes, and surely in that hard hour there would be some help, some warmth to his heart from knowing what filled hers to such painful overflowing. Lesbia took her hands down and stood quite upright, as her determination was made. The procession of prisoners was now nearly opposite the car, and young O'Roone had made a sign to the police-officers to stop; and jumping from his horse, was evidently preparing to address her. Lesbia walked boldly forward to meet him. He approached with a meaning look of evil triumph on his face, that filled her with disgust.

"An uncomfortable meeting this, Miss Maynard, is it not?" he drawled in an affected voice. "I fear such a sight

as this must be distressing to English eyes, but, at all events, I hope it will have the effect of reassuring you as to the tranquillity of the country. If you look round you will see how satisfactorily *all* our would-be disturbers of the peace are disposed of. Let me invite you to look round."

"Thank you," said Lesbia, "that was exactly what I was intending to do, for I have a message for a friend I see among the crowd there. Stand aside, Mr. O'Roone, if you please, and let me pass."

Then drawing her dress close round her, so that it might not touch him, Lesbia brushed past and walked up to Pelham Daly, the crowd of hangers-on instinctively making way at the sight of her rich dress and the little pale face that tried to look proud, and was only quivering with feeling.

"Mr. Daly—Pelham," she said, putting both her hands on his manacled wrists, "I am glad I have met you. I am on my way now to Eagle's Edge, to stay with your mother till she has you with her again. Can you give me any message for her that will comfort her for you?"

Pelham had only a minute before known who was near him. All through the slow march from Ballyowen his thoughts had been full of another occasion when he had traversed that same road, with a crowd of ragged observers at his back, the centre of attraction and remark to them all. He had been almost smiling at the recollection of the bitter thoughts that had been aroused in his mind by that observation then. That he should ever have thought he had anything to complain of when he was receiving a tumultuous welcome to a hospitable joyous home was a curious enough reflection to haunt him just now. He remembered that when they reached the top of the next ascent the turrets of Castle Daly would be in sight, and with the thought came a vivid picture of how the castle had looked on that particular day, as he and his uncle approached it. The front door standing wide, the shouting huzzaing crowd of servants and

tenants, his father, standing above, stretching out eager hands of welcome, and looking down into his face with loving eyes that asked for sympathy. While this vision was before him, filling his mind with regretful yearnings, he heard a voice that made him start, a timid touch caressed his hands, and looking up he met once more a beseeching look of love, that again seemed to ask admittance into his heart, not to be put back for any conventionalities, for any stubborn pride this time. His eyes filled with sudden tears, but he was not ashamed of them, he would not have cared if the whole universe had been looking on at him then. For him, at that moment, there was nothing in existence but the little white anxious face turned up to his. Love had asserted itself over the whole of his being now, and somehow he felt, and had time in that instant to feel, that it was his father, as well as Lesbia, who was calling on him to rise above the spirit of self-regarding pride, and be true to love in that hour.

"God bless you for coming to speak to me to-day. God bless you for ever, Lesbia," he said in a deep earnest voice, that every one around heard. "Tell my mother that you saw and spoke to me—nothing else—and she will be comforted for me, for she will understand that after that nothing will hurt me."

It hardly took a minute for the two sentences, and for the look between, that bound two souls so closely together that nothing outward could ever come in again to separate them. O'Roone rushed forward with a frantic oath, and ordered the march to proceed instantly. Lesbia felt herself violently thrust aside towards the edge of the road, and the minute after the cavalcade was far on its way down the side of the hill proceeding at a rapid pace; and she was standing, with her back against a stone wall, surrounded by a little crowd of people whom the rapid movement of the march had left behind. A red cloaked old crone came up, threw her arms round her neck and kissed her, and a barefooted, bare-headed girl flung herself on her knees before her in the road,

seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

"I hope your ladyship will pardon us for touching you," the old woman said, "we know we ought not to do it, but we can't help it, for our hearts as well as yours are wid the boys they are carrying off. All the son I have is among them, and Mary there, on her knees—shure it is her own bachelor, the boy that was to have married her on Sunday, that was walking along wid him that you own, foot to foot, and wrist to wrist, wid young Mr. Daly; and it came over her to thank you for what you said to him; her boy has a mother that'll want comforting too. Shure you 'ill forgive us the freedom we've taken, that came from our hearts."

"Come to Castle Daly and talk to me about your son," Lesbia said, while the deep rich colour rushed back into her cheeks at the old woman's words, and then—she could not quite understand afterwards how she came to do such a thing, except that her heart was very full of tender yearning, and longing to comfort some one—she stooped down, and, kissing the kneeling girl on the forehead, whispered low in her ear, "You too must come and see me, and tell me all about him that was walking by Mr. Daly, and I think we shall both have them back soon."

How she finally extracted herself she hardly knew, but the people followed her to the car, and a dozen hands were raised to help her in, and busied in settling the rug about her feet, and their voices followed her with emphatic blessings to the turn of the road that led up among the quiet hills. It was a relief to be among the mountains, with only their sunshiny green heads overlooking her; for James Morris judiciously turned his back, and, with his eyes fixed on his horse's ears, whistled "*The Wearing of the Green*" uninterruptedly till they reached Eagle's Edge. Lesbia could lean over on the cushion of the car, and, unobserved, weep out her excitement and question the strange new joy that, in spite of anxieties

would send irresistible thrills through her. "Him that you own." Yes, it was *that* she had done. She had *owned* him; she, herself, among that ragged crowd, with his greatest enemy looking on. Poor, in danger, accused of crime, a lover whose homage would not be esteemed an honour by most people. What would Bride, what would the Pelhams, what would Aunt Joseph say to such a termination of her young lady career? It was very unlike anything she had ever planned for herself. She used to imagine g'ving herself away with great ceremony some day to some one whose choice would raise her in her own estimation and in the world's. Then the chief purpose of courtship had appeared to be gratification of vanity, and love had only meant homage to herself. It did not mean that now; this feeling that had come to her had no room for gratified vanity, no place for self in it, and yet how much better it was than anything she had ever known!

Her tears had been long since dried when the car drove up to the house door at Eagle's Edge, and she began to be afraid that she should bring into the house a face inconsistently joyful with the purport of her visit. There was no one at hand to take the car, and though both doors of the house stood wide open, and the sunshine was pouring in, the place had a melancholy, deserted look, as if there was no longer anything in it that anybody cared to guard. Lesbia, after knocking in vain, entered, and made her way into the sitting-room usually occupied by Mrs. Daly, and waited. Soon Ellen's face, pale and anxious, appeared at the door of the inner room, and, catching sight of Lesbia, brightened, as she came forward to shake hands with her.

"You have heard what has happened," Ellen said in a weary, hopeless voice that, coming from her, showed plainly how much she had suffered. "You know that they have taken Pelham from us, and mamma, poor mamma! it was like tearing her life away. She is sleeping now, in there. Dr. Lynch

came this morning; he set out from the Hollow as soon as the news reached them there, and was with us early, or I don't know what I should have done. He gave mamma an opiate, and she is sleeping quietly at last; but I dread what her waking will be. I can't keep her from thinking the very worst. She will not believe that she shall ever see him again."

"Let me go to her when she wakes," said Lesbia; "I have something to tell her that will comfort her. Dear Ellen, only think, I met him on the road just now, and spoke to him, and he gave me a message to bring here."

Ellen did not think the circumstance of this meeting so important or consoling as to warrant the look of blushing exultation with which Lesbia announced it; but she was disposed to catch at any comfort that came, and make the most of it.

"You actually saw Pelham, did you, Lesbia? Well, I believe there will be some comfort for mamma in your having seen him this morning. It will convince her that he was safe and well up to the time when you met him. And yet she was dreading to know that he had actually left the neighbourhood. Dr. Lynch promised her that she should go to Ballyowen to be near him if she would try to sleep and get strong enough."

"They have gone to Galway."

"That is too far for us to follow. I could not go so far from Anne O'Flaherty in the state she is now."

"But if I were with your mother, could not she and I go to Galway together? You would trust me to take care of her, would you not? I—I promised your brother just now that I would stay with you and her till he was restored to you, and he was glad; he said, 'Nothing would hurt him knowing that.' This was the message I was to give you."

The full significance of the meeting began to dawn on Ellen now, and she threw her arms round Lesbia's neck.

"Babette, dear Babette, how very good you are! but will your brother

and sister really let you stay with us, and be a daughter to mamma, while disgrace and danger hang over both the boys? Are you really come to take your place among us just now, when we are brought so low, when every one is against us?"

"Will you let me in? Do you love me enough? Do you think me good enough?" whispered Lesbia, clinging to her; and then the two girls embraced again, and shed a few tears together.

"How I wish mamma was awake, that I might take you to her at once," Ellen cried. "You will be better to her than sleep. I little thought that any light could come to us this dark day; but you have brought it, for I know now that Pelham is walking to prison this minute with a light heart. Lesbia, I will tell you something. He and I were sitting just here, talking about you, at the very moment that it happened, when the summons came for him to go."

"It was late last night, was it not?" questioned Lesbia, with a look in her eyes that implored—"Tell me everything, every word."

"It was late, and we were sitting nearly in the dark. There was a fire in the grate, at which I had broiled some eggs for Pelham's supper, and there was a faint light from the moon; but that was all the light we had. Mamma had gone to bed, and he and I had been sitting together talking for half an hour. He had returned from Galway only an hour before, and had been telling me of the disappointment his visit there had been to him, since the person who had appointed to meet him there never appeared. We think now that the appointment was a ruse of Darby O'Roone's to get Pelham out of the way while they were plotting against him, and to throw an air of mystery over Pelham's doings just now. The day had been a very anxious one to me, too, and Pelham brought news that increased my fears. He had heard in Galway that Connor's name was in the list of Dublin Club leaders, against whom arrests on charge of high

treason are out. While we talked sorrowfully of Connor I gave Pelham a foolish, affectionate message Connor had sent to him. I can't tell you when and how; but I told Pelham all, and he was very much touched. There was an allusion to you in this message, and, discussing that, Pelham branched off to speak of his love for you, and of the circumstances that forbade his ever letting you know it. I was listening and thinking, I had two brothers whose hearts I could be proud of, though they were so different one from the other, when there came a knock at the front door that I knew the meaning of in a moment. I was half frantic, and wanted to drag Pelham away to hide him somewhere, but he would not let me; he went to the door himself and brought in our untimely visitors. They proved to be, as I expected, the two police sergeants who had searched our house in the middle of the day—and with them was Darby O'Roone, who had come for his own pleasure, I think, to triumph over us in our trouble. They began to question Pelham about some letters and papers taken by one of the sergeants from a portfolio that happened to be on this table when I stupidly left him alone in this room on his first visit. O'Roone was loud and insolent—bent on entrapping Pelham into some admissions that would tell against him; but the Englishmen were civil enough at first, evidently only wanting information. They had heard of the rewards offered for Connor's arrest, and they hoped to get a clue to his whereabouts from Pelham or me, believing that he was somewhere in the neighbourhood then. Pelham could easily have satisfied them, and saved himself from any annoyance, if he had chosen. But, of course, he did not choose. He was very quiet and firm all the time, and made no other answer to their questions than that he could not explain how the papers came to be in his house, and when they told him that Darby O'Roone had brought a warrant to arrest him, and would produce it if he refused to give the infor-

mation required, he said he was ready to go with the officers of justice wherever they chose to take him. Oh, Lesbia, it was a terrible hour for me, for I had the clue the officers wanted, and I could have told them what would have cleared Pelham at once, and I did not know whether I ought to speak or be silent. I think I should have spoken if Pelham had not put out his hand in his quiet way and taken mine and held it all the time the discussion went on. Then when the voices grew loud mamma heard, and rushed in and clung to Pelham and implored him not to go—not to let himself be parted from her. It was very hard for him. He carried mamma back into her room and stayed there alone with her for a few minutes. I don't know what he said to her, but it satisfied her that he was right to go, and quieted her for the time. I was left here with the men, and the English sergeant came up to me while Pelham was away and put his hand on my shoulder, and said kindly he was sure that was a good son and brother who had just left the room, and would I let him be carried to prison if I could help it? It would not be a good place to be in while the insurrection they talked of was going on, and once in prison on charge of aiding the rebels, it would not be easy to get out till all was quiet again, and who could say to-night when that might be? Lesbia, do you think I was wrong to hold my hands over my lips to keep myself from speaking, and so let the minutes pass, that might have changed all?"

"You were obeying him," said Lesbia. "I don't think I could have done it; but I believe I should have known I ought to obey."

"It was not from obedience," Ellen said; "I thought of Connor. Pelham had told me a little time before that if he was arrested on that charge and convicted—and those very papers would have convicted him—he would be ——"

"Yes, I know, John said the same," cried Lesbia, shuddering; "but if the papers are so dangerous, and Pelham will never give up the author of them,

will not the whole of the danger come on him?"

"But Connor may escape from the country; and since Pelham is innocent he will stand a better chance on his trial than Connor could. I was able to think of all that, for the time seemed very long while Pelham was away in the inner room with mamma, and while the kind-looking sergeant stood by my chair pleading with me. Darby O'Roone grew impatient at last, and began to swear at the delay, and then Pelham came back and said he was ready to start. The wretch Darby reminded the policemen that they had brought handcuffs, and that they had before them a long, dark ride to Ballyowen, through a country where a very little effort on the part of Pelham's friends would make it easy for him to escape; but the English sergeant gave Darby a look of contempt that ought to have made him wither up into the reptile he is at heart, and said he would trust the gentleman, and then he went with Pelham himself to the stable to saddle Pelham's horse. I hastily packed up a few necessities in a travelling bag and ran outside and gave it to him just as he was riding away. He told me to take care of myself, and of mamma, and to trust for help to Mr. Thornley, and then he began to say something about you, but O'Roone came up and cut short our farewell. I watched them to the turn of the road. The policemen had lanterns, and I could see them moving on and on to the very end. I almost forgot (I am so used to watching Pelham to that point), that it would do mamma no good to know he was safe so far on such a journey as this one. Poor mamma! Pelham's words had acted like a spell on her, compelling her to be quiet; he has such influence over her; but I don't think she realised that he was really going away till I came

back alone. I felt very powerless to comfort her. It was a terrible night, much like in painfulness to another I have to look back upon in my life. I felt very wicked while it lasted, as if God had deserted us and let every one be against us; but better thoughts came with the light, and now you have come bringing the love that shames me for my hard thoughts, and ought to teach me never to lose faith again. Did your brother know you were coming to us?"

"Know? why of course he did. He has gone to Ballyowen to remonstrate with the magistrates, and you may be sure, Ellen, he will never rest till he has done all that is possible. He said he might have to go to Dublin to get permission to communicate with Pelham and secure his being fairly treated."

"This will surely comfort mamma. I hear her stirring now. Go in to her, Lesbia. She shall see your bright face when she opens her eyes and hear your good news before desponding thoughts have time to come back."

"And while I talk to her, had you not better prepare everything for leaving this house as soon as she is dressed? The thought of being on the way to him will best help her to bear up, I know. John said I was to bring you both back to Castle Daly for the night, and tomorrow she and I will go on to Galway, and when we come back ——"

"You think you shall bring him with you?"

"I will never go back to Castle Daly unless he is free to go there too if he likes. Ellen, it is not my house any more. I don't feel as if I had anything now but the one thing—that is everything to me. I am going to tell your mother that she is to come to-night to her own house. You will feel that it is hers, and yours, and his—not mine—won't you? or I shall never believe you love me."

To be continued.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

It is not the least remarkable phenomenon of contemporary British history, that Ireland, in most things many years behind Great Britain in the race of civilization and progress, should act as pioneer in three important matters of legislation, viz., the severance of the Church from the State, the establishment of a national system of (nominally) unsectarian education, and the legal enactment of tenant-right. Irish Conservatives account very glibly for all this by saying that unprincipled Radical statesmen use Ireland as a *corpus vile* on which to try dangerous experiments in tampering with our glorious constitution—an explanation having simplicity for its only merit. The truth more probably is, that the backwardness of Ireland has made immediate legislation on these subjects both more necessary and more simple and easy there than in Great Britain, whose very progress has complicated these questions. In Ireland there was no widespread provision for popular education. The state was called upon to supply it without delay. Practically no vested interests or existing institutions stood in the way, and hence, together with the urgent necessity for the introduction of some state system, occurred the opportunity of introducing the system most in harmony with the spirit of the age. The more advanced civilization of England has supplied a considerable apparatus for popular education, and this, while it lessened and postponed the necessity for state intervention, rendered such intervention more difficult when the necessity arrived. The case of the Disestablishment of the Church offers many points of analogy, but is complicated by so many other considerations, that I shall not attempt to follow it here, but will proceed at once to the third matter, the land question.

Ireland had not advanced sufficiently
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to evolve for herself a good working arrangement for the cultivation of the soil out of the contradictory elements of Irish customs of tenure and English laws of landed property. The state of things presented in 1870 was one of bad management and attempts at practical injustice on the part of many landlords, and disaffection and bad husbandry on the part of most tenants. The problem was one which required immediate solution, and the solution (apart from English prejudices) was not a hard one. We had a country of peasant farmers. We had to bring these peasant farmers, as far as we could, under the conditions in which alone peasant farming can be successful, and under which it has proved itself capable of being the best possible system of farming. This was done by helping farmers to become proprietors where it was practicable, and, where it was not, by conferring on their tenure such of the beneficial attributes of proprietorship as circumstances allowed. When I say that this would have been an easy task but for English prejudices, I am not taking away from the merits of the Irish Land Act, for English prejudices, together with Anglo-Irish and full-blooded Irish prejudices, made it a very difficult measure to manage, and Mr. Gladstone has done nothing more worthy of his fame than the framing and passing of it. The English land question is only dawning, because England in her progress has got over the great difficulty of reconciling the claims of small holders and great landlords, by evolving a class of large holders who are more or less able to take care of their own claims. The English land question will, however, soon become a burning one, and the chief sign that it will, I take to be, not so much the moderate though growing demands of our present race of farmers for some sort of legalized

tenant-right, or the exertions of the Land Tenure Reform League and its allies, as the Agricultural Labourers' union movement. If this movement goes on, as there seems to me every reason to believe that it will, large farming will cease to be a remunerative business. The only farmers who will be able to make a profit will be those whose holdings are small enough for their own labour and that of the members of their families to form a large proportion of the total required. On the other hand, *petite culture* will not flourish without greater security of tenure than either the present law, the Duke of Richmond's "primer," or the measures approved by the English Chambers of Agriculture provide for. It will be necessary not only for the well-being of the small farmers themselves, but also in the interest of the consumer and of the commonwealth, to give them greater incentives to the highest cultivation of the soil. The present condition of agriculture in England, however, which is so much better than its late condition in Ireland as to make the need for legislation much less urgent, will increase the difficulty of this legislation when the need arises, and the false start, which, I think, in some measure been made in England in the development of the large farm system, must involve some risk of the passing of provisional measures that in the end may make further reforms more difficult. If the future of English agriculture is likely to be that which I have indicated, there cannot be a better preparation for the formation of a public opinion calculated to promote a satisfactory settlement of the land question that is looming in England, than careful observation of the progress of the same question in that island which has, as it were, been brought up from the rear to act as pioneer to the United Kingdom in these matters of the Church, the school, and the land; and therefore some observations on the present state of the Irish land question may perhaps be acceptable even to those whom Irish matters, as such, do not interest.

Any one approaching this question

from without will probably be a good deal puzzled. He will find, on the one hand, that the *Times* and its correspondent, the Irish conservative papers, and sundry other authorities, maintain that the question is finally settled, and must on no account be reopened—that the Land Act went much further than Parliament in its soberer moments would have approved in making concessions to Irish tenant farmers and interfering with the rights of property; that, however, these concessions having been irrevocably made, we must console ourselves with the consideration that the cantankerous Irish tenant has got greater privileges than he had any right or reason to expect, and cannot possibly ask for anything more; that if he does, it can only be taken as a proof of the folly of all concessions to Irish popular demands. On the other hand, he will learn from popular speakers and writers and members of Parliament that the Land Act was a delusion and a mockery—that the Irish farmer has got none of his rights yet—that he is as much exposed to capricious eviction, legal spoliation, and rack-renting as ever, nay, a great deal more so, that the country is being drained of its life blood—by what an eccentric candidate last election called in his address an "emigration of despair"—in consequence of the defenceless and down-trodden condition in which British law leaves the Irish farmer. The inquirer may receive a ray of light upon the nature of these latter views when he finds them coupled with such assertions as that perpetuity of tenure at something under present rents is the only remedy for Ireland's wrongs and the inalienable birthright of the tenant farmer (see the speeches of J. Biggar, Esq., M.P., and others), and when he finds them propounded at meetings held for the establishment of "Home Rule Associations" in hitherto loyal neighbourhoods. If, however, this gleam lights him back to belief in the views of the *Times'* correspondent, the *Express*, &c., it will be but an *ignis fatuus*, and he will not be much nearer the truth. A very respectable body of

opinion exists, especially in the North, which demands a considerable amendment of the Land Act without countenancing the extravagances of the Home Rulers, and which is represented by several newspapers in Ulster, but perhaps most ably by the *Northern Whig*, which regularly devotes two columns in its weekly issue to the discussion of the land question from this point of view.¹

Under the auspices of this moderate party several tenant-right conferences have been held, one at Belfast about a year ago, and one at Dublin last January. These conferences (particularly the latter) have been discredited by the foolish utterances of some of the speakers, including some members of Parliament, who may be supposed to have spoken as they did with a view to pleasing "national" constituencies more foolish than themselves; but the good sense of the majority of the delegates from the farmers' clubs served to keep all extravagance out of the resolutions passed, of which the following are the chief:—

"That every day's experience deepens our conviction that the Land Act of 1870 is insufficient to remedy the admitted evils of the system of Irish land tenure, and that no measure can be just or satisfactory to the people of Ireland which does not give to all tenants in Ireland security of tenure, protection against capricious or arbitrary eviction; and also against arbitrary increase of rents; the acknowledgment of the tenant's property in the value created by his improvements; and the free and unrestricted right of sale of his interest in his holding.

"That, believing that these advantages were secured to the tenants holding under the tenant-right custom of the province of Ulster, where that custom is observed in its integrity, we will cheerfully support any measure that will enforce that ancient custom, coupled with provisions that will extend practically to all tenants in Ireland the full and

entire enjoyment of the advantages which that custom in its integrity assures."²

As far as regards the region round Belfast, and the greater part—perhaps the whole—of the counties of Down, Antrim, and Londonderry, I believe that these resolutions are not otherwise than reasonable; that nothing more is here asked for than the legalisation and extension of customs already prevailing on the most prosperous estates in those districts. When, however, it is proposed, as it is, in a Bill that has been prepared to be brought before the House this Session, to extend these customs to

² The Ulster Tenant Right Custom spoken of in this paragraph is practically the same thing as the measure described in the paragraph above it. . . . It gives the tenant security of tenure, or exemption from arbitrary eviction—that is to say, a tenant (though nominally from year to year), his heirs and assigns, are never put out of their holding as long as the rent is paid, and the land not sublet or subdivided, or some very atrocious misdemeanour committed. It also protects the tenant to a great extent against arbitrary increase of rent. Where the custom exists in what is here called "its integrity," which it does in a portion of Ulster comprising the greater part of the counties of Down, Antrim, and Londonderry, the tenant also has the right of selling the permanent interest which the custom gives him in his holding, to any solvent purchaser; the landlord being bound to accept the purchaser as tenant, or pay the outgoer the full amount of the purchase-money, which—owing to the rents being moderate, and the demand for land excessive—is always altogether out of proportion to the value of the unexhausted improvement, and has been known to exceed the value of the fee simple. In other parts of Ulster, the custom, while forbidding arbitrary eviction and unreasonable increase of rent, allows the landlord to forbid the sale at his pleasure; but here, if he wishes to take up the farm himself, he must pay the out-going tenant compensation to somewhere about the amount that he might reasonably expect to realize if allowed to sell. This is the custom which was kept inviolate in many large districts in Ulster, though till 1870 it was upheld by no sanction whatever, in law or equity. What is commonly called "the tenant-right" of a farm is the tenant's saleable interest in his holding, comprising, besides unexhausted improvements, which is often a small item, the right or privilege of continuous occupancy, and in many cases also exemption from increase of rent, the value of the whole being enormously raised by the great competition for land.

¹ The *Northern Whig* is said to have been lately sold to the proprietor of the *Irish Times*, a "trimmer" paper. The transfer has not however yet had any apparent effect on the views propounded in the *Whig*.

the whole of the rest of Ireland, to many districts where there is at present no trace of them, as well as to others where they only exist in a modified form, it is incumbent on us to inquire more strictly into the intrinsic merits of the various features of these customs, the general legalisation of which is demanded. It is a superstition that Anglo-Irish philanthropists are only beginning to shake off, that, because English farming was better than Irish, the right thing to do for Ireland was to introduce the English system of farming and large farms. The superstition is of the same character, though not quite so far from the truth, which induces the Irish tenant-right party to think that, because farming round Belfast is on the whole better than elsewhere in Ireland, every feature of the customs there prevailing would with great advantage be enforced all over Ireland. In discussing the merits of the various demands made under the head of Ulster tenant-right, I must beg leave to start from the principle on which the *Times* not long ago made a violent attack, but which has been upheld by such economists among us as Mill, Fawcett, Cairnes, Thornton, Leslie, and others, as well as by the most eminent authorities on rural and political economy on the Continent, and which is indicated, if not positively laid down by the great Adam Smith himself: That the peasant proprietor is the best, as well as the happiest cultivator, because (1) security of continued possession, and (2) the assurance that he will himself reap all the fruit of every improvement he makes, are the greatest possible encouragements a man can have to good husbandry. Peasant proprietorship has other advantages, such as the exemption from any payments of rent, rendering surplus profits available for improvements, but as these cannot possibly be given to the tenant-farmer, I will confine myself to the two above-mentioned most important features of peasant proprietorship, the features which it has in common with the tenant-right asked for in the first three demands of the resolution of the tenant-right conference above

quoted: exemption from arbitrary eviction; exemption from arbitrary increase of rent, and acknowledgment of the tenant's property in the value created by his improvements. All these encouragements to good farming, and promoters of contentment, the Land Act of 1870 attempts to give, but gives inadequately. The compensation for disturbance which is provided to secure the first exemption is said not to be sufficient to deter a landlord from eviction in many cases. It has even been said that it makes it easier, as now he knows approximately what he will have to pay for evicting, while before, the consequences being unknown, he dared not evict at all. In any case the demand for land is so keen, that whatever the landlord has to pay to the evicted tenant, he can obtain from some aspirant for land as the price of the goodwill. My own observations lead me to think that the deficiencies of the Land Act in this respect are considerably exaggerated; but as it is the *feeling* of insecurity even more than insecurity itself that discourages improvement, some amendment in this direction is probably desirable. The simplest and most popular expedient is fixity or perpetuity of tenure, *i.e.*, a law that no tenant farmer may be deprived of his holding for any cause whatever, except non-payment of rent. This, it appears to me would be an unnecessarily and undesirably strong measure. The way in which our farmers talked, even before the Land Act, and in districts where only a very modified form of tenant-right was the custom, of *their own land*, and the way in which farms held nominally at will were left in testaments, and given as marriage portions, and so forth, convinces me that a measure short of fixity would give the farmer all the security needed without depriving the landlord of his right of eviction, which he would seldom use, but might occasionally use with great advantage to his tenants and neighbours. Landlords may on the whole be an incubus and a drawback to a country, but as long as they exist we may as well make such use of them as we can, and

the expulsion of utterly objectionable tenants, from either an agricultural or social point of view, would perhaps be a useful function, which the limited right of eviction would enable them to perform occasionally. This demand would probably be profitably complied with to the extent of making the damages payable for arbitrary eviction heavier, but allowing the court to take the conduct of the evicted tenant as a farmer and a member of society into consideration in the amount awarded. Under such a law every tenant might feel the utmost security of tenure as long as he was not guilty of any flagrantly criminal act, and did not make his holding a nursery for weeds, or in any other way become an undoubted nuisance to the neighbourhood in the opinion of an impartial tribunal.

The increase of rent is a matter more difficult to manage, but, perhaps, of even more moment. The provisions of the Land Act are certainly inadequate. If the increase is arbitrary or unreasonable the tenant's only remedy is first to refuse to pay the rent, then to allow himself to be ejected, and then to plead the exorbitance of the rent as a "disturbance," and claim compensation. The fear of having to go through so unpleasant a course of procedure may prove as fatal a discouragement to improvements that would tempt a landlord to raise the rent unduly as the certainty of having to pay the raised rent. There is no doubt that many men would submit to pay a rent not altogether beyond their means, but which was, nevertheless, in part of the nature of interest on their own investments in permanent improvements, rather than leave their homes, even with ample compensation in their pockets. This provision of the Land Act does not remove the chief drawback to tenant-farming in a country like Ireland, where all improvements are generally made by the tenant—namely, that the land is not the farmer's safest bank, that he may have to divide with his landlord the interest of his investments in his farm, while he will be insured the whole interest on his savings if he invests them

in any other safe venture. The most popular remedy for this evil is, that rents should be settled by a periodical valuation. The principles on which such a valuation should be founded appear to be so little understood at present, and the difficulty of distinguishing that part of the increased value of every farm in Ireland which arises from tenants' improvements from that part which arises from general causes seems to be so great that I doubt the present expediency of this plan, and think that landlords and tenants should rather be encouraged to refer disputes as to increase of rent to arbitration, or to appoint a valuator approved by both parties, as has lately been done on Lord Powerscourt's Tyrone property; but that failing such an arrangement, the tenant should have a direct appeal to the land courts against the imposition of an unreasonable rent. A provision of this kind is embodied in the New Land Act Amendment Bill. Professor Cairnes, in his valuable essay on "Political Economy and Land," has suggested that the highest rent recoverable by law in any case in respect of purely agricultural holdings should be a valued rent equal to what he calls the economic rent.¹ Such a provision would

¹ For the benefit of those who are not posted up in the political economy of the land question, I quote the following passage from the above-mentioned essay by Professor Cairnes:—"The phenomenon of agricultural rent . . . consists of the existence in the returns to agricultural industry of a value over and above what is sufficient to replace the capital employed in agriculture with the profit customary in the country. This surplus value arises in this way. The qualities of different soils being different, and the capital applied even to an area of uniform fertility not being all equally productive—farms differing besides in respect of their situation, proximity to market, and other circumstances—it happens that agricultural produce is raised at varying costs; but it is evident that when brought to common markets it will, quality for quality, command the same price. Hence arises, or rather hence would arise in the absence of rent, a vast difference in the profits upon agricultural industry. The produce raised on the best soils, or under other circumstances of exceptional advantage, will bear a much larger proportion to the outlay than that raised under less favourable circumstances; but as it is clear that, in a community

in great measure prevent any farm being injured by paying a higher rent than it could afford. It would also tend to prevent subletting when that pernicious practice is not otherwise provided against. It would further serve to hinder a landlord from repaying himself the penalty incurred by arbitrary eviction by reletting the holding at an exorbitant rent.

Omitting the third demand mentioned in the resolution—which is practically included in the second and fourth, and with regard to the rightness of which there can be no question—we pass to the claim made to the unrestricted right of free sale by the tenant. Without tracing Ulster tenant-right back to the conditions of the plantation of Ulster, or comparing it with knights' fees, as has recently been done, we can easily see how the right of free sale would survive or grow up, as the case may be, together with the other features of the tenant-right custom. On estates where rents were very seldom and very moderately raised, where the tenants who paid them were never disturbed, where farms were allowed to pass by will and by inheritance, it was natural that they should also be allowed to pass by sale; and wherever a property was managed either very liberally or very carelessly, the rule that a tenant might sell his interest to any solvent man, would soon become established. Probably, as I have already said, it would not be well to reverse this rule where it has become the acknowledged practice. Over great part of Ireland, and even of Ulster, however, landlords have retained the power of choosing a new tenant when an old

tenant gives up his holding, even in those districts where custom has prohibited the landlord from evicting a tenant or refusing to accept his legitimate successor in his place at his death, and the question at issue is whether it is expedient to deprive the landlord of this power. It is evidently for the interest of the landlord, of the land, and therefore of the community, that a farmer who fails from any cause, should be encouraged to hand his farm over to an enterprising and solvent man, instead of being tempted to struggle on, getting behind with his rent, and letting his land go to the bad; and he cannot be better encouraged to do so than by a law or custom which enables him at any time to realize the full value of his interest by selling it in an open market. This is the sum of the general argument in favour of extending and legalising the right of free sale, which the Bill I have mentioned would do for all Ireland, and a shorter Bill introduced early in the Session by four Ulster members, would do for all Ulster. To the farmers such a measure is recommended by the fact that if any one of them at any time wants to dispose of his interest in his holding, he will get a larger price for it in an open market than in a market controlled by a landlord's right of veto or choice. It seems, however, too much forgotten that the treatment of the land will depend upon the person who may have to buy as well as upon the person who may wish to sell, and that the same excessive competition for land which enables landlords to extort exorbitant rents will also enable out-going tenants to extort exorbitant prices for tenant-right, and that the economic effect of the latter—though it differs much in degree—does not differ in kind from that of the former; that if it be desirable to limit the landlord's power of charging an excessive rent it must also be desirable to limit the tenant's power of charging an excessive price for tenant-right. The advocates of the "Ulster-custom in its integrity," say, "If you acknowledge that the tenant has an estate or a valuable interest in his hold-

where people engage in agriculture with a view to profit, even this latter portion would need to carry such a price as would give the producer the same profits which he might obtain in other occupations (for otherwise he would not engage in its production), it follows that all the produce except this, sold as it is, quality for quality, at the same price, must yield a profit over and above the customary profit of the country. This surplus profit is known to political economists as 'rent,' and we may henceforth conveniently distinguish it from the rent actually paid by the cultivators as 'economic rent.'

ing, how can you reasonably deny him the right of selling it in the open market." To this argument there are obviously several answers, but one will serve—"as reasonably as you can interfere with the landlord's right to evict or to raise the rent beyond what is fair." In both cases expediency is the rule, and good husbandry the object. Where the land is owned by occupiers, it would be clearly out of the question to limit by law the prices paid for it, and the various advantages of proprietorship would on the whole counterbalance the evils arising from the payment of competition prices for farms. Moreover, in such a state of things the evil would correct itself sooner than it would be likely to do under the more complicated system of tenant-right. Buyers would sooner learn justly to estimate the value of what they bought. This is clearly shown by the fact that Irish farmers will often give proportionally much higher prices for the tenant-right of a farm for which they are to pay rent—even when they cannot be certain that the rent will not be raised—than they will for the fee-simple. Tenancy, even with tenant-right, is not ownership. It has not the economic advantages of ownership, and should therefore be given the benefit of any special advantages of which its nature makes it susceptible. Of these there are two. First, the choice of a new tenant may be placed in the hands of a person whose interest it is that he should be a good cultivator and a desirable member of society. The outgoing tenant obviously has no immediate interest of this nature. The landlord has. Secondly, the price may be limited to a reasonable amount that will not cripple the incoming tenant's means of farming in order to start the out-goer in a new career with a larger sum than the amount of his labour and investments fairly entitle him to. This could not be accomplished by direct legislation, as, of course, some means would be devised, where competition was keen, of paying over-regulation prices. But if the landlord retain the right of pre-emption, not at the highest

competition price, but at the fair market value estimated by valuers, by arbitration, by land courts, or by any other impartial tribunal, in case the landlord or agent cannot agree with the tenant as to the amount, every prudent landlord would be impelled by his own interest to see that his land was not occupied by tenants impoverished by the payment of competition prices for tenant-right. It has been objected that under this rule needy or grasping landlords would pocket the difference, buying out tenants at the lower price and taking the competition price from in-comers. This might be provided against by a similar limitation to that which has been proposed as to the amount of rent legally recoverable for a purely agricultural holding. The amount legally recoverable by a landlord from an incoming tenant might be limited to the fair market value of the holding, to the amount paid to the out-goer together with arrears of rent due, and any costs out of pocket, either of law or repairs, or to the economic value of the tenant right. Over-regulation prices might sometimes be obtained, but to bargain for them would imply risks that few landlords would care to run. The reservation of the landlord's right to buy up tenant-right at a reasonable price would in great measure meet the objection that has been made to the legalisation of the Ulster custom by Lord Lifford and others, that it prevents landlords from consolidating clusters of miserable farms of one or two acres a-piece that are to be found on many estates in Donegal and elsewhere. It would not enable them to make a clean sweep of these farms, and it is not desirable, on the whole, that it should; but it will enable them to throw them together as opportunities offer, and they will offer, and slow reforms generally work better in the long run than quick.

I have above used the phrase *economic tenant-right*, and before leaving the subject must briefly explain what I mean by it. Tenant-right has been described by economists as the value of the difference between the rent to be paid and

the highest rent obtainable for the holding. By economic tenant-right I mean the value of the difference between the rent to be paid and the economic rent of the holding as it stands, or, in other words, the mercantile value of the tenant-right when the highest rent obtainable is the economic rent. This will be approximately the value of the fee-simple, or of the land rent free, minus the value of the rent to be paid. Economic tenant-right differs from customary tenant-right in several ways. First, owing to excessive competition for land in Ireland, the highest rent obtainable is much above the economic rent, and the higher the obtainable rent the higher of course the tenant-right. Again, tenant-right is not only paid for exemption from rack-rent, but also for security of tenure, and therefore often amounts to a large sum even when the rent to be paid is a rack-rent or the highest obtainable rent, when the economic value of the tenant-right is *nil*. If, however, security of tenure and immunity from rack-rent be conferred on the tenant as his legal right, he should no longer pay for these privileges, and the price of tenant-right, in the absence of excessive and ruinous competition, should be reduced to its economic value. If the rent payable be the fair rent, the adjustment of which we have discussed above, the economic tenant-right, which we have defined as being the value of the difference between this rent and the full economic rent, must arise from value put into the land by the tenant; in other words, be equal to the value of the tenant's improvements. Our rather involved investigation, then, appears to have led us to the somewhat trite conclusion that an out-going tenant should be paid the value of his unexhausted improvements. My apology for taking the reader by this crooked road to this apparently easily attainable goal is, that it is the only road that leads to it by way of Irish tenant-right, and also that the valuation of improvements on small farms is often so difficult that it would generally be easier to make a fair award

as to the sum the out-goer was entitled to receive by appraising the market value of the tenant-right than by attempting to go into the improvements in detail.

Tenant-right advocates are often heard expressing themselves very strongly against "estate rules," or "office rules," and we cannot be surprised at this when we learn that these rules not seldom take the senseless form of laying down a fixed sum per acre, as the amount of tenant-right to be allowed to any tenant leaving the estate, regardless of the condition of the land, or of the proportion which the rent bears to the value; or the still more foolish form of fixing the tenant-right, acknowledged on an estate, at so many years' rent, with the absurd result that the higher the rent is, the higher the tenant-right; and that the slovenly farmer, who neglects or deteriorates the land may receive as much as the most improving tenant. I should not have thought it worth while to refer to this phase of the question, had not Judge Longfield, in the Cobden Club Essays, most unaccountably advocated a provision resembling the last-mentioned arrangement.

I have now briefly gone over the chief points of the Irish land question which still require settlement—which call for a Land Act Amendment Bill. That the question should be so complicated as to demand an elaborate amendment of so carefully and ably drawn a measure as the Irish Land Act is a misfortune inseparable from the general divorce of the occupation from the ownership of land. As long as this divorce continues general, no laws can render the conditions of land tenure thoroughly satisfactory, although, as I have pointed out, some incidental advantages may be obtained under the divorce that are wanting in the union. To the union, however, we must ultimately look as the solution of all land questions, and this union will, I believe, come about gradually, and without the help of heroic measures. When the remnants of our feudal institutions have disappeared, when land can no longer be

tied up, when it can be easily and cheaply transferred, when the possession of large extents of it no longer carries with it power and place ;—when our upper classes learn to recreate themselves by other means than the pursuit and slaughter of wild and tame animals, landlords will probably be glad to sell their land to occupiers. Land will then be worth more to an occupier than it can be to a landlord, and the transfer of the ownership will be for the advantage of both classes. Resident country gentlemen will, no doubt, retain a certain amount of land beyond the limits of their own parks and home farms,

and let it to large or small farmers, and such an arrangement may do good rather than harm ; but the vast districts owned by non-resident landlords, or lying far away from their dwellings, will in time, I doubt not, come into the possession of occupying farmers, to the benefit of all the interests concerned. In Ireland, however, many years of tenant-right must precede this change, during which the tenants must lay by money for future purchases. And I cannot but think that the land question is destined to pass through some analogous phase in Great Britain.

HUGH DE F. MONTGOMERY.

ETON THIRTY YEARS SINCE.

AT a period when all of us are rightly anxious—and, as it seems to me, some people are distinctly mad—on the subject of the education of the masses, it may be not uninteresting to recall the system of training pursued at the first and most aristocratic of English schools just one generation ago.

Eton was at that time, to the best of my recollection, made up of some six hundred boys. To begin with the beginning, there was the Lower School, composed of the first, second, third, lower Greek and upper Greek forms, besides two other forms, styled respectively Sense and Nonsense—I presume from the character of the Latin verses which were set in each respectively. But all these Lower School forms may be described as mere skeleton regiments, or what the French call *cadres*, the whole number of boys under the control of the lower master and his three assistants averaging some twenty or thereabouts—while twelve masters only were allotted to the remaining five hundred and eighty boys. This Lower School was a splendid example of what has since been termed “Survival,” and an excellent illustration of Eton Conservatism. There really had been a time when boys had come up in numbers, of such tender years and so scantily furnished as to fill these forms, and to constitute a large part of the school. That time had vanished; yet the institution still remained. It was a kind of unknown world to the rest of the school, with separate hours for work, and under a separate code of laws, and whether, in the absence of pupils, the masters taught each other, was a subject of speculation among the upper boys. Nor did any one exactly know whether, if a lad on first entering had the misfortune to get placed in the Lower School, there were any sure means for him to get out

again, except by great increase of size, which would make the masters ashamed of him. Most boys, however, had come up sufficiently prepared to avoid falling into this gulf, and were placed in the fourth form, the lowest of the Upper School divisions. A limited number were put at once into the “Remove,” the division between the fourth and fifth forms. And it was an inflexible rule that no new-comer could be placed higher than this, let his attainments be what they might. These two forms, the remove and the fourth, comprised nine-tenths of the lower boys, and about three-eighths of the whole school.

I do not think that much could be said against the course of instruction we had to pass through during this part of our training. An average boy would have about two years of it. Every half-year the form to which he belonged moved bodily a step upwards in the school. That is to say, the middle fourth of Christmas became the upper fourth of the following July, and passed into the remove at the succeeding Christmas, making its way by the force, so to speak, of its own impulse into the fifth form at the next Christmas after that. There were two examinations to be confronted, one on the threshold of the remove, and the other on that of the fifth form, in accordance with which the names were placed according to merit, and a few (generally some half-a-dozen) unusually idle or thick-headed boys, lost their promotion. But the bulk sailed easily and peacefully into that haven of repose, the fifth form. And at this point were exhibited, in my humble opinion, some of the greatest anomalies and absurdities of the then existing Etonian system.

The practice was this. As soon as a boy had once got into the fifth form—merely shaving through, it might be, in the examination—he was safe from any

further ordeal of the kind to the close of his Eton days, and moved up by seniority to be Captain of the Oppidans, or even of the school, which he must necessarily and infallibly become, provided he had been sent to Eton early enough to obtain a good start, and remained long enough to outlive those above him.¹ The sixth form was composed of the ten senior Collegers and ten senior Oppidans, and included some of the very worst scholars of both orders in its bosom. And this was of a piece with what might be observed all through the school owing to the "remove" system. A boy's place on the general roll was no more a criterion of his acquirements and industry than would be the "year" of a young man at Oxford or Cambridge. His place in his division was indeed a test of his acquirements at the time when the place was fixed, and to go into the fifth as "Captain of one's remove" was equivalent to a small Senior Wranglership. But, as we have seen, this would be the result of an examination occurring at a comparatively early period of the boy's Eton career, and no subsequent test was applied. The consequences of this sort of irremovability were just what might have been expected in the case of those boys who required some sort of stimulus to call forth their energies, that is to say, in the case of at least two-thirds of them.

Of the six so-called working days of the week, one was always a holiday, and one a half holiday. In addition to this, every saint's day was a holiday, and every eve of a saint's day a half-holiday. Two whole holidays in a week (I have known three) and two half-holidays were consequently of common occurrence: and if to these be added "play after four" on summer afternoons, we shall be making a very fair allowance if we put down the working days of the week as upon an average three.

¹ With regard to the collegers, *i.e.*, the seventy boys on the foundation, a change took place during my school-days, and I believe that they had some sort of examination at a later period, in accordance with which their seniority on the list for King's was fixed.

These three school-days of a fifth form boy—and the hours and the work were the same all through the numerous divisions of the form—would be spent pretty much as follows:—The whole time spent in school throughout the day was from one hour and three quarters to two hours and a half as the maximum. First a few minutes between eight and nine, when we had to say in turn to a master, and were at liberty to walk out when we had repeated the dozen lines or so called for. Then from about ten minutes past eleven till a quarter to twelve: from ten minutes past three to a quarter to four, and finally from ten minutes past five to six: these three last lessons for construing. I have some recollection, moreover, of Friday being a great "saying day," when a boy who stood pretty high up in his division, and judged his turn well, might get off with about fifteen minutes' schooling in the twenty-four hours. In order, however, to acquire an idea of the sort of work done on these whole school-days, it will be worth while to examine them somewhat more closely.

The hour from eight to nine witnessed, as I have said, the commencement of our labours. We had to stand up in turn and repeat some portion of thirty lines of the Iliad, or of the Æneid, or some ode of Horace, the construing lesson of the day before. The boys at the head of the division would have to be out of bed the earliest, in order to be in school at eight, when their turn came; but they would be out of school again in a few minutes. Those at the bottom of the division would have half-an-hour longer to devote to their slumbers, and would not be obliged to present themselves till half-past eight, at which time the præceptor's list closed; but, on the other hand, they would have nearly half-an-hour to spend in school waiting for their turn. *Aurea mediocritas!* those who like myself were usually in the middle of a division had in this, as in almost everything else, the advantage. We rose at eight, got into school at twenty-five minutes past—it would not do to run it too fine—and were out

again in ten minutes at the latest. When you had been "up" to a master for a few weeks, you could judge with the greatest nicety the period when your turn would come.

The subject-matter of this repetition was, as I have said, the lesson of the day before. Every boy had had this lesson construed to him once at his tutor's, and once, or more commonly twice, in school, not to speak of any superfluous preparation which he might have devoted to it in the first instance himself. It resulted from this, and from the subject being in verse, which greatly facilitated his task, that a boy of average capacity came into school next morning already quite prepared to stand the test of saying off some few lines to the master, who was generally liberal in his promptings. Indeed, from the system adopted, a boy, when he had been any length of time in the fifth form, had been so often over the same books that he was spared any trouble at all upon the subject. The results of these constant repetitions have remained with many of us to this very day; and I could, with very little preparation, repeat large portions of the *Æneid*, and nearly the whole of the *Odes* of *Horace*. Now this may be a very desirable result; but what I am saying just at the present moment is that the eight o'clock lesson was not very hard work.

The next lesson took place nominally at eleven, really at from ten minutes to a quarter past eleven (when an assemblage of the masters, called "Chambers," had broken up), and lasted without intermission till a quarter to twelve. The inevitable thirty lines of *Homer*, or *Virgil*, or "*Poetæ Græci*," formed the subject of this and the two afternoon lessons, which exactly resembled it. Each division contained at that time about sixty boys, and any boy was liable to be called up to construe; but the best construers were naturally the most frequently called upon, and the turn of a medium performer did not come on an average more often than three or four times in a half-year. After translating some dozen lines he was told to sit down, or in case of

egregious failure visited with a punishment which usually took the form of having "to write out and translate his lesson." But this could only happen in the case of a very careless or a very stupid boy: the school arrangements providing a machinery by which all but the least attentive and the least gifted could pick up their lessons beforehand with scarce a particle of trouble. This was the private construing in the private tutor's pupil-room, which took place immediately before each school lesson, and lasted about a quarter-of-an-hour. At this were assembled all the sixth and fifth form of the various divisions who happened to be under the private tuition of the same master, and among these were pretty sure to be found a sixth form Colleger, or one or two good scholars in the upper division. These—of course in this place I can only speak as to my own tutor—were almost invariably set to translate the lesson, which they did with the greatest ease, generally recognizing in it an old friend; and we, the juniors, had only to follow them over the hard words and difficult passages to become tolerably up to our work. This process was so very successful that though many of us had English translations, or "cribs" as they were called, we very seldom needed to use them.

The books used in the fifth form—besides the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, *Horace*, and I think some scraps of *Ovid* for repetition merely—consisted of three "*Selections*" or "*Readers*:" "*Poetæ Græci*," which contained some picked passages from *Homer's Odyssey*, *Callimachus*, *Theocritus*, &c., together with "*Scriptores Græci*" and "*Scriptores Romani*," which were similarly made up of tit-bits from the best Greek and Latin prose-writers. A lad would go on grinding at the above scanty provender from the age it might be of twelve to that of twenty, with little or no change. *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Lucretius*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Cicero*, *Demosthenes*, the tragedians (except in the Head Master's division), *Aristophanes*, *Pindar*, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, in short, all but four of the great authors

of Greece and Rome, and those four poets, were entirely unknown to us, except it might be through the medium of certain fragments in the "Selections" aforesaid, where I believe that the majority of them were wholly unrepresented. It seems almost incredible that a young man could go up to the university from the upper fifth form of the first classical school in England ignorant almost of the very names of these authors. Yet such was the case sometimes. It was very much my own case.

I must not omit the composition of themes and Latin verses in alternate weeks, a certain number of lines varying according to the successive divisions of the form; sixteen, eighteen, or twenty being the minimum. I remember that we acquired at last such a mischievous facility at this kind of work that we used to knock off our exercises at breakfast and tea, and the clever boys wrote them by way of amusement for the stupid ones.

There remained the Head Master's division after the fifth. This, as I have said before, comprised a by no means picked lot, but (at any rate as far as the Oppidians were concerned) the last survivors and representatives of otherwise extinct removes, who had worked their way by seniority from the bottom of the fifth form, just as naval officers when once "posted" mellow insensibly into admirals. I do not know by experience what were the books read in this division, but I believe that, with the exception of a little Greek play, they were identical with those in use in the divisions below; the boys belonging to it certainly attended most of our private construing.

The reply to all this, and to a great deal more that might be told of a like kind, will be that under the old system good scholars were produced. It must be admitted that a good many youths, the early part of whose education had been received at Eton, and who subsequently spent three years and a half at college, took good degrees there. It must be admitted also that many scholarships and prizes for poems were carried off by Eton men. But the wonder

would have been if this had been otherwise. And the proportion of these was not, I venture to say, anything like what might have been expected from the numbers of the school. Moreover, if the matter be looked into a little more closely, it will be found that at least three-fourths of these distinctions (at any rate at Cambridge) were carried off by King's men, *i.e.*, by those who at Eton had been among the seventy Collegers or gown-boys, sons of poor parents, who as a general rule did work, and who were greatly looked down upon by the rest of the boys for their poverty and their industry.¹ But after all the reply does not meet the case above disclosed. A boy with an aptitude for classics will become a scholar in spite of all disadvantages. The proper test of the system would be what it did for average boys who are naturally idle when not compelled to work, and I am quite sure that for these it did but little.

No wonder that when the institutions of the place breathed a spirit of gentlemanly idleness, the boys caught the prevailing tone and exaggerated it. A curious answer of Lord Morley (then Lord Boringdon) is recorded in the Report of the Public Schools Commission. He was asked whether a boy would be looked down upon at Eton for being industrious in school-work. His answer was, "Not if he could do something else well." That is to say, prowess on the river, or at cricket, or football might be pleaded as an excuse for scholarship. Where this excuse was wanting, public feeling would be dead against the offender. Lord Morley's answer exactly expresses what was in my time, and what seems to have been at a much later time, what perhaps is now, the spirit of the school.

The Upper-School masters, with each

¹ King's men could not compete for the Classical Tripos till 1853, since which time they have done wonders. What they have done in the matter of distinctions—such as the Craven Scholarship and the Browne medals—always open to them may be seen by referring to the Cambridge Calendar.

of them a houseful of seven-and-twenty boys to look after at home, and a division of sixty or so to look after in school, were sadly overtasked, and could not possibly suffice for the duties properly attaching to their position. There were some extremely good men among them, and there were (what there need not have been) some extremely bad ones. This latter result was brought about by an adherence to an old and absurd tradition, which had nothing in the world to recommend it except that it *was* a tradition; and that was everything in the eyes of the Eton authorities. It was held that Eton masters must have been Eton Collegers, and the almost universal rule was to select them from an extremely limited field, the single college of King's at Cambridge. Hence it happened more than once that a vacancy occurring, and no good man being eligible for the post, an indifferent one had to be taken. This inefficiency of some of the masters was no secret to the boys, who are, indeed, usually the first to discover this quality, or rather absence of quality, in their teachers. There were houses, consequently, which were a complete Paradise for lazy boys—oh, how the rest of us wished that our parents had only sent us there!—and divisions in which it was a well-understood thing that nothing need be learnt or was to be learnt, except to be sure to go on being “a gentleman:” a lesson which was taught us all through the school, and perhaps the most important of all lessons. Only, some of us middle-aged folk would like to have had a little more Latin, Greek, and Mathematics taught us at the same time.

The mention of Mathematics reminds me that they were almost unknown at Eton on my first arrival there, five-and-thirty years ago, and at the date of my departure figured only on the list of extras in company with dancing, fencing, and other elegant accomplishments to be learnt and paid for separately at the option of the boys' parents. I remember, as a lower boy, going a few times to one Mr. Hexter, a gentleman of about eighty years, and who was very

much respected from the circumstance of his being a magistrate, and if I remember rightly a Deputy-Lieutenant, for the county of Bucks; it is possible that he may have seen what are called better days. In company with this venerable man a few of us—I should think some twenty—worked out sums of arithmetic on slates whenever we chose to visit him, which was not often. On our entrance into the Fifth Form we were addressed to Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, the late admirable mathematical master, who in those days held a small class in a room at the top of a dame's house, remotely situated on the confines of the playing-fields, which room he rented for the purpose. In the course of a short time, Mr. Hawtrey, to whom Eton owes a deep debt of gratitude, built a “Mathematical School” with a dome on the top of it, and thus along with a local habitation, gave a certain name and dignity to the study, which rapidly increased in favour. But it was still optional only, and, what was worse, optional to a great extent with the boys as well as their parents. The extra-masters either did not possess the machinery for enforcing attendance, or, as seems more probable, hesitated to exercise it. And all this in face of the rule then prevalent at Cambridge that no one could compete for classical honours without first obtaining mathematical ones.

I cannot close this paper without adverting to two extremely singular institutions, much cherished by the authorities of my day as accessories to their system, and which indeed seem to me admirably to illustrate that system. One was the theory of “bounds,” and the other the practice of public flogging. In neither case, if I were endeavouring to explain the matter to an educated Frenchman, should I feel quite sure that he believed me to be speaking the truth.

To begin with flogging. It was, in my time, so far from being a punishment administered on special occasions only, or with any degree of solemnity, that some half-dozen to a dozen boys were flogged every day. It was entirely pub-

lic; any one who chose might drop in. I have sometimes been one of three spectators, and sometimes one of a hundred. These latter large assemblages were collected, of course, only on occasions of very great interest, either as to quantity or quality—a member of the eight, or the eleven, to be “swished,” as they used to term it, or a number of culprits to catch it for doing something or other particularly heinous—smoking or drinking, or going to Ascot on the sly. The crowd on these occasions (always swollen by the culprits’ particular friends and associates, who came to see how they “stood it”) would throng the staircase leading up to the headmaster’s room, flattening their noses against the balustrades and the oaken door, struggling and elbowing for places, vociferating, chaffing, fighting, in the intervals of peeling oranges and cracking nuts, just for all the world as it is said that mobs used to go on outside Newgate. Then, sometimes after an interval of a quarter of an hour, the door would be thrown open from within, and spectators and victims, in one confused mass, poured into the execution chamber.

Any one who had been borne in along with them might have chanced to witness, as I more than once did, a scene which could scarcely have had its parallel in any civilized country. Not that I am one of those persons with a kind of humanitarian softening of the brain who cry out for the total abolition of corporal punishment in our schools. Certain imps of ten or twelve may be uncontrollable by other means. But that a young man of eighteen, nineteen, or even it might be of twenty years, should be made to kneel down after the fashion of a little boy, *nudis natibus*, and on that portion of the frame which I have taken the liberty of clothing (it must be thought of as having no other clothing) in a dead language, should receive successive strokes from a huge birch rod, before a large concourse of spectators—all this constitutes a picture which would have presented itself to any one but the Eton authorities as a caricature, and what is worse, an inde-

cent caricature. I remember sometimes thinking as a boy, after witnessing one of these spectacles, how ashamed of himself the head master must feel, even though the person he had been striking was one of his own size.

It will be thought that the head master’s division being exempt from corporal punishment, such an event as the birching of a youth of eighteen or nineteen could rarely, if ever, take place. No doubt it was not common, for this, among other reasons, that there were not a great many young men over eighteen in the whole school. Yet it did sometimes occur, and was to be publicly witnessed, and this is all that I have stated. Indeed, it stands to reason that this must have been so, when the line which carried exemption was drawn after the first thirty or so boys in the school, and was not based on any considerations of age. Now in the upper, or even the middle division of the fifth form, there were often youths quite as old as any of the first thirty, within a month or two it might be of proceeding to the university or going into the army, and if any of these committed an offence held by the school code to be without benefit of clergy, to the block he was sent. I remember having been myself operated upon in the company of two friends, both of them in their nineteenth year, and who were by no means high up in the school; one of them staid on a year longer, and may have been birched when hard on twenty. There was no reason whatever to be drawn from the school regulations why he should not have been.

I wish that this indecent birching of big, burly, bearded men, in frock coats and cutaways, could be spoken of as one of the obsolete practices of a quarter of a century ago. But, from two cases which have recently come to my knowledge, I should fear that it has been continued to a much more recent period. My informant was himself a fellow of King’s, an Eton tutor, and it is almost unnecessary to say, a great admirer and conservator of all ancient usages. Yet he admitted that the stories which he

told me were nothing short of "disgusting." One was about a young man of twenty, just upon the point of leaving the school, and engaged to be married to a young lady at Windsor. When visiting his intended on a certain evening, it seems that he protracted his stay beyond the time at which he was bound to be back at his tutor's house, the hour of "lock-up" as it is styled at Eton, his father-in-law that was to be undertaking to explain matters to the authorities next morning. But the explanation was destined to come too late; the next morning, during eight o'clock lesson, the unfortunate lover was sent for by Dr. Goodford, and by the said Dr. Goodford well and soundly whipped, after the usual form of proceeding in such cases made and provided, and very likely—my informant did not add this, but it may very well have been so—between two little boys of twelve punished for not saying their lessons. What, however, my informant *did* add was that, within a few months of receiving this manual castigation, the young man was married. Who, before this, would have thought of including in the list of perils to which lovers are subject that of the birch rod!

The other case was that of a young man of the same age.¹ He was the very tallest youth in the school, about six feet three or four, I should suppose, with bushy, black whiskers. The commission of some school offence had brought him under the special notice of Dr. Balston, the very last head master: and the contrast presented by this giant, as he looked down upon his comparatively puny assailant, while in the act of making some fundamental changes in his garments, was described by an eyewitness as a thing not easily to be for-

gotten. The worst of it was that, leaving soon after, he found news of his recent castigation had travelled into his own neighbourhood, where it formed the subject of some agreeable banter at the meets of the hounds (behind and among which he was a great performer), especially on the part of the young ladies. One can fancy them whispering and tittering at his approach, and then laughing outright and blushing scarlet as he came up. Now, whatever offence the young man may have committed, I think it could hardly have been of a kind to render him the subject of such an acute punishment as this implies. And if he had knocked the head master down, and thereupon walked off to the railway station and taken a ticket, and so made his way home, I am sure that if I had been that young man's father, I should have been inclined, if not to condone, at any rate to make some allowance for, the act.

The institution of "bounds" was perhaps as curious and inexplicable as any part of the school system. By the term bounds is generally understood what must exist in every well-organized seminary for boys, namely, the limits beyond which, except on particular occasions or by special permission, they are not permitted to go. The line as established at Eton was drawn very close round the college and the masters' and dames' houses; and, beyond the ground on which these stood, embraced little more than the playing fields. The town or village, whichever it is, of Eton, with its shops where we got our cricket-bats and foot-balls—not to speak of clothes, hats, boots, as was the case with many boys—the tailor's, where we invariably kept our boating-jackets, stopping there to put them on and take them off on our way to and from the river, all this was "out of bounds." By this it was not meant that it was an offence to go into the town or the surrounding country, or even to cross the Thames into Windsor; but that if a boy happened to catch sight of a master anywhere out of bounds, he was under the obligation of

¹ Youths high up in the boats, the eleven, &c., were often so enamoured of the school that they induced their parents to leave them there as long as possible. I knew one captain of the boats who was suspected to be *over* twenty-one. In the end his tutor sent him away expressly on the ground of his being "too old." This passion for Eton is not to be wondered at. The life of a "big fellow" there is the happiest in the world.

scampering off as hard as he could, just as if he had really been detected, or were afraid of being detected, in the commission of an offence, and were trying to get away. Not to do this, not to "shirk," as it was called, was floggable. The logical character of this arrangement was exhibited every day in some such instance as this. You were peacefully sauntering along, bearing an order from your tutor for a book or a hat or a coat, when, on catching sight of the self-same tutor walking through the town, or coming upon him at a corner, you were bound to rush with all speed into the first hiding-place that presented itself. As this hiding-place was generally a shop, it might happen that the official whom you were shirking came in after you on business of his own; but in these cases the majority of the masters held that you had got into a kind of "base," and were safe. Indeed, except by hiding under the counter, which was not always practicable, it would have been impossible to carry the simulated flight further. Accordingly, at Ingalton the bookseller's, it was not unusual to see a master or two surrounded by half a score of boys, every one of whom must have run for his life if he had met the same masters outside the door of the shop. I have heard explanations of this strange practice attempted, but none that have appeared to me in the smallest degree intelligible. It has been said that the authorities did not recognize a right on the part of the boys to go out of bounds, but must be understood as merely conceding to them a temporary permission to do so, reserving to themselves the power of putting an end to the arrangement at any time; and that the shirking system was kept up as evidence of this power: in the same way as the Duke of Bedford closes on certain days the gates across some of the streets of Bloomsbury. Just as if there could be any right or any power in the matter except that which emanated from the authorities themselves, who could fix the bounds at their pleasure. And, even if one can treat such an argument

as serious, surely the reserved power might have been kept on foot by making the boys shirk, as the Duke of Bedford closes his gates, one day in every year.

There were other singularities connected with the Eton system of a generation ago. But enough has been said to suggest the question whether the school of that date was indeed a school in the serious sense of the term, or merely a kind of *crèche*, or asylum for children of larger growth, to which the wealthy intrusted their young ones for the purpose of being kept out of harm's way, with the understanding that they were to be returned gentlemen at all points—riding, shooting, and other extras of the kind being, of course, taught at home. If this was virtually the view which so recently prevailed in upper circles, we shall be taught some indulgence for the apathy in the matter of making the most of educational advantages which still unhappily prevails in the lower. As regards Eton itself, it is of course possible that everything has been changed. The authorities may have consented to break with some of the fond traditions which they inherited from the times of Henry VI. and Queen Elizabeth. Some sort of stimulus may be applied to the boys by whom it is most needed and at the time when it is most needed. "Sap," or student, may have died out as a term of reproach, and the Newcastle scholar may be a greater personage than the captain of the boats. The king's scholars, or poorer students, who win almost all of these Newcastle scholarships, may now be looked upon, as they deserve to be looked upon, with the greatest consideration and respect. "Bounds" and the flogging of bearded men may be unknown. If this be so—and I hope all this is so—it will not be without a strange curiosity, and perhaps even incredulity, that the present generation will see here briefly recalled the main features of the system of training in force in the first of our English schools, at a period so incredibly recent as thirty years ago.

JOHN DELAWARE LEWIS.

A SEQUENCE OF ANALOGIES.

I

AUTUMN is drear,
 The trees they are sere,
 And she that is dear
 Is far far away;
 I wander in night
 For lack of her sight,
 For she is my light
 And she is my day.

The year it is dying,
 The leaves are all lying
 Where sad winds go sighing
 Through forest and grove;
 My heart it is failing
 Through hope unavailing,
 Through weeping and wailing
 For her that I love.

Rest! Rest and peace!
 Death is our release,
 Our haven where cease
 All the ills of our clay.
 When spirits are freed
 From this earthly weed,
 They will live above
 With those they love
 In a glorious summer time, ever and aye

II.

The flower of purest whiteness,
 That blooms in a lonely dell,
 Wastes not its heavenly brightness,
 Though none of its beauty may tell.
 A spirit its life has tended,
 And guarded its home with love,
 And when its time is ended
 Shall bear it to bloom above.

The songs that the skylark singeth
When no one is nigh to hear
Are not lost as she heavenwards wingeth,
Though heard by no mortal ear.
The Spirit of Music has stayed them
As they fled on the wings of the breeze,
And among her best treasures has laid them
With stream-songs and sighs of the trees.

E'en so the love that unailing
Yet finds no response on earth,
Shall not die all unavailing
Though no one may learn its worth.
The Angels themselves shall claim it
When its trial-time here is past,
And Heaven, where nought shall shame it,
Shall answer its hope at last.

III.

Brightest dreams may be forgotten
And fade from out the heart,
Love by earthly thoughts engendered
Soon faints when lovers part.
Dearest hopes may be despaired of,
And beauty lose her art:
These are earthborn, and must fade
In Lethe with the bliss they made.

Hopes that are in Heaven sealed
There shall perish never,
Love that springs from souls' divineness
Flowereth on for ever.
Purer spirits knit by loving
Nought on earth shall sever,
Till together as they roam
They reach their everlasting home.

IV.

Beings drawn to one another
Join by Nature's law at last.
Lovers earnest to each other
Meet before all hope is past.
Somehow in time fitting
Before their souls are flitting
Or elsewhere—who can tell?
Soon after the passing bell.

A Sequence of Analogies.

Nought is lost which has existence,
 Even a careless thought of wrong;
 Though its work be in the distance
 Fruit will come, for laws are strong.
 Glorious thoughts seem wasted,
 Longed-for joys untasted.—
 'Tis *not* so. Time goes on:
 Eternity's not done.

'Tis not that which seems most cheerful
 To our feebly groping minds:
 Often 'tis a lot more tearful
 Which the skein of fate unwinds:
 Often 'tis a kindness
 We see not through our blindness.
 So are we wroth at pain
 And notice not our gain.

Love is far too great a wonder.
 Is it pain or is it joy?
 Lovers moan when they're asunder;
 Are their sweets without alloy?
 Yet 'twill bloom in season:
 Want of trust is treason:
 Somehow in time fitting
 Before our souls are flitting,
 Or after—who can tell
 What is beyond that passing bell?

v.

When May is blooming fair, love,
 And sweet birds all are singing;
 When May is blooming fair, love,
 And buds are all outspringing,
 We'll seek some quiet bank of thyme
 Where lights and shadows play,
 And think upon our love's first prime
 Till falling of the day.

When summer suns are bright, dear,
 And fields with gold are glowing;
 When summer suns are bright, dear,
 And gay flowers are a-blowing,
 We'll rest beside some merry stream
 In a deep bowery wood,
 And muse upon the tender dream
 That fills our souls with good.

When silent winter sleepeth,
And hoar frost sparkles brightly;
When the year dying weepeth,
And snows lie gleaming white'y,
We'll say, "'Tis time to pass away,
For death in love is sweet;
It is but birth to brighter day
Which we should gladly greet—
To find beyond that opening door
Our love unchanged for evermore."

VI.

The light of evening fadeth fast,
The sun's bright ray no longer glows;
The daily toil of earth is past,
And weary hearts may seek repose:
May no sound mar their sleep
Who only thus may cease to weep

E'en so with kindly hand may death,
When age's twilight falleth round us,
Our eyelids close, and still our breath,
And with the veil of sleep surround us,
Until the dawn shall come
And wake us in a painless home.

C. H. H P.

“ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN THE EAST.”

IF the tone of our leading daily journal, when recently reviewing the most important of all published expositions of the Central Asian difficulty, be accepted as an index to the sentiments of the Government or country, then indeed may we save ourselves the trouble and expense of a foreign policy at all beyond the limits of Europe and America. Sir Henry Rawlinson has clearly and concisely described the political situation, so far as it concerns ourselves, in Persia, in Afghanistan, in the once Independent Khanates, and in Yarkand and Kashgar. He has sketched with a masterly hand, and with the power given only to those who are thoroughly acquainted with their subject, the story of our early relations with the Shah, the rise and progress of British influence at the Persian Court, the objects and advantages of an active alliance and a renewed support in the same quarter, the inevitable results if we leave Persia to her own devices. He has given us a *résumé* of our dealings with Afghanistan; and, in freely speaking his opinion of the Afghans, has supplied us not only with the ideas of a thoughtful reading man and a sound Oriental scholar and politician, but the results of personal experience. He has described and discussed the countries and inhabitants of the Central Asian region, between the Caspian and the desert of Gobi, with artistic ability and literary skill, combined with a scientific appreciation well becoming the President of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain. And the con-

clusion at which he has arrived, after a practical and careful analysis of our position and obligations, is, that if the Russians extend their encroachments or annexations to Marv, an oasis commanding the roads to Khiva and Bokhara, to Mashhad, the capital of Khurasan, and Herat, the capital of Western Afghanistan, and situated at a comparatively easy distance from these places, England should advance an army from British India and occupy Herat. Such a volume and such a proposal, however pacific and utilitarian may be the dominant sentiment of the day, should not be met with indifference, or otherwise than with respectful consideration.

It is not enough, in treating so serious a subject, and one so vital to the maintenance of our prestige, to say that the contiguity to British India of a vast and powerful empire is rather cause of rejoicing than of dismay, because it joins civilization to civilization, and promises an accession of strength and active sympathy in the suppression of barbarism. Let us thoroughly sift the pleadings on both sides before we condemn the whole policy of our predecessors; and if we find that an inborn aversion to anything Indian, or an idle fear to look Eastern questions in the face, are at all obstructing the road to a just decision, let us manfully struggle to shake off the baneful influence. If Indians are to be tabooed because they have an Indian “point of view,” which is neither acceptable nor easy of comprehension out of their own professional sphere, there is no need that the tabooing process be applied to all mention of the distasteful theme. Ostracism of the individual would be a minor evil to the inhibition of legitimate debate on matters of national moment. The umbrella of a barbarian king, or the club of a savage, command sufficient attention to be treasured in a museum,

¹ England and Russia in the East: a Series of Papers on the Political and Geographical Condition of Central Asia. By Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., F.R.S., &c., &c. John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1875.

The *Times*, 5th April; and other Press notices of the above work, in March and April, 1875.

without regard to the social failings of the original possessors.

In another quarter objection has been found to the volume under reference, in that the Russian policy is misapprehended, the power of Russian generals is overrated, and the personal observation essential to check statistical errors in some cases is wanting. But granting these objections proven (which we are by no means inclined unreservedly to do), there remains such a mass of truthful record, of pertinent evidence, to the great importance of the case propounded, and of strong common sense in the arguments used, that we see no cause to modify the favourable judgment on the merits of the book arrived at on a first perusal; and we readily enter the ranks of those who congratulate the distinguished author on the successful manner in which he has fulfilled his intention of producing a "Manual for Students of the Eastern Question." The republication of three exhaustive contributions to first-class literary periodicals appears especially judicious, both as harmonizing with the rest of the papers, and as showing how little the observant writer's views have been changed by the course of events in after years.

There are but six chapters in all, and of these the two first are devoted to Persia. They explain the policy that has been pursued towards that ill-governed and ill-developed country throughout the present century by British and British Indian diplomatists, commencing with Lord Wellesley's action as Governor-General in 1798, when we were content to negotiate through a native agent at Bushahr; passing through a period of direct antagonism or shrewd fencing with European envoys; and ending with the Shah's return to Tehran from his Western travels in 1873. If the fact that the earlier portion of this essay was written in Turkish-Arabia—the writer being at the time in the midst of those Oriental associations which, at least in one form, had contributed much to his wide-world repute—be

held to weaken the political value of the testimony given in support of certain views; it must not, on the other hand, be forgotten that the second and later portion illustrates a state of mind arrived at after years of English town and country life, under influences quite as occidental, and a civilisation as refined, as would suit the Pelhams and Lothairs of modern fiction. The main drift of his argument is, that we should acknowledge, in our Persian ally, something more than a grotesque figure to which the eye and imagination have become accustomed by prints, poems, and pantomimes: that we should look seriously at Persia in her relative position to British-India, in her credit and character as a Muhammedan state, in her assumed vitality and possible regeneration; and that we should not rashly abjure or stultify former diplomatic efforts and results by an unnecessary inaction which, while gratifying a rival Power, does a real injury to our own prestige. In proof that the views expressed are not one-sided, and that defects and drawbacks are not ignored, the following passage may be quoted:—

"There can be no doubt that the country is at present in a most depressed condition, probably in a more depressed condition than she has ever before reached at any period of history. A series of natural misfortunes have combined with a long course of misgovernment to produce the most intense and wide-spread destitution. The silk of Ghilan, which was formerly the staple production of the kingdom, has entirely failed of late years, owing to disease among the silkworms, and although there is now a slight improvement in the crops, the export does not reach a fifth part of its former amount. Scarcity and drought, again, for several years consecutively, culminating in the famine of 1872, have depopulated large districts, converted flourishing villages into a wilderness, and spread the seeds of misery and pestilence broad-cast through the land. In the mean time the circulating medium has so diminished as to check all industrial efforts, and for the moment to annihilate trade. A bankrupt treasury, an unpaid army, corrupt officials, indecisive councils, and a timid executive, these and other chronic evils increase in intensity from day to day, and seem to foreshadow a condition, not merely of political decrepitude, but of what may be almost termed a national atrophy. And yet, notwithstanding this appalling picture, Persia

has assuredly a career before her either for good or for ill. Her geographical position, forming a connecting link between Europe and India, makes her a political necessity of the future, her importance in the eastern scale of nations becoming yearly greater as the powers around her undergo changes of accretion or disintegration. With Turkey crumbling into ruin on one side; with Russia pushing on, not so much perhaps for a steadfast political purpose as under the impulse of irresponsible military ambition; with England stimulating the native mind of India to unnatural activity by an artificial system of education which may well create anxiety; with movement, portentous movement on every side, it is impossible that Persia can remain quiescent. It should be clearly understood that Russia has neither the will nor the power to subjugate Persia. Although the country is very sparsely populated, not containing more than six or seven millions of inhabitants, yet are the Persians so indissolubly bound together by their peculiar heresy, so strongly protected are they by nature, by impregnable mountains, and impassable deserts, that no European power could hold them in permanent subjection, except at a cost altogether incommensurate with the result. Russia could neither spare garrisons for the scores of towns scattered round the central desert, and each, if necessity arose, the focus of insurrection, nor could she penetrate the great chain stretching from Sulimanieh to Kermán, where each separate mountain group would be another Caucasus."—(P. 132.)

Chapters iii. and iv., reprints of remarkable articles in the *Quarterly*, show step by step the wonderful strides made by Russia in her great field of present encroachment, both after the Gortschakoff manifesto of 1864, and before the issue of that, now, not very intelligible circular. All excuse of ignorance on the score of geographical obscurity is rendered untenable by the vivid picture of the scene accompanying the mere narrative of operations, and the further addition to the letter-press of a carefully-executed map. So that the reader, whether casual or full of special purpose, may derive ample coaching from these particular pages without recourse to Vambéry, or the still more recent Russian and German authorities on Central Asia.

Truly the British public is in a fair way of becoming learned in Central Asian geography. To those who follow Russian advances and Russian explorations, as reported in the daily papers,

many new names will have become familiar since the visit of Count Schouvaloff introduced us to the villages and neighbourhood of the Oxus. And now that the Khiva campaign is over, and the bustle of organised invasion has subsided into the comparative repose of keeping the peace among Turkmans and nomad tribes, we have only to shut our eyes to suspicious movements along the Atrak valley, to change the scene of interest from west to east of Khokand and Bukhára. Not that there was lack of stirring incident in Zangaria, even while Khiva, with Marv and the Oxus, were on the *tapis*; but the lesson had to be learned gradually, and the northern boundaries of Afghanistan and Persia, with the politics and geography of the Khanates above the Caspian, were a sufficient study for the nonce, without introducing so important an element as China.

Independently of a faithful discharge of its duties to science, the Royal Geographical Society is rendering, unconsciously as it were, a high service to the State by opening out questions such as these. The secret of the popularity attained by this society must not be attributed to the solitary circumstance that its proceedings are not overburdened with technicalities, and that they are therefore intelligible to the mass, inclusive of ladies. There is nothing vague in its objects; and its discussions are necessarily practical and improving. No Barataria, peopled by imaginary shapes, but substance and reality alone are represented. The map and the diagrams are guarantees that the lecturer is dealing with facts; and these maps and diagrams are just as useful to the politician as to the geographical student. A Foreign Office clerk might learn more of the reality of Central Asia by one or two *séances* in Burlington House (and let us, in justice add, the Royal United Service Institution, as regards Russian military movements), than in poring over hundreds of volumes, the maps in which, if any, would most probably be faulty or obsolete, or needing oral explanation.

He would at least know better what the "right bank of the Amu Daria," annexed by the Kaufmann treaty to Russia, means; and what was the "former Bokharo-Khivan frontier:" while the Issik Kul, or prominent patch marking the long since obliterated line of ephemeral demarcation, could hardly fail to revert to his mind's eye with little or no effort.

But we must not stray from the President to the society over which he so ably presides. The fifth chapter of his book is perhaps the one of most interest to the politician who, however astute and intelligent, is but one of the *οἱ πολλοί*, obtains his knowledge with the multitude, and can only exercise his criticism from before the curtain. In it we are treated to a kind of revelation from the official *arcana* of Government; to what, after Max Müller, would be called a "chip from a secret and political departmental workshop." It is a memorandum formally submitted six or seven years ago to the Secretary of State for India, and by him forwarded for consideration to the Viceroy in Council. The missive did not fail in its original object. It expressed in one important respect, the public opinion, and met the approval of the Calcutta authorities, for it advocated the necessity of a friendly interference in the affairs of Afghanistan to a greater extent than exercised in more recent years. It reviewed Russian progress in Central Asia; foreshadowed its probable results, and augured ill for British India from the near approach of the absorbing empire. There was no apprehension of direct invasion upon our territory; but there was great fear that the subject masses would be troubled by rumours of Russian conquest, if verification were found close at our own doors; and that latent dissatisfaction and revolt would acquire sufficient new vigour and confidence to reappear above the surface in a form of mischief and danger. It sounded a note of anxious warning, and the quarter whence the alarm proceeded was neither unknown nor of little consideration.

The final chapter continues the argument where abandoned by this last-named memorandum submitted to Government; reviews Lord Mayo's Afghan policy, the Afghan frontier negotiations with Russia, the Khiva expedition, and the later phases of the Central Asian question in respect of the threatened Perso-Turkman outpost of Marv, Eastern Turkestan, and our own position in Afghanistan. Then follows the great issue of the book—the recommendation of a definite line of action; the result, in fine, to which so much terse, clear, and well-expressed narrative and comment and such sound and practical inquiry have led the way. The Anglo-Indian will have no cause to cavil here at suggested inactivity; rather would objection lie on the side of excessive energy. We select an important passage bearing upon the more recent proceedings in the Turkman tracts north of the Persian frontier:—

"The history of the Khivan expedition affords an apt illustration of the normal course of Russian progress in the East. Up to the year 1869 there was no special grievance against Khiva. The Khan did not, it is true, encourage trade nor cultivate very close relations with Russia; but, on the other hand, he had carefully held aloof, whilst Kokand and Bokhárâ had been successively humbled and dismembered, and, indeed, had studiously avoided giving cause of offence to his powerful neighbour. When the first Russian detachment, accordingly, crossed the Caspian from Petrosk to Krasnovodsk, in Nov. 1869, and established itself at the latter place, there was no question of punishing Khiva for past transgressions. The object of the expedition was stated 'to be entirely commercial, as it would open a shorter caravan route to Central Asia, and also give increased security to trade by restraining the predatory practices of the Turcomans;' and this explanation was repeated whenever questions were asked, either by Persia, who not unnaturally took alarm at the sudden appearance of a Russian force within an easy distance of the Khorassan frontier, or by England, who in a new base of operations on the east shore of the Caspian foresaw danger to Khiva immediately and to India more remotely.

Russian explanations are not always to be relied on, but there seems no reason to doubt that it really was, as stated, a paramount object with the Russian Government at this time to open a road into the interior of Asia; and we are, perhaps, therefore justified in

regarding the occupation of Krasnovodsk as intended to be the first step towards the realization of a policy which had recently been put forward by General Romanofski, and which pointed to the establishment of direct and assured lines of communication between the Caspian and the Aral as indispensable to the prosperity—almost to the retention—of the new province of Turkestan; the only difference indeed between the two programmes, as set forth by Romanofski and the Government, being that in the one the strategical value of such lines in connecting Turkestan with the Caucasus was mainly insisted on, and in the other the commercial value. But whatever may have been the proximate object of the Russian Government in 1869—whether they were conscious that in sending troops across the Caspian they were initiating the most important movement that had been yet made in a great scheme of Central Asiatic Empire, or whether they merely looked to the extension of trade and the better protection of their commercial interests,—one thing is certain, that the descent of Russian troops on the Turcoman coast was an arbitrary act of power which, according to the law of nations, admitted of no justification. In an international point of view, indeed, Russia had no more right to appropriate the eastern shores of the Caspian than she had to appropriate Ghilan and Mazenderan. The coast was independent territory, inhabited by tribes who owed no allegiance either to Russia or Persia, and were only partially under the sway of Khiva. These tribes had given Russia no provocation, nor had they solicited her protection. It was simply their misfortune to be encamped upon a line of country which was required for other purposes, and from which, accordingly, it was necessary to remove them.

Three main causes are commonly assigned for Russian territorial extension in Central Asia, the existence of which may be admitted under certain reservations; but the reservations have an importance which should not be overlooked. It is said, in the first place, that Russia spreads southward and eastward in the natural course of things. Her vastness and power are self-evident; her civilisation, in one sense comparative, is at least positive in the appliances of Asiatic warfare. The people with whom she is now brought in contact precisely suit her scheme of easy conquest. Reared to contests, normally internecine, they acknowledge something of welcome as of dread in the approach of a foreign despotism. Physi-

cal difficulties of invasion lie chiefly in respect of country, and these are overcome by practice and perseverance. Secondly, that the Russian soldier fights for his national religion as much as his imperial standard; that he is urged on by an inborn superstition rather than the fear of a visible superior authority. Thirdly, that commercial ambition stimulates the middle as well as the military classes to enlarge the area of their native dominion. Without stopping to make any minute investigation, we venture to record, for the second of these points, a reservation which results from personal observation and experience.

The Russian soldier in Central Asia does not effect his conquests by simple slaughter or personal deeds of daring. Prone as he is to acknowledge the warcry of religious fanaticism, and indiscriminately to aid in the extermination of infidels and pagans, he is only loosed, on particular occasions, to work such his will upon the Muhammedan opponents of his country. The real policy of Russia is to conciliate and utilise those whom she is daily gathering to herself in the once independent Khanates. She is not only tolerant to her Muslim subjects, but she can print and circulate their books of faith in her own government presses. As an instance of successful treatment of aliens may be cited the one or two thousand Persians resident at Astrakhan. Among their number are found men so imbued with Russian views and Russian ideas as to have become almost insensibly denationalised. If we do not in every case approve the means used, we cannot but admit the wisdom of attaining, by some means, such results. It is among the young officers of the army, rather than the common soldiers, that will be found the spirit of territorial extension and absorption. Samarkand and Tashkand are, in their estimations, but stepping-stones to cities and towns beyond; they know no geographical boundaries or political zones; they meet with no resting-place to satisfy their patriotism or compensate them

for exile. To these ardent youths—and we speak from acquaintance with an especially distinguished type—the uneducated serf is the model human instrument; the man who blindly obeys without inquiry is the only true soldier they would employ. But the reigning Emperor has wisely and humanely decreed otherwise; and the Imperial policy over-rides the wills of individual subordinates, however forcibly expressed.

Space will not admit of more extracts, or indeed of any minute review of a publication which is as forcible in historical fidelity as it is eloquent in concise persuasion, and one thoroughly appropriate to the season in which it has appeared. Had we to find flaws of detail they would be of a subordinate kind, and hostile criticism would hesitate to lay stress upon them when detected. We might venture to differ in opinion on the importance attached by the native public to the despatch of one or more regiments from India during the Crimean war (p. 87); on the irritation which would have been produced in the Shah's mind by the occupation of Karak (p. 93), when counter-irritants could so readily have been found; on the actual effect and anticipated results of the Makran and Sistan boundary settlements, (p. 116)—though the political valuation of the latter province appears strictly true, in the face of popular assertions to the contrary; on the impracticability of a proposal for declaring the independence of certain States (note, p. 302), which seems to have been capable of modification to wholesome practice: and we may miss a clearer explanation why England and Russia, being both bound "to respect the integrity of the Shah's dominions" (p. 328), should not have agreed upon the line of his northern frontier between the Caspian and the Oxus when giving boundaries to Bukhara and Afghanistan.

But Achilles has a heel in varied modern types as in Homeric descriptions. The vulnerable point is, to our mind, the conclusion at which the author arrives. The case for consideration may be expressed very briefly. Thirty-seven

years ago the state of affairs in Central Asia caused great disquiet in India and among Oriental politicians in England. The progress of Russia Eastward provoked alarm, debate and Government action. Much of what was feared in 1838 had come to pass in 1865, and yet the public mind was comparatively tranquil. The blow had fallen, but British prestige had not sensibly suffered. The reviewers and the club politicians kept alive discussion; but the subject had become more or less weary, flat, stale, and to most minds unprofitable. And so in after years, until 1875, if we except the excitement caused by the Schouvaloff mission and the subsequent invasion and part annexation of Khiva (which, after all, exploded in a burst of books, leading articles, lectures, pamphlets, and questions and answers in Parliament). Russia is now indirectly threatening a post which, if occupied by her troops, places Herat in her power. Herat is the key to India. Rather than let her possess it, shall we not throw forward a force beyond our present Sind frontier, and garrison the place?

The proposal to establish a fortified outwork at Kwatta, above the Bolan Pass, had been originated some years ago in India by the late General John Jacob, Political Superintendent and Commandant of the Upper Sind Frontier, and was revived more recently by one of that officer's most distinguished lieutenants, now Major-General Sir Henry Green. Sir Henry Rawlinson admits the military advantage of such a work (p. 291) in covering the frontier, and presenting a serious obstacle to an invading enemy. He sees in it, moreover, a means of inspiring our native subjects with fresh confidence in the vitality of their rulers, and consequently an accession of moral strength to which we cannot afford to be indifferent. This last view, if correct, at once removes a material objection likely to present itself to the over-Conservative Anglo-Indian on the score of unsettling the quiet of cantonments and bazaars. That it is correct we are not indisposed to credit; that it

is nearer the mark than the contrary view we are tolerably sure. But Sir Henry Rawlinson doubted, in 1868, the effect upon Sher Ali and the Afghans of planting a British garrison upon their own immediate frontier, and, closing his memorable memorandum of that year with this doubt, pressed consideration of the matter no further. We are strongly of opinion that, as a first move on the board—whether final or not would remain for later solution—this advance to Kwatta, with a clear knowledge of the politics about us, and an equally clear course of action provided for the guidance of our agents, looks feasible and politic compared to all other schemes of the kind. But whatever we do must be shown to be defensive and not aggressive, and action must carefully be guided by circumstance.

Action of some kind is expected from us, and action of some kind is due to our position if we are to maintain it in honour and integrity. The principle applies with equal force, whether we look to our Indian subjects and allies or outside the limits of our Indian empire. Russian aggression is the talk of the uneducated and educated classes in India; and though native opinion, as expressed in native journals, more especially those in the English language, could not be very clearly asserted or accounted for by the ordinary Mussulman and Hindu, a tendency to exaggerate every circumstance which affects the stability of existing authority pervades all orders and degrees of society. In Persia, Afghanistan, and Western Baluchistan, the three States with which we are most concerned, the British political barometer is watched with an eagerness not always complimentary to ourselves; and it may interest some to learn that when, in the cause of certain little-known but not unimportant or smooth negotiations in Makran, the news of the Black Sea concession to Russia of 1870 reached the respective camps, the fact reported became at once the favourite theme of the more civilized of the Asiatic delegates in conversation

with the British commissioner. Other obvious reasons for active policy will be evident to readers of "England and Russia in the East," if they be not advocates of political fatalism.

Occupation of Kabul, Kandahar, and Herat, suggested after long experience in command of Pesháwar,¹ is as much too "advanced" a project as that of retiring to the Indus is too retrograde. As regards the latter, if Russia were indeed our enemy as our rival in the East, we venture to say that nothing would suit her better than such a move. She would trumpet it far and wide to believing ears as a certain proof of our decadence, and Persia, taking up the cue, would renew her intrigues with, and encroachment upon, her Eastern neighbour. The advantages of a good geographical boundary would in this case be as nothing in comparison with the immense injury which would be inflicted on us in almost every other respect.

If the temper of the times be pacific, and may not admit of military movements, there can still be no need for positive inaction. The great and conscientious statesman who has been freely quoted as a rigid supporter of the *status quo*, showed by his latest acts in India that the policy of settledness was merely dependent on time and occasion. He would no more turn a deaf ear to change or progress where their uses were demonstrated, than he would have applied the rules of ordinary government to the emergency of the Mutiny. But there is a method of dealing with the present crisis without the employment of a single soldier; and in default of recourse to camps, we indulge the hope that attention may be bestowed upon it, as on a compromise far preferable to trusting to chance for the future.

Sir Henry Rawlinson alludes (p. 341) to the existence of a scheme of territorial settlement by which Russia was to declare her possessions between the

¹ The Central Asian Question. By Lieut.-General Sir Sydney Cotton, K.C.B.; quoted in Major Evan Bell's "The Oxus and the Indus," p. 56.

Caspian and the Aral to be bounded on the south by the old bed of the Oxus throughout its course, recognizing all the regions beyond as the Turkman Steppes. He had been assured that this project had been approved by the peace party in Russia, and only required moderate pressure from England to be adopted. In our estimation this scheme, or a modification of this scheme, might beneficially be rendered available in continuation of the Oxus or Northern Afghan boundary; and if negotiations on its behalf were successful, the sincerity of Russia would have been fairly proved, and a laudable object achieved. Rivalry would have to be put aside in so worthy a cause; mistrust and suspicion would have to give way in a union for the common good. Part of the programme would be the inclusion of Marv in Persian territory; and the strengthening of Persia, by England and Russia combined, would enable her to suppress Turkman raid and robbery. That she needs aid from England for this purpose, within her present limits, has been stated to the present writer within the last two years by a native member of his escort, when approaching Mash-had, the capital of Khurasan.

Though there can be no question that the proposals of Sir Henry Rawlinson demand the closest attention, and should not be cast aside until every word of his book has been read and understood, we can hardly suppose it possible that so strong a procedure as an advance upon Herat, the city of Afghanistan remotest from British territory, could be seriously contemplated by our Government under existing circumstances. Would the Amir Sher Ali, while demurring to the presence of a British agent at Kabul, concur in the passage of a British army through Kandahar to Herat? And would the passage of a British army to Herat be unsupported by the presence of a British agent at Kabul? And how about the intervening State of Kalát? Is the Khan well-affected towards us, or is he too much at the mercy of his turbulent *sirdars* and surroundings to exercise

free action in the matter at all? The dilemma in Baluchistan presents itself to our mind much in the following fashion:—If the chiefs are generally favourable to British rule, then must the Khan and his supporters be arrayed on the adverse side. If the Khan be our friend, then must we look for hostility from the more powerful chiefs. It may be said that Kalát is an insignificant state, and that the judicious use of money or the outward manifestation of strength will secure us a ready admission to its open plains or mountain strongholds at any time. But it must be remembered that a repetition of the scenes of 1839 would be greatly to be deprecated. Our soldiers then stormed the Khan's fort, and killed its owner. The act may or may not have been justified by circumstances. It was not, at all events, the immediate sequence of any continuous or intimate relations of friendship. We had but newly become acquainted with the chief or his country through our agents, and could not pretend to remedy its normal disquiet. Times have changed since those days. Kalát has been well-known to us for the last thirty years. We wisely reversed our policy of expediency, acknowledged the dynasty once opposed to us, in the person of a prince whose father we had slain; we received his political envoys, brought about personal interviews, and eventually appointed a British agent at his court. The present Khan, his brother, however disappointing a pupil, has been our *protégé*, and more or less under our tutelage, for eighteen years. We have subsidised, advised, and sought to strengthen him on his seat of power; our officers have laboured to help and instruct him in a healthy system of internal administration; and we have drawn a line of boundary to protect his frontier on the west. Although we may now, owing to individual shortcomings, admit the propriety of his deposition, it can hardly be agreeable to us to take the law of extreme severity into our own hands in his case, and risk the re-enactment of tragic measures, simply because it looks con-

venient to ourselves, and seems to suit our present purposes to do so.

As Sir Henry Rawlinson speaks of a probable "perversity" on the part of the Amir, which might occasion special difficulties, we need not enter into discussion on that head. We are concerned with, and our remarks apply to, the actual situation; to the facts already accomplished and results already communicated. We do not for an instant believe that the Government, the local political officers, or even the news-writers, if trustworthy, could affirm that our subsidies, our hospitalities, our despatches and declarations, have secured for us in Afghanistan all that can be desired; and that we are in a position to interchange envoys or agents in such manner as would become the honour and dignity of our British Indian Empire. This appears to be the main point, and to involve a mere matter of fact.

Again, in comparing the tracts between Sakar on the Indus and Herat, with those between Orenburg and Khiva, or the Caspian and Khiva, we must not make it a mere question of actual distance, or of carriage and supplies. The experience gained by Russia in her recent campaigns, when approaching Khiva from the north and west, is not that which would warrant her to make light of the Afghan and Baluch passes; nor, great as were the privations and admirable the patience and endurance of the Russian soldier, whether Verevkin's or Lamakine's, on their memorable combined march of invasion, do these qualities alone promise success in traversing mountains and valleys rather than steppes, dealing with nationalities rather than tribes, and encountering assailants in bands of less sparse and nomad character than the Kirgiz and Kazak. If the comparison be limited in its application to British troops alone, we still venture to think there is great discrepancy in the conditions and circumstances to be respectively taken into account.

One thing, however, is manifestly wanting to the solution of questions of this nature. There must be decision of

some kind. England should have a fixed Asiatic policy. In the course of events she has become mistress of a great empire in India, and the situation, with all its responsibilities, does not admit of indifferent statesmanship. There should be no divided counsels. An Indian viceroy and his council should be as truly the counsellors of her Majesty as are the Secretaries of State and their staff at Westminster. The interests of India should be as much the interests of Great Britain as the welfare of a child is the welfare of its parents, and *vice versa*. When a father sends a son to make his way in the world, it is as much the father's "point of view" as the son's that the latter should use all honourable means for distinction. When a mother brings her daughter out of the privacy of the family circle into the bustle of the outer world, the success of the *débutante* becomes essentially her own. In either case the one subject for argument is how to act for the common interest and honour. In public and official life, the way to achieve so desirable an end may be less palpable than apparent at first sight. There is perhaps no better course to pursue, to meet the present joint emergency, than the partial amalgamation of departmental forces on the "imperializing" principle which has more or less prevailed since the occurrence of the Indian mutinies. As there is a Secretary of State for India whose duty it is to dispose of Indian questions, whether political or otherwise, and a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in whose province falls at times the nominal, at times the real consideration of Oriental questions, not actually Indian, but interesting mainly to India, a combination of *personnel* might be effected from the two offices to form an imperial "Asiatic bureau," under a responsible officer nominated by the Indian, but controlled by the Foreign Secretary. The selection of individual members might be made from the Turkish and Persian, as also the Chinese and Russian sections of existing departments in the Foreign Office, and those gentlemen in the secret and political department of the India Office

who had given their attention more especially to the class of subjects required. A proposal to this effect was mooted some eighteen months ago in an evening journal of repute,¹ with the very practical object of collecting all data bearing upon the politics or geography of Central Asia; and the experience of each passing day points to the necessity of introducing some such measure of administrative reform.

In addition, moreover, to the radical evil here but imperfectly indicated, there is, perhaps, a defect to be observed in the mode of training our Civil Service for that country. Current Asiatic politics, rendered intelligible by a sound knowledge of the history, geography, glossology and ethnology of the great Oriental Empire, for which England provides rulers and administrators, should be an essential part of the *curriculum* of study; and the exterior and interior policy of the country should form the subject of varied essays to test the thinking powers of pupils in the special departments for which their services might be required. That this kind of knowledge is not readily imparted under the cramming system, supplies a further proof of wisdom in the suggestion that passed competitors for the Indian Civil Service should be thrown together under one roof for a definite period, before setting forth upon an Indian career. It is not, however, merely to restore a deteriorating *esprit de corps*, and foster a healthful offi-

cial sympathy, that the said suggestion carries weight. This, of course, is much to be desired; but more good results remain. It *must* be a wise thing to let a year's digestion follow one or two years' cramming, and such process could not be better exemplified than in utilising the data gathered in various branches of science and study, in the nearest possible manner according to the practice pursued in India itself. Recent proceedings in courts and *kachahris* would be readily obtainable, and access might be allowed to the latest despatches of public importance on the prevalent topics of Calcutta, Simla, Madras, and Bombay, inclusive of bazar gossip: no man need then embark for the land of his professional career without initiating himself beforehand in its habits and customs, its language, literature, and politics. Russian progress in Central Asia should thus be as familiar to the young civilian as Orme, Mill, or even Todhunter.

The creation of a fixed Imperial Oriental policy would, it is predicted, be the natural consequence of the systematic study of these questions at home. The practical grounding of an Eastern diplomatist would change the unhonoured shadow he seeks to serve into a respectable reality; and although the operation of the reform here faintly indicated might deprive the world of so excellent a book as that of Sir Henry Rawlinson, the author would assuredly be among the first to hail the circumstances which rendered its protests and warnings superfluous.

F. J. G.

¹ *Pall Mall Gazette*: letter dated 17th August, 1873, headed, "Khiva Correspondents."

THE OPERA: ITS GROWTH AND ITS DECAY

THE opera, as we now have it, is just upon two centuries and a half old. It sprang from a mistaken attempt at resuscitating Greek music and the Greek drama. We know that all the speeches of Greek tragedy were chanted, and that the choruses were both sung and danced; also that the poet's part in every production for the Greek stage was at all times more prominent than the musician's, and that Greek poets made use of music only as a means to strengthen the expression of human emotion—much as Greek sculptors occasionally painted their statues to make them appear more strikingly life-like.

Now the music of the 14th, 15th, and 16th century was entirely unfit for any dramatic purpose. It was almost exclusively confined to the service of the Church. It consisted of a number of separate and independent vocal parts united together in such a manner as to produce polyphonous harmony of a very imposing and exalted character, but having no recognizable rhythmical phrases, no melody in our sense of the word, no leading tunes and subordinate parts. The kind of choral singing which this sort of music required, appears singularly appropriate to the social conditions and social habits of life in the middle ages, when the single and separate existence of men was in many respects merged in that of the multitude; when individual rights were scarcely yet recognized; when all men lived, felt, believed, and thought very much alike, and everything was governed and controlled by the feudal State and the all-embracing Church.

It struck some of the Italian literati of the later *renaissance* that if music was to be made use of for any dramatic purpose, a manner of singing would have to be found which would accord perfectly with the rhythmical rising and

falling, the peculiar inflections and closes of poetical speech. And the result of their endeavours—I mean the strongly accented *monody*, with its dramatic intensity and its charm, so irresistible that it extinguished the old style as suddenly as though a drop-curtain had been lowered—was as much in unison with the dawn of modern life as polyphony had been the mature expression of past feudalism.

In the houses of Count Bardi and Jacopo Corsi at Florence, towards the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries, we find enthusiastic scholars and amateurs of music, tired of fruitless theorising, engaged in practical efforts to resuscitate that which they conceived to be Greek music. An attempt at a declamatory setting of the scene of Ugolino, in Dante's *Inferno*, was made by Galilei, the father of the celebrated mathematician; he wrote it for one voice, and performed it with an accompaniment on the viola.¹ Caccini and Viadana followed in his footsteps; but the first result of any real importance was attained by Peri, who set to music an *intermezzo* called *Daphne*, and made use of a style which became the progenitor of our recitative.

Anno 1600, on the occasion of Marie de'Medici's marriage with Henry IV. of France, *una tragedia per musica*, called *Euridice*, composed by Peri and Caccini, was performed, and received with unbounded enthusiasm. It was, in fact, the first opera. It contained all the elements of the modern opera—recitatives, airs, ballet tunes in an embryonic state. The instruments representing the orchestra on that occasion were a harpsichord, a large guitar, a viol, a large lute, and several flutes; all of which were placed behind the scenes.

¹ He afterwards tried his hand at some of Jeremiah's Lamentations in a similar manner.

It would be useless to crowd the page with an enumeration of titles and dates. Suffice it to say that, in the course of the following two centuries, Italian opera progressed rapidly, and made its way to all the courts of Europe.

About 1660 Count Mazarin transplanted it to France, where, in the hands of Jean Baptiste Lully,¹ an Italian by birth, but a thorough Frenchman in spirit, and his successor, Jean Philippe Rameau, a native of Dijon, it put on a French *surtout*.

In England the opera has always been an exotic, though frequent attempts were made, from Purcell's day downwards, to establish opera in English. London possessed an Italian opera on a magnificent scale in Handel's time, for which he wrote numerous interesting pieces; but it was as alien an affair then as it is now. Foreign singers and players performed the works

of foreign composers in a foreign language. Russia too had, and has, its Italian opera, and encourages by the side of it, as England does, more or less fruitless essays in the native tongue.

In Germany, up to the Napoleonic wars, every little duodecimo copy of Louis XIV., every little princelet, thought it his duty to keep an Italian opera troupe. There was besides at Hamburg, just before the 18th century, a chance of opera in German taking root, but things did not get beyond an embryonic state at that time.

Thus in Germany, as in England and Russia, the Italians and Frenchmen had it all to themselves up to the days of Mozart and Weber. The Italians, prompted in some measure by the genius of their language, went on developing operatic melody and the art of singing at all hazards; whilst Frenchmen, who have a more pronounced instinct for the stage, and whose speech is far less sonorous than that of the Italians, cultivated energetic declamation and dramatic propriety as far as these could be attained under the shadow of their *grand monarque's* pom-pous periwig.

Before going on to the more modern phases of operatic development, a few general remarks are necessary.

In all times and climes wherein the spoken drama has reached full maturity, we can trace its origin and earliest growth to the public life of the people. It springs up and flourishes spontaneously, like any tree or flower.

Greek tragedy arose from the hymns sung in honour of Dionysos. The Spanish drama grew, as did the English Elizabethan, out of the miracle plays which, during the middle ages, were performed and witnessed by the people at large. The German stage, which brought forth such noble fruit in the works of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, had its humble origin with the little itinerant troupe of players who, after the Thirty Years' War, set up their booths at fairs and other public gatherings. Everywhere we perceive a close and intimate relation between the people

¹ The Italian Lully possessed as infallible an instinct for the peculiar accents and cadences of the French language as the German Handel evinced for those of the English. He used to declaim his words incessantly until the appropriate musical phrase was, as it were, spontaneously generated from out of them.

Lully invented the form of the overture, and introduced the ballet. His overtures consist usually of a broad slow movement, (*largo*), followed by a spirited fugato (*allegro*); to which occasionally a *menuet* or some other dance tune is added by way of coda. The formal construction of these pieces was followed for a long time, and every one is still familiar with it, as shown in the introduction to Handel's *Messiah*, or to his *Samson*.

The ballet has remained a *sine quâ non* with French *grand opéra* to this day. Furthermore, Lully augmented the means of dramatic effect, by giving to the chorus a larger and more important share in the performance.

Born half a century after Lully, Jean Philippe Rameau, a great theorist, and a first-rate organ and harpsichord player, began writing for the stage when he was fifty years of age. His melodic movements are richer than Lully's; he treats both chorus and orchestra with greater boldness, and produces powerful and characteristic effects. Thus we have a storm, a battle, an earthquake, depicted with remarkable cleverness, if the low state of instrumental technique of his time be allowed for. Lully and Rameau were the great men of the French lyric stage until the advent of Gluck, in the second half of the eighteenth century.

and the players, and incessant action and reaction from one side upon the other; thus gradually the drama attains an exuberant vitality, an individuality of its own, and in the end comes to be truly national. Now the opera has no such popular origin to boast of. It is a production resulting from insufficient theoretical speculation rather than from any healthy national impulse, which, properly speaking, it has never felt. It was forced on an artificial hot-bed, under the protection of royalty and aristocracy. It was an amusement of luxurious courts, rather than a mirror in which a nation could recognize its own image.

The operative *dramatis personæ* have always been mere typical personages, shepherd and shepherdess, prince and princess, king and queen, contrived, without the smallest regard to individuality, nationality, or any other essential qualification. It was left to the theatrical tailor to render them Roman, Assyrian, Hottentot, or anything else, according to the geographical origin of the story selected by the librettist. The secondary characters listened to the confessions of the prince's and princess's loves and hates, whilst the chorus acted as background and *étalage*. The passions depicted were regulated in accordance with the rules of court etiquette. The heroes of antiquity were presented by *castrati*. You might hear an Achilles or an Alexander with a bushy beard and a high soprano voice, giving vent to his heroic courage in the tenderest shakes and sweetest *fiorituri*. Instead of poetical richness in the portrayal of noble emotions, the opera offered a fabulous pomp and glitter; instead of a representation of high characters in their conflicts with each other and with fate, it gave bespangled and bedizened puppets who struck tragic attitudes to show off their fine voices and fluent execution. A good play is a well-proportioned organism, with a poetical life of its own; an opera is a mere conglomerate of isolated pieces of music, for the display of which the dramatic action serves as a scaffolding.

The operative forms, *recitative-secco*, *aria* and *ballet* tune have remained

sterile; and they exhibit to this day, though composers make use of them on a much larger scale, the same essentially undramatic stamp of artificiality they had at the beginning. When the Italian *illuminati* first started the opera, they were firmly persuaded that they had laid the foundation for a genuine drama on the Greek model. But the influence of the luxurious Italian courts was overwhelming. The opera inevitably became a means of sensually enjoying fine voices and splendid singing. No ordinary composer could hope to hold his own against the overwhelming tyranny of vocal *virtuosi*.

The musician's art sank to a mere business calling; it consisted in the facility of producing endless variations upon the same dull type of *aria*. The composer was the humble servant of all singers; and the librettist, I dare not call him poet, was the very humble servant of the composer. "Dere is my music," said Handel, drumming on the harpsichord, "dere is my music, Sir; now you go make words to dat." From the first no one dreamt of constructing a libretto so as to give its dramatic subject-matter a clear and sufficient exposition. Who cared or who cares about dramatic propriety when listening to an Italian opera? It was considered sufficient, and it is still, if a libretto gave the best singers a chance of appearing frequently in the course of the performance, if the two best singers had a chance of singing a duet; and, in case there was a third, fourth, or sixth best singer, that they all could meet before the footlights and sing a trio, quartet, or sestet, as the case might be.

In our day, when all the phenomena are before us, when all the capacities for good and evil in the opera have been developed to the uttermost, it is easy to point out the source of the evil. Those who invented the opera imagined themselves to be founding a drama in which music was the highest attainable means of emotional expression. But instead of the poet constructing a play in accordance with the laws of his art, and the musician afterwards intensifying the

passions and sentiments embodied, the matter was unfortunately reversed; and the musician dictated the dramatic form, the sequence and dimensions of scenes, and even the shape in which the characters were to deliver their speeches. Thus the operatic stage came to be a circus, wherein the musician mounted his parade horse, and the poor poet was constrained to saddle the steed and most humbly to hold the stirrup.

From the first opera to the last, there are two conflicting tendencies noticeable. On the one hand we see the high and somewhat vague aspirations of men of literary culture who wish to transform the opera into a kind of ideal drama on the Greek model; this is in the main Wagner's side, also that of Gluck and his immediate successors, and in some measure, though quite unconsciously, also the side of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. On the other hand there is the frivolous leaning in the direction of vulgar theatrical amusement, wherein all imaginable artistic luxuries, music, dancing, acting, painting, costumes, fireworks, and what not, are muddled together, so as to produce a few hours of intoxicating diversion. This is the side represented by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Offenbach, and so on down the scale of operatic celebrities.

Let us look a little nearer at some of these composers—first at Gluck, a dramatic genius, and most powerful musician. Some years before he arrived in Paris, in 1773, party strife ran high between the adherents of pure Italian opera, with its sensuous delight in suave melody and fine singing, and the partisans of the declamatory and dramatically effective French opera of Lully and Rameau, with its musical phraseology, regulated in some measure by the laws of prosody. Up to his forty-eighth year Gluck had served, like all composers of his time whose livelihood depended upon their pleasing the nobility, in the ranks of the Italian opera; and he had not unfrequently given offence by allowing his supreme dramatic instincts to trample upon the rules of musical etiquette then in vogue. His reformatory projects waxed stronger

when his social position as a renowned composer had consolidated itself. In Vienna he met with a librettist, Calzabigi, who entered into his views, and they produced together, in 1762-66, *Orfeo* and *Alceste*, two works which mark the beginning of a new epoch.

Gluck, in the first place, put a stop to the absurd pretensions of singers; he was determined to be the autocrat of his entertainment, and he brooked no interference on the part of his executants. In his later works for the Parisian opera he tried to confine music (these are his own words) "to its true province, that of seconding poetry by strengthening the expression of the sentiments and the interest of the situation, without interrupting the action, or weakening it by superfluous ornament." He thought music ought to give that aid to poetry which the liveliness of colouring and the happy distribution of light and shade afford to a correct and well-designed picture, in animating the figures without injuring their contours. He therefore carefully avoided interrupting a singer in the warmth of dialogue in order to wait for a tedious *ritornello*; or stopping him in the midst of a speech in order to display the agility of the voice in a long passage—in a word, his sole aim was dramatic truth and propriety.

He did not think it right to pass rapidly over the second part of an air, when it happened to be the most impassioned and important portion of it, so as to give the customary four repetitions of the words; or to finish where the sense was not complete, in order to give the singer a chance of showing how he could vary a passage in several ways according to his own fancy—which abuses were *de rigueur* in the old-fashioned *aria*. He thought that the overture should make the audience aware of the character and subject of the piece, that the instrumental accompaniments should be regulated by the interest of the drama, and ought not to interpose a void in the dialogue between the recitative and the air; that the music should not break into the sense and connection of a period, nor

interrupt the warmth and energy of the action. It was his opinion, that the chief care of a dramatic composer should be to aim at simplicity, and he accordingly avoided making a parade of difficulties at the expense of perspicuity; he attached no value to the discovery of musical novelties, unless they arose naturally from the situation of the characters and the expression of the poetry; nor was there any traditional rule of composition which he was not willing to sacrifice to the production of a good effect. Opinions such as these certainly show a critical acumen, the like of which no musician before Gluck had evinced.

Gluck, however, did not see the entire evil as we see it. The times were not ripe for that, and the opportunities for operatic extravagance were not yet exhausted. But he saw far enough to enable him to clear the atmosphere for more than half a century to come, like an invigorating thunderstorm. If anything, Gluck's librettist is more fettered than he had been with the Italian masters. For, far from being real dramas, Gluck's operas remained a conglomerate of separate airs, recitatives, and dance tunes. But it cannot be stated too often, or too emphatically, that they consisted throughout of the purest and noblest music, entirely free from claptrap or bombast, and full of veritable dramatic fire. After *Orfeo* and *Alceste* had created a sensation among the musicians of Vienna, Gluck produced his two *Iphigénies* and *Armida*, at Paris.

The educated section of the French public enthusiastically acknowledged his dramatic supremacy, in spite of the most violent opposition from the partisans of Italian opera. Side by side with the rival performances of Italian and French operas, a paper war, in which the most eminent writers of France took part, was carried on with pamphlets, letters, poems, epigrams, &c. In the end Gluck gained the day; and the stamp of his master mind has been felt on the French stage till long after the advent of Rossini.¹

¹ Gluck's successors at the *grand opéra*—Cherubini, Méhul, and Spontini—carried on

Though Gluck had many imitators, his true successor was Mozart, whose greatest successes belong to the operatic stage. Mozart's radiant genius, like that of Raphael, whom he resembles in many respects, had an eclectic turn. Like Raphael he extracted congenial nourishment from various styles and schools; he absorbed and assimilated the separate and isolated perfections, of different nationalities; he concentrated the achievements of his German, French, and Italian precursors into one comprehensive focus. Brought up in the midst of that severe and solid school of German instrumental music, which from Sebastian Bach to Haydn flourished so amazingly, he mastered the suave secret of Italian melodious phraseology, and felt the irresistible charm of pure Italian singing; he grasped the meaning of Gluck's reform with the firm hand of genius; and he united these various elements of perfection in works which are, as it were, an apotheosis of them all. Mozart's was perhaps the richest musical organization which has ever existed. He would most certainly have accomplished the metamorphosis of the opera into a perfect musical drama if he had met with the right poet. But this was not to be. He was careless in the choice of his texts, and some of the librettists he worked with served him so badly that much of his exquisite music could not keep the stage. As it is he has made the most of

the reformatory movement in his spirit. We owe to them the dramatic musical *ensemble*. Of course neither Gluck's operas, nor those of the Italian masters, his contemporaries, were devoid of *duetti* and *terzetti*: yet the main character of all these works had been that of monologue. They maintained Gluck's forms of airs and recitatives, but they widened and enlarged them as far as it was possible without overstepping them. An especially noticeable feature of their productions is a much more elaborate treatment of the orchestra. Their musical powers grew at exactly the rate in which their librettists ventured to furnish more ambitious dramatic canvases. In point of musical form—and this when we talk of improvement in the mode of musical procedure is always the vital question—they have never been surpassed, and, compared with them, the meagre forms of Italian opera, which since Rossini have almost universally superseded them, appear puerile and insignificant.

every little stray waif of poetical feeling or dramatic impulse he came across in the *libretti* submitted to him; but not one of his operas can be said to be entirely satisfactory from a dramatic point of view, unless perhaps it be *Don Giovanni*. In my eyes it is one of the strongest proofs of Mozart's supreme genius and rare artistic instincts, that his work rises and falls according to the poetical significance of the task before him. There have been, and there are, musicians who could manufacture music to a *menu du dîner* with as much *gusto* as to a *Gloria in Excelsis*. He was certainly none of these. And in this he showed his relationship to Handel, whose finest music is always written to the noble words of the Bible or Milton. Mozart had many followers whom I shall pass by, as they are all Mozart and water—manner without spirit.¹

Beethoven produced but one opera, *Fidelio*, which, marvellous as it is, full of true Beethovenian fire and spirit, every scene worth ten score of the popular rubbish which has long obscured its triumph on the German stage, nevertheless occupies a very subordinate place in the glorious list of his works. It is far from marking an epoch in dramatic, as his symphonies and sonatas mark in instrumental music, and if we except the four overtures to it, three of which rank with his symphonies, the forms are Mozartian, with few if any innovations.

And now, before I turn, or rather return to the frivolous side of the matter—to the sugar plums and fireworks of Rossini, to the moonshine sentimentalities of Bellini; the couplets and *contredanses* of Auber; the revolting *olla podrida* of Meyerbeer; the *can-can* of Offenbach—before I ask the reader to descend with me this slippery staircase into a veritable

musical morass, there is but one great and earnest musician left to speak of—Carl Maria von Weber.

By the side of the cosmopolitan and eclectic Mozart, the strictly national Weber forms a strange contrast. Though as a youth he played and composed under the supervision of the eccentric Abbé Vogler, Weber can hardly be said to have had a musical training at all. To the composer of many of his youthful pieces, Herr von Lenz's rather impudent appellation of *amateur prodigue* is strictly applicable. Of a strangely original frame of mind, restlessly turning from experiment to experiment, Weber practically educated himself, and endowed as he was with the keenest dramatic instincts, he soon found his way out of the enchanted garden of his instrumental music to the operatic stage.

Weber is the originator of the German romantic opera. In his time a great revival was going on in German literature. In opposition to the classicism of Goethe and his friends, German poets began to look to the traditions of their own nation for subject-matter. The remains of mediæval manners and superstitions were illuminated with a faint glimmer of poetical life. Spanish and Hindoo dramas were being translated; Teutonic myths, legends and stories were resuscitated; and above all, the delicate flowers of German people's-song, dating far back into the middle ages, were gathered and safely housed before the breath of the present antipoeitical industrialism had entirely stifled them. To the tender voices of German Volkslieder Weber listened intently, and the whole of his operatic music became imbued with their healthy cadences and naïve charm. Without being conscious of it he came to be a better exponent of these-called romantic tendencies than the romantic writers themselves. Weber has shown German musicians what a specifically German phraseology should be like. His melodious diction furnishes in many respects the germs of Wagner's. He has enriched the art of dramatic composition in many different ways; but in his case, as in Gluck's, the fact must

¹ I ought perhaps to except Spohr, for he was possessed of a distinct individuality, though he worked in Mozart's forms. But his name belongs to the annals of instrumental music, more than to those of the opera. His soft and dreamy nature rarely gave proof of dramatic fire; and his operas, worthy as they are from a musical point of view, could not gain a firm footing.

be admitted that he did not take the last and decisive step towards the construction of a real musical drama, though he was at times very near to it. *He did not see that it was the province of the dramatic poet to dictate the forms, and of the musician to lend emotional expression only.* He tried to construct the whole drama on the basis of his Teutonic melody; and in the work wherein he strove most earnestly for this end, *Euryanthe*, his largest and his favourite opera, he failed most decidedly.¹

When, just now, I talked of descending into an operatic morass by a slippery staircase, on the last step of which I picture to myself Verdi's *Traviata* looking down upon Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* actually in the mire, I placed the *divino maestro* Rossini on the landing at the top. And such a position would be appropriate for him even if he were not the first and earliest of the group of Italian and French composers I now have in view. Man of genius as he certainly was, he seems scarcely to have possessed such a thing as an artistic conscience. The fact is, that in nearly all his works the drama so earnestly striven for by the great French school of Gluck and Cherubini, is shamefully neglected, and the opera consists of operatic melody. Robert Schumann characterized Rossini's melodies with a bold metaphor—*Tizianisches Fleisch ohne Geist* (flesh à la Titian, without spirit). When Schumann said this, he probably had some *opera seria* of Rossini's, say *Tancredi* or *Semiramide*, rather than the light and sparkling pieces such as *Il Barbiere* in his mind's eye. Certainly Rossini's works are perfect orgies of melody, but of melody in the *dilettante* sense of the word, not of that noble and refined type which is to be found almost invariably in the masterpieces of Mozart and Weber. It is a kind

of melody contrived for the convenience of singers—a melody of stereotyped turns and phrases, of ever-recurring conventional *fiorituri* and commonplace *remplissage*. At times Rossini's merry and rhythmical accompaniments stand in such strange contrast to the dramatic situation, that one is tempted to imagine the composer keeping up a facetious comment, indulging in a little private *badinage* with the orchestra, just to show he is not so much in earnest as would appear from the tragic looks and gesticulations on the stage. Rossinian opera was more a matter of fashion than of art. A piece lasted for a season, and was forgotten; perhaps he warmed up bits of it, and stuck them into the next. Was not one tune as good as another? And who cared about dramatic propriety, or the like antiquated rubbish? If the public of one town liked long strings of passages, of another sweet *cantilena*, of a third endless *crescendi*, or the roll of side-drums, the master was complacent, and furnished them by the yard—*ad infinitum*. I am far from asserting that everything in Rossini was frivolous, for out of his thirty operas, so many of which have disappeared without a trace, have we not got *Il Barbiere*, the second act of *Tell*, and many single lovely things besides, scattered far and wide? I say only that he did not always work for art's sake, and that his conscience was made of rubber.

Looked at from our postulate—that the opera aims at a musical drama—Rossini's successors—Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, all men of very real musical gifts—do not demand much attention. They merely metamorphosed Rossini's melody. Bellini rendered it sickly and sentimental; Donizetti more declamatory and common-place; Verdi blatant and violent. As for the drama they left it, if anything, in a worse plight than it had been before.

The comic opera of France, as it is represented by Auber, has this one advantage over the popular Italian works—that it is all of a piece. You are not eternally swung to and fro on a see-saw,

¹ The poor poetess, Helmine von Chezy, who wrote the text of *Euryanthe* for Weber, was nearly driven out of her senses (never very many) by the endless changes and alterations he proposed and insisted on for the sake of his melody.

alternating between highly impassioned melody and mere musical sawdust. French librettists have a sure and safe theatrical method, which acts as a wholesome check upon their exuberant gaiety so apt to be extravagant; and French composers of *vaudevilles* and *opéras comiques*, from Isouard and Boieldieu to Auber, have known how to keep their style up to the mark supplied by their librettists. I look upon Auber's sprightly tunes as the *beau-ideal* of both characteristic phases of French music—the *couplet* and the *contredanse*. Frenchmen have instinctively felt the representative character of Auber's music, and they have accordingly bestowed their special favour more upon his numerous productions for the *opéra comique* than upon his veritable masterpiece, *La Muette de Portici*, wherein he takes a flight far higher and reaches a greater artistic eminence. In fact, *Masaniello*, as the work is called in England, is, in as much as intensity of effect and originality of musical treatment are concerned, far beyond the narrow though amusing range of modern French operas. The extraordinary *verve* and fire, and the pointed conciseness with which Auber manipulated his materials, are worthy of high praise. Unfortunately, neither Auber nor Scribe (his favourite librettist) in their later works thought fit to advance in the direction of quick and decisive action and drastic brevity of musical exposition, which might have led them towards the drama we have in view.

But if Rossini's artistic conscience was of a very elastic nature, it may be asserted with at least equal truth that Meyerbeer did not possess such a thing at all. He wanted to succeed at any risk or cost, and he managed to succeed accordingly.

If one looks beneath the drastic *coups de théâtre*, the scenical pomp and glitter, the dazzling brilliancy of orchestral colour, at the specifically musical gifts displayed in one of Meyerbeer's monster operas, one finds them surprisingly meagre. Taking into consideration the number of genuine and powerfully

emotional effects he produces in *Robert*, *Les Huguenots* and *Le Prophète*, one is astonished to find, on closer examination, how poor the melodious kernel of his work really is; but he was by nature excessively clever. Whatever of a technical sort a musician can gain from the example of predecessors and contemporaries, he quickly assimilated. From the Italians he derived the popular manner of treating the human voice; from the French and Germans the refined and complicated method of handling the orchestra. And in the course of a protracted experience, by dint of incessant exertion, he managed to develop his keen instinct for bizarre and telling instrumental combinations and stage effects, into a most formidable dramatic power.

Meyerbeer began his career with sacred odes to Klopstock's texts, and with an oratorio. His first opera, *Jephtha's Daughter*, was itself a semi-oratorio. When about 1818 he came to Italy and found Rossini's star in the ascendant, he quickly changed his tactics and manufactured operas in the Italian style. When in 1831 *Robert* was given in Paris, he had again adopted an entire change of procedure. There he tries to unite German science with Italian melody and French *raffinement*. His rapid changes of æsthetic creed were not the result of any organic development of his nature; they were much more a matter of calculation. His elaborate attempts to unite all the elements of the opera—good and bad—side by side, into one gorgeous and dazzling *pôt-pourri*, remind one of the story¹ of the newly-baptized Turk who liked the wine which his Christian religion did not forbid, but who chose to enjoy it together with a little Mohammedan polygamy.

The libretti of Scribe, most versatile of French librettists, are, as a rule, distinguished by remarkable cleverness of construction, by very ingenious use of stage effects and contrivances, and by an apparent absence of effort in the conception

¹ Told by Riehl in his *Musikalische Charakterköpfe*.

and execution. But in the opera books which he concocted for Meyerbeer, Scribe seems to have lost all natural ease and spontaneity, he worries and tortures himself and his public with extravagance after extravagance, with effort after effort, all brought forward only to create a sensation at any cost, and with little or no reference to the original idea of the piece. It is not to be supposed that an experienced and *rusé* dramatist like Scribe would have so frantically troubled himself, had not that most restless and ambitious of musicians with whom he was associated imperatively required so eccentric a canvas for his intrinsically dry, yet pretentious, music. Technically considered, *Robert le Diable* is the most important of Meyerbeer's works, though the stride in advance from this piece to *Les Huguenots* is enormous. In the latter, he has repeatedly reached a climax of dramatic effect, such as neither he himself nor any one else (if we except Wagner, who works with different means to totally different ends) has again attained or surpassed. But *Robert* inaugurated a new era at the *Grand Opéra*—the era of the greatest splendour and the greatest rottenness.

At the time when *Robert le Diable* was written, the French *école romantique*, with Victor Hugo at the head, was in full bloom. The influence of Byron and Hoffman was felt and acknowledged by all claimants to poetical honours. Ghosts and devils, fierce love, hate, murder and madness, formed indispensable ingredients to every novel or play. The reading public was greedy of eccentricity, and

the most violent contrasts could not appease its appetite for horrors. It was to satisfy the craving for such highly seasoned sentimental food that Scribe began to concoct an opera book which should be a veritable *ne plus ultra*. He took for his hero the devil himself—*Sathanas in propria persona*—gave him a coating of new Parisian varnish, transformed him into an extravagantly affectionate father, cooked him with *sauce piquante* of resuscitated dancing nuns, and then served him up to his friend Meyerbeer, who set him to the most appropriate and effective music, and exhibited him, with unheard-of splendour, at the *Grand Opéra*.

We must give Meyerbeer credit for having understood the moral, or rather immoral wants of his time to perfection, and for having managed to concoct, with marvellous ingenuity, the highly spiced and unwholesome food demanded by Parisian audiences.

But it is just in *his* works that the intrinsic hollowness and rottenness of the *genre* called opera is more apparent than those of all his predecessors; it is the natural and inevitable opposition to the shameful abuses sanctioned by him, that has at length grown into a revolution which appears destined to clear the musical stage, and make room for purer and loftier aims.

The opera, then, has ceased to live; and what we have now before us is the piteous spectacle of Monsieur Offenbach, with his friends, dancing the *can-can* around its dead body!

In another paper we hope to pursue the history of its resuscitation.

E. DANNREUTHER.

ALKAMAH'S CAVE: A STORY OF NEJD.

PART III.

AFTER leaving the hut, Alkamah and his companion, or rather guide, continued their journey for twelve days more, going to the East. They were now in a poor, but by no means uninhabited region; and seldom found themselves for many hours together out of sight of either a plantation, or a garden, or a group of huts, occasionally even a walled village. Nor had they anything here to apprehend from positive ill-will on the part of the inhabitants, between whom and those of upper Nejd there was habitually too little intercourse for either friendliness or enmity. Shelter from the heat, whether under trees or beneath cottage roofs, was easily to be had; while of water, though tepid and somewhat brackish, there was seldom a deficiency, for there are many wells, and at short intervals, in this sandy tract. Unfortunately, the tribes of these valleys, the Arabs, of Bishr and Dowasir, at all times a niggardly and uncourteous race, though not absolutely refusing the necessary hospitality, supplied it grudgingly; and showed themselves always readier to speed the parting than to welcome the coming guest.

Both the travellers' condition, since their halt in Jandeb and her mother's cabin, had undergone a great change, alike in body and mind. Shebeeb had become and remained henceforth stronger, more cheerful, more ready for exertion every way than before; his spirits were raised; from time to time he even sang—if that most inharmonious of all noises that an Arab herdsman makes, when he imagines himself musical, can be called singing—above all he was more sedulously alive to every want of his foster-brother's, and assumed

a constant care of him, amounting almost to authority.

Alkamah's state warranted this, for the sudden renovation of his strength and health consequent on Jandeb's influence while present, had, with distance passed away almost as suddenly, and was succeeded by a weakness and exhaustion that grew on him and increased every hour. His courage too was broken; the certainty of Selma's marriage, hardly realized when first heard of, now sank by degrees deeper and deeper into his mind, and, while it did not calm his intense longing for meeting her again, took away all hopeful prospects from the idea of that meeting. "I am dying," he would often say to Shebeeb, "and I desire nothing else; only die I cannot till I have seen her, she herself must set me free, and the sooner the better, would it were to-day. Death perhaps may reunite what life has parted; she will not, I feel, long remain separated from me." And in this mood he pressed forward with redoubled impatience, as if fearing to be too late; his mental excitement increasing while the term of his journey drew nearer. Sustained by this alone, he no longer faltered, but sat firm and upright on his camel, though each day more gaunt and shadow-like; looking neither right nor left, but straight before him, and indifferently abandoning all care of food or rest to his companion's arrangement.

Twelve days of road, along the broad bush-sprinkled gully that crosses more than half the peninsula; on their left the mountain ranges of Nejd, and low undulating slopes of pastureland, subsiding into desert, on their right. But on the afternoon of the thirteenth day they saw before them, low down in the

far haze, a jagged blue line, with purple stains of shadow; the rocky hills of Hareek; at their base, though hidden as yet from sight, stretched—this Shebeeb knew—the pastures, the fertile plains, the groves, gardens, and populous villages of Yemamah. Gladly he pointed out the fantastic horizon-fringe to his foster-brother, and told him that there lay their goal.

But next morning they had again lost sight of it, for now they entered the intervening region, an intricate labyrinth of narrow valleys and small abrupt hills, with frequent groves, which might almost by courtesy be called forests, of acacia and tamarisk; puzzling to travellers, but affording welcome shadow from the midday sun. Here were no human habitations, large or small; not even a chance shepherd or Bedouin, from whom they could inquire whether they were on the right track or not; had Alkamah been alone, it would have gone hard with him to find his way. Shebeeb, however, knew that not far from them on the left, though concealed from view by a close succession of steep hills, commenced the level grounds of Yemamah; but he kept his knowledge to himself, lest his comrade's impatience on learning it should urge their entering abruptly on the open country, where they could not fail to be recognized for strangers, and would thus naturally become the objects of a curiosity which might endanger the attainment of the scope of their journey, and even their lives. Never could they less afford to be incautious than now.

In this manner at a slackened pace, and often stopping to consider their direction, they wandered on among the hills for three days; by the morning of the fourth they had reached the verge of the broken country, which here changed its character, passing into the bare sheer rocks of Hareek. They had, in their ignorance of the precise localities, approached much nearer than they thought to the villages behind this dreary screen; but Shebeeb was growing anxious, for their slight supply of food

and water had almost failed. Nor did he see, among the crags overhead and the dry sand under their feet, any prospect of replenishing their store. All at once looking round at Alkamah, he perceived from his face and manner that a deadly faintness had come over him, so that he was evidently incapable of proceeding any further. What was to be done? Linger where they were was out of the question: advancing equally so. Then Shebeeb noticed on their right the entrance of a narrow gorge, which his eye, accustomed to the peculiarities of scenery like this, knew must in all probability lead to some secluded spot, where his foster-brother could rest a while without risk of being discovered till his faintness might have passed off and his strength rallied. It was indeed, though he knew it not, Alkamah's predestined resting-place, but one he was never to leave more. Hither Shebeeb led the unresisting camels; a chill came over him as they passed into the shadow of the overhanging crag, and he shivered. On the sand near the entry, a whitened skull lay in a corner of the rock. Alkamah saw it, and smiled. "A companion," he said; "he will not refuse me a share of his resting-place."

They were now fairly within the valley, shut in on every side by iron brown crags, and in front of them the cavern at the further end. At its mouth they halted their camels and dismounted. "This is just the place," thought Shebeeb, but, before going into the cave himself, he prudently took up a stone from the many lying about, and threw it in as far as he could, to rouse any wild beast or dangerous snake that might have made its lair in the cool darkness. But when the ringing echoes had died away, all was silent again; nothing came out or stirred. He tried a second, the result was the same. Then, though still cautiously, he entered, a knife in hand, and explored the hollow. When his sight, at first baffled, became accustomed to the gloom, he found that he was in an expanding vault, of more width than depth, high enough to allow of stand-

ing upright, and, to his great satisfaction, without any crevasses or smaller openings that he could discover leading further into the rock. Within the cave itself there was hiding room enough, a dozen men at least might easily have concealed themselves in its dark recess.

Having made sure of all this, he came out and found Alkamah half-seated, half-leaning against the rock close by, but helpless, and like one at his last gasp. With some difficulty he lifted him up in his arms and carried him into the cavern. There he laid him as best he could out of sight from the entrance, and bringing in the saddles, placed one of them for a pillow under his companion's head. Next he fetched the nearly empty water-skins, and poured what little water remained, a muddy draught, into a wooden cup which Jandeb's mother had given him, this he put by Alkamah's side, and within his reach, along with a few dry dates, the only remnants of their provisions for the way. Having done this, he left the cave, intending without loss of time to explore the neighbourhood, in view of help, or at least, of information.

Keeping his steps on rock and stone wherever possible, and carefully effacing all traces of his own or the camel's footprints in the patches of light sand between, he stole forth, and once again in the main valley gazed anxiously about him in every direction ; but no sign of man or beast was discoverable anywhere. Hardly knowing whether to be pleased or disappointed at this loneliness, he bethought him of climbing the rocks on the higher side, the left, whence he expected to command a more extensive view. They were well-nigh precipitous ; but sure of hand and foot he had soon reached the summit, and looked over. To his surprise, his eye rested on a green plain immediately below, coming up to the very foot of the mountain, and stretching far away north, almost to the horizon verge. Here and there its gently undulating lines were broken by dark masses of palm-groves ; and not very

far off on one side stood a group of tents, the very ones perhaps, so he thought, that they had travelled so far to reach. Nearer, however, in view was a good-sized village, girdled with gardens and watered fields, and this he determined first to visit, as offering him the best chance of procuring some kind of refreshment for his helpless and stricken companion ; here too he did not doubt to learn the truth or otherwise of what Jandeb had told them ; and to gain some notion of the means they had best adopt, should the encampment in sight prove to be really that of Okeyl.

While Shebeeb was thus employed, Alkamah, who had returned to consciousness, lay still in the cave, too feeble to rise, and well aware that he had reached the halting-place that was to be his last. His thoughts, meanwhile, wandered back to Batn-Darih, and the camp of Benoo-Morad by the walls of Roweydah. However much the knowledge of Selma's after-marriage had grieved, it had not surprised him ; it had not even weakened his conviction that she was, in heart and soul at least, faithful to him now as then ; the Selma of three years back. He called to mind the love of those past days, past, yet ever present—the look, the smile, the meetings, the promises, the endearments, the mutual pledge, the embrace at parting ; and could not now, even had he striven to do so, picture her to himself other than she then had been. If in after days she had indeed conferred her hand on another, it must, it could only have been, under the conviction that his own was no longer able to clasp it ; she might be the wife of Okeyl, but not for that could she have ceased to be the love, the only love, of Alkamah. So his fancy imaged her. Nor was the image wholly, or in the main untrue. For in truth while hope had yet been hers, she had resisted every attack on her plighted constancy, and nothing but the certitude, it seemed, that her hope had perished with her lover's life had reconciled her to admit her cousin's urgent suit.

While thus thinking, his gaze wan-

dered at random round the rock-walls of the cave, now dimly visible in the gloom to which he had become in a measure accustomed; then rested on the metallic glimmer of his silver signet-ring. It was the same with which she had toyed at their last meeting; the same she had jestingly promised to reclaim some future day. The same—but now, lest it should slip off the emaciated finger for which it was all too large, he had been obliged to wind it tightly round and fasten it with a twist of thread. Would her fingers ever touch it again? they must—they should! As he looked at it he gained strange hope and strength from the sight of this unfulfilled yet unbroken link between him and her; soon he thought the meaning would be accomplished—the promise redeemed. Patiently he awaited the evening and the return of his foster-brother, through hours that seemed neither long nor short, few nor many; too much under the dominion of one unchanging idea to keep account of event or time.

Meanwhile, the sunlight, which only for a short interval at noon could find its way to illuminate the sand-floor of the narrow valley, had withdrawn upwards from rock to rock, till it lingered on the highest splinters alone, then left them. Darkness was about to set in when Shebeeb re-entered the cave, bringing with him from the village provisions that by contrast might half be reckoned delicacies, and, what Alkamah most desired, a supply of fresh cool water. But of the food he was scarcely able to take any share, and it remained almost entirely for Shebeeb, who, having rendered his companion every service in his power, now sat down by his side to eat, and to give his tidings.

They were good ones on the whole. From the actual place of half-concealment to the nearest village, that of Jorf, was a distance of less than two hours; and the pasture-grounds occupied by Okeyl the Yemenee, as the villagers called him, were not much further off, in fact the herdsmen were in the

habit of coming to Jorf for barter or purchase. Okeyl was well known to all; they described him as wealthy, generous, and, though a stranger, popular. He had arrived, they said, more than a year before, with a large retinue of followers, shepherds, and the like; besides camels and flocks in great abundance, and had settled on a piece of land assigned him by the native chiefs of Benoo-Tameem, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. What had been the precise reason for his quitting Yemen, and establishing himself in Yemamah, was not generally known, probably some dispute with his own kinsmen about marriage matters, for he had brought with him, they said, a wife of his own, that is the Morad, tribe, but no children. It was also said that he had often been urged to divorce his wife, and marry another, but that he had always refused to do so, perhaps this had something to do with his departure from Nejran. Lastly, they said that his wife was renowned for her beauty, and that all spoke well both of him and her.

Alkamah listened, and his imagination filled up the outlines of the story with much that was unconjectured by Shebeeb. But now came the main question, difficult to answer, what was to be done next? They had in one sense reached the goal, yet in another seemed further from it than before. While in the vigour of unimpaired strength and youth, Alkamah had planned many plans, dreamed many dreams, and might, not unlikely, have carried them into effect too; for many a lover in Arabia, denied his wish by family opposition, has carried off triumphantly the loved one by force of arms, or died at her feet in the attempt; and Alkamah, whose courage and passion were well equal to either result, would have had precedents in plenty for both. But now, unable not only to mount a horse and wield a sword, but even to move a limb or rise from the ground, and with his life itself at the ebb, which he well knew has no flow after it, these were mere imaginings, and must as such be abandoned. All

that could practically be effected would be to acquaint Selma with the fact of his being in the neighbourhood, a weary dying man, and to leave the rest to woman's ingenuity and woman's love. But it must be done quickly.

Midnight came, and as nothing could be attempted before morning, they must needs wait its breaking; Shebeeb in the deep sleep that follows fatigue, Alkamah would fain have slept too, but the fever returned, and when dawn came, it found him weaker than before. Shebeeb saw, with alarm, the change in his companion's face, and when he had tended him to the best of his abilities for a little while, hastened to set out without loss of time on fresh research, justly thinking that there was danger in delay. Nor was he long absent; chance or destiny favoured his endeavours, and shortly after noonday he returned, and with him another. This was a somewhat undersized man, lightly built, and of dusky, almost negro, complexion, which, with the striped mantle hanging down over his shoulders, announced him at first sight for a native of Nejran or Yemen. It was in fact one of Okeyl's own herdsmen, whom Shebeeb had fallen in with just as he was entering the village of Jorf, and had persuaded to turn back and accompany him to the cave.

Within it Alkamah was lying in miserable plight, drowsy and wandering in mind, heedless of everything. But the approach of footsteps roused him a little; and when his dim eyes had distinguished the unaccustomed form that stood by Shebeeb, he conjectured what had happened, and at once came to himself. Eager to learn more, he even managed to lift himself on his elbow from the ground; while the herdsman stared in surprise, almost terror, at the wild and ghastly appearance of the death-stricken man before him.

"You, brother, are one of Okeyl the Yemenee's retainers, of Benoo-Morad, are you not?" asked Alkamah, in a faint though distinct voice. The herdsman answered in the affirmative.

A minute's silence followed, while

Alkamah collected his strength for further questioning; and Shebeeb, taking up the discourse, related the circumstances under which he had met the man who had that very morning seen Okeyl at the door of the tent where was his family, meaning his wife. This the herdsman confirmed.

"Do you ever," Alkamah again asked, articulating the words with difficulty, "come near"—he could not say "your master's wife," but—"the daughter of Malik, so as to be able to speak with her?"

"Often," replied the man. Had so strange a question been put under any other circumstances he would certainly have been startled by it, and either would have hesitated to answer it, or not have answered at all. But there was in Alkamah's appearance, in his manner, his look, his tone, something of authority—the authority that earnestness combined with much suffering never fail to give—that admitted neither of dalliance nor bargain. So feeling himself in a manner constrained not barely to answer, but to explain fully, he went on. "I have at present charge of the milch-goats belonging to the camp; and it is my duty every evening at sunset to bring a bowl of fresh milk for my master's family to her tent. If any of the servants happen to be by, I give it them to take in; but very often I find her outside the tent by herself, and then, if she asks me, I fill a cup and hand it her to drink."

Without putting any further question, or saying a word, Alkamah slowly unwound the thread twisted round his finger, and drew off the signet ring. Beckoning the herdsman to come close to his side, he put the ring into his open hand; and said, "Brother, when next she asks you for a draught of milk, slip this ring into the bowl first; it will bring good to you and to her. I charge you do it." And having thus spoken, he laid his head back upon the saddle that served it for pillow, and closed his eyes.

The herdsman remained standing, turning the silver circlet round and

round in the palm of his hand, and looking uneasily at it; for he was at a loss to understand what might be the meaning of such a commission, and more than half afraid lest some harm or treachery might be intended by it, to which his compliance would give effect.

He would have inquired of the giver, but from him he soon perceived no further explanation was to be had; he therefore looked instead towards Shebeeb, who, perceiving what was in his mind, said whatever might tend to reassure him; carefully confirming in particular Alkamah's hint as to the handsome reward he might expect for himself, and insisting that no mischief of any kind could possibly follow, either to his mistress or to others, only good. But when the man went on to ask what was the sick man's name, who he was, whence he came, what had brought him here, what was the hidden meaning of the ring, and so forth, Shebeeb, after a few evasive answers cut him short; enjoining him to take the first opportunity of fulfilling what he had been told to do, and in the meantime to say not a word to any person whatever, either where he had been, or what he had seen or heard. Of all this he exacted and obtained a solemn promise; and then, with a "God speed," sent the simple fellow away.

This over, he turned to his brother-in-law, intending to talk the matter over with him, by way of comfort and encouragement. But on approaching him, he perceived by the calm and regular breathing that Alkamah had fallen into a quiet sleep, from which it would be a pity to rouse him. So he sat down at his side, thoughtful, and waiting what the events of the day might bring forth, till night came, and all was dark.

Without, on the plains of Yemamah, it was the full-aged year; dates hung in ripe clusters from the dusty trees; great melons were yellow in the gardens, grain of every sort had already been gathered in, and the shrubs and grass, except, it might be, in the immediate neighbourhood of some flowing watercourse, already wore the brown and dried up

tints that told of the summer-season advanced to its hottest. No one now, except those whose occupations compelled them to be continually out of doors, remained in the fields while the blazing sun rode high in heaven, and even those most inured to its beams sought to protect themselves as much as possible from them, under some overhanging rock or sheltering tree, not venturing out of their shelter unless when it became absolutely necessary to do so. The very village roofs and walls, always baked and dry, looked doubly so in the white glare; the gates stood wide open, but for hours together no figure passed them, entering or issuing out. Meanwhile the tents—there were about twenty of them, large and small,—pitched by Okeyl of Morad for himself and his followers, stood in their places, black, silent, and seemingly deserted almost all the day through; no living creature was to be seen moving about amongst them; the men were for the most part away, either with the herds on the grazing-grounds, or under cover of house or garden in one or other of the neighbouring villages; while the women remained within the canvas shelter of the camp, occupied in household duties, or idle, chattering, or drowsy, as the case might be.

Then the daily scene would change, and as the declining sun hurried downwards to the jagged lines of fantastic rock and mountain on the West, and the palm-groves dotted over the surface of the level lands cast each its streak of shadow long and broad across the plain, while the still air was thick with the golden motes of the summer evening, the life that had lurked concealed from the terrible heat would re-assert itself and come forth, at first timidly as it were, then more boldly, in proportion as its oppressor weakened and withdrew. Comers and goers studded the paths, denser towards the village gates; the open lands were cheerful with herds, flocks, and men moving across them; and between the tents many forms, some male, some female, the latter more numerous just before sunset, the former

after it, might be seen passing in and out, hither and thither; or seated about the encampment in groups, talking, laughing, and watching the day go down.

That evening, on a carpet spread close by the entrance of the principal tent, distinguished from the rest by its greater size, as well as by the ornamental red fringes about its hangings, sat Selma, the daughter of Malik, the first love of Alkamah, the wife of Okeyl. No longer a girl, but in the full perfection of married womanly beauty; the beauty that confers and justifies the completeness of repose in every part, every feature—in the dark eye, the heavy tresses, the rounded outlines, the shapely form. Three years had added much to her loveliness, all that the hours add to the bud when they expand it into the flower; yet they had taken away something too, for now, in place of the sportive cheerfulness that had once sparkled in her every look and even gesture, they had cast over her, it seemed, the veil of a certain seriousness, almost sadness, which again did not become her beauty less than the garment of her girlish joyousness had done, perhaps even more.

This seriousness, sadness it could hardly be called, was due to several causes, but chiefly to three, not equally depressing in character, but none of them ever wholly absent from her mind. First, though least in weight, was her separation from the home of her birth, and the companions of her childhood, now left far away in Nejran, and from whom she was parted by what, in a land where means of communication are rare and casual, might seem an almost immeasurable distance. And though there had been much of which she might justly have complained in the conduct of her parents and relatives towards her, and even the ultimate sundrance from them had been principally brought about by their own unkindness; yet they were her parents still, and she could not wholly cease to regret them. Next, and heavier to bear, came the apprehension, the anxiety that rose with

her early every morning and lay down last with her at night, lest her want of children,—for two years of married life had passed, and still there was no sign, and, by this time, hardly an expectation, of offspring,—should sooner or later alienate from her the affection of her husband, now her only stay.

But under and besides all this, always present, though not always consciously felt, was a third and deeper melancholy; the self-accusing regret for the tall, handsome, brave, true-souled lad she had loved and left in Nejd. She thought of him indeed as of one dead: and yet, even while thus thinking, she reproached herself for having yielded to those who had persuaded her to think of him and to act as if he were so, and to accept another in his stead; she felt that by so doing she had been in a manner faithless to her first love; and when the recurring thought, "Perhaps he is still alive, still loves me," from time to time came over her, she did not know whether to wish to believe it true or not. How far too his love for her had been the cause of whatever misadventure had since befallen him, of his joining the Hejaz foray, and its fatal results, she did not distinctly know—on these topics her relatives had of course carefully kept her in the dark; but she could not otherwise than conjecture much of what really had been, and this conjecture led her to blame herself and to regret him the more. Then the fancy would cross her that had Aamir's son been really, as reported, dead, his image must by this time have faded from her memory, or at least grown indistinct: now on the contrary it haunted her day and night, increasingly fresh and vivid, yet gave her no comfort; how should it, and she another man's wife? Meanwhile her husband, who loved her fondly, observed with pain that her melancholy, which at first had not wholly surprised him, did not, as he had hoped, wear off with time; and, unsuspecting the persistence of the third cause, attributed it mentally to the first, and especially the second. So to remove the effect of these, he did all that steady kindness and affection

could suggest to remove her anxieties and regrets : and succeeded in rendering her, not indeed absolutely happy, but, unless in a few moments of capricious depression, calm and resigned.

They had been now for more than a year settled in Yemamah, on the lands belonging to the community and town of Wadih, one of the principal centres in this neighbourhood ; and Okeyl, who was generous, prudent, helpful, and brave had been speedily admitted among themselves by the chiefs of Benoo Tameem, the lords of Yemamah, almost as if he had been a born-brother of their race. They might hope also, and not unreasonably from an Arab point of view, that the want of children from his first wife, might ultimately induce him to look out for a second from amongst the daughters of their own tribe. The girls of Nejd were not, they said, inferior in beauty or other merits to those of Yemen ; and few parents but were ready to court an alliance in every respect advantageous both to themselves and to the land at large. Their hopes remained unfulfilled ; to all hints, proposals even, whether conveyed by the mustachioed lips of grave fathers or the coquettish glances of willing maidens, Okeyl continued impassive ; he loved his wife, and not even the prospect of an heir could prevail on him to grieve her with the infliction that of all others she most dreaded, a rival or a successor.

It was not however the thought of these things, nor of her home in Yemen, nor, in any distinct form at least, of love past and gone, that rendered the wife of Okeyl more pensive than usual, as this evening she sat, alone and silent, by the entry of her tent ; which, at her desire, had been arranged facing north, to receive the cooler breeze, she said,—perhaps it blew from Nejd. A maid approached, and began to speak ; Selma, oppressed with vague melancholy, and utterly undesirous of conversation, hastened to send the girl away on some trifling errand to another tent in the camp. Again alone she raised her head, looked around, and sighed, she could

not have said why. A little later, and the sun's edge rested on the horizon line, when she saw a figure coming towards her, black in the level rays ; and recognized her husband's herdsman, bringing the customary tribute of milk for the evening. He was bringing something else too ; but of that no foreboding warned her. In a few minutes more he had reached the tent, and seeing none of the servants by stood hesitating for an instant. It was an opportunity ; should he take it, and at once fulfil his commission ? Unknowingly Selma herself decided the question ; she felt thirsty, and beckoned him towards her ; he drew near and stood before her ; then, at a second sign, he poured out some of the milk from the goatskin that contained it into a little black-wood vessel, prettily inlaid with silver ornaments, and held it towards her. But while doing this he had slipped, unperceived by her,—for her thoughts were elsewhere, and she took no account of him or of his movements,—the signet ring which Alkamah had given him, into the full cup, and having done this stood by, with as much curiosity as his stolid nature was susceptible of, to watch the result.

Selma stretched out her hand, took the cup, and almost drained it, but at the moment of removing it from her lips, she thought she heard something slip back with a slight chinking noise to the bottom of the bowl ; and examining what it could be, she perceived the glitter of metal through the shallow remnant of milk. Surprised she drew it out, looked attentively at it, and inspected the signet closely, once, twice ; and knew the token.

She turned deadly pale ; a faintness came over her, and for an instant all was blank. Yet she did not lose her presence of mind, though the effort she made to rally herself, and to conceal every outward sign of what she felt, made her tremble violently from head to foot. Then, forcing herself to look steadily up, she said, in a voice meant to be calm, but which sounded strangely hoarse and unlike her own, "How did

you come by this? You put it in the cup; who gave it you?"

Had the man been other than what he was, something very much on a level for intelligence with the animals he had the charge of, he might there on the spot have guessed all, or nearly all, from his mistress's fixed look, her altered voice, her strained composure. But being what he was, he surmised nothing, except that there was something serious in the matter, and that he had best tell the truth. So he answered by relating, not over clearly at first, how that morning, outside the village under the western hill, he had met with a stranger, apparently a traveller from the Upper Nejd, who had talked with him and taken him to a cave in the mountain near, where he had found a sick man all alone. That from this latter he had received the ring, the same now in her hand, with directions how he was to give it her, and promises. These he had by no means forgotten, but on the contrary amplified in the telling of substantial reward if he succeeded in doing so.

Thus he told his story, lamely and confusedly enough. But Selma, though certain in the main from the first, was determined to know all, the worst as the best, without leaving the possibility of a doubt or error, and questioned the man repeatedly, till she had learnt every particular that he could relate; and Alkamah lay before her, worn and weary in the cave, distinctly imaged to her mind, with Shebeeb by him, soon recognized for the messenger and confidant of three summers before. And now! To hear was torture; yet she compelled herself, and would hear all. Only while the discourse lasted she kept glancing nervously round, in fear lest anyone should come up and put an end to her inquiries before she had had time to learn the whole; but chance favoured her, and for several minutes nobody approached that way. At last, among a group of figures slowly moving towards them she distinguished her husband—yes, it was certainly her husband—though still far off, and with

a sign, for speaking had now grown almost impossible to her, she dismissed the puzzled herdsman, by no means satisfied with the result of his day's adventure. When his back was turned Selma took the ring, kissed it again and again, and hid it in her breast; then rising slowly, for she felt stiff and heavy in every limb, re-entered the tent. There she lighted a lamp, sent away the servants, who, as is always the case, seemed to be more than usually attentive when least wanted, and sat by herself, one moment benumbed and dazed, the next all impatience, waiting till her husband should come in.

From the distance where her anxious eyes had perceived him to the tent it was not a quarter of an hour's walk. Why then was he so long in coming? an hour, two hours surely had passed, and she was still alone. A horrible dread came over her. Could it be that he had met the shepherd by the way, have questioned him? have learnt something—everything? Perhaps at this very moment he had gone full of deadly jealousy to the cave—perhaps—she shook the thought from her, rose, went to the door of the tent, and looked out. The full moon had risen in splendour: how quietly it was shining over the plain, how silent! Nothing stirred. Not far away on the glistering level she saw a broad black patch with white specks at intervals glimmering through; they were the roofs of the village of Jorf. Behind it rose the mountain wall, gigantic in the deceptive light and shadow. Lifeless, unfeeling rock; was indeed *he*, he from Nejd, lying helpless, hopeless, behind that rugged screen? and all for her! Was he thinking of her? was he not perhaps beyond all thought? dying? already dead? What should she do? She longed, longed with a torturing intensity that might have atoned for any past want of faithfulness—that would, had Alkamah known it, have effaced from his mind every thought of his own sufferings for her sake—to hasten to him that instant, to be with him, to support his head in his arms, to comfort him with words o

love ; but no, it could not be, she must wait her husband ; would he then never come ? She looked to right, to left, eagerly over the silvered plain, fearfully to the mountain, not a moving speck was there. An age seemed to pass over her ; higher and higher rose the moon, small, white, and dazzling in the east, yet no sign.

At last—after how long ?—a group of figures came into sight from behind a small rising ground, where, out of her view, though not far off, they had, it seemed, been seated talking together. Now, as they separated from each other, everyone going his way home, she strained her gaze to distinguish them in the uncertain moonlight. Her husband was among them ; soon he had disentangled himself from the rest, and was slowly approaching the tent. One horror at least was off her mind, that leisurely step betokened no knowledge of anything unusual on his part. She dreaded, though she had made up her mind to do it, telling him the tale ; but infinitely more did she dread his learning it from any other lips than her own. If the first to speak she could, and would, throw herself on his tried generosity of heart ; it was her only chance, *his* only chance ; but the avowal must be of her own free making. She was not mistaken in her calculation. Resolute now, she hastened back into the inner tent to await her husband there.

The summer nights about the full moon, bright, warm, and still, are specially devoted by Arab custom to sociable conversation, and Okeyl, not in the least suspecting what awaited him on his return home, had on this occasion lingered even later than usual in talk, till it was almost midnight. Sauntering along, and stopping now and then to enjoy the pleasant air, he reached the tent, where he expected to find his wife long since gone to rest. But when he put aside the curtain he found her, to his astonishment, seated on the floor in the streaks of moonlight that entered between the joinings of the canvas, for the lamp had been extinguished some time before. She was crouched

together, her head bowed down on her knees, her face hidden in her hands. She neither moved nor uttered a word when he came in ; only he thought, and was not mistaken, that he saw a shiver run over her as he entered.

He went up to her, and stood a moment at her side ; she raised her face, and looked half vacantly at him, but said nothing. Doubting whether she was really awake, or under the influence of some strange night-mare, he laid his hand on hers. It was cold, icy-cold ; but while he pressed it, a tear of scalding heat fell on his fingers. Now he knew that she was awake, but unhappy. Something must have happened. "Selma, dearest, what is the matter with you ?" he anxiously asked. "Who—what has been grieving you ?"

Strongly constituted in body and mind, he was a man of more than ordinary self-possession. Yet he started back in something not far from terror, when she sprung up suddenly, as though she had been struck through with a knife, and seized his arm.

"Oh, Okeyl—oh, my cousin," she exclaimed, "you do not know ; but you must know. Listen to me,"—and her grasp tightened convulsively on his shoulder—"he—he of Roweydah is here, is close by us ; he is dying, and it is I who have killed him. He did not perish, as they said, in the Hejaz ; he escaped alive ; he returned home, and they told him lies ; they told him that I was dead, I am sure they did. I knew they would. And now he has learned the truth ; and he has come here all the way from Nejd to seek me, and he is lying in a cave of these mountains—ill, dying ; and, O God !"—Here she broke down with a hysterical gasp, and fell, writhing and sobbing on the ground.

She had not mentioned Alkamah's name ; but her husband had at once understood whom she meant—who was near ; and his face, at first pale, gradually grew dark in the moonlight. Her words, and still more her tears, her gestures, her sobs, her agony of grief,

not only told of an event, startling and embarrassing enough in itself, but further—there was no disguising it from himself—nor had she so much as attempted to conceal it—implied, or, rather, clearly showed in the speaker all the vehemence of a passion long smothered, but never extinguished ; and now, flaring up in full force and heat. And this was his wife ; and he, to whom this revelation was made, was her husband ! Yet, whatever the promptings of his first impulse may have been, he speedily mastered them ; resolved, even before she had done speaking, that neither word nor sign should escape him that might add to her misery, not though the cause of that misery was her love for another. He saw the woman he himself had loved so long, so truly—his wife, wretched, prostrate at his feet ; and he saw, would see, nothing else. What, however, to say he could not so quickly determine—so merely uttering her name in a tone of more than usual tenderness and affection, he stooped over her, to raise her up from where she lay.

But before he had yet clasped her, she half rose, unaided, and throwing her arms round his knees, cried out, "Forgive me, forgive me, Okeyl, my husband, or do to me as you will ; I deserve the worst ; but have mercy on the poor lad, who has come, knowing nothing of you, nothing of my marriage, so far ; and who has suffered so much—is still suffering. Oh, for God's sake, do not deny me ; let me go and speak to him, see him this once only—only this once—I must, I owe it to him—is it not I who have been the cause of all his misery ? It will not be for long—once only."

And here her voice caught, and a burst of passionate sobbing again overpowered her. But her hold did not unclasp, and she looked earnestly up in her husband's face ; her own was now flushed and swollen, and her eyes drowned in tears.

Gently he unloosed her hands, raised her up, held her a moment to his breast, and kissed her. Then, gently still, he

placed her on a cushion leaning against a side-pole of the tent ; and, after soothing her with word and caress all he could, and himself drying her tears, called for water. One of the maids, who had been roused from sleep by her mistress's wailing sobs, and was lying with eyes open, wondering what it meant, brought it in a cup, and would have remained by waiting, had not Okeyl immediately ordered her off, telling her to go outside the tent and watch at some little distance, lest any curious passer by might loiter about to pry or listen. The maid gone, he took the bowl and gave his wife to drink, holding it to her lips, for her own hands shook too much to grasp it. Gradually her agitation calmed ; she smiled faintly in her husband's face, took his hand, and kissed it.

Seeing that the first violence of excitement had subsided, Okeyl judged the moment favourable for putting the questions, that he could not otherwise than ask ; his voice was serious, but there was no trace of harshness in its tone.

"He whom you were speaking of, dearest, is the youth, the son of Aamir of Howazin—Alkamah, is it not ?"

"Yes," was the scarcely audible answer, uttered with her face hid on her husband's shoulder ; he was now seated by her, holding one of her hands in his.

"But how do you know that he is really here ? Tell me all about it. Do not be afraid. I will not refuse you anything that you may ask, only tell me all," continued Okeyl.

Without looking up, but clasping his fingers tightly in her own, Selma began her story, with much difficulty at first, but gathering strength and clearness as she went on.

Okeyl heard without interrupting, only making from time to time some slight sign or gesture to encourage her in the narration. When she had concluded it,

"Selma," he said—and there was something in the earnestness of his voice that made her start, and raise

her eyes for a moment, then quickly cast them down—"Selma, I pity you from my heart; I pity him too; yet would to God that these things had not happened. However, neither you nor he have anything to fear. I will do my best for him, for your sake, as though he were my brother. And, after a short pause, "Dearest Selma," he added, in a half-inquiring tone, as if expecting her to speak.

But of this she was at the moment incapable; her tears were falling fast, but they were no longer the tears of mere un-mixed pain; shame, gratitude, affection even, had a share in them; they were tears almost of relief. Yet she could not find heart to look her husband in the face, or at once to answer him.

"Dearest," continued Okeyl, "my sister, we are in the hands of God; he has ordained it thus, and I will not blame either of you. Do not go on crying thus; be comforted. Come what may, you shall see him, and speak to him to-morrow. He is your guest, and under your protection, and you are under mine. God guard us all." Then, attributing her continued silence to exhaustion—natural after such extreme excitement—for that it was the generosity of his own conduct which now overpowered her mind and voice had not entered his thoughts. "But midnight is now past," he said, "and you must have need of rest. Lie down, dearest, and sleep quietly, and without care, till morning; you will break down else."

She turned right towards him, and casting herself on his breast, passionately embraced him.

"O thanks! thanks! my dear, my noble husband," she cried out; "may God reward you!" Then a sudden fear seized her, and drawing back, she caught hold of his dress. "You will be gentle with him, Okeyl? you will not threaten him? you will not do him any harm? Promise me!" she exclaimed.

Her husband smiled slightly, a painful smile.

"I swear to you, by God Most High, I will treat him as though he

were my own brother," he answered. "From me he shall hear nothing but good. Now do you lie down and rest yourself; morning is near."

Then, without summoning any of the servants, he himself spread a mat-tress on the floor, arranged the bed, and carefully laid her on it, where, wearied out as she was, by all she had gone through since sunset, she was in a few minutes fast asleep.

No sooner was Okeyl sure of this, than he stole silently out of the tent; and going to where several of his retainers slept, waked up one of them, and sent him off in quest of the herdsman, who was in charge of the milch-goats belonging to the household. The man was soon found. When he came his master took him aside, and made him repeat the whole story over again. Not a shadow of a doubt remained. It was Alkamah, the son of Aamir, and no other. This point made sure of, Okeyl ordered the herdsman to return at once, with all possible speed, to the cave, and to bring thence Alkamah's companion back with him, but as secretly as he could, and avoiding any one who might happen, even at that hour of night, to be on the way. He was also to take care not to alarm those in the cave; on the contrary, to give them every assurance of his master's good will and protection. He himself should be handsomely rewarded afterwards.

The man went on his errand, and Okeyl remained alone in the moon-light. He turned his steps back to the tent, but did not at once enter it, and, instead, remained a considerable time outside, thinking. Repellant as the reality was, he must face it. Long before, indeed, he had, in spite of himself, been in a measure aware how matters stood between his wife and the memory of her first lover; but, again and again he had said to himself it was only a memory, a fancy, a nothing; and it would be alike unworthy of him, and needlessly harsh to her, were he ever to make her any reproach on the subject, even so much as would be employed by his showing

that he was aware of it. The son of Aamir was gone, and dead ; of that he, like most others, was fully persuaded ; and his remembrance, however cherished while fresh, would, in the natural course of things, gradually fade away and disappear ; while it was tolerably certain that any allusion made by others, and more especially by a husband, would go further to confirm what he considered a mere idle imagination, than to efface it from a woman's mind. Time, and a husband's constant affection, would best do that. Thus he argued, and not unreasonably.

She, on her side, was still less inclined to speak, ashamed at heart, though enslaved. So, by a tacit compromise, a veil was drawn across what each believed, though with opposite feelings, to be an empty shadow of the past, devoid of act or purpose ; and their mutual confidence, entire as be-seemed husband and wife, on every other topic of daily occurrence, except this one, threw this particular reserve so far into the background of life as to render it indistinct, and, both believed, unimportant. Now, however, on this unhappy night, not only had the veil long and carefully maintained, been suddenly and violently torn away ; but there appeared distinct behind the rent, not an unsubstantial memory, an ineffective fancy, a fading dream, but a present and terrible fact. Unwelcome to him ; but was it equally unwelcome to her ?

Much he thought it over, but found no satisfactory conclusion to his thoughts. Deeply, cruelly wronged though he felt himself to have been, there was no redress to be had ; no reparation was possible now. Jealous ? of what ? Of an affection that had never been his ? Freely, unquestioned, his wife had herself made the avowal. Anger ? revenge ? But she had thrown not herself only, but his rival—his successful rival, so far as love was concerned—on his mercy. True, wife or whatever else in name, Selma could henceforth be nothing to him. She was not his, but Alkamah's. Not even the latter's death could restore

—restore what ? She had never been his.

But Okeyl still loved his wife, more than he himself knew ; and love, whatever some have asserted, though it may be gradually weakened and so at last destroyed, cannot be killed and drop down dead in an instant. And from this love, joined to his own natural generosity of character, sprung a great pity ; pity extending not over her only, but even over his rival, and leading him to blame not them but destiny ; or rather to acquiesce in what seemed to him the working of a higher decree, from which none could escape, neither he nor they. And thus the only result he reached was to confirm himself more strongly than ever in the resolution he had first made. He would act as though they were strangers to him ;—no, not strangers, but kinsfolk, brother and sister, in his tenderness towards them, and leave the rest to fate. "Come of it what may," he said to himself, "I shall not then be to blame ; and as for them, they must abide by the consequences of their own doings ; I will not interfere. But I wish—well, there is no good in wishing this or that now : God help us all." In this disposition he turned from the night, already in the dead stillness that precedes the first gleam of dawn, and went into the tent. Selma lay there, moaning in deep sleep ; he looked at her for a minute or two, then sought a distant corner of the tent and lay down also, but did not close his eyes.

The dawn had broke, but a few of the larger stars were yet in the sky, when the herdsman returned from his message, and with him Shebeeb. From this last Okeyl learnt every particular of Alkamah's story from first to last : how the lad, after being wounded and made prisoner in the Hejaz, had escaped thence and returned to Roweydah ; how his own family, hoping to cure him of his attachment for Selma, had attempted to convince him of her death, and for a while succeeded ; how after two years he had become aware that she was yet alive—only at this point of his tale

Shebeeb made no mention of the part he had taken in undeceiving his kinsman; how, knowing nothing as to Malik's daughter except that she had returned to her own land, they had set out in search of her, till they had come hither. But by what chance they had been led to look for her no longer in Nejran, but Yemamah, he did not say, nor would Okeyl, whatever thoughts may have crossed his mind, condescend to ask.

Was it, however, without some secret pleasure that Okeyl heard how much his rival had suffered? that recovery from the condition in which he now lay was hopeless? that his days, nay his hours, were numbered? To have wished it otherwise he must have been more than man, or less. Yet more fully perhaps, more bitterly than before, he felt, as Shebeeb proceeded in his recital, that his rival's death, however speedy, must needs come too late; that Selma as she had been could never more be his. Broken glass, broken troth, broken love: death, theirs or his, might sweep the fragments away, but could not mend them.

The sun was just rising when Selma awoke, pale and weak; she trembled as she stood up. Her husband took her in his arms, and kissed her—for the last time. "Come," he said. Shebeeb was waiting outside.

Closely veiled from head to foot, and supported between two of her maid-servants—for she tottered at every step, and without assistance must have fallen—she left the tent; and, never speaking a word or asking a question, unconscious seemingly of whither they were going or why, followed her husband. Shebeeb led the way. In this order they passed, without meeting any one, beyond the limits of the camp; crossed the valley, keeping at some distance from the village, till they reached the abrupt mountain foot, and entered a deep, winding gorge, which at last brought them to the lonely valley and cave, till then almost unknown and nameless: it received a name that day.

While these things were going on,

Alkamah had remained all that night in the heavy trance of fever and extreme weakness; asleep, though seeming to himself awake, and totally unaware either of the herdsman's second visit or of his own companion's movements, coming or going of evening, night, or morning. But in his sleep he was conscious, not of weariness or pain, but of an exquisite happiness; happiness such as his waking hours had not known for years—the fulness of love and life. Now he wandered with Selma under the green, transparent shade of a spring orchard, leaf and blossom, where birds sang sweet on the boughs around them, and cool crystal waters went flowing at their feet; her face was turned to him, a sweet girl's face, one smile; their talk was all of love. Then they were again together in another place, where he could not tell: it seemed a dwelling, yet there were neither walls nor roof, nor any bound; nothing was distinct, not even her form or face, nor movement, nor voice; only her presence encompassed him in great love and peace. This too passed, and he was alone, as in days long before, when a child in the quiet noonday solitude of his father's garden by the well; not a care in his mind, not an ache in his limbs, not a want in his heart, happy in the consciousness of youth without the sense of years; full of the life that is unlimited by within or around, beyond all distance or horizon, season or time. It had been his then, it was his once more; the life known to some, if not to many, in early boyhood, when the mind first realizes individuality, before the soul has yet divided itself by the later limitations of thought and act from the universe of which it is part; known more often when those limitations are vanishing away with the phase of existence to which they properly belong.

Thus passed the feverish hours of night, till the secret influences of the morning roused him from dreams to wakefulness, though not at once to any distinct idea; only he was aware of intense but by no means painful lassi-

tude, and of a carelessness of life such as he had never before experienced. Where he was, how he came to be there, what was to happen next, he felt no interest in; he did not even miss Shebeeb from the cave, or conjecture where he might have gone and on what errand. How quiet everything was! Perhaps he was already dead and buried. Could this be death? this the tomb? He could not have wished it otherwise. Then, in a flash of thought, the image of Selma returned, and with a pang like that of a half-drowned man when drawn out of the water and laid on the bank he returns to consciousness. Alkamah knew that he was still alive, and not yet free to die. One link, though only one, of the life-chain remained to break, but he felt that the touch of the hand which would seem to reunite it indissolubly with the past, would by that very act snap it for ever; that she, the angel of life, was also the appointed angel of death to him. The thought was comfort. So he lay there and waited, the fingers of one hand clasped over those of the other where the signet-ring had been, as if to assure that it was absent on its message now, and to prepare for replacing it when its work should be over, not to be removed again. It was otherwise ordained.

He would not, so dulled were his senses, have noticed or even heard the footsteps approaching the cavern, had there not been among them the tread for which he had so often in days gone by watched eagerly, as for the bringer of all his happiness; then it had been light, firm, and quick; now it was uncertain, slow, and faltering; but changed as that step was, and dying as were his own ears, they caught the sound and instantly recognized it; nothing short of actual death could have disguised it from them. With an instinctive effort, which would have been beyond whatever deliberate strength remained him, he half raised himself from the ground where he was lying; he would have risen and gone to meet her, but his feet and knees were paralyzed and powerless now. Leaning forward he strained his

dim gaze, fixed on the entrance of the cave.

It was darkened by the group without. Shebeeb, and Okeyl with him would have been the first to enter; but Selma, who during the way thither had appeared like one entranced, scarcely able to move but for the help of her maids, and every moment on the point of sinking down between them, now by a quick effort shook herself loose of them, threw aside her veil, and forced her way to the front. Self-respect, the presence of strangers, of her husband, present shame, after reproach, all had vanished, except the remorseful love that urged her on, regardless of everything besides. With a staggering eagerness that stumbled over its own haste, she went straight towards him who in that moment was all the world to her; the others astonished, awestruck even, stood aside: they felt they had no part nor right in such a meeting.

Alkamah strove once more to rise, but could not. He stretched out his arms to her as she came forward; his lips moved, but uttered no audible sound. "Alkamah! my love, I am here," said Selma, as she stooped over him. He caught her hands and gazed upwards earnestly, searchingly, into her face; then his own was transfigured by a smile that gave back all the radiance of youth and happy love; an instant more and the smile settled into fixed, peaceful calm, his eyes grew dark, his hold slackened, his head fell on her breast.

Terrified, despairing, "Alkamah, my love, my own!" she exclaimed, "look at me, speak to me but once—speak; say you have forgiven me." There was no voice nor answer from the dead; she fell beside him heavily on the cavern floor.

At first they thought that she too was dead, but it was not so. With care they lifted her up, carried her outside the cave, and laid her where the air blew cool in the mountain shadow; it was a long swoon, but in time she revived. Thus much they knew by her opening her eyes, but she soon closed them again,

and neither moved nor stirred, till after a while they brought her lover's dead body out of the cavern, and prepared to bury it in the sandy soil near the entrance. Then she sat up in her place; and while they arranged and wrapped the limbs and recited the last prayers that commended the dead to his Maker, she looked fixedly on with dry eyes that never flickered or turned aside, till the earth had closed over him whom she had thus seen again, after long separation, to die. When all was over, she hid her face in her hands and wept in silence. But soon she rose. "It has been," she said; and without a word more, or even turning back as she left the valley, she made sign to her maids to follow her, and unsupported returned with her husband to the tent.

There for three days she remained, never once leaving the dwelling, but constantly occupying herself in ordinary household duties, as if nothing had been. Nor did she during all that time make any allusion, either in word or manner, to what had happened; nor even, at least in the presence of others, once shed a tear. On the fourth morning she was gone. They missed her, but waited till noon; she did not return. Then they searched for her, first in the neighbouring tents, afterwards in the village and its gardens; she was not there. But towards evening they found her in the valley of the cave, stretched on the earth by Alkamah's grave, lifeless. The signet-ring was clasped in her hand.

"May God have mercy on her and on him; they were true lovers," said Okeyl, as the grave they dug for her side by side with that of Alkamah, hid for ever from him what he once had called his wife. "I loved her, and would have loved and cherished her to the end; but she was not mine, she never had been mine. She was his, and could not remain separated from him. It was the decree of God."

The event was soon known abroad; and the chiefs of Yemen, who showed every sign of sympathy with Okeyl, sought to retain him amongst them, and more than ever renewed their offers of family alliance. But Yemamah, with its reminiscences was insupportable to him, and before many weeks were over he had struck his tents and returned to his own country. There he married again, and his wife bore him many children. He loved them and her well; yet to the last he felt the longings of unavailing regret for her who, separated from him by more than death, united to another, shared, no more to part, the resting-place of Alkamah.

Shebeeb too left Yemamah a few days after his foster-brother's death, and retraced the path by which they had journeyed before. Reaching the hut where they had halted, he found it still standing, but open and deserted. Of its weird tenants, Jandeb and her mother, nothing was ever seen or heard again. He returned to Roweydah, and died there.

W. G. PALGRAVE.

SAFE.

SAFE ? the battle-field of life
 Seldom knows a pause in strife.
 Every path is set with snares,
 Every joy is crossed by cares.
 Brightest morn has darkest night,
 Fairest bloom has quickest blight.
 Hope has but a transient gleam,
 Love is but a passing dream,
 Trust is Folly's helpless waif.
 Who dare call their dearest safe ?

But thou, though peril loom afar,
 What hast thou to do with war ?
 Let the wild stream flood its brink,
 There's no bark of thine to sink.
 Let Falsehood weave its subtle net,
 Thou art done with vain regret.
 Let Fortune frown, and friends grow strange,
 Thou hast passed the doom of change.
 We plan and struggle, mourn and chafe—
 Safe, my Darling, dead, and safe !

S. K. P.

THE FOREIGN LOANS COMMITTEE.

THE Committee of the House of Commons appointed at the instance of Sir Henry James to investigate the methods by which the British public had been induced to risk their money in sundry foreign loans is unique in several respects. In the first place, as has been pointed out in various quarters, this is the only committee that has ever sat upon Stock Exchange affairs; secondly, it seems a committee without definite object in a legislative point of view; and, lastly, it is a committee that, in its present form, deals exclusively with what is usually subject matter for civil or criminal proceedings at law. In one word, its sole practical object seems to be to hold up to the public the ways and means of certain forms of swindling in the City, and the names of those that are supposed to have been the swindlers. Naturally an investigation of this sort is rather a difficult affair. At every turn some one's toes are trod upon, some one's character comes forth with what at least looks like an ugly smudge, and feelings accordingly are very keenly roused in many quarters to oppose the progress of the inquiry. We have heard a good deal about "lobbying" being resorted to in order to stop the torrent of strange narratives which the committee is giving to the world—a method of squashing investigation, which, in its ugly American sense of bribery, intimidation, and fraud, it was hoped was unknown here. Several attempts have been made by raising side issues in the House of Commons to stop the further progress of the inquiry, and the feeling is growing stronger in some quarters against the policy that led to its institution. There is truth in the grounds urged for that hostility, but in order to judge the question impartially, it is necessary to deal only with facts;

prejudices would inevitably be too strong for human judgment in a case like the present were one to allow feelings to have any voice in the decision.

Now there are a good many facts about the appointment of this committee which tell strongly in favour of the conclusion that it would have been better never to set it a-going; and which it is needful to review first, so that we may have due balance to those arguments that speak in favour of the inquiry.

First of all, to recur to the second point laid down above, this committee, to put it colloquially, "only washes dirty linen in public." It has, and can have, no ulterior legislative object, for you cannot pass an adulteration act that shall apply to "watered" or watery foreign stocks; nor can you lay down for those merchants and brokers who form the Stock Exchange, the rules by which they are to conduct their business. The sole legislative issue that the inquiry could have must lie in a suggestion that laws relating to fraud should be more stringent and more easily brought to bear upon the rascality which finds vent in lying prospectuses and Stock Market swindles; but that is an issue which relates to law reform in general, and therefore falls to be dealt with on a far broader basis than this one form of thieving and roguery could furnish. But this limitation of the scope of the committee has the direct effect of making its work wear superficially a most sinister aspect. Everybody who comes before it is, by the mere fact of his being summoned, stamped in a measure with the brand of rascality, just because the object of the committee seems merely to be to show up rascals. The investigating committee not being a broadly based one, taking up its subject for the purpose of mending in some

fashion the policy of the State, inevitably assumes the functions and task of a public prosecutor. Its function is to call the thieves before it to testify to the manner of their stealing; and, by a natural inference of the public, every man who testifies—be he rogue or not—is set down as one of the gang. This has a most unfortunate effect in two ways. (1.) It may hurt really innocent men who consent to be examined, and (2.) it also prevents the committee from reaching its true object, which is, I take it, not a legislative one, but one merely concerning the *modus operandi* of business. All evil doing finds its best profit in simulating what is good. This species of iniquity forms no exception in that respect. Hence the value of getting to the core of the question by an understanding of the process by which proceedings the most fraudulent have adopted the forms of an honest business and thriven therein. Possibly were that well seen, these forms could be mended; but the mere exposure of malpractices cannot make this point clear. So long, however, as an appearance before the committee is taken to mean participation in misdoing, it will be impossible to get that kind of testimony which would throw light on this most important side of the question. It is not enough that we know how the rogues do business—we must know how honest men do it too. For the latter object the narrow range of the committee's operations is most unfortunate.

And it is so also because of still another element which has done more to damage this inquiry in the estimation of City people than any other; and it is this—the whole of the loans which Sir Henry James specified in his motion are at this moment the subject of lawsuits, and it is plausibly urged that all that the committee is doing is to collect evidence in a rough and ready fashion, so that it may be easy for the suffering bond-holders to force restitution. I do not believe for a moment that such was the purpose of

Sir Henry James, nor do I think that there is the least ground in his behaviour over this affair for the complaint that he has misused information possessed by him as a counsel. All the facts which are known go to show that Sir Henry has acted with the utmost integrity all through; yet I cannot help joining in the regret that he did not endeavour either to do more when he was doing it, or, finding that impossible, resolve to do nothing. Probably his ignorance of what is technically called “business,” and of what the usages and history of the City were, led him to think that only a few loans, whose names had become prominently notorious, needed examination; but in that case he should have consulted persons able to tell him more than he knew. For his mistake has been most unfortunate in that it has given a leverage to those who object, from private reasons of much cogency, to the further progress of this investigation. His inquiry looks superficially just what it is the interest of many people to describe it as being; and these, by their noisy lamentations, may succeed in some degree in transferring to themselves, should they feel unpleasant after-consequences from the exposure, some of the gushing sympathy now apparently so readily bestowed by the vulgar of all classes on the more blatant kind of knavery. The delicacy of the subject chosen for investigation; the shades of participation which in a society so mixed as that of the City is, make it in some cases impossible to say that a man is morally guilty, although his deeds may have been here and there questionable; the necessity for being removed from any imputation of pandering to the demands of a clamorous few—these, and many other considerations should have made the formation of this committee a most carefully considered thing, and have caused the objects of its creation to be most carefully chosen. The few loan swindles which it was set to expose are comparatively insignificant. Many greater examples of evil doing might probably be found in

the City than that which attaches to the loans of Costa Rica, for instance; while there can be no doubt that a thorough examination of the manner in which a few loans for states still bearing some reputation of solvency have been raised would reveal more as to business ways, and show more of the evils which beset loan concocting, than even the story of Honduras with its mahogany forests, its "ship railway," and its gangs of low vagabonds, who for a brief period played the vulture upon the credulous rich, or, and that is sadder to think of, on the people of pinched incomes whom the high interest drew into investing their all. There are countries, too, which have suffered and suffer now from the loads of debt which have been laid on their backs as no South American republic has ever suffered—nations as hopelessly in the grip of the ruthless usurer as ever a spendthrift heir—and ought not these to be considered? England, as a great state, owes a duty to oppressed debtors, if her children are the oppressors, as well as to ruined creditors; and, if judging at all, ought to take steps to judge impartially between them. Why should these other questionable practices be passed by then, and only one or two small samples of loans which have gone into utter collapse paraded before the world? The selection should have been wide, embracing good loans and bad loans, and thus the committee would have assumed a dignified position before the world, as it would have done a much higher work than it is now doing. The motion which was to have been made by Mr. Barclay on the 20th of April was conceived in the spirit which should have guided the labours of the committee from the first, but it was perhaps on the whole as well that he did not pursue it to an issue. All that he could have done, supposing his motion carried, would have been to add one or two more loans to the list of the committee, and that would not have done much good unless the attitude and purpose of the committee itself had

been changed by a much more radical revision of its line of duty. There have been indications since then, moreover, that the committee intended tacitly to assume broader functions; the evidence of Mr. Lionel Cohen being refused on April 22, on the ground that general evidence would be taken after the evidence on particular loans. That shows some determination to travel beyond the original intention of Sir Henry James, and is a good sign, only that the basis on which the general evidence is taken will still be too narrow.

It will be seen, however, that the objections I raise thus in a brief summary, and which are those in the mouths of some influential sections of the public, are all secondary to the main inquiry, which must now be put. Was this committee in any sense justifiable? Animadversions on these secondary questions do not, in fact, touch this point, and it is a mistake altogether to confound the one issue with the other. The objections may be many to the manner in which a thing is done, and yet that thing remain worth doing. Putting all due weight upon these objections, then, I must still hold that they do not amount to anything like proof that this inquiry was in itself either inexpedient or unjustifiable. It is all very well, and in a sense very true, to say that the deluded public have a remedy for their grievances in the ordinary courts of law, and to say also that these things should not be dragged before an extemporised committee like this, possessed of certain extra-legal powers that lead to nothing. The ordinary courts of law are, however, inaccessible to at least half of those who have suffered most heavily by these swindles, and the other half cannot be got to act together with sufficient resolution, partly because of apathy, and partly from the feeling that it is almost a toss up whether they gain anything if they do go to law. If we catch an ordinary thief his punishment is easy, but stealing by the million is so gigantic

an affair that the common mind is overpowered, and cannot see either the guilt or the motives for it in a criminal light at all. So, when wholesale stealers of this kind are hauled before a jury, the jury are apt not to agree on a verdict. Moreover, what is the end of law proceedings in such cases? To punish the offenders or to get restitution? If the first, Where is the philanthropy that is going to stand the cost for the public good? Fleeced bondholders are not to be expected to throw good money after bad out of pure patriotism and brotherly love. If the second, How can any one know whether the money can be got back again upon the judgment of the court, supposing it given in favour of the plaintiffs? Rogues win money, and they also lose money, for many of them are fools as much as rogues, and those that are not may fail from over astuteness; and what use would a barren decree against such people be, supposing they had gambled all their gains away, as some of the gentry connected with the San Domingo imposition are on good authority said to have done? Looked at without prejudice it will be seen that there is seldom adequate motive to pursue rascality in one's private capacity for such objects. I heard but the other day, for example, of a case where a fraudulent bankruptcy of a public company was concerned. By the bankruptcy all creditors of the estate were defrauded, and the business passed into private hands, who ignored the creditors altogether. Some of the latter clubbed together and dragged the estate into the Court of Chancery, on public grounds, and got no redress. They had, however, the melancholy satisfaction of paying all law costs for the public good. The case would be the same in regard to foreign loans, and indeed only quite recently the Master of the Rolls gave judgment in a suit brought against some Bolivian agents, contractors, or concessionaires, by the bondholders to have their money returned to them because the objects for

which it was borrowed were not accomplished. The contract under which the money had been procured had been utterly fallacious in fact, yet judgment went against the lenders, and they were practically told that it was no business of theirs what was done with the money, no matter on what understanding they had lent it. They could not touch it and yet other parties could not touch it, and it now hangs as it were in the air. So is it all round; partly because on many points raised in such suits we have practically no law at all, only judicial rulings made by men, not one in a thousand of whom has ever understood "business" in its City sense. Nothing is easier than for an acute business man to bamboozle the lawyers. But because that is so, are the few daring rascals, who creep in amongst honest men of business, to continue to rob us? Surely not. They ought to be reached somehow, and probably the very best way to reach them is to so expose their peculiar doings out of their own mouths, that it shall be an education to the public, and a warning for the future. These men practised upon human ignorance, but let the world once know what their tricks have been, and their occupation will, it is hoped, henceforth be gone. For this education nothing could be a better agency than a public parliamentary committee, and with all its drawbacks, I must believe that the exposure which such a committee is now giving is doing great good. There is no sound honest business which will suffer from it ultimately; and painful though the process be, even business men themselves may learn something from the revelation, and that too in spite of its one-sided character. No class in the community has hitherto been so exempt from public scrutiny as City financiers and Stock Exchange men, and it may well be that some practices have grown up with, and become engrafted on, their modes of doing business, which will not bear the light of day, but with which long use has made

them so familiar as to blind men to their true meaning. City men, too, are so protected by the loose character of the English law of libel that the press cannot—however much it would—say a tithe of what may often be necessary in preventing fraud. You may abuse Her Majesty's Government, but the "City" is sacred; the "City" can pay for silence, if need be, as well as coerce refractory critics by methods of its own, and by legal terrors that are all the greater for being undefined. It may do good, therefore, that the City should see its customs brought to the scrutiny of the public by the revelations of even the bad amongst its own people; and if this investigation could be but widened in its scope so as to include the sheep with the goats—so as to be a statesmanlike thing—it could not fail to be very valuable, not merely to the British investor, who is often something of a greedy person, intent upon usurious returns upon his capital, and therefore not much deserving of pity when he does follow the false lure, but to foreign States—to borrowers all over the world, as well as to lenders here. How poor borrowers suffer, one fact will show as well as volumes. Turkey brought out a loan for 18,000,000*l.* last year, bearing interest at 5 per cent, and at the price of 43½ net. The net amount of the loan would therefore be about 7,800,000*l.*, and of that Turkey got at the outside probably not more than 5,000,000*l.* But of that sum I question if one-half was available for "reproduction purposes." The bulk was swallowed up by the money-lenders, who have helped Turkey always with their private moneys at exorbitant interest for a short time, and then, when they had no more to lend or were gorged with unnegotiable paper, launched a new loan at a price to the public that left them plenty of commission beyond the Government price—thus transferring their private risks to the public in a fashion which was highly profitable to themselves certainly, but to no one else. How are these things done? Has England no interest

in keeping her fair name unstained by those of persons who participate in laying burdens like these upon the miserable people of other empires? At the above rate Turkey would pay from 25 to 30 per cent for this money per annum, and pay it literally for nothing, except to keep the financiers' game going until the life-blood of the people had been drained dry. When that is accomplished these men will mount and fly, leaving borrowers and lenders alike to mourn together over their common ruin. It would at once elevate the tone of these investigations, and give them a definite purpose for good, visible to all men, were the committee to look into such instances of gross usury, in the interests of those who are not her citizens, but in whose welfare she cannot but have a high stake nevertheless. Depend upon it the reckoning day must come for much of that iniquitous financing whereby nations have been crushed to the very earth, and it is at once a petty and an impolitic thing to confine the labours of a dignified body like a Committee of the House of Commons to what may be called a few examples of private plundering, when there are so many of greater public moment and involving higher crime, but in regard to which the pocket of the British investor has not yet felt the squeeze, because some life still remains among the primitive races whom his money has ruined, and some honesty too.

The whole subject may be briefly summed up then, in this: That there are many weak points in the constitution of the committee, and that it has too narrow an object in view; but at the same time there is so very much that wants looking into in the principles of the borrowing and lending which goes on in the City, that the public have reason to be thankful when even the least light is suffered to reach them. The ways of the City are a sealed book no longer, and if the revelation be only garbled and partial, it is not on that account to be utterly rejected. Better

let us be thankful for what we have got, for it might well have been, that had more been attempted we would have obtained less. The many objections which can be reasonably or plausibly urged against the mode and scope of this inquiry do not suffice to procure its utter condemnation so long as it can be reasonably believed that something has been done to render the English public less credulous and more cautious. It rests with them after all, in the long run, to put down this

sinister trade, and if they do not lay themselves open to the lures of the financial necromancer as easily as heretofore, the City will be easily purified.

Something will therefore be gained in the meantime by the tales given to the world, "sworn lies" though not a little of them may be ; and perhaps on another opportunity Parliament may enter upon that wider inquiry which concerns the fate of toiling millions in foreign lands with stronger popular support than it could hope for now.

W.



MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1875.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

V.—THE SPERIMENTO.

It does not seem within the reach of human possibility that any man who ventures to put all his being and happiness on the cast, in the hope of regenerating, be it his country, be it his class, be it—greater and more desperate enterprise still—the world and the human race, should come to any but a tragical ending. Even in the softened manners of these later ages, when violent persecution has gone out of fashion, the reformer has rare fortune indeed whose heart and hope has not died in him before life does, and whose period of triumph is anything but brief. Savonarola's reign of genius and spiritual purity was short, but it was for some time almost absolute, a heavenly despotism, perfect in its motives, grand in all its aims; yet, as we have already said, impossible, a thing contradicted by every principle of ordinary humanity, and too exceptional even to be safe, though higher in all its intentions and most of its results than those governments which are practicable. So long as it lasted, immorality and luxury were out of fashion in Florence, the vileness which calls itself pleasure was paralyzed, and immodesty and impurity scared into corners out of sight. Nor were the more violent sins of the time less discountenanced. Savonarola in his own person was the National Guard, the police, the civic protector of the place. For the first time in history

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the revolution which changed the government of Florence was unattended by massacre or, in any but one instance, by confiscation. The streets were safe, the populace quiet, notwithstanding the high strain of excitement in which, with so many dangers threatening, they must have lived. Instead of indulging that excitement in the much more usual and congenial task of sack-ing a palace, the men of Florence were hurried to the Duomo, where the fervid and splendid eloquence of the Friar gave that stimulus to mind and heart which has always to be supplied somehow, and which, in most cases, the crowd finds for itself in less satisfactory ways. His words were their wine, his eloquence their theatre. He communicated to them that high and fine intoxication or enthusiasm and feeling, which, when it does take hold of the crowd, drives lower and grosser excitements out of court. Unfortunately it is the excitement itself, not the noble objects of it, that lays strongest hold upon the crowd; and it is at all times easier to be a Piagnone, a Puritan, a member of a party, than it is to love God and deny one's self. And as every one of these exciting and magnificent addresses insisted upon justice, peace, charity, and purity, the Millennium itself must have arrived in Florence in the end of the fifteenth century, had that great voice continued dominant, as it was for a time. This could not be. Savonarola had his

close and devoted circle of true followers, men of like nature with himself, the religious minds and pure hearts which happily exist in greater or smaller number at all times. He had beyond these the large mass of his party, people religiously affected by his preaching, and so far moved by intense faith in him as to make many personal sacrifices under his influence, and range themselves wholly on his side. A larger circle still, so large at one time as to embrace all that was noble and patriotic in Florence, held by him politically, feeling his great influence, always nobly exerted, to be the salvation of the city. This vast outer circle—too multitudinous to be ever made into a religious party, often caring nothing for religion, and made up of persons who, but for their strong sense of the necessities of Florence, and the use of the Friar to keep order, and sway the masses in the right direction, would have been naturally the opponents of the great religious reformer—was the cause at once of his absolute triumph and of his ruin. They used him, for purposes not ignoble, and willingly made of him their bulwark against Piero dei Medici, their old tyrant, against the new tyrants whom a *parlamento* might have saddled them with, and against anarchy and internal tumult. But his prophetic threatenings were folly to them, his purity distasteful, his piety superstition. When he said "Be free," they cheered him to the echo; when he said "Be pure," the effect was very different. Now here, now there, at that point and at this, these supporters fell off from him, joined the ranks of his enemies, among whom, but for patriotism, they would always have found a more congenial place; and gradually—the tide ebbing ever more and more as the momentary impulse towards a reformation of manners, by which the whole city had been superficially affected, died away—left the prophet, who had once felt himself almost the prime minister of a theocracy, in the shrunken position of the leader of a religious party. It had been premature, alas! though a heavenly delusion, that great shout

which all the noble Tuscan walls had seemed to echo, *Viva Gesù Cristo nostro Re!* Jesus Christ was not yet to be King of Florence, any more than of other fleshly kingdoms; and Savonarola, after he had accomplished his divine and unrewarded drudgery, and freed Florence and tamed her, for the use of all these magnificent Signori, dropped back into the Prior of San Marco, the head of the Piagnoni, the religious leader against whom the world, the flesh, and the devil, silenced and crushed for a moment, had now once more risen up in free fight.

It is the fashion nowadays to make speculative studies of the unrevealed sensations of men whose lives are long over, and to decide how they thought and felt, with authority, as if distance lent not enchantment, but distinctness to the mental vision. We pique ourselves upon being more impartial than the contemporaries, who either hated the man and abused him, or loved him, and could see no evil in him. It is our high privilege to be able to see how good he was, and yet that he was not good, at the same moment; but this privilege, like all others, has its disadvantages. If the contemporary sees too close, and is too ready to form a superficial judgment from facts alone, we are too ready to rely upon our theories of human nature, and our supposed superior insight into the workings of the mind, as giving an entirely new colour and meaning to these facts; and nothing, I think, is more general in history and criticism, than the confusion which arises from our refusal to accept the simpler interpretation of a great man's character, and the pains we give ourselves to find every person "complex," and every important event full of "complications." To be singleminded, once one of the highest commendations possible, has ceased to appear sublime enough for the imagination, which demands a labyrinth of conflicting motives, through which it can have the satisfaction of picking its enlightened way. The meaner pleasure with which the ordinary observer often exerts himself to lessen a heroic figure, and show how a great purpose may be brought

down by dilutions of small motives, is perhaps more general still; but this latter is not a sentiment upon which it is agreeable to dwell. The later historians—who, without any such miserable intention, but rather with the desire, we may suppose, of explaining to themselves a character so singularly swayed and guided by faith in the unseen, have taken up the idea that Savonarola was largely moved by love of power, and that a determination to be himself the greatest influence in Florence was more strong within him than even his desire to save Florence, though that was great—do but repeat what all his contemporary accusers, by every diabolical means in their power, attempted to prove, but without much success. By delirious words wrung from the lips of a sufferer in torture, and by falsified records, forged processes, and signatures fraudulently obtained, the Florentine Signory, in the end of the fifteenth century, tried very hard to make out that the Prophet, who had swayed all Florence for years, was not only a false prophet, but one who had pretended to possess prophetic gifts, for his own selfish advancement perhaps, or at least for “pride and vain glory.” Savonarola’s modern accusers do not go so far, neither do they use such discreditable means; but the foregone conclusion that it is impossible for any man to have believed as he did, and to have acted simply and vehemently (as his nature was) on that belief, lies behind all their endeavours to introduce some strain of lesser motive into his impassioned soul.

It is not my business to explain how such a man, in the full plenitude of his genius, should be able to believe devoutly and with his whole soul in miracles, in spiritual communications to himself or others, in visible interpositions of Divine power, and a perpetual supernatural intervention in the affairs of the world. All the influences of his age favoured his belief, and the greater part of his contemporaries fully shared it; yet these facts are not necessary, it seems to me,

to make that faith fully credible, however incomprehensible. Five hundred years later, in the nineteenth century, Edward Irving, a man of kindred mind, believed as fervently, as undoubtingly, as Savonarola, looked for miracles as he did, and believed in miraculous occurrences which (he thought) proved the justice of his faith. Irving has been explained, like Savonarola, and even in a less worthy way. We have been told that mere vanity, and a mad desire for popular favour, moved the one, just as we are told that love of power actuated the other. These lower qualities are supposed to supply the interpretation of their characters, the *fin mot* of the enigma, the solution of all that is mysterious and unlike other men in them; while at the same time they provide that “complexity” in which modern imagination delights. For my part, I cannot but think that the simpler view is not only much truer, but far more helpful to us in our endeavours to understand such men. The moment we can believe and realize that all they said was to themselves absolutely true, that their faith was what they describe it to be, that their hopes, expectations, and motives, were such as they constantly and unvaryingly profess—their complexity of character may indeed suffer, but they themselves become infinitely more comprehensible. The number of such men is few, and their fate is seldom encouraging to any who should, of set purpose, take up the mantle as it falls from their shoulders. Such a one as Francis of Assisi, simpler soul in a simpler age, might indeed receive his tokens of God’s supreme love in some mysterious way, which words cannot explain, and die of the glory and of the joy of it, happier than his successors, leaving a wondering confused crowd to give what account they could of the miracle. But not such is the lot of later prophets. Girolamo Savonarola in 1498, and Edward Irving in 1832, both died disappointed, looking vainly, straining wistful eyes to the last for a miracle which never came. Are they shamed in their pathetic trust because they are disappointed?

Surely no. The rash charlatan who casts off his God altogether, and all the bonds of belief, when his expected miracle fails him, may invite the imputation of low motives and self-love at the bottom of his preceding enthusiasm. But those great servants of God, who do their work for nought; who, looking for miraculous acknowledgment get none, yet stand fast and faithful though humiliated; who are dumb, opening not their mouths, because He has done it, yet in the depths of their hearts cannot tell why; seem to me in their defeat and downfall to have as deep a claim upon human sympathy as ever was put forth by fallen hero or discrowned conqueror. On the contrary, instead of comprehending the profound and tragic pathos of their disappointment, history half exults over it, as a fitting recompense for their unfounded pretensions, and the setting down of their spiritual pride. Ungenerous and ignoble judgment! More wonderful than Savonarola himself is the human sentiment which can sigh over a potter's frantic attempts to get from Nature a glaze for his hideous lizards, yet stand unmoved at the sight of the Prophet's struggle and agony to have his higher work acknowledged by his Master, and of that sublime disappointment which never at its deepest falls one step from its faith.

At the same time we lay claim to no unnatural perfection for Savonarola. He had no doubt many of the prejudices of his time, and was coloured by it as all men are. Besides the vague insinuations as to love of power, &c., which are freely hazarded against him, one act of his life has been cited as a proof of his inferiority to his own high standard, and determination to clear rivals out of his path. This one event is the execution of Bernardo del Nero and his four companions, found guilty of scheming for the restoration of Piero dei Medici—an event which Savonarola is not represented, even by his enemies, as having endeavoured to bring about, but simply as not interfering to prevent. According to all the various histories this execution was demanded by the people with abso-

lute fury. Bernardo del Nero was an old man, and of high character, but he had been a partizan of the Medici all his life, and after their expulsion, while holding the highest public office in a republic frantically afraid of, and opposed to the Medici, he allowed himself to be drawn into a conspiracy for bringing them back. Such an attempt (when unsuccessful) can be considered as nothing but high treason, and has everywhere and in all circumstances ensured the severest punishment. Savonarola had been the constant and persevering opponent of the Medici since his first appearance in Florence. He had resisted the blandishments, the threats, and even the last appeal of the great Lorenzo, and no toleration for the race had ever subdued his vehement, almost violent, condemnation of their usurped position in Florence. It was the fear that anarchy and misgovernment might bring them back with their *parlamentos* and disguised tyranny that drove him to take the part he did in politics. So early as October, 1495, about the time when the government of Florence was resettled after the expulsion of the Medici, he himself from the pulpit denounced all who should endeavour to reestablish despotism in the city as worthy of death, and recommended that the same punishment should be accorded to them as the Romans gave to those who desired to bring back Tarquin. It seems hard to see, after this, why he should have interfered to deliver Bernardo del Nero and his companions. At the time of their condemnation he was no longer the powerful leader he had been. He had shrunk, as I have said, from the spiritual ruler of Florence to be the head of the Piagnoni, and it would have required an exertion of personal influence much greater than that word from the pulpit, which a few years before had swayed the city, to do anything effectual for the help of the condemned; indeed he had retired from the pulpit altogether, and was shut up in San Marco, silent and excommunicated. These, however, are secondary points in consideration with the fact that we have no right to suppose

Savonarola wished to interfere on their behalf. Except on the vague general principle of humanity—a principle unknown to his age, and of very doubtful advantage to the world at any period—I cannot see why he should have interfered. The men were enemies to all he thought best for Florence; emissaries of her tyrant, plotters for her enslavement. His sole reason for pleading for them must have been that they were his personal enemies. This reason of course is what may be called the sentimentally Christian one—evangelical to the letter. But I cannot see why Savonarola should have done anything which he believed injurious to his adopted country for the selfish and personal reason that these men were his enemies, any more than he would have been justified in saving an enemy of Florence because he was his friend. Friend or enemy had little to do with the question. They were universally condemned by Florence, their existence was a danger to Florence; and there is not the slightest evidence anywhere that Savonarola's opinion was different from that of the city, or that he wished to interfere.

This event took place in 1497. He had reached the climax of his greatness in 1495, when the Consiglio Maggiore was appointed by his advice, and the entire fate of the city seemed to hang upon his will. For the moment Florence was unanimous, and the first sketch of her new laws and free institutions came from the pulpit in the Duomo, where wooden galleries were raised from the floor to the roof, and every inch of the solemn area was filled up with eager listeners. In the same year the pope wrote to him with specious protestations of regard, inviting him to Rome in order to derive instruction from his prophetic teaching; and a cardinal's hat was offered to the preacher whose name and fame had already spread over Italy. Burlamacchi tells the following characteristic story of the manner in which the pope's attention was drawn to Savonarola:—

“He had preached a very terrible and alarming sermon, which being written

down verbally was sent to the pope. And he, indignant, called a bishop of the same order, a very learned man, and said to him—‘Answer this sermon, for I wish you to maintain the contest against this friar.’ The bishop answered, ‘Holy father, I will do so; but I must have the means of answering him in order to overcome him.’ ‘What means?’ said the pope. The bishop replied, ‘This friar says that we ought not to have concubines or to encourage simony. And he says the truth. What am I to answer to that?’ Then the pope replied, ‘What has he to do with it?’ The bishop answered, ‘Reward him and make a friend of him; honour him with the red hat, that he may give up prophesying and retract what he has said.’ This advice pleased the pope, and after he had conferred with the protector of the order, he determined to follow it, and sent to Florence Messer Lodovico da Finara, an excellent man, master of the sacred palace, with orders first to dispute with the friar, and if he could not overcome him to offer him, from the pope, the position of cardinal if he would give up his prophesying. And so it was done: for the priest aforesaid came secretly to Florence, and went to the preaching, when it pleased God that he was discovered and recognized by a Florentine merchant who had confessed to him in Rome. This merchant immediately informed Fra Girolamo, who sent for the priest and received him in the convent with great kindness, arguing with him for three days. As Messer Lodovico, however, found that he could not overcome, he at last said to him, ‘His Holiness has heard of your goodness and wisdom, and wishes to give you the dignity of a cardinal, provided you will go no further in predicting things to come.’ To which the padre answered, ‘God forbid! God forbid! that I should refuse the mission and embassy of my Lord; but come to the preaching tomorrow and I will give you your answer.’ And on the following morning he ascended the pulpit with great impetuosity of spirit, and, confirming everything he had before prophesied, said, ‘I want no other

red hat but that of martyrdom, reddened by my own blood.' Which things Messer Ludovico hearing, carried to the Pope: and he, awe-stricken, declared that this could not but be a great servant of God, marvelling much, and struck dumb by his constancy and firmness, and adding, 'Let no one speak of him to me more, either for good or evil.'"

The pope, however, was not a man to remain "spaventoso" or "stupendo." He was that Roderigo Borgia, father of Caesar Borgia and Lucretia, the highest impersonation of mediæval crime and corruption, whose name outweighs that of many innocent or worthy popes, and is a perpetual reproach to the Church and hierarchy bought and polluted by him. During the years that followed he made repeated attempts to get this preacher—whose very existence shamed him, and who from the first day of his work till now had never ceased to denounce the sins of the clergy—into his hands. The conflict between them continued with many vicissitudes for three years—years so full of tumult and of labour, and so rife with great events, that it is almost incredible that they should have been so few. When the constantly changing Signory of Florence was of Savonarola's party, their ambassador at Rome fought fiercely in his favour, labouring to modify the angry letters and hinder the excommunication which was about to be launched against him. When the Signory were of the party called Arrabbiati, they did all they could on the contrary with the concurrence of the pope, to silence the great voice, now broken with sickness, weariness, and disappointment which once had been omnipotent in Florence—until now and then the tumult of factions became too much for them, and they too were compelled to resort to his help to calm the city. In June, 1497, the excommunication long threatened was at last launched against him, and formally published in the cathedral. Savonarola obeyed it for a time; he retired into his convent, closed his eloquent lips, and withdrew himself as much as such a man could from the

outer world, occupying himself with his writings, which seemed for the moment his only way of communicating with the great flock outside of San Marco which he once led like a shepherd. This was the moment in which had he been a Luther, his Protestantism would have developed; but such was not the turn of his mind. It did not occur to him to doubt the institutions of his Church, or to question her authority. The question that arose within him, taking form and force as time went on, was of a different yet very natural kind. Alexander VI. was a monster of iniquity. He had purchased the popedom by gold as much as any merchant ever bought wool or silk; he was not therefore true pope at all, but a monstrous usurper and pretended pope, having no real authority over the consciences of the faithful. I do not pretend to decide whether mere difference of race is enough to explain why this partial and limited view of the question was the one which struck the Italian. In all races, I suppose, there will be some, who, loyal to the theory of absolute obedience will gladly take refuge in an accidental circumstance which excuses their rebellion; and it cannot be said that Savonarola was not justified by every law both of nations and the Church, in objecting to the foul Borgia who had purchased his office. No doubt it cast a gleam of sombre hope upon his confinement to think that it still might be possible to get free of this contaminated sway without any outward insubordination against constituted authority, or anything like that rending of the beautiful robe of the Church which to so many in all ages has been the sorest of misfortunes as well as the darkest of sins. Whether Savonarola was wrong in this according to the strictest rule of the Catholic Church I doubt much—but he certainly was right in reason. He was not in any way prepared to discuss the question whether there should or should not be a pope at all, but surely the most loyal believer in the popedom may object to a

bad pope, a simoniacally-appointed pope, upon whose claims to the office there could not be two opinions. With the modern historian who exultingly condemns him on the ground at present so much debated, that obedience to the pope means something absolute, quite irrespective of the nature of the commands given; and the anxious monastic biographer who reluctantly condemns him as exceeding the limits of lawful resistance, I have equally little sympathy. The better Catholic he was, the more he was justified in all and any endeavour to cleanse Christendom of the intruder, the false shepherd in the fold, who lived only to ravage and rob and devour.

There would seem to be little doubt that this conviction grew upon Savonarola's mind during the six months of silence to which he submitted in obedience to the sentence of excommunication—and that gradually, as this weary time of silence passed over his head, the tedium worked upon him, making every argument on this point more telling, and deepening a hundred-fold his sense of the incapacity of the unworthy pope to judge him. On Christmas Day '98, he could refrain no longer, and in his own convent he opened his lips once more, addressing "a vast multitude of people" after the celebration of a solemn mass. Encouraged by this first step, and stimulated by the growing disorder and anarchy in Florence—which many still believed Savonarola could put down, as he had put them down before,—his friends re-erected the wooden galleries in the Duomo, and so influenced the Signory that they themselves requested him to preach; which he did accordingly. The sermons which he preached at this time, however, though not less splendid in their eloquence than of old, have changed their character. They are occupied chiefly with this question of the excommunication, examining it with much skill and subtilty indeed, but with that less elevated strain which seems inevitable when a man descends from the great things of God to ques-

tions which concern himself. To prove that his own condemnation was invalid the friar went further than that ground of the wrongly-appointed and unworthy pope, on which he was safe enough, and following out his subject, declared that an act so evidently contrary to charity could not be right, and that the potentate, prince, or pope, who acted contrary to Christian teaching was consequently without Christ and therefore without authority; and vaguely threatened to "turn a key"—to bring down summary vengeance upon a corrupt Church. It seems somewhat doubtful to make out what he meant by this: whether he expected some external miracle to justify him among all his enemies, and prove God's will beyond dispute—to him, no doubt, as to his age, a not unreasonable expectation; or whether the active effort which we find him some time after engaged in, to have a General Council of the Church called together, was in his mind. These sermons, however, though wonderful in their force and impassioned eloquence, may well be less attractive to the modern reader than his former preaching. The sense of wrong is in them, the personal strain of attack and defence, the vehemence natural to a man who felt for the first time his own position assailable, and was compelled to think of himself. Perhaps a certain fainting of heart and the melancholy irritability and impatience of weariness and discouragement contributed to give this harsher and shriller tone to all he says. No doubt his great and generous soul was impatient to be thus forced out of his high work and mission into those meaner arts of self-defence.

The rest of Savonarola's life might almost be told in a few great pictures. He preached but once in the Cathedral at the request of the Signory, on Septuagesima Sunday; but perceiving that, as Burlamacchi tells us, "every day raised some new sedition against him, it appeared to him better to give way to wrath; and therefore he retired to San Marco, where he preached only to men, sending away the women, on account of the small size

of the church, but reserving Saturday for them, that they might not be altogether discontented." At the end of one of his sermons he announced that on the first day of the carnival, he would, if any of his adversaries would dare the experiment along with him, appear in some public place, holding the Sacrament in his hand, and appeal to God by solemn prayer to send fire from heaven and burn up him—whether himself or his antagonist—who was in the false way. This ordeal seems simple enough to have called forth a champion on the other side; but no one answered the appeal. Savonarola, however, kept his word. On the first day of the carnival, according to Burlamacchi (Villari says the last), after a solemn mass in San Marco, he came out of the church in his priest's robes, carrying the Sacrament, and ascended the pulpit, which had been raised in the square outside. The Piazza of San Marco is a very ordinary square now—a-days, planted with a few commonplace bushes and modest bit of turf; but how strange must have been its aspect on that spring morning, "filled with many thousands of men," through whom came the procession of monks, surrounding their Prophet. For half an hour the whole vast multitude was still, praying for the reply from Heaven. Savonarola made them no eloquent address—the day of his great preachings was over—and one cannot but feel that something like despair in his heart must have been the cause of this pathetic endeavour to call forth an answer from God. All that he said was simple enough. "If I have said anything to you, citizens of Florence, in the name of God, which was not true; if the apostolical censure pronounced against me is valid; if I have deceived any one—pray to God that He will send fire from heaven upon me and consume me in presence of the people; and I pray our Lord God, Three in One, whose body I hold in this blessed Sacrament, to send death to me in this place if I have not preached the truth." Then for half an hour there was silence, except from the rustle of

the multitude, which knelt around. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more striking scene. The people prayed and waited, filling the square to its furthest corner; the monks round the pulpit, upon the steps of their church, with deeper anxiety or more certain triumph, knelt in the same solemn appeal. Above them all, raised so that every one could see him, stood the Prophet, his rugged and homely but inspired countenance raised to heaven, his pyx in his hands. And no fire came from the blue Italian sky, shining over them, in that serene calm of nature which stupefies with its tranquillity the eager restless soul, looking in vain for an answering and visible God.¹ When the solemn half hour was done the Prophet and his monks went back, chanting a *Te Deum*, to their cloisters. Was he satisfied with that success, which was simply a negation? Who can tell? We have no right to form imaginations of our own on such a subject; yet it is hard not to suppose that the very fire from heaven, which he invoked, would have been a relief to the terrible tension of mind with which such a man strains his soul upwards, gazing and longing for that word of acknowledgment, that touch of comfort, which never comes. But faith was more strenuous and robust in those days, and perhaps Savonarola was as triumphant as the simpler souls about him, who threw all their excitement into their *Te Deum*, and had no troublesome thoughts behind.

This incident must have happened in the end of February or beginning of March, and we are told that Savonarola invited his adversaries, especially the Franciscans, to another very curious ordeal. He proposed that they should go with him to a cemetery, and there attempt to raise one of the dead. The

¹ The reader will remember the beautiful description of this scene in "Romola," to which fine picture the present narrative of necessity approaches so near as to provoke a dangerous comparison. The incident of the sudden sunbeam, which George Eliot introduces with so much effect, is not noted by Burlamacchi, from whom chiefly this account is taken.

young Pico della Mirandola, who afterwards wrote the life of Fra Girolamo, and was one of his devoted disciples, even went so far as to propose that his uncle Giovanni, who had been buried not long before in San Marco, should be the object of the experiment; which, indeed, chimes in with the suggestion of certain recent scientific writers in a remarkable way. Savonarola's faith was strong enough, it is evident, to have invited all the safeguards of scientific scrutiny which would satisfy even Professors Huxley and Tyndall. This challenge too, remained unanswered; but it is scarcely wonderful that it should have called forth another challenge, made in anything but good faith, a short time after, when the famous ordeal by fire was proposed, and eagerly taken up by the party which, in any public tumult which might arise, hoped to find means of putting the dangerous Frate out of their way. In this case it was the Franciscans who were the challengers. Whether it was from a perception of the bad faith of his adversaries—who, as the event proved, had no intention whatever of jeopardizing themselves in the more fatal trial they proposed, but only to deliver over their Dominican rivals to the fury of a disappointed mob—or for some less satisfactory reason, the fact is apparent that Savonarola set his face resolutely against this "Sperimento." It was not himself, but his devoted brother and retainer, Fra Domenico, who was originally challenged, and no bridegroom on his marriage morning was ever more ready than was Domenico—one of those simple heroes whose faith knows no faltering, and whose nerves and courage are as manly and steadfast as their conviction is beyond the reach of doubt. When, however, the Franciscan, Fra Francesco di Puglia, found his challenge accepted with delighted eagerness by Domenico, he attempted to transfer it to Fra Girolamo himself, and declared that he would only risk the ordeal from which he had no hope of escaping alive in company with the Prophet, willing to accept martyrdom as the price of uncloaking the false pretensions of the

excommunicated priest, but not for any lesser end.

I am at a loss to understand why Savonarola refused this ordeal. Nothing could be more natural than that his good sense should have seen its vanity; but yet, as he had already suggested other miraculous experiments, it is almost impossible to believe that this was his sole reason. Perhaps he considered the question already settled by that appeal to God in the Piazza of San Marco; perhaps he perceived the falseness of the proposal altogether; but in any case his repugnance to the ordeal is remarkable. Everything he himself says on the subject, and everything his biographer says, is perfectly reasonable. When he tells us that he has too many great works in hand to lose his time in such miserable contests; when he bids his enemies first answer his arguments in respect to the excommunication, and that then it will be time enough to prove its justice by fire; we agree with every word, and feel something of the indignant impatience which might very naturally move him. But all that he says in respect to the Franciscan challenge applies equally well to his own; and the difference between entering the fire with one of his adversaries, and waiting in the piazza under the sky in hopes that God would strike the false preacher with fire from heaven, is very slight. Perhaps Savonarola himself only saw the utter weakness and foolishness of the proposed test; when it was repeated and cast back to him by his adversaries; perhaps he saw that only a popular tumult and his own murder was intended; and that with a Signory who hated him in office, and his enemies growing stronger every day, no kind of justice or equal trial could be expected. But however that may be, I cannot wonder that his enemies, one and all, should fix upon this seeming inconsistency. Burlamacchi tells us that he declared himself quite ready to enter the fire, "but with this condition—that the ambassadors of all the Christian princes, and the Pope's legate, should be present, and that they should

promise and bind themselves, if he came out unhurt, to proceed immediately with the help of God to a universal reform of the Church." For no lesser reason would he subject himself to the experiment, and such a condition was out of the question. It must, however, be added, that he had just undertaken the greatest and most disastrous enterprise of his life, and with the conjunction of various devoted friends, had written letters to all the great Christian monarchs, begging them to call together a General Council. This he had gradually come to believe was the sole hope remaining for the Church: and it may easily be supposed that having made this last appeal and effort for a great reformation, the petty strife in the piazza became a weariness to him, and the ordeal showed itself in its true colours. His mind had already gone beyond the smaller personal question, to the great one of a universal reformation. "Why," he himself says, "should we enter the fire to prove the excommunication invalid? We have no occasion to have recourse to supernatural ordeals, since we have already with effective reasoning proved the excommunication to be null, to which reasoning no one either in Rome or Florence or elsewhere has attempted to reply. Miracles are not necessary when there is room for natural reason. Therefore to make this trial would be to tempt God. And if our adversaries," he continues, "say that our reasonings are sophistical, yet make no answer to them, and therefore seek miracles, we reply that, these being the great things of prophecy, we constrain no one to believe more than they will, but encourage them rather to live godly and as Christians. And I say that this is the greatest of miracles—to make them believe those things which we preach, and every other truth which proceeds from God. And though I have proposed to manifest and prove great things under the name of the key, with supernatural signs, I have not therefore promised to do such things in order to annul the excommunication, but for other reasons, when the time shall be come."

I do not pretend to say that Savonarola's reasoning here satisfies my mind. What is distinctly evident is that he did not choose to accept the ordeal thus forced upon him, in which he was wise—for nothing but treachery was intended—but not consistent. Fra Domenico, however, his loyal henchman, never faltered. He was one of those stout men-at-arms to whom in their perfect and simple manhood is given that part which our great poet allots to women—"He for God only, she for God in him." Domenico was for God in and through Savonarola. His belief in his master was absolute. Cheerfully as a man goes to a feast would he have walked into any fire, or dared any danger, confident not to be harmed indeed, yet ready to endure all that earth and hell could do against him, as he did endure manfully, and without flinching, the tortures of the rack. Savonarola, we are told, did all in his power to hold his eager brother back, but in vain. And no sooner was the challenge proclaimed, than not only the monks of San Marco, but the entire multitude of the Piagnoni party declared themselves ready to enter the fire in his defence—the latter interrupting him in his sermons with cries of entreaty to have this privilege granted to them. Burlamacchi tells us a pretty story, how when the Padre was walking one evening in the convent garden with Fra Placido (fit name for a companion in that meditative stroll through the retired garden of monastic quiet!), a beautiful boy, of noble family, came to him with a paper, on which he had written his childish pledge of devotion, offering himself for the ordeal; "but doubting that the writing was not sufficient for such a step, fell at his feet, and entreated him heartily (*cordialmente*) to be allowed to enter the fire; and the Padre answered, 'Rise, my son, thy good will is pleasing to God.' And he gave him the license." As he put his name to the boy's harmless vow, according to a formula in which he pledged himself to produce one, two, or even ten champions on his side,

according to the number produced on the other, he turned to Fra Placido, looking on, "Many such papers have been brought to me," he said, "but by none have I had such consolation as by this child, for whom God be praised." It does not require much imagination to fancy the moisture that must have come into those kind blue eyes which look out at us still from Bartolommeo's picture, as the Prophet blessed the willing little would-be martyr. But this soft garden scene, with the cool, sweet, evening atmosphere around, the noble little enthusiast, and the gentle Brother Placid, is about the last still moment in which we see the doomed man breathe freely. Doomed for wishing well to Florence and to mankind—for working night and day through laborious years seeking nought but his people's freedom, purity, truth, and godliness, his cause was already hopeless. Even at that moment his letter to the king of France about the Council had fallen into the hands of the Duke of Milan, and had been forwarded to the Pope; and henceforward there was neither hope nor help for him.

On the 7th of April, the Friday before Palm Sunday, with immense preparation and eagerness of the people, the great Ordeal by Fire was appointed to take place. The Piazza has seen very strange sights, but none more extraordinary. In the centre a great pile was erected, covered with all kinds of inflammable substances, and with a path through it wide enough for the two champions. The square was lined with troops; five hundred soldiers of the republic were stationed by the Loggia de' Signori, the platform in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, generally called the *ringhiera*. These were supposed to be impartial, to keep order among the vast multitude who thronged the Piazza. Directly opposite, in front of the old house called the Tetto dei Pisani, which fifteen years ago was still standing, and used as a post-office, but which has now entirely disappeared, were ranged a second band of five hundred men, the bitterest enemies of San Marco, the well-

known Compagnacci or wicked companions, under their leader, Dolfo Spini. The Loggia dei Lanzi, or dell' Orcagna, so well known to all visitors of Florence, was divided in two, and allotted to the rival convents, San Marco having one side, the furthest from the palace, and the Franciscans the other; and in front of the place allotted to San Marco were three hundred armed Piagnoni, under the leadership of Marcuccio Salviati, pledged to protect their leader against his enemies. Savonarola had given up by this time his opposition to the mad contest, not as a man of this century would have done it, in sheer despair at the folly, but with the solemn faith of his age in God's personal intervention.

San Marco was early astir on that eventful morning—crowded with excited yet awe-stricken throngs of people kneeling in long strain of ceaseless prayer. Savonarola celebrated mass, and the crowd approached the altar and communicated, returning one by one to their prayers. "So much gladness was in their hearts," says Burlamacchi, "that the face of all things smiled out of the certainty of victory. The Padre Fra Girolamo, very fervent, and full of the Spirit, went into the pulpit in his priest's robes, with great solemnity, and, in a short sermon, exhorted the faithful to love Christ, encouraging them to be steadfast in the faith, and adding these words, 'So far as has been revealed to me, if the ordeal takes place, the victory is ours, and Fra Domenico will come out of it unhurt; but if it will take place or not, this the Lord has not revealed to me. But if you ask me what I think, I say, as a mere man, that after so many preparations, I would rather it took place than not.' He then reminded his brethren that when Fra Domenico went into the fire, they were to continue in prayer until the moment when he came out; and then he gave them the benediction. At this moment the mace-bearers of the Signory came to call the monks to the ordeal, and they set out in solemn procession, Fra Domenico, in a red cope, preceded by all the brethren, and

followed by Savonarola and two others, in priestly vestments, carrying the Sacrament. This procession wound through the streets, followed by crowds of eager Florentines, over whose heads rang the psalm, "Exurgat Deus, et dissipentur inimici ejus," to which many of the crowd responded, chanting as Savonarola had taught them, the first verse of the psalm as a chorus. "And as there was in that crowd many thousand persons, so great was the sound that the earth underfoot appeared to tremble, and great fear and terror filled the hearts of the enemies." All Florence was astir, pouring into the Piazza, every entrance of which was guarded as in the time of *parlamentos*; and, except the devout women who had watched the monks go forth to this supreme test, and whom Savonarola had charged to remain in the deserted church, praying for the champion and the cause, we hear of no one who was not in the great square, looking on breathless at the contest. The streets of busy Florence were deserted, except in that one great heart of the city, throbbing high with fierce excitement, with wild hope and tremor of expectation, where the eager Florentines waited for a miracle, a new thing never seen before in the experience of man.

So far everything seemed in favour of the Dominicans. Savonarola was there facing the crowd, calm and commanding, in the vestments of his office; and there was Domenico, strong as his dauntless soul and joyful heart could make him, more than ready, eager for the trial. But the champions on the other side, the monk who had given the challenge, and the other who was to represent him in the flames, were both invisible, hid in the palace, where every means that could be used were being tried to warm up the valour which had chilled at sight of those terrible preparations. The other Franciscans were moving about full of agitation, consulting among themselves and with their partisans, and doing all that could be done to gain time. They found fault with Domenico's cope, which he took off instantly; and then, with his Dominican habit,

which they suggested might have been enchanted against the fire, and which he immediately changed, taking the dress of young Alexander Strozzi instead, who, thinking it was to be his proud lot to share the sacrifice, went to Savonarola eagerly for his blessing, with the *Te Deum* bursting from his youthful lips. The day went on in this endless and vain struggle. Who does not know the weariness of the hours thus passed by a crowd worked up to fever point of excitement, but from which the event for which it waits is kept back? If it is only the passing of a royal pageant, the momentary view of a public visitor, how much anger mixes with the disappointment of the throng when it is balked of the sight it waited for! All these comings and goings—the agitated consultations of the Franciscans, their fault-finding with one thing after another, the hurrying to and fro of the commissaries appointed to guide each party, and their many references to the palace where the Signory sat unseen—tantalized and wearied the crowd, which could not tell why the delay was occasioned, and weary, and fasting, began to lose patience. From half-past twelve to the hour of vespers, this tragedy-comedy went on. The Signory remained unseen in the palace, the Franciscan champion kept out of sight, and Savonarola and his brethren waited—they too suffering somewhat, can it be doubted, from the long strain of excitement and delayed expectation. A thunderstorm swept across the piazza, then a tumult arose; but neither storm nor tumult was enough to disperse the crowd or make a natural end to the situation. At last, as the day waned, the Signory finding it impossible to screw up their champions to the sticking point, put a stop to the ordeal altogether, and sent word to Savonarola to depart with his brethren. He remonstrated, declaring his party on their side to be ready, but with no effect, and the mace-bearers were sent to dismiss him from the piazza. But he who had come with no better escort than these same mace-bearers could not go back in the

same simple way. "Then it was clearly seen," says Burlamacchi, "that his enemies sought no other miracle than the death of Fra Girolamo." The Signory, however, in mere shame, could not refuse him the protection of their troops, and it was all that the five hundred soldiers of the republic, along with the band of armed Piagnoni, led by Salviati, could do, to convey the unoffending Dominicans, whose share in the disappointment of the people had been quite involuntary, back to their convent. The two captains arranged their men "*come una luna*," says Burlamacchi, in the form of a crescent—and putting Fra Girolamo and his followers in the centre, struggled back to San Marco, along the same streets which they had traversed in the morning in peaceful procession intoning their psalm. The Compagnacci, wild with the thought of having lost their opportunity, and the baser populace, maddened by the loss of the expected miracle, surged round the returning band like an angry sea. "Worst of men!" "Put down the Sacrament," they cried, "now is the time;" and, with every kind of contumely and vain attempt at violence, this hoarse and frantic multitude accompanied the strange procession. Even Fra Girolamo's former friends joined the cry. Why had not he at that supreme moment proved his cause and glorified their belief in him for ever and ever by himself going through the fire, which had all been wasted, and now would burn nobody? The very Piagnoni who loved him must have felt the chill of disappointment strike to their hearts; and a great revulsion of feeling, unreasonable, but not unnatural, moved Florence. Who can doubt that the very monks, who were but common men, like others, felt it as they streamed back crestfallen to the church in which the women still knelt, trembling to hear the hoarse insults of the advancing crowd? Savonarola had enough spirit left to make his way to the pulpit, where he told briefly the story of this sad and

tedious day, ending, as he always did, by exhorting his hearers "to pray and to live a good life." Then he retired to the little cell in the corner, the four humble walls, without even one of Angelico's angels to glorify them, to which since then many a pilgrimage has been made. His life had been in danger often enough before, but never had the voice of the people swelled the cries of his enemies. He uttered no complaint to mortal man, but the Prophet had fallen, fallen from his high estate! He who had once been king, and more than king, in Florence had been hooted through the streets, and preserved with difficulty from the rage of the disappointed mob. God whom he had invoked had not arisen, nor had his enemies been scattered. He had given the best years of his life to the city—his heart's love and restless labours; night and day, in health and sickness he had been at her call; he had been ready to supply her even with the wonder, the miraculous exhibition for which she craved; and for all this service she paid him with scorn, abuse, and insults. Perhaps—who can tell? there mingled in this bitter disappointment an aching wonder whether it would have been better for him, the higher soul, to have taken upon him robust Domenico's part, and proved his faith by devoting himself all alone to the fire? When the more exalted way does not touch the common heart, sometimes the vulgar wonder does. Ought he, in spite of all the higher uses for him, in spite of the possible Council on which his heart was set, and that reformation of the Church which had been before his eyes since first he entered the cloister, to have stepped aside from the loftier path, and taken upon himself that yeoman's service? Who could tell? Shut up alone in his little chamber, with the darkness falling round him, and chill discouragement and the disappointment of love in his heart, no doubt Savonarola on that night tasted all the bitterness of death.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FOUR days had passed since Lesbia's drive to Eagle's Edge, and Ellen was again at the Hollow watching by Anne O'Flaherty's sick-bed. There had been a change for the worse in the invalid's state, and it was now only at rare intervals that she could bear conversation or notice those around her. Ellen's time was divided between ministering to her wants and sitting silent beside her, gazing at the dear face that was beginning to take the appearance of an empty shell, from which the animating spirit was gradually being withdrawn. She had hardly any news of those she was anxious about. Castle Daly and Eagle's Edge were both deserted. Mr. Thornley was in Dublin, and Lesbia and Mrs. Daly were staying at a hotel in Galway, seeing nothing of Pelham, and unable to get tidings of him, but preferring to await Mr. Thornley's return in his neighbourhood than elsewhere. Murdock Malachy had mysteriously disappeared from the Hollow since Ellen's last visit, and the household's supply of letters and newspapers depended on Peter Lynch's consenting to abandon for an hour or so his favourite seat on the horse-block in the stable-yard, and going to fetch them from Ballyowen. It was difficult in these days to persuade him to stir from his self-chosen post, where, as he said, he was ready to take orders, when the turn of the illness came and his mistress sent for him. He had not seen Miss O'Flaherty for a fortnight, he pleaded when Ellen came from the sick-room to argue the point with him, and there would be a power of things for him to tell her and consult her about when the strength came back to her all on a sud-

dint, and she asked for him. It would never do for him to be out of the way and disappoint her just when she wanted him again. Anxious as she was for letters, Ellen had not the heart during these last days of watching to send Peter away, even for a few hours, seeing as she did how the old obstinate determination to believe only what he chose was passing out of his set wooden face, leaving it wan and weak, with an imploring, frightened look in the eyes, such as a child turns towards a dark room it fears to be forced to enter. He might be wanted on a sudden soon, though not for the cause he expected, and Ellen thought he had as much right as any one to wait about on the chance of one more word. Dr. Lynch, too, had absented himself, without sending any explanation of his absence. There seemed no avenue by which tidings could come, any more than if the little rivulet that surrounded the house, whose bubblings and ripples were the chief disturbers of the unusual silence, had suddenly swelled into a wide ocean, cutting the household off from the rest of the world. Yet, as the days crept by, a vague apprehension of what was going on outside did ooze into the valley, and reached even as far as the watchers by Anne's dying-bed. There were whispers repeated from one to another, and faces that had hitherto only worn an expression of anxiety or expectation began to look dark. At last one day one of the little maidens appeared in Anne's room with a face swollen with crying, and on inquiry it came out that she had been to chapel in a distant village, and some one had told her that Murdock Malachy had been shot in a fight there had been down in the south. That was all Ellen

heard for twenty-four anxious hours. Then all at once everybody was talking; even Peter Lynch's tongue was loosed, and men and women came up to the Lodge from the valley, and from the solitary farms among the hills, to tell the news, of which the air was full, and question Miss Eileen, as if she could explain tidings that seemed to have stunned them. It was all over: Smith O'Brien was taken prisoner, and there had been no fighting at all, only a tumult in which one or two of the boys had been shot, and the rest had run away, leaving the leaders to take care of themselves.

"To be sure," Ellen's informants generally concluded, "the priests were agin it this time, and how would it prosper? The cause was lost anyhow, and the police and Mr. O'Roone would have it all their own way in the country, and what would they do at all? Could Miss Eileen tell them, when Miss O'Flaherty was dead, and Mr. Connor, and every one that hoped for better times put out of the way?"

From these whispered conferences Ellen tried to gather at least the consoling certainty that there had been little bloodshed, and she returned to her post by the sick-bed to watch for an interval of consciousness, when she might fulfil her promise of letting Anne know all to the last. *She* would be able to rejoice heartily in this termination to all her fears, and would not share the blank surprise and shame that troubled Ellen when she compared the high expectations and purposes of which she had been told with this *denouement*, and thought, with bitter grudging, of the young lives that had wrecked themselves in the mists of so miserable a delusion. On the evening of the fifth day Dr. Lynch came into Anne's room and proceeded to ask after her health and talk to her nurses as if there had been no break in his visits. Anne opened her eyes at the sound of his voice, and a look of intelligence and inquiry came back into her face.

"Have you anything to tell me?" she asked feebly.

"Nothing at all," he answered, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone, "but that there is a better end to all their folly than might have been expected; and those for whom you care most are in no worse predicament than they were a week ago."

Anne looked satisfied; but when his business in the sick-room was ended, Dr. Lynch beckoned Ellen to follow him out of the room, and a dread seized her that there was worse to hear than he had dared to tell his patient.

"Was it truth you told her? Do you know really nothing worse of Connor than you did last week?" she asked as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Would I have told her a lie do you think, when we won't have her many more hours with us? Don't frighten yourself, Miss Ellen, I have nothing worse for you than you know already, but as I chanced to be in it all the time, I thought you'd like to hear the little there is to be said."

"Indeed I should!"

"Come into the turret room, then."

"Do you mean that you have been to Tipperary with Smith O'Brien and the insurrectionists?" Ellen began. "I thought you disapproved—"

"Of course I did not go with a pike over my shoulder. I have not lived in the world sixty years, and travelled twice round it, to make a fool of myself in my old age; but there were people looking on who kept clear of the fighting, such as it was, and I was one of them; though, as you may suppose, I did not leave my duty here for the purpose of seeing a party of my countrymen make a pitiful spectacle of themselves before all Europe."

"But why then were you there?"

"It was a thought took me, a notion that came into my mind when I saw your mother the morning after Pelham was arrested. I was always one for laying schemes to outwit people for their good. And as I rode away from Eagle's Edge, heartsore that day at the sight of the trouble you were in, a plot suggested itself to me that beat everything for ingenuity, I thought. 'Why should not one brother's danger be

made the means of saving the other from worse ill than he has brought himself into already,' I said to myself. And I resolved to follow Connor, and if possible get speech of him before he had come up with the fighting, which that morning's lying newspaper said was going on fiercely in the South. If I can keep him from being actually seen with arms in his hands, I may save his neck, I thought, and I planned to put it to him that his brother was in danger, and his mother breaking her heart on his account, and that he was bound to come back without delay and deliver himself up as the writer of the papers that had inculpated Pelham. Knowing the generous temper of the lad I had to deal with, I had good hope I should have him safe in my own keeping before twenty-four hours were over, and then I thought we would settle on the next step to be taken at our leisure. That was on the Thursday morning; and strive as I would, I could not get off from Ballyowen till evening, for of course, when I got back, my house was surrounded with people wanting me, and I had to make arrangements for bad cases before I set out. I reached Tipperary on Friday morning, and all Friday I was driving about from place to place, hearing always that there was a crowd of people with arms in front of me; some said two thousand men, some three, some a few hundred; and that the club leaders from Dublin were among them, haranguing them every now and then, and trying to spirit them up to think themselves an army. At one place I heard they had stopped a regiment of soldiers on their march, but let them pass after all; and then again there was a story of their having seized a quantity of arms, but that did not turn out to be true. I passed Friday night at a little inn in Ballingarry, and in the morning set forth again with a fresh car and horse, and about the middle of the day sure enough I came up with what I was looking for, but too late to do any good. When I was about a quarter of a mile off I saw a crowd surrounding a tall white

house on a common, and though it was a cloudy drizzling day I once caught a chance gleam of reflected sunshine that told me they were carrying steel among them—pikes and scythes and pitchforks, and here and there a few bayonets! It was all confusion and din when I got nearer, but I left my car on the outskirts of the throng and pushed my way into the thick of it, thinking that if any fighting did come off here there might be something for me to do by and by. The windows of the white house were full of green-coats, and the crowd with pikes appeared to be besieging the house, trying to make them come out and give up their arms, but nobody seemed to know exactly what was intended, and neither party liked to fire first. I noticed a tall man, who was pointed out to me as Mr. Smith O'Brien, come again and again to the windows of the house and then turn and speak to the people, but whether he urged them to attack or to keep the peace, I could not say. There were several other young fellows better dressed than the rest trying to put some order into the crowd, and among them I soon espied the two I was in search of. They were well in front, among the small innermost circle, who for the most part carried arms and had more purpose in their faces than the gaping ragged outsiders, and even if I could have forced my way to them and made them listen to me it would have been too late for what I wanted—they had done the worst for themselves they could do. While I stood watching, the first shot was fired, and a volley of stones hurled against the windows, and after that, for about half an hour or so, a brisk exchange of shot went on. I stayed long enough to see that our two were foremost in everything. There was an attempt made to set fire to the door of the house in order to smoke out the garrison and force them to surrender or fight outside. I saw Connor followed by one or two more run across the inclosed space behind the house and come back with arms full of hay and straw which they piled against

the back door. Murdock Malachy was helping—that was the last I saw of the poor fellow unhurt. Some of the garrison within perceived what was being attempted, and fired a volley from the upper windows at the incendiaries. They scattered and came back to the attempt several times, and in the surging backwards and forwards of the crowd, I got shoved aside, and thinking it as well to give a wide berth to the shots that were just then flying pretty thickly close to the house, I retreated among the rabble of women who had gathered outside the low garden wall, and who were wringing their hands and hullabalooing, calling to the boys they knew in the fight to come away and not make their homes more desolate than they were already. While I was there I heard my name called! ‘Dr. Lynch, can that be you?’ and turning round I saw O'Donnell staggering up to the wall, through the throng, with some one in his arms. ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘it’s me,’ and I had my heart in my mouth, for I could only see a figure lying across his breast, with an arm over his shoulder, and I thought of Connor at once. ‘Then it’s a lucky chance that brought you,’ O'Donnell answered. ‘Here’s work for you, the first of the boys that’s down yet, the poor lad Malachy, he’s breathing still, help me with him over the wall, that he may not be trampled to death in the throng here. He has a bullet in him, I am afraid. It was aimed full at Connor as he stooped to put a light to the little bonfire we had piled up yonder, and if poor Murdock had not started forward at the moment, and thrust his shoulder in the way, it’s Connor who would have got it. I think myself he knew what he was about, poor boy, and did it on purpose; anyhow tell them about it at home, and do what you can for him. I must go back.’ There were plenty of hands put out to lift the body over the wall, and help me to carry it to the next field out of the way of the tumult, and some of the women ran to a cabin a little way off to fetch water; but I soon saw there was nothing to be done!”

“Poor Murdock! was he dead?”

“The bullet had entered just between the shoulder-blades and come out at the throat. It could be only a question of a few minutes, and I did not think he would ever speak again: but he did. As we were bathing his forehead and putting some whisky to his lips there was a minute’s consciousness, and he looked full at me. ‘Mr. Connor,’ he said.

“‘Yes, my poor fellow,’ I answered. ‘He’s all right; you saved him, I believe, and got this instead of him.’

“‘He was always good to me,’ he answered, ‘and maybe some day I’ll see him and Miss Eileen agin in a better place than Ireland will ever be, when all’s done.’

“There was no more talking after that, for the blood rose in his throat and choked him, and I had to lay him down from my arms on the ditch side, for some one called me just then to help a poor fellow who had been pushed out of the crowd with a broken arm.”

“But Connor—did you see nothing more of Connor or of Darcy? How do you know they were not killed or wounded after poor Murdock left them?”

“By having seen pretty nearly all who were hurt. There was only one other boy killed besides Murdock, and I saw him lying stark among the cabbages when all was over—a tall, lank, famine-stricken shape that would have died of another day’s tramp, if a bullet had not found him out and saved him the trouble of going further. There was a withered hag, though, and a couple of skeleton children to hullabaloo over him. To think of clever lads like Connor and Darcy, to say nothing of a sober gentleman of forty like Mr. Smith O’Brien, proposing to stand up against England with an army composed of material like that.”

“But how did it end? Did they go on fighting?”

“For twenty minutes or so longer there was an exchange of shots, and then they began to come all from one side. The crowd of insurgents was melting away gradually. About the

middle of the afternoon a reinforcement of police marched up the road fronting the house, and at sight of them the remnant of the people scattered, leaving their leaders almost alone. There were no prisoners taken, however,—that I saw. The police entered the house to join their comrades, and the late attackers were allowed to ride off in parties of twenties and tens across the common. For a little while the place was quiet again, except for the ragged women and children that hung about—crooning over the two dead bodies. I went back to where poor Murdock lay, and had his body removed to a cabin near before dark."

"And you don't really know any more of Connor?"

"No; to follow him, or inquire about him would have been to draw attention to him. We know that the leaders separated before night. O'Brien was arrested on his way to Limerick, but the others, less conspicuous, seem to have reached their destinations, and we will hope by this time are over the sea. Darcy O'Donnell has friends in Galway, and I think he told me once a foster-brother among the Claddagh fishers. He could not have a safer hiding-place than among them, or one from which he could more conveniently get off to America."

"When shall we know?"

"When we get a letter from the other side of the sea to say they are safe in New York. Don't wish to hear of them sooner; they are in a very different position now from what I believed them to be in when I thought of bringing Connor back. After their conduct that miserable day on the common at Boughlah, we should have to fear the very worst for them if they were taken. Let us pray as the best hope we have that we may not see their faces again, poor boys, for years."

"And Pelham?"

"It certainly won't tell in his favour that his brother has made himself so conspicuous as a rebel; but once we are assured that Connor is safe in America, Pelham's defence will be compara-

tively easy. Nothing can be brought against him but the possession of those papers, and we shall have no scruples about bringing people to show their true authorship then."

"Yet I believe if Connor knew this minute where Pelham was, he would come back."

"It would be like his rashness; but I trust he will not know; wherever he is now he won't be likely to put himself forward to inquire for news. I hope he has money enough to get across."

"Poor, poor Murdock Malachy! I am not thinking as much as I ought of his devotion to Connor. How it would touch Anne if we could tell her. Does it not seem strange that if only two were to fall in the attempt she has been dreading for so many months, one should come from her people?"

"I made the best arrangements I could for a decent burial for him, knowing she would wish it. A strange thought came into my mind as I stood looking at his body, after it was laid out. I thought of the old custom of killing the favourite servants over a chieftain's grave, that he might have people to wait on him, to his mind, in the other world; and I could not help a sort of satisfaction coming over me as I said to myself,—at all events there'll be one of hers waiting for her when she gets over the river. It would be comfortable for the two of them, if it was permitted to them to fall into anything like their old relationship to each other up there, and Murdock would not have to serve alone for long. My poor cousin Peter will soon follow him. I don't believe he'll be long for this world when once he lets himself believe that his mistress is really dying. I'll go and have a word with him now."

The strange thought came back into Ellen's mind in the evening, as she stood in the bay window of Anne's favourite turret room, delaying to shut out the light of the harvest moon, that had grown now to a shapely silver boat, whose reflection made a faint glimmer in the river. The house within was very still and empty. Its owner, to whom in past times all the life and enjoyment

in it had been due, was now lying up stairs helpless and unconscious : the body at least helpless—the spirit ebbing slowly away from its old abiding place : to what conditions ? Would any of the old links re-form themselves ? Would Murdock and the many poor neighbours who had gone from Anne's valley in the famine years—people whom she had protected and governed—would they be able to meet her with thanks and greetings in the fresh existence ? Would she still look to them like a queen worthy of their allegiance ? Perhaps those old sacrifices of which Dr. Lynch had reminded her were not prompted by savagery and selfish pride alone ; there might have been true love in them—a sort of necessity even, in the days when service was not altogether an arbitrary thing, but was, sometimes, at least, the complete loyal giving up of the lower, weaker natures to the stronger and higher natures, who ruled them and gave their lives shape and meaning.

As these thoughts crowded in Ellen's mind, her eye wandered over the landscape almost without seeing anything, and then suddenly perception of what was before her came back with a start, and a thrill went through her as she remembered that, for about a minute, she had been watching the approach of a man's figure to the head of the bridge, and now perceived that he was moving along with the limping gait that had always distinguished Murdock Malachy. She did not scream, but she sat down breathless on the window-sill. The faint light made everything shadowy and ghost-like. It might be her imagination, occupied with thoughts of Murdock, that created the image, yet it came steadily on and grew more solid-looking at every step. In the shadow of the house it became a black, undistinguishable form ; but it drew close to the window, leaned its arms on the sill, and said in a low voice, that Ellen recognised at once :

"Anne, is that you ? Will you take me in, as you did once before, when I ran away and surprised you here at the window ?"

"Connor ! dear, dear Connor ! it is not Anne ; it is I, Ellen. How could you come back here, to put yourself in danger of being seen by O'Roone ?"

"Go round to the door and let me in, and I'll tell you all about it. I'm too tired and faint and dead-beat altogether to jump through the window now."

"And hurt ; are you hurt ?—you walk lame."

"Only footsore : and, at all events, before morning comes, and I present myself to old O'Roone to save him the pleasure of sending for me, we'll have had our talk out, and I'll have seen Anne again, and supped off a Happy-go-lucky fish-pie once more."

"Where's D'Arcy ?" Ellen asked, as soon as she had brought Connor in, and shut the door of the room behind him.

"In Galway to-night ; but before forty-eight hours are over, he'll be on the sea on his way to America I hope."

"And oh, Connor ! why are not you with him ? How could you come back here to break all our hearts with fear for you ?"

"You ask me that, and you know where Pelham is now ; and Ellen, you know, too, as well as I do, that my mother had rather a thousand times that I came to grief altogether than that his little finger ached. Do you think I could live free out there, and let him be ruined on my account, and she perhaps cursing me for what I had brought on him ? I have made a mess of my life altogether, and may as well come to an end and let luckier people have their chance."

"Connor, you are unjust to mamma and forget all the rest of us, when you speak like that."

"Well, well, don't let us argue about it. I've made up my mind, and I'm too done-up for an argument now. Let me sit down, and give me something to eat and drink. I would not like to come before old O'Roone to-morrow morning looking too much like a victim, for all that's come and gone ; one may as well die one way as another if one puts a bold face on it to the last ; and anyhow I'll give myself up of my own

good will. I won't be taken or betrayed, as has chanced to better men than me this year."

"No one would betray you here," Ellen said, eagerly catching at the word. "We might easily hide you for a week or so in Good People's Hollow, till we see what happens. You need be in no hurry to give yourself up."

"But I am in a hurry, Eileen aroon. Don't argue with me; I told you I was dead-beat, dear; and it's a comfort to see some plain thing to do when all one has looked forward to and believed in has crumbled to pieces under one's feet, and one hardly knows where one is standing."

"How did you hear about Pelham?"

"A Galway boy, who had seen Pelham taken to prison, came to the place where D'Arcy and I were hiding, and told me all; and another fellow brought me word this morning that he had just seen our mother and Lesbia standing among the miserable crowd round the prison doors trying to get in, and that they were sent away weeping, the two of them. That was enough. I talked it over with D'Arcy, and though we were sorry to part, he said I was right, and acknowledged that he should be glad enough to have such an excuse for giving it all up and making an end. He would have gone with me to the authorities in Galway if I'd have let him; but I persuaded him to stay and take his chance, and I had set my heart on another look at the Hollow, and on a night of chat with you, Eileen aroon, and on the satisfaction of seeing with my own eyes the look of baffled spite that will come on the faces of the two O'Roones when I show them that they will have to loose their hold on Pelham; so I came here. To sit in this window-seat again was well worth the walk, and I mean to enjoy the fish-pie when you get it me, I can tell you. Only don't argue with me, avourneen; I'm not in the humour for that."

The playful, coaxing smile that lighted up Connor's pale face at the last words was too much for Ellen; she hurried from the room to fetch the refreshments

that she saw were so much needed, and as she hastily got them together racked her brain to think of some expedient for detaining Connor till Dr. Lynch or John Thornley could see him and try to dissuade him from his purpose. She debated within herself whether to call up one of the servants and despatch a summons to Dr. Lynch to come to-night; but she decided it would be too great a risk. Ballyowen was full of strange policemen and soldiers, and a large reward had been offered for Connor's arrest, and some one even of their own people might be found base enough to think it a pity that so large a sum should be lost by a voluntary surrender. Ellen knew Connor well enough to be convinced that it would be a great additional pang to him to be balked of his self-surrender, and she thought it better to trust to her own persuasions than risk inflicting such a wound as betrayal at the last would be. She had had previous experience of Connor in moods of deep despondency following on great excitement, and she could not help hoping that, after refreshment and rest, she should find him more persuadable. As the evening passed on, however, and the conversation between them was prolonged, she was obliged to acknowledge to herself that for once his resolution was too firmly rooted for any words of hers to shake it. He had been wholly unprepared for the events of the last few days, and the downfall to his expectations had been so great a shock as to make him loose his hold on hope, and turn from the future with loathing. There was keen remorse, too, for the share he had had in deluding Murdock and the young men of the neighbourhood who were now in prison with Pelham. They spoke long of Murdock, and Connor was deeply touched when Ellen repeated his last words.

"He would not have blamed me or lost faith in me, poor fellow, even if he had lived to see what a failure it was. I don't believe that any of them will, even if they are sent with common felons across the sea and never see Ireland again; but I begin to see it is a terrible

thing we have done. We made a world for ourselves of our own hopes and dreams, and brought them to act in it."

"Then don't you think," said Ellen eagerly, "that you are bound to live to undo the harm you have done? Does not Murdock's death, that bought your life, bind you to some service for Ireland before you die? We don't see yet what it is to be, or how it could be rendered, but the call may come."

"But death may serve as well as life. Patriots' blood is just as much the seed of nationality as martyrs' of the Church. D'Arcy has always said that the power of standing by each other in misfortune is what we want above all, and if I give an example of *that* to the death, I shall have done something. You may call it laziness if you like, but it's just all I've strength left for. And talking of laziness, dear, this sofa is very comfortable; I think I'll just lie down and go to sleep, and you may come and call me in the morning. I daresay I'll sleep till the sun's well up, for it's long since I've had a quiet night, or such a bed as this to sleep on; and as I said before, I don't want to look like a victim when I give myself up. My plan is to ride to old O'Roone's door just when the family are sitting down to breakfast, and to walk into the breakfast-room with a flower in my button-hole, and a gay 'good morning' and hand-shake to all the ladies round, as free and easy as if I had come to take Darby out fishing or shooting with me, as I used to do in the days when the little sneak was glad enough and proud enough to go wherever I whistled him. Then I shall put my hand on Darby's shoulder. 'I've brought you a present of 200% of blood money this morning,' I'll say. 'Who's fitter to have it than your father's son, since it's the last fraction of money that's to be squeezed out of the Dalys, and your father has had such a large share of what's gone before? It's a drop in the ocean, to be sure, compared with Miss Maynard's fortune, but since you'll have to leave that to Pelham now, you may as well make what you can of me.' Won't he be savage! The

story'll stick to him for the rest of his life."

"Oh, Connor, how can you take pleasure in planning such things, when you know the serious part that must follow?"

"Surely you don't grudge me any pleasure there is to be got out of it? We've had the serious part over and over half the night, and it has made you as pale as a sheet, my poor darling. Go to bed, mavourneen, and wake me just in time not to miss the breakfast scene. Mrs. O'Roone and the young ladies never come down till ten o'clock, and then in their curl papers. Don't I know the ways of the place, and the shocked looks they'll put on at my coming in, rebel as I am, and seeing them in *deshabille*? Sleep all you can."

Connor was still fast asleep on the sofa when Ellen stole into the turret room early the next morning, and, to prevent any of the servants coming into the room, began to busy herself in preparing the breakfast. She set Anne's little tea table with her favourite breakfast service, and opening the casement, let in the fresh morning air, and still Connor did not open his eyes. He looked more like himself this morning, now he had eaten and slept. His face was thinner than it had been a few days before, but the colour was coming back into it, and there was more life there even with his eyes closed, and the long lashes resting on his cheeks, than there had been yesterday evening. It was impossible to connect that young fair, pleasant face with the thought of a shameful death. "To be hanged by the neck till he was dead!" Oh, Connor, Connor, who had always been the mirth of the house, whose gay voice and smile had warmed every heart in the country round! Surely Ellen thought there could not be found a judge in all Ireland with the heart to pronounce sentence on him.

Ellen stood for a long time looking at him, turning every now and then to wipe away the tears that obscured the vision and marred its beauty. Even if the very worst were averted, she knew there

was nothing but long separation to look forward to. The best they could pray for, as Dr. Lynch had said, was that they might not see the boys' bright faces again for years, not until middle age had set its seal upon them, and the brightness was gone.

Every half-hour of inaction seemed a gain, so she allowed the moments to slip by unnoticed as she took her fill of looking. At last a clock striking eight roused her.

"I will humour him in everything he wished this last morning," she said to herself, "whatever comes of it. I'll go out into the garden and gather the flower he talked about for his button-hole, and then I'll wake him, and tell him we have only two hours more."

The garden was not in its usual trim since Peter Lynch had lost heart to work in it, but there was a blue and white passion flower in full bloom on the trellis by Anne's bedroom window, and Ellen went round the house to gather a blossom, thinking she would rather have that than anything else for her purpose. As she returned to the front door, which she had left open, she saw a man approaching the steps, and with beating heart she quickened her pace to intercept him before he could enter the house. It was James Morris, and at sight of her he turned back to meet her, and put a letter in her hand.

"It came to Castle Daly last night from Mr. Thornley, with orders to me to let you have it at once, wherever you might be."

"Wait here in the garden, please, James," Ellen said, "I will come out to you by and by."

For the first moment the letter did not seem to promise much interest; it could not affect the overwhelming trouble of this morning; but when she again stood by Connor's couch, a thought struck her which made her sink on her knees and feel she could only open it so. The note contained a few lines only, whose purport her eye took in at a glance:—

"In case you should not be with Lesbia when my full account reaches her, I send this note to be forwarded on to you. All is well. Pelham will be at liberty within a few hours of your reading this. I have seen the Lord Lieutenant, and have in my possession an order signed for his release. I went armed with proofs of O'Roone's misconduct and misapplication of public money during the famine that were considered enough to discredit his actions in other matters. I shall be in Galway a few hours after my letter, and will bring Pelham back with me to Castle Daly.

"Always yours,

"J. THORNLEY."

The revulsion of feeling was almost too much. Ellen let the letter fall on the ground, and dropped her face between her hands, as her whole soul went up to Heaven in an intense thanksgiving. Connor stirred on the sofa before she had finished her prayer, and when she looked up he was awake, and had raised himself on one elbow, and was looking towards the open window. She waited in silence for a few minutes to watch him, as she might have watched one restored from the dead. A pathetic look stole into his face, as he gazed out at the fair scene bathed in sunshine.

"By Jove," he said, slowly turning to her at last. "How beautiful everything is this morning. I did not know before the half of how beautiful it all was. Well, I'm glad it's a fine day for my last ride. I could not have had a better last look at the country, could I? The next time the sun rises I won't see it. I'll be in prison, but Pelham will be free, and my mother satisfied with me. There was something my father said when he was dying about being satisfied. What was it, Ellen?"

"Connor, Connor, listen, avourneen, listen, and let's go down on our knees and bless God together. Pelham *will* be free by to-morrow morning; but there's no need now for you to put yourself in his place. Read what has come for you at your waking, darling."

Connor took the letter which Ellen

picked up from the ground and read it slowly twice over without speaking, his changeful face showing the strong emotions that stirred him as he read. Ellen threw her arms round him as he finished his second perusal, and for a few minutes they kissed and clung together in their old, childish fashion of celebrating meetings or reconciliations; with half articulate words of love and joy, and thankfulness whispered to each other, and with tears wetting the two faces, that would not, they knew through all their joy, often touch again.

"I'll tell you just what it all comes to, Eileen aroon," Connor said at last, raising his head from her shoulder, and smiling through the tears he was trying to wink away. "I'll tell you just what it means. You'll have to marry him, for he has saved my neck to-day: saved me from hanging, and I don't see how you are to have the heart to refuse him what he's worked so hard for. It is that—that and nothing else, I schemed to bring about, one day, long ago, when poor Murdock broke his thigh, and James Morris and I spirited away Pelham's dog to Dennis's old still. That was the fate that hung on our doings little as we knew it. The Thornleys coming to Ireland, your marrying an Englishman, and Pelham's getting an English heiress for his wife. Ah, yes, and it was the end of the reign of the Dalys in Connemara we brought about, too, for Pelham will have to take her name, and he will rechristen the castle, you may depend. It's the way things go with us. Whatever is worth anything in the old country the English get hold of. I think you are about the best thing in the green isle, avourneen, and an Englishman will get you, after all, and I can't quarrel with the way in which he's won you. If all the conquests over us were made in the same fashion we would have to hold our tongue, and not complain whatever we lost."

"But you don't know about that one conquest yet," said Ellen, blushing crimson, as she turned her eyes away from the keen question in his. "You don't know what I'll do yet; perhaps

hold myself ready to follow you to America, with all cousin Anne's people, when you send us word you have got a new Good People's Hollow ready for us on the other side of the sea."

"Ay, and when D'Arcy has made a place and a name for himself out there that will make people turn round to look after his cousin."

"It does me good to hear you say that, Con. dear. Life and hope are coming back to you, now you begin to weave schemes again for him. But what you said of James Morris just now reminds me that he is waiting outside the door all this time, and that I had better go and send him away."

"No; bring him in. James Morris out there! How lucky. He's the very boy I'd have sent for from all the others in the world, to help me to get back to Galway before the ship that's to take D'Arcy to America sails. I could not manage the walk a second time, to say nothing of the chance of being arrested on the way. But James is the boy with the quick wit to help us to see what's to be done."

Ellen ran to call James in, and Connor met him at the door of the turret room with outstretched hands, somewhat to the embarrassment of the smart young footman in Miss Maynard's correct livery, who had undergone four years of Bride Thornley's training in man-servant's manners.

"What! are you above shaking hands with a rebel?" Connor exclaimed. "It's for the last time, my lad. There, that's right; I thought you weren't Thornleyized to such a point as to forget your old master's ways, who comes this morning to put his life between your two hands. Do you remember the evening, Jim, when we contrived together, you and I, and stole a dog from its owner? and will you be able to manage as cleverly, do you think, to steal a rebel from those who are hunting him to prison and death? He is worth two hundred pounds, you must know, to any one who pleases to sell him."

"I'd not like to see the boy who was willing to earn *that* money, Mr. Connor,"

said James in a low tone of strong feeling, and trembling with emotion as he clasped Connor's hands. "I'd not like to think of the kind of life he would lead here who had your blood-money on his head. It would not be a long one, sir, anyway; I'd see to that myself."

"Hush! hush! Jim," cried Ellen; "don't let us speak of such a terrible thing as Connor being taken. What we have to do is to give our best thoughts to the question of how to get him safely away. No one knows of his being here, as yet, but myself and you. Shut the door and let us consult together." The result of the conference was a resolution that the secret of Connor's visit to the Hollow should be kept between the three to whom it was now known, and that Connor should pass the day in a light closet within Anne's bedroom, from which all intruders could be excluded without suspicion being excited. In the evening James proposed to return with a suit of his own clothes for Connor, who was to put them on, and walk with him across the hills to the boat-house on the river, where one of Miss Maynard's pleasure boats was kept. There Ellen, who was to set out some hours earlier, and take a different route, was to meet them. Miss Maynard's livery was well known in the neighbourhood, and they thought that the most vigilant constable they were likely to come across would not trouble himself to look curiously at two of Miss Maynard's servants, amusing themselves by an evening stroll or by an hour's fishing on the river. Once in the boat they could glide gradually down the river till they reached the head of the lake, then through the narrow channel past Castle Daly out into the wide waters of Lough Corrib, where they could put on greater speed, and might hope to enter Galway harbour through Friar's Cut, early in the morning and reach the emigrant ship before she sailed with the morning tide. If Connor could reach her all would be well, for the captain was a friend of D'Arcy's, and had agreed to receive the two friends on board. The conference broke up hastily at the sound of Peter

Lynch's voice in the garden. Ellen thought it better not to let him know what had happened, as he was sure to take objection against any plan that originated with James Morris, and could not now be trusted not to betray his thoughts by mutterings and moanings to every one who came near him. To avoid arousing his curiosity she hastily dismissed James and took Connor up stairs to his hiding place within Anne's room, where he was to await the hour of sunset. The day, Connor's last day in Ireland, fraught with danger and suspense as every hour of it was, seemed both to him and Ellen to pass with painful rapidity. The greater part of it Connor spent by Anne's bedside, seated on a chair near her, and holding her hand in his. She did not seem at all surprised to see him. Whenever she woke up from a doze, and her eyes fell on him, a smile of pleasure played round her lips; but when she exerted herself to talk her thoughts wandered to past times, and she seemed sometimes to mistake Connor for his father, and recur to recollections of childish days, and sometimes to confuse the circumstances of this visit with those of the time when he had come to the Hollow just before the first break-up of the household at Castle Daly. Yet, through all her unconnected fancies there ran predominant the thought of a journey awaiting both herself and Connor.

"We are leaving the valley together," she said once or twice, "stepping westward."

And once, when her lips went on moving for some time, Ellen stooped down and caught a verse of a poem of Wordsworth's— a special favourite of Anne's, which they had often read together—

"The dewy ground was dark and cold
Behind, all dreary to behold,
And stepping westward seemed to be,
A kind of Heavenly Destiny."

"It is her blessing and prophecy of good to you, Connor, dear," she said, repeating the words to him with a sob in her voice and a smile. "She is past feeling the pain of parting, but she gives

you that word of hope to take with you."

"Yes," Anne said in a firmer voice, "past everything but hope—within sight of where all is swallowed up in love."

Dr. Lynch came close upon the hour when Ellen was to set out on her walk to the river; and, after feeling Anne's pulse, he drew Ellen aside to tell her that his patient would hardly live through the night, and that the priest from the next village should be sent for at once. A hasty explanation of Connor's presence in the house and of the plan for his escape followed, and Dr. Lynch decided that they must take leave of Anne and quit the house before the priest and his attendant entered it. He would stay, he said, to the last. To leave her at such a moment was very bitter to Ellen. She and Connor went and knelt together by the bedside, and Anne, whose faculties had been aroused by the stir and bustle in the room, put her hands on their heads and blessed them.

"You must not weep and break my heart," she said, smiling. "You know the last good-bye must have come. This is but a few moments earlier."

"But oh! to leave you to die alone, with none of your own near you—that is the heart-break," sobbed Ellen.

"My dear, I shall not be alone," Anne whispered; "I shall be less alone than I have ever been in my life before. I have been lonely sometimes with all my own about me; but now, never again. The Friend is near who alone can walk with me through the Dark Valley."

Ellen choked back her tears, not to disturb the supreme peace that was settling on the beloved face she should not see again till it was stiff in death, and rising, pressed a long, farewell kiss on the pale lips, and turning away, left the room without venturing to look again. Connor followed immediately, and Ellen took him into the least frequented of the turret rooms to await James Morris's appearance with his disguise, while she herself set out on her walk across the

hills. They were to take the shortest and she the longest route to the river; for it was important that neither party should arrive at their destination long before the other, for fear of attracting observation while waiting about. For a few miles Ellen walked on mechanically, hardly able to keep her eyes free enough from blinding tears to see the path she was following, but by degrees the solemn beauty of the sunset on the hills began to exercise a soothing influence, and she grew calmer. The evening was perfectly calm; there would not be a ripple on the lake to hinder the rowers. On such an evening the boat voyage down Lough Corrib to Galway would be easily managed while the darkness lasted. If there had been a contrary wind it might have been impossible to make it in time to reach the vessel before she sailed. As yet all looked well; the evening was closing in gently, the shadows crept further and further and grew darker in the valleys, and hardly a leaf stirred; the little lakes scattered between the hills reddened and whitened again, and lay glimmering coldly like still sheets of frosted silver; the sunset glow had faded everywhere but on the tops of the highest hills when Ellen reached the boat-house. She was the first to arrive, and had two hours of anxious waiting. Sometimes she paced the road near the river, unable to rest; and then, fearing to attract notice, she forced herself to sit still in the shadow of the boat-house. No one passed but a girl driving a cow to its pasture and a gossoon with the Castle Daly post-bag on his back whistling a gay tune as he ran. He had run just so last night, Ellen thought, with the news that was worth Connor's life behind him. But what did the delay mean? Could James Morris possibly have failed them? Could they have been stopped on the way? Just as the wonder began to grow into an agony of apprehension, the two figures her eyes had long been straining to see emerged out of the dark distance and rapidly approached her.

"All right," Connor's voice cried

when they were a yard or two distant, and Ellen noticed that already his voice had its old alacrity and cheer in it. Then, as they came close, he whispered in her ear, "We waited at the Hollow till nearly dark; for Morris has reason to think I was seen yesterday, and that the police are on the look-out to get hold of me; but the danger is nearly over now—once in the boat we'll do. I defy a stranger to get down the river and across the head of the lake in our time, and they'll not find any of the boys who know the currents ready to help them. I'd undertake myself to keep a boat within sight of Hen's Castle all night rowing hard."

Morris had gone into the boat-house and now brought out Lesbia's trim little pleasure-skiff, in which they all took their places, Ellen at the helm, and Connor and James each taking an oar. They hardly spoke a word till they had left the river far behind them, and were half way across the head of the lake, nearing the narrow channel that opened into the wider waters, where they could feel themselves comparatively safe.

The moon had risen, and was tipping with silver the ruined turrets of the Witch's Castle as they passed the island; another ten minutes' rowing brought them opposite Castle Daly. There were lights in the windows, and the outline of the old house stood clear and dark against the star-strewn sky. Connor made a sign to James, and balancing their oars, they kept the boat stationary for a few seconds while he looked up, and Ellen felt as if a great cry of pain must burst out from her heart involuntarily, so sharp a pang of sympathetic sorrow shot through it, as she thought of all the recollections and regrets that must crowd themselves into that silent farewell. In a minute Connor dropped his oar into the water, and the sharp, splashing sound that followed always had an accent of regret in it to Ellen's ears whenever she heard it afterwards. No remark was made till they had entered the Channel and lost sight of the Castle lights, and then Connor stooped forward and whispered to Ellen :

"James says they were to come back this evening—my mother and Lesbia and Pelham. They are in there now—happy, I hope. Well, tell her I went away wearing her livery (touching his coat-sleeve), her slave to the last. I'm glad of it. She did not believe I loved her, nor did you either; but I did. It was not all such a joke with me as you chose to fancy. I may have made a fool of myself sometimes, but there was the true thing under all. I hope they'll be very happy. Tell her and my mother that I would have done what you know of if John Thornley had not been beforehand with me."

When they had left the channel they struck out to some distance from the shore, and Ellen seemed to breathe more freely as the expanse of waters around them widened and widened out, making her feel shut in and sheltered between the brooding wings of night and the dividing waters. All night long the dip of the oars and the ripple of the waves against the sides of the boat kept up a question and an answer that she seemed to be trying to understand. It was not always of Connor and the parting close at hand that they seemed to speak; it was oftenest of Anne, whose voyage through the night with the dark waters of death over her head and the "sheltering arms" underneath her bearing her on to eternal sunrise, was frequently so present to Ellen's mind as to shut out all recollection of her own position. Sometimes, however, James and Connor broke the oppressive monotony of sound by taking up a song—one of the old boating-songs they used to sing in old times—and then Ellen gathered up all the power she had to an intensity of listening, that no clear fresh note of the sweet boyish voice—the voice she was never to hear singing again—should escape her ears. As the grey dawn crept up the sky the wind freshened a little, and Connor insisted on wrapping the greatcoat James had thoughtfully brought for him round Ellen, who shuddered with cold.

"Never mind," James said, "it was a breath of the sea that had met them;

and the neighbourhood of the sea meant freedom and safety close at hand—within their grasp—if, please God, no misfortune came at the last hour to snatch it from them."

The thought nerved them to fresh exertion, wearied as they were. Half an hour afterwards there was the sea—Galway harbour, with the Atlantic beyond, divided from them only now by the narrow channel that connects the lake with the bay, and still the sun had only just lifted its head, a fiery red ball, from the waters of the lake stretched out far behind them. They were in time. Connor soon pointed out to Ellen the emigrant ship lying beyond the harbour-bar which he had visited with D'Arcy, and where he was secure of reception if he could reach her unchallenged. Other little boats were putting out to her from the shore as they got clear of Friar's Cut—boats filled with emigrants and their friends who had kept together till the last, and were now in frantic haste to gain the ship's side; for the signal had been hoisted that the anchor was under weigh. Their haste need excite no surprise. Ellen fancied she should feel quite happy when once she had seen Connor climb the side of the vessel and lose himself in the crowd that, early as was the hour, crowded her decks—he would be safe then. Yet, when they shot under the ship's bows, and the confused cries and discordant noises of departure rang in her ears, and Connor, putting down his oar, bent towards her and drew her face to his, it was as if the very bitterness of death had come with the last moment. Her head fell forward powerless on his breast, and James, raising it gently, called on Connor to make haste and get away before she awoke from unconsciousness. She did not hear the compassionate remarks passed round among the occupants of the other boats about the poor young servant lad whose sweetheart had fainted when he wished her good-bye, and she missed the sight of a face thrust over the ship's side that flushed with eager joy as Connor sprang up the ladder. She was conscious of

nothing more till nearly half an hour afterwards, when she raised her head from the bottom of the boat where James had placed her, and saw in front of her a track of light on the dancing waves, and in the midst of it a ship with sails full set dropping down westward.

CHAPTER XL.

"I CONFESS I don't understand on what grounds you two have come to such a sudden understanding without a word of consent from either of your guardians, madam. Don't you know that I can withhold every penny of your fortune for the next five years, if I please? Would it not have been better to propitiate me by making some show of deference, and honestly letting me know at least that it was an accepted lover I was bringing to you from prison the first thing this morning? I ought to have had the choice, I consider; I might have preferred leaving him where he was if I had known the extent of his pretensions. Nothing like a week in prison, it seems, for giving a shy man confidence."

"Oh, John, John, it has been such a happy morning. I did not think it possible for any one in the world to be so happy as I—as we are now, dear, dear John," and Lesbia, who had just emerged from an inner room where she and Mrs. Daly and Pelham had been closeted together for nearly two hours, nestled closely to her brother and laid her flushed cheek on his arm.

"Oh, yes, it's all very well to come coaxing me now after keeping me waiting here in the ante-room with my hands full of business, till you deigned to come and explain your and your young man's extraordinary behaviour on meeting this morning. Am I your guardian, or am I not? Can I stop the supplies if you marry without my consent, or can I not? That is what I want you to consider."

"Oh, John, I wish you would," said Lesbia, lifting up her head eagerly. "I believe it would be a great relief to him

if I might come to him poor just at first. If I could have the years till I am three-and-twenty for living with them at Eagle's Edge, and waiting on them all, as I would; while he kept his own name that he values above all my money. If I might do that, nothing would be wanted to make our happiness perfect."

"A perfect little romance, I dare say, till you had tried it."

"John, it is not like you to believe only in the mean motives; but I see you are only joking. You *will* allow, won't you, that it is true love, and that he is making sacrifices for love of me? His name, that he has a right to be proud of, and the feeling so strong in him of dislike to owe his worldly prosperity to his wife; it is generous to give up all that for me."

"Oh, I can believe in any amount of unpractical Irish pride."

"And in higher feeling than pride, John."

"Well, come, then, to satisfy you I will confess. We had some conversation during our walk from the prison here early this morning while you were asleep, not knowing what had come to pass; and I was very well satisfied with what I heard. He spoke of you in a very honest and manly way; and I acknowledge that he has behaved well in difficult circumstances throughout, and that he is a fine fellow. There, thank you, that will do; you had better reserve your kisses and raptures. I don't appreciate vicarious affection."

"But, John, indeed I am grateful."

"Oh, yes, I dare say; but you have not explained the manner of your meeting yet. Nothing he said gave me to understand that you were on such terms of mutual understanding as warranted——"

"You see it was so sudden, John, we had not heard a word from you."

"No, my letter was sent to Castle Daly, and will come back some time to-day, I suppose."

"To see him follow you into the room when we thought him in prison was such an overwhelming surprise and joy,"

"But it hardly justified you in throwing yourself into his arms."

"Oh! I did not do that."

"Something rather like it, little one."

"I told you in one of my letters, did I not, about our meeting on the road?"

"You could not, I should suppose, have had much to say to each other on the road."

"Not to say; but, John, if you have ever cared for any one very much you will understand. One may go on doubting and doubting for years, and yet knowing underneath all the time, and then at once some little word or look makes, what had seemed only a thought before, become a reality for one's whole life. It would not need any more talking about."

"Then I must say you have wasted a great deal of time this morning. Only on the plea of *its* wanting a great deal of talking about can I excuse you for having kept me hanging about waiting for you two entire hours."

"You are only pretending to be angry, I see; and it has been such a happy time. Yes, certainly, we have talked. Mrs. Daly went up stairs to her own room on purpose, and we had to go back and explain to each other; how it all grew up from the old times at Whitecliffe, when he began by being sorry for me, and doing me little services in secret; and when I found out that I could rely on his thoughtfulness and kindness, so much more securely than on Connor's, though he was so pleasant, and said so much. You would not grudge me the time, dear, if you only knew how happy it had been."

"That is a knowledge which you confidently believe me to be quite incapable of attaining to. It is a sealed book you have got open between your hands, and no one has ever had a glimpse into it before, I suppose."

"Not you, John. Of course, I don't mean to say that you may not care very much for some one. But there is such a difference when one *knows* it is a mutual caring. *That* makes it all solemn and real—then one begins to understand," said Lesbia, drawing up her

head with a far-off indication of approaching wifely dignity.

"Oh, yes, I see," said John. "Then one understands the amazing selfishness that two people absorbed in each other can attain to. I can't say I much desire initiation into that mystery of human nature."

"Have I really been very selfish for keeping you?"

"Well, not very. I have some other prisoners, victims with Pelham, of O'Roone's spite, to look after; but if I could have done anything for them at this particular time I should not have waited. I was not thinking of myself. I was wondering how you two have contrived to forget other anxieties and other people's cares, and be as happy as you profess yourselves this morning. It does not seem to have occurred to you that Miss Daly, as far as you know, has not heard your good news yet, and may be suffering great anxiety for both her brothers."

"I thought you had written to her."

"I sent a hasty line to Castle Daly, and I hope she has it this morning, but we can't be sure. I must remain in Galway to complete my business; but I should have thought you would have been anxious to get back to Castle Daly as soon as possible."

"So we all are. Mrs. Daly only lingers in hope of getting news of Connor. Pelham has heard, through some of his fellow-prisoners, that Connor is hiding in Galway waiting for an opportunity to get off to America, and we think that as soon as it is known Pelham is free, Connor will contrive through some of his confederates to communicate with us."

"He had better do nothing of the kind till he is fairly out of reach of the law. It would risk his own safety, and compromise Pelham over again. Any message he may leave behind him will find you out at Castle Daly, when he has made good his escape."

"I will tell them what you say, and Mrs. Daly will be as anxious to hurry our departure as you can be. Oh, John, dear, let me run away at once, there is

Captain Pelham coming up the hotel steps. He has been to see us every day since we came here, and talks of nothing but of how many more rebel leaders have been taken prisoners, which makes Mrs. Daly very nervous. I must leave him to you to-day. I could not bear to see him just now."

"Comes to see you every day! why I thought you had dismissed him?"

"Oh, yes; but we have had an explanation. He has confessed that he sought my society chiefly because I let him talk of Connemara, and I have told him that I listened to him only because it was of Connemara he talked. The sisters were stupid and misunderstood, and for a little while made him believe I liked him, and that he was bound to ask me; but now we have been perfectly frank with each other, and are better friends than ever. I could not refuse to let him come and talk in the old strain of Connemara, or rather of Ellen Daly. Yes, I let him talk, but I don't encourage him, John, because I think of you. Such an idea as *you* for her has never entered into his head. He fears no one but the rebel cousin to whom some people say she is engaged; and he looks in the papers every day hoping to see that he is taken prisoner. He says it would be the best possible fortune for Ellen if her Irish cousin were taken and hanged, as he deserves; but I can't bear to have it said, for Pelham would not like it, so I will leave him to you to-day. Please go and meet him in the hall and take him off."

John was the less disposed to forgive Lesbia for thrusting the task of entertaining her quondam confidant upon him, when he found that there was no possibility of civilly shaking off the young officer at the entrance of the hotel. Captain Pelham had come to while away a dull hour in talk with Lesbia, but as she was not to be had he was nearly as well pleased to get rid of the time by accompanying John wherever he might be going, and discussing with him the scraps of news in the morning papers he had already acquainted himself with.

"Two more of the club leaders taken

by the police," he began. "Have you seen it? They were prowling about the roads near, and were spotted by the constables from their footsore condition and hang-dog looks. That's three of the gentlemen disposed of, whose tall talk has cost us, and I don't know how many more of her Majesty's regiments, to say nothing of ships of war, a journey to Ireland, and the loss of comfortable quarters. Not that I mind it personally, for as it happens I had rather be here than anywhere else. We shall have to stay in Ireland till the trials of the state prisoners are over, I expect, for fear of attempts at rescue; and some of the most conspicuous of the agitators are missing still. That fellow, O'Donnell, have you seen an account that has appeared lately in a government paper, of a speech he made on the occasion of the return of their precious delegates from Paris? There is rank treason enough in it to hang ten men."

"I ran my eye through it—it was arrant absurdity; but it was spoken under excitement by a lad of twenty-three, and a poet; that ought to be taken into consideration."

"I don't see why it should. There's no law that I know of to justify poets at any age in speaking treason against the Queen. Paltry considerations like that are just what I'm afraid of. If we had a good strong Tory Government now, we should be secure of the thing being rightly gone through with, and a lesson given that would keep the poetasters silent for a generation or two, but you shilly-shallying Whigs will be for half measures. For sending the traitors across the sea, whence they can send their poison back to disturb weak minds for another half century. Ugh! It's enough to make one sick!"

They were now walking down Castle Street, and John stopped before the monument let into the wall of Lynch Castle, to mark the spot where the stern father executed his rebellious son, with his own hands, in the face of an execrating Celtic crowd, who could not appreciate the immolation of live family love to dead law.

"You rival old Lynch in public spirit," John said, looking up at the cross-bones. "You would not object to see your cousin Connor Daly hanged, I suppose, for the sake of justice?"

"Yes, but I should; he's not altogether an Irishman, he has good English blood in his veins, and though I have always thought him the weakest fool I ever came across, I can make allowance for his having been misled. I was speaking of D'Arcy O'Donnell who has brought all this trouble into the family. I have no partiality for hanging, however—it would not be the remedy I should prescribe. If things had gone to my mind, this insurrection with which we have been threatened so long, should have been allowed to make a respectable beginning, and the rebels should have mustered strong enough for something like a campaign, then they would have had a chance of getting a lesson that would have lasted them a while. We need not have waited for judge and juries to decide where the treason was deep-dyed enough for punishment. Bayonets would have made quicker work."

"Shall you complain of this disappointment to your cousin, Miss Daly?" asked John with a smile lurking in the corner of his mouth, as the thought rose that at all events this rival was not much to be dreaded.

"Why should I not? It is vexation at the misery this wretched business has brought on my aunt and Ellen that makes me savage. I would have her eyes opened, poor dear girl, for it has been more than one could well bear to see her estranging herself from her best friends, for the sake of unpractical notions whose true bearing she does not in the least comprehend. It has not been her fault; the folly was put into her head by designing people for their own selfish purposes. Once she has come to her senses again she will be all right."

The patronising tone was too much for John, and determined him to end the conversation.

"Let us cross the road," he said; "I want to go into that little jeweller's shop to have my watch regulated; perhaps

you would like to walk on—I may be detained there some time.”

“Oh, no, I have nothing to do, I may as well turn in with you as not. There is always something absurd to be seen in the shops here. I dare say we shall find the jeweller selling drugs, or tea, or patent medicines, in turn with his clocks and watches. They are such a beggarly set, one finds something to laugh at wherever one goes here.”

It was a low dark room, its projecting bay windows thickly hung with dusty second-hand watches and shabby jewellery, letting in little light from the narrow shady street.

A wizen-faced, spectacled old man, was seated behind the counter, peering into the works of a tarnished silver watch as big as a turnip, by the aid of a dim lamp. John gave his watch and chain into this man's hands with instructions to regulate the one and remedy a twisted link in the other, and then he went and stood at the far end of the shop, absently staring up at the pictured moon face of an eight-day clock, while his companion poked about among the jewel cases, and distracted the shopman's attention from his work by criticising and pricing his goods. A customer entered the shop while this was going on, and after hesitating a moment on seeing it occupied, went up to the owner and spoke a few words to him in a low voice. The old man's shrill answer reached John's ears, and interested him so much as to make him turn round to look at the new comer.

“I am very sorry, sir,” the shopman was saying to a tall young man, who leaned so far over the counter that John could not see his face, “I am very sorry, but I could not, as things go, afford to give more than thirty shillings for this ring. The setting is very slight, and we have no sale whatever for such things now.”

“I shall not part with it for less than the sum I named—give it back to me,” the young man answered with a tone of alacrity in his voice, that sounded to John as if he felt the refusal a reprieve.

“I'm sorry, sir, but money is very

scarce just now, and we are overdone with parties bringing trinkets for sale.”

“Well, give it me back again.”

The speaker rose to his full height, as taking the ring from the shopman's hands he slid it on the finger of his left hand again, and turned to leave the place, almost knocking over Marmaduke Pelham, who during the whole transaction had stood close to the counter, with his eyes fixed intently on the ring the jeweller was examining. John started, for there was something in the stranger's unusual height and air that struck him as familiar, and he was coming forward to question the shopman when Captain Pelham rushed up to him, seized him by the arm and dragged him out of the shop, without giving him time to speak.

“Here,” he said; “this way—I want to keep that man in sight; don't stop walking to answer me; but have you any idea who that is?”

“No; how should I?”

“Then I can tell you—it's Darcy O'Donnell; or if not O'Donnell himself, a confederate whom he has sent to raise money for his escape to America. That was *her* ring he was trying to sell. Yes, *hers*, Ellen Daly's; she must have given it to him, curse him; and he is trying to raise money for his escape on it, the beggar!”

“Be calm; don't excite yourself. You can't be sure of this,” John answered, surprised at the excitement that made the young man's red cheek turn white and his eyes flash.

“I am sure; I could swear to that ring among a thousand. I gave it to her myself. I spent the first ten-pound note I ever possessed in my life on it, and she has given it to him. Come on; I shan't be calm while there's a chance of that fellow's giving us the slip among these narrow streets. We must see him into a house, and then fetch a constable. There are too many ragamuffins here lounging about who would help him off in a scuffle to attempt his arrest in the street. Ah, he is striking across the square! Let us keep within an

easy distance; he is conspicuous enough in open ground."

"What a likeness to your uncle, Mr. Daly!" exclaimed John; "I could fancy it was himself come to life again. You are right; that must be D'Arcy O'Donnell. Did the likeness strike you?"

"No; I saw nothing but the ring. I hardly looked at the scoundrel's face; I didn't want to see him."

By this time the object of their pursuit had crossed Eyre Square, and after pausing for a moment at the entrance of a small eating-house at the corner of South Street, opened the half-door and entered. John and Marmaduke reached the shop a few moments after his disappearance, but on looking in saw no one but an old woman seated on a stool in the middle of the floor, beating up eggs vehemently in a basin. From her there was of course nothing to be gained, in answer to their questions, but a flood of Irish, and Captain Pelham, disconcerted and breathless, retreated into the street, drawing John after him.

"Well," he said, "I suppose there's nothing for it but to bring a party of constables to search the house as soon as possible. We saw him go in there with our own eyes, and we can't be humbugged out of that if the whole town takes to speaking nothing but Irish. You stay and watch that he does not leave the house by either the back or front door. See, it's a corner-house, with a second door into that little street. You can easily keep your eye on both till I come back. You may depend on me not to be long away."

John stood at the door of the little eating-house till Captain Pelham had again crossed the square and disappeared round its opposite corner; then he raised the latch of the half-door and entered the shop, and once more confronted the voluble Irish-speaking old woman. She would not even look at him this time, but went on vehemently beating her eggs, without taking the smallest notice of his approach. He

touched her on the shoulder at last, and put down a sovereign on the counter near her.

"I believe that you understand English as well as I do," he said. "Now listen to me. I am a friend to the gentleman who is now in your room up stairs, and mean to help him to escape if possible; but there is not a moment to be lost. Take me to him at once if you value his safety."

She looked up at him keenly for a second or two without speaking.

"Will you swear to me, by the blessed Lord, who was betrayed Himself, that you are not schaming treachery?" she said at last.

"I will," John answered earnestly. "I swear that I mean kindly to the person I am seeking; and I take Him who was betrayed Himself to witness that I have no guile in my thoughts."

"Then you can't do more; for who would punish treachery if not Him that died by it!" she said slowly. "Take back your gould, sir; I don't want that. Would I be paid for saving my foster-son, do you think? Come along this way and I'll let you see him."

She led the way up a dark staircase, and pushing open a door at its head, ushered him into a decent room furnished as a dining-room, with chairs round a table covered with lately-used plates and dishes, and a horse-hair sofa at the far end, on which lay the man Marmaduke and John had pursued, already in a deep sleep. John only had a glimpse round the room, but he could always afterwards recall its appearance exactly. The oddly-shaped corners, the look of untidy comfort, the gaudy strip of carpet in the window-recess, the full-length shiny oil-painting of Daniel O'Conner that hung above the fireplace. Still less did he ever forget the attitude and expression of the figure asleep on the sofa; for at sight of that all the other surroundings passed out of his mind, and another long-past scene rose up before his eyes, in which he felt as if he were again acting a part. He saw in memory a figure stretched out on a bare earthen

floor, and a face hardly paler than the one now before him, and bearing a wonderful resemblance to it, which turned dying eyes to his, and said, with smiling lips, "I am glad I came here to-night instead of you." If John had had a doubt about what he meant to do; if chivalrous feeling towards Ellen Daly's chosen lover had not already decided him on taking a certain course—that recollection and resemblance would have been enough. He stepped quickly across the room, and laid his hand on D'Arcy O'Donnell's shoulder.

"Mr. O'Donnell," he said, "you are in danger here—wake up. You have been watched into this house by an enemy, and a constable will be here in five minutes to arrest you. You had better leave this at once, and go to some securer hiding-place."

The sleeper woke up at the first touch, and was on his feet before John had half finished speaking, but after the first startled expression had passed, a change came over his face, and he sat down again.

"You say you are a friend, and you no doubt mean kindly, but I wish that you had let me have my sleep out," he remarked quietly; "five minutes more of such sleep as I was enjoying would have been worth a great deal more to me than five more days of being hunted about. The end must come sooner or later; I had made up my mind to that when I turned in here; so why not this minute?"

"Come away with me—you have no time to lose," said John, authoritatively; "we will talk when we are in the street."

"My boy—my boy—do as the gentleman bids ye," pleaded the old woman; "he has sworn to me that he means well by ye, and ye would not break me heart intirely by letting the constables take ye under the roof where ye was nursed a baby? Would I iver sleep aisy beneath it agin?"

"You are right, Biddy, I need not inflict that trouble on you in return for your goodness, to make your house a marked place. I will go then and get

my last free night's sleep somewhere else if I can."

He kissed the old woman on the cheek as he passed her in the doorway, and in another minute he and John were outside, walking along the square, in the direction of West Bridge, side by side. John slipped his hand under his new acquaintance's arm.

"I want to have a word or two with you; and yet I would not intrude on your retreat. Is there any direction in which you can walk safely without showing me more than you wish?"

"I am going towards the Claddagh; and I have no objection at all to your knowing that I have been living in the cabin of one of the Claddagh fishers for the last ten days. They hold themselves tolerably free of the law, and seldom admit a constable into the domains of the Fish King, so that the harbouring of one offender, more or less, is hardly likely to be brought home to them. Have you ever walked through the district?"

"No, never. I have always been told it was hardly safe for a stranger to do so."

"Then come with me, it is worth your seeing; and as you seem to have made me a generous present of a summer's evening in the open air, I may as well spend an hour of it in introducing you to the alien people who must have been brought through the sea by some Pied Piper centuries ago. The reigning monarch is a friend of mine—though he is not a friend to 'the cause.' He would be quite as unwilling to recognise King O'Brien as Queen Victoria, for a rival authority to his own."

They had crossed the bridge now, and leaving the better houses and more regular streets behind them, were approaching a mass of low-roofed mud cabins, that stretched in long straggling rows across a plain, composed of mud and sand, partially covered with coarse grass, that sloped down to the sea-shore. As they approached the huts, two or three sturdy young men, with dark faces and fierce black eyes, strolled out as if to meet and inspect them,

before they were permitted to enter the district. D'Arcy made some sign to them, and they moved aside, with a nod of welcome, and permitted him and his companion to pass on. The appearance of a decently-dressed stranger in the sodden grass-grown space between the cabins, which troops of half-naked children shared with herds of pigs, and flocks of geese and poultry, was evidently an unusual event, and brought all the inhabitants of the place to stare from the open doors of the windowless cabins. Into their dark recesses, lighted only by the dull glow of peat cinders on the hearths, John had ample opportunity to stare in return, for his progress through the live impedimenta that surged round was necessarily very slow. Withered old hags, lean and haggard, crouched on the door-sills, and smoked short pipes up into his face. Stalwart dark-browed men leaned listlessly against the door-posts, and sent suspicious glances after him. Slim brown girls, with shapely bare feet, and faces of a strange foreign beauty, peeped at him from under their head-shawls, with large soft gazelle eyes, such as painters love to depict over an Arab woman's face veil, while they twirled spindles before him, and turned spinning wheels, of shapes that were in vogue centuries ago. By the time he had reached the end of the last row of cabins, he felt as if he had passed through some strange phantasmagoric vision, where every gradation of human shape, from hideous deformity to the beauty of dream-land, was presented to him in a rapid succession, that took away his breath. One of the ugliest of the old hags, a moving mass of rags, filth, and wrinkles, stood before him as they were leaving the most densely thronged lane of cabins, and holding out a skinny hand, whined for alms. John was drawing out his purse, when D'Arcy stopped him.

"No, don't do that ; don't let them see money ; you would hardly get out of the place alive. It's a terrible thing to say, but it is true, this year, when the herring fishery having failed them,

they are feeling the famine with the rest. You might walk through this place at night, with a hundred pounds in your pockets, no one would think of robbery ; but if they believed they could coax or frighten you into giving, you would have no chance of getting away till you had parted with your last farthing. They are beginning to look anxiously at you now—let us move on."

The cabins were less crowded together as they proceeded, and soon they reached a white open road, terminating in a sandy ridge ; on climbing which they saw the waters of the bay at their feet, divided from them only by a yellow strip of sandy beach. The fresh sea breeze, and the stillness of the afternoon in this quiet place was welcome, after the crowd and din they had left a very little way behind them. D'Arcy lifted his hat to let the wind freshen his face, and then turned to John, with a smile and a half bow.

"I have shown you the Claddagh, in return for the great kindness you conferred on me an hour ago ; and now perhaps it is time to say good-bye, and rid you of my company. I perceive you know who I am, and though I have not the benefit of the same knowledge with respect to yourself, I see you are an Englishman, and hardly suppose you can be anxious to be seen with me under present circumstances. I shall not forget that you have given me a last look at the sea."

"But, excuse me, I have not yet said what I followed you to say. You must not think me impertinent, but I want you to tell me what you intend to do next."

"Go back to the Claddagh for to-night, and to-morrow morning walk into the town and give myself up to the authorities there, who are on the look out for me. The boys who have sheltered me during the last week would not touch blood money, or I would make one of them give me up and earn the two hundred pounds, that would keep the whole clan in luxury till better times come."

"Why give yourself up? have you no better prospect than that?"

"This morning I had, and the disappointment has broken me down. Do you see that ship riding at anchor, just beyond the harbour bar? This morning I hoped to be on board her before night. The captain had agreed to receive me and a friend of mine on board, and would have asked no questions. I was waiting only for my passage-money, for which I had written to a friend, whom I had substantially helped more than once in happier days, and who would, I felt sure, have no difficulty in lending me the small sum I asked. I risked a walk into the town to-day to get this letter (postmen don't frequent the Claddagh), and I had directed my friend to send it to my foster-mother's house. I received a shabby excuse—no money—and the ship sails early to-morrow. In fulfilment of a promise I once gave, I made an attempt to raise the few pounds I wanted' so much on the only thing left in my possession that was worth selling, but, to confess the truth, I was not very sorry to fail. I could not raise my passage-money to America on my solitary valuable; but I am not sure that it is not worth more to me, than say ten years more of life out there—as things are now—I don't covet them."

"But you ought; at your age, and with your powers, you ought to cling to life; it is a cowardly act to let it slip from you for want of resolution."

D'Arcy shrugged his shoulders, and looked back at the Claddagh.

"Would you have me pass the rest of my days, indebted for shelter and my daily bread, to the poor fellows there,—or what? I don't believe I have a friend in Ireland, besides the one whose letter of excuse I have in my pocket, who has the power to help me with money this year."

"Yes, there is one person to whom you were indirectly the means of bringing a considerable sum of money, and some repute that has been of service to him since, and who has always felt in your debt on that account. I

know him; let me be his banker, and hand you over a portion of the sum he believes you helped him to earn. The Claddagh people have spared my purse, you see, and it is as well they did so, as there is a ten-pound note in it. Let it be a loan from my friend if you like it better."

D'Arcy's face flushed. "I don't understand in the least—this is some generous fiction."

"Do you remember an essay in one of the *Quarterlies*, on 'Recent Irish Poetry'? It was inspired by your verses, and it is the writer of that article who considers himself your debtor."

"John Thornley—and you then are John Thornley?"

"It won't make you less willing to agree to my proposition that your guess is right," said John, holding out his hand.

D'Arcy clasped it in both his. "It makes me cease to wonder at your generous kindness. I have heard of you from my cousins—but, indeed, I cannot——"

"Yes, yes, you can; as I said before, at your age, and with your powers, you have no right to throw away any chance of redeeming the past."

"Redeeming—you are an Englishman. You utterly disapprove of all I have done. How can you reconcile it to your principles to aid my escape?"

"I leave it to you to justify me in the long run; but we waste time and opportunity in talking. Let us walk down to the beach. Do not I see some of your Claddagh fishermen pushing a boat into the sea? Let us meet them—come."

John walked on at a quick pace across the sand towards the boat, and D'Arcy followed. The evening tide was flowing in calmly and slowly, the little waves broke in musical ripples close to their feet. When they were within a few paces of the boat, D'Arcy paused and looked all round him, like a man just waking out of a dream. He took off his hat again, and the sea wind blew in his face. It came to him like an invitation from the land of freedom,

and he felt in a moment that the power to persist in rejecting John's offer and return to the prospect of imprisonment and death had gone from him. From the sunny sky and the wide blue sea life had held out her arms to him, and was sweet still. He ran after John, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I accept your offer," he said; "you have given me back my life. I will take it at your hands, and owe you a life's gratitude for your conduct to-day. These fishers down there with the boat are waiting for me. It was agreed this morning that they should meet me here, at the turn of the evening tide, and I have not had an opportunity of acquainting them with my change of purpose. They would have waited in vain till morning but for you; but I think you had better not let them see you, as they will perhaps mistrust a stranger and an Englishman, and suspect danger."

John gave the purse into O'Donnell's hands, as he again shook them warmly. "We part here then; but I think there is a great deal more to come—that we shall hear of each other in the future."

"I know there is," said D'Arcy; "and, anyhow, I am glad I have seen you. I'll never forget your face now." His eye rested on John for a moment, with a peculiar look, keen and full of pain, and yet satisfied. "He'll do, I think," he said to himself, in a low

voice. "It is what I might have expected." Then with another warm clasp of the hand, he turned away and walked rapidly towards the boat, whose owners had now recognized him, and were making signs to him to hasten.

John made his way back to the top of the sand ridge, whence he saw the whole process of the launch of the little fishing boat on the crest of a wave, the rowers taking their seats; the hoisting of the tiny sail, and its progress for some distance towards an opposite point of the compass to that where the emigrant ship lay. He watched it in all its devious tacks, till it was a little dark speck on the blue water; and longer still, till under cover of the deepening twilight, it drew near its real destination. Then he got up and walked towards the lighted town. He thought a great deal of D'Arcy, and the probable after course of the life he had that day given back to its owner; a great deal, too, of Mr. Daly on his death night. But most of all of Ellen, on the evening when she had read his first essay on D'Arcy's poems, and looking up to him with flashing eyes, had said the words that rankled in his heart still: "I hate every word of it." Would she ever come to know what he had done to-day, or be able in the smallest degree to estimate what it had cost him?

To be continued.

HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS.

THE proper training of pauper children is a question that has been frequently brought before the public, by magazine articles, newspaper leaders and letters, and by the writings of specialists, who have each their panacea for the cure of what is generally admitted to be a terrible evil—inherited pauperism, and the sinking into vice and crime of children who have been under the training of the State.

Of late years the discussion of the subject has confined itself to the respective merits of separate schools and boarding-out; for the advocates of both systems concede (what was not granted forty years ago) that children can only be depauperised by entire separation from adult pauperism.

The supporters of separate schools have in most cases been able to obtain high-class managers, excellent teachers, thorough sanitary provision, and supervision for them. They have besides this advantage in the discussion—that their system includes all classes of pauper children, and places such as remain for a few days only on the same footing with those whose whole childhood is spent within their walls; while boarding-out is applicable solely to such young paupers as can be permanently placed under its influence. An argument constantly urged by the school advocates is, that the presence of the permanent children forms the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump;" having, they say, a most salutary influence upon the casuals—their "most demoralised pupils"—in the maintenance of discipline and good morals; in fact, the school would soon become a "hell upon earth without them." But to support this view its advocates should show a great difference of results between "leaveners" and those whose stay under good influences is but short. Otherwise the public will suspect that the school has been able

to afford little preparation against the dangers its pupils must encounter in after life. They have not, however, even attempted this proof, and Mrs. Senior was the first to separate in the public reports the subsequent careers of casual and permanent pauper children.

The advocates of boarding-out, on the other hand, maintain that children massed together in large numbers—supervised, not "mothered," by comparatively few officials—with no holidays, and little or no communication with the world outside, are placed in a wholly unnatural position. They are the "salt that has lost its savour." They exist, certainly, but they have neither preservative nor regenerative powers. Such children, it is obvious, must have a great aptitude for absorbing evil impressions from their casual companions—their only newsmongers. And what sort of news comes to them may be conceived from the fact that Mrs. Senior saw a little girl of six in a pauper school whose language was so horrible that the matron was obliged to separate her from her companions the instant lessons were over; and I, myself, know a pauper child of three who can distinguish the different kinds of ardent spirits by their smell. Such communications, however, are, it is well known, not repulsive to children generally; and to those who are shut up from all natural sources of mental interest, save lessons, they acquire a fearful attraction. In a well-known mechanical experiment, a wheel of soft iron, revolving with great rapidity, cuts deeply into a hard steel file held against its edge, while itself receiving no perceptible injury. Thus, even if the permanent children had the hardness of the file, the ever-changing multitude of casuals would be far more likely to influence them than to be influenced by them.

Nor does the experience of schools

from which the permanent children have been removed (so far as can be effected by boarding-out) confirm those fears. The workhouse schools of Bath, of Chorlton (Manchester), and these for girls and infants at Birmingham—the only urban ones I know of which have been thus cleared—have all during the past year been praised by the inspectors for their good mental and moral standard. Indeed, the description of the school of Bath Union, where boarding-out has been in practice for five years, reads more like that of Elysium than Pandemonium. And the late master of the Birmingham Boys' Probationary School, whose scholars in general passed on to the main school if they remained more than a fortnight, while bearing testimony to the evil effects of associating casuals and permanents, records that he had no difficulty in maintaining discipline among his pupils. In truth, the little benefit derived by the casual children owing to the short time they severally pass under good influences, has been often deplored by the advocates of separate schools.

Are we then dealing justly with these orphan children in endeavouring to employ them as instruments to regenerate the degraded of their own class, when it is universally acknowledged that, after all, their task is but that of Sisyphus? Their childhood is darkened, their better instincts dwarfed—selfishness, ill-temper, and falsehood fostered—not, indeed, by the superintendents, but surely the system, and all in vain! They verily resemble the Innocents of Bethlehem—martyrs in deed, though not in will!

Having thus disposed of the figment that the permanent children render to the State any appreciable assistance in reforming the casuals, let us now direct our attention to what we believe to be the best mode of dealing with the former, *i.e.*, the boarding-out system; examining whether it be practicable, and whether it supply the conditions necessary for training children, while avoiding the contamination of pauper association inseparable from the school

system. The necessity of separating the children from *adult* paupers is admitted, as we have mentioned above, on all hands; but the advocates of boarding-out go farther. They maintain that it is desirable to separate them from *all* pauperism, juvenile as well as adult, and this the system thoroughly effects. And if in addition to the foregoing conditions it can be proved that boarding-out is not more expensive than district or separate schools, and the supervision maintained over the children be, at least, as efficient, the conclusion seems necessarily to follow that it should be extensively adopted.

Before entering on the description of boarding-out, it would perhaps be well to show how essentially it differs from farming-out; which, having been found to be unsatisfactory, was discontinued, but with which however it is very often confounded under the title of an old system revived. Under farming-out, the children—sometimes so many as ten or twelve in one cottage—were placed with persons whose means of subsistence were derived wholly, or mainly, from the money paid to them by the guardians; little or no supervision was exercised; and the children's attendance at school was not compulsory. We have a vivid picture, and I believe hardly an overdrawn one, of this method of treating pauper children in the opening chapters of "Oliver Twist."

Under the boarding-out regulations not more than two children—unless they are brothers and sisters, and even then not more than four, may be placed in one house; while it should be satisfactorily ascertained that the intending foster parents have sufficient means of subsistence for themselves and their families. Constant supervision of the children and their attendance at school are compulsory. Strict inquiry is also made, and stringent regulations enforced concerning the sleeping accommodation, and the proper separation of the sexes at night.

Boarding-out, after a desultory fashion, has existed in different parts of the empire from time immemorial. But

the modern form—that with efficient supervision—arose from a very humble incident. In 1828 three working men, as they followed their friend's body to the grave in a Dublin churchyard, consulted how they could best support and bring up his orphan children. From this small beginning arose the noble Irish Protestant Orphan Association, followed by the Roman Catholic Institutions of the same kind; and in 1844, the guardians of the City Parish of Edinburgh, dissatisfied with the results of the training in their own schools, adopted this system for their children. Their example was followed in Glasgow and most of the large unions of Scotland. Meanwhile the boarding-out of pauper children was instituted in Ireland; and in 1861 the English unions of Eton, and of Highworth and Swindon, commenced the system, it is believed, both in the same month, although unknown to each other.

The leading principle of the boarding-out system is to restore the child to family life; to create around him natural relations and natural ties; under which conditions his physical health improves, his natural affections are brought into play, and he enjoys the liberty and variety of a child's home life. Meanwhile he is not free from the petty temptations which ordinarily arise; nor is it desirable that he should be so, for his actions under these temptations reveal the faults of his character at a time when his nature is malleable, and they can be easily checked, while they too often remain unknown and unsuspected in the school, merely from the absence of opportunity to exhibit them until they have strengthened with his increasing age. Together with this liability to temptation, a strong motive exists to withstand it in the child's indisputable filial affection, the true basis for religious principles in after life.

The children are placed with persons of ascertained good character, who, being intrusted with parental power, undertake to treat them in all respects as their own offspring. A weekly sum is paid for their maintenance by the guardians

through the medium of the boarding-out committee, who from time to time assure themselves that the duties the foster-parents have undertaken are being conscientiously performed. It is required also that the children should attend a good day school in the neighbourhood.

Persons unacquainted with the practical working of the system assert that a sufficient number of suitable homes cannot be found. When they are told that the Scotch officers have now more applicants of ascertained good character than they can supply, the objectors answer, "The peasantry are very different in Scotland." When they are met by the statement that homes in plenty are found in Ireland by both the parochial authorities and the voluntary associations,—“Oh, yes,” they say, “the Irish are so very warm-hearted.” Now that the Birmingham committee is in the same predicament as the Scotch inspectors—at least as regards homes for girls, although they have under their care a larger number than any other committee in England—we shall be certain to hear something very complimentary to the Midland Counties! But in truth sufficient suitable homes are always to be found when they are looked for in the right way, and time is given for the search. Indeed the whole number of children in England and Wales, for whom boarding out is applicable, is probably under 14,000.

But at the same time that we are told that we shall not find enough homes, it is also asserted that the homes we have found are so agreeable that parents will desert their children more than they now do in order to get them placed under these very delightful conditions! No one who knows what deserting parents really are would charge them with any desire of benefiting their children. The following is the portrait of a deserting parent, drawn from the life:—

J. C., whose treatment had accelerated his wife's death, deserted his home, leaving his four children alone with the corpse, to starve, or be found by the relieving officer, as chance directed. The

officer had find them, and took them to the workhouse; here one died, and three years afterwards, two boys of the remainder were boarded out by the committee, of which I am one of the honorary secretaries. They had been but four months in their happy home, when the father was discovered by the guardians, and imprisoned for deserting his children. The boys were recalled from their foster-parents, to whom it was a bitter grief to part with them, and the guardians, acting under legal obligation, gave up them and their little sister from the workhouse to their father on his release from gaol. We knew the fate of the boys to be hard indeed, though even we could not anticipate what that fate would be; but that of the little girl, not quite six years old, and only just recovering from typhoid fever, in the hands of such a parent we saw would be still more cruel. Therefore, as by good fortune, we discovered the dwelling-place of the family, a few weeks afterwards, we set what some people call political economy at defiance, and induced the man, without any persuasion being necessary, to give up his little daughter wholly into our hands, on condition that he should know no more about her for the future. She is now boarded out, supported by voluntary contributions, and is well and happy. Her brothers, on the contrary, after a miserable existence of twelve months in the one case, and sixteen in the other, are both dead, done to death by their father's cruelty, although no actual blow put an end to their life.

From the knowledge which I have gained by eight years' experience, I have reason to believe that this is no exceptional case of desertion, and the same selfish motive which actuated J. C. to leave his children, without caring what became of them, keeping his ample means—for he earned 25s. per week—to spend entirely upon himself, is the moving principle with the generality of such parents. Several of our boarded-out deserted children are now suffering from constitutional weaknesses of different kinds, and the almost invariable answer

the medical man gives to questions concerning the cause is, "This child must have been starved when an infant."

During the last five years the Birmingham Guardians have employed a policeman to search for and arrest deserting parents. His experience is large, as he is very successful; and he told me that he did not know a single instance in which a father had deserted his children in the hope of benefiting them, though he thought it was possible one or two mothers had done so.

Desertion of children, it should be remembered, is not intended by the parents to be permanent, but only while the little ones are too young to be useful. As soon as a child attains an age when it can be made the household drudge, or earn a few pence, sometimes by honest, but often by dishonest means, a professed "relative" comes to the workhouse and claims it. In unions where desertion is sharply looked up, a real brother or sister, uncle or aunt is employed for this purpose by the parent; but in parishes where the guardians fulfil this duty slackly, very often the parent himself, under one of these titles, takes the child away, and its only too probable fate is sad indeed.

So far, in truth, from the boarding-out system having any tendency to encourage desertion, experience shows that its effect is greatly to check it. So long as the child remains in the school, its family can keep an eye upon it, and it is ready for them to take out as soon as it is old enough. But this system, which aims at permanently breaking the tie between the children and their vicious relatives, who, I need scarcely say, are not allowed to know where they are, has a deterrent effect upon desertion; and it is an undoubted fact that, in all the three kingdoms, children who had remained for years in the workhouse have been reclaimed upon the resolution of the guardians to board-out being declared.

The third serious objection which has been raised to the system is, that

the child will not be incorporated into the family, or excite parental love in the breasts of its protectors. Yet there is no one fact brought so prominently forward in the working of this system than that its most ardent advocates are the boarded-out themselves. The renewal in some cases, and the creation in others of family ties, satisfies an instinctive craving in the child for the associates and surroundings which God in His natural order has provided for him. I had once a striking instance of this. A little girl whom I had chosen, at her foster parents' desire, some weeks previous to her actual departure from the workhouse, was found on arriving at her dwelling, eighteen miles away, to be suffering from serious disease of the eyes; for it often happens that defective vision is not discovered until the child has to act for itself under new circumstances. Three weeks afterwards we were enabled to place her in the children's hospital, and I fetched her back to Birmingham for that purpose. On our way the child cried piteously, fancying she was being taken to the workhouse. In vain I told her no, but she was going to a place where she would be made to see as well as other little girls; she gave no credence to my words, continually repeating between her sobs, "I want to go to Mrs. P. (her foster mother). I don't want to go to the workhouse. Miss Hill said I was to be happy," not recognising, poor child, with her dim sight, in her companion the lady whose few light words, seven weeks before, had made so deep an impression, because she had recognised their truth.

Little as she knew it, she was fighting, had fighting been necessary, with invincible weapons—weapons that have ere now conquered a relieving officer; for a west-country union having decided to withdraw the children they had boarded out (not under a committee), their relieving officer said, "Well, gentlemen, you must send somebody else for the children, for the truth is, they are so happy, that take them back I can't and won't!"

Nor is the affection on the side of the children alone. One of the Glasgow inspectors told me that a woman had been intrusted by him with a baby, whose settlement had not been determined. At length it was found to belong to one of the few Scotch unions which do not board out, and she was ordered to give up the child to the workhouse authorities. She came in the greatest distress to the inspector, and flung herself on her knees. With tears streaming down her cheeks, and clasped hands, she implored him to let her keep the child, "she could not give it up." He heartily sympathised with her, but said that there was only one means by which she could retain it, and that was to take its support on herself. To this she gladly assented, and went on her way rejoicing with her baby safe in her arms.

Our own experience at Birmingham is to the same effect. A little girl was pronounced incurable, suffering from heart disease. I sent for the foster-parents, and told them that it was my duty to inform them that, as the child was pronounced incurable, she might be returned to the workhouse. I knew beforehand what the answer would be. "That we shall never do," said the father; "we cannot part with her. But, ma'am, doctors are sometimes mistaken. Don't you think it is possible Dr. J. is wrong now, and she may get well?" Alas, Dr. J. is not mistaken!

The attachment, in truth, of the parent seems to increase, if the children are weakly, in exact proportion to the alleviation their suffering requires. We placed out a most delicate little boy, not quite three years old, in a labourer's family. Finding after a fortnight's residence that the child still required incessant care, day and night, we offered to return him to the workhouse. But the wife replied she would rather keep him, *because he wanted a mother's care*, which in very truth he did. Again, after some five weeks had passed away, and an eruption had broken out, which the poor woman had caught, and we feared might be communicated to the

rest of the family, we sent word that we had a bed promised at the Children's Hospital, and that the child should be returned to her when he was cured. Again she answered she would rather nurse him herself; and her devotion has been rewarded by his becoming a fat little rolly-polly, trudging, we hope, not "unwillingly to school!"

It is a vexed question whether it is preferable to make an allowance sufficient to leave a margin after the expenses are met, or to cut it down to the point where it only just covers the expense among the poor class of foster-parents, and meets merely the main cost of the children among those who are in easier circumstances.

There are advantages on both sides, but I am inclined to believe, although many able persons have decided in favour of liberal payments, that there is greater security in the smaller sum, for it precludes the possibility of persons applying for children who desire to make a profit out of their charge. At Birmingham the negotiation has often broken off as soon as it was ascertained that while stipulating that the foster parents should bear a high character, we were not prepared to pay the usual charge for a nurse child in that district.

The maximum expenditure allowed under the regulations of the Local Government Board is £13 a year, exclusive of school and medical expenses. But the average is less than this. One committee reckons it at £11; another at £10 8s., while at Birmingham it is £9 16s. per annum per child, or, including every expense, £10 7s. 2d., while the average annual cost per child in the nine district schools was, in 1873, £20 11s. 2d.,¹ exclusive of rent charges. The Birmingham expenditure is a few shillings per case less than it costs the City Parish of Edinburgh to maintain its children; but the salary of their superintendent is reckoned in the expenditure upon them, while at Birmingham the supervision is voluntary.

The supervision of voluntary com-

mittees is often said to be worthless, and to be, in fact, a sure cause of failure, although hospitals, reformatories, industrial schools, and indeed most charitable institutions are so managed, and usually with success.

The Local Government Board takes great care to obtain a guarantee that the duties undertaken by the Certified Boarding-out Committees, under whose charge alone children can be placed outside their union, shall be conscientiously performed, not only by requiring that every member, as well as the officers, shall be certified by itself, but by laying down stringent rules to be observed by the committee in supervising the children, and by the guardians in supervising the work of the committee.

Boards of guardians can, and do, employ voluntary committees, or even single individuals, to help in boarding-out within the limits of the union, but in that case the children are considered to be on out-relief, and to be legally in the charge of the relieving officers. Both kinds of committees have almost without exception satisfied the Local Government Board and the guardians who have employed them.

The death-rate, combined with the cost of medical appliances, affords a true criterion of the efficiency of a system for the management of children. Tried by these tests, our system comes out well, for the medical expenses in the four largest unions in Scotland in 1869 (mentioned by Mr. Henley in his report upon boarding-out in that country) averaged 1s. 7d. per child per annum, the death-rate at the same time being 14·15 per 1,000, which, as it includes children boarded-out at three months old from urban parishes, is highly satisfactory. In England, as yet, the statistics do not seem to have been so carefully taken; but there is no reason to believe the mortality to be excessive. In Birmingham there has been hitherto no death among eighty children (for we do not, of course, reckon the deaths of J. C.'s sons mentioned above, who were delivered up to their father in perfect health), and

¹ L. G. B. *Annual Report*, 1873-4, pp. 498, 640.

the medical expenses have averaged just under 2s. per head per annum.

The little traits exhibited by the children are sometimes very amusing, for, childlike, they imagine that what pleases themselves must be gratifying to every one else. To one of our boys—a little Roman Catholic—a sixpence was given by an old lady for some little service, dangerously close to Guy Fawkes's celebration. He had never had so much money before in his possession at one time, and, fortunately for her, as it turned out, resolved to husband his resources. He therefore only expended a penny in gunpowder, of which, to do her the greater honour, he laid a train on her doorstep, borrowed a match, and let it off much to the poor lady's astonishment and alarm. His triumph was, however, soon damped by the admonitions of a policeman, and next morning it was completely extinguished, when, on entering school, he was told that he had insulted the Pope by his exploit!

"What a lucky boy I am!" said little J. S. "When I was in the workhouse I had nobody belonging to me; but now I have a father and a mother, two brothers, and a sister, and [as climax] an uncle in New Zealand!"

As to the subsequent career of our children, we cannot, of course, expect uniform success, nor do we claim the 99 per cent. of favourable cases boasted of as obtained in district schools. Originating, as many of these children do, in the dregs of our large cities, we must expect them to bring some remembrance or taint from the sad lives they have led before they came under our charge, which the deplorable precocity of this class enabled them to retain. One of our girls recollects being made drunk by her own mother on gin before she was seven years old!

The English children have not yet been boarded-out in sufficient numbers and long enough to be able to point confidently to results, but such as have been obtained are very encouraging. In Scotland, also, attention has generally not been more directed to the tabulating

of statistics as to success or failure than is usually the case here (in fact, little more is ascertained about the career of the Scotch boarded-out than of the English pauper school children), although many facts have been collected which give ground for belief that at a comparatively small charge to the ratepayers they are, in very fair proportion, made well-conducted, self-supporting members of the community. The City Parish of Glasgow, however, which for many years has had an average of over 300 children boarded-out, has been careful to test the success of the system from time to time by collecting statistics. The latest table (published in August 1872) drawn up from information concerning persons who, having been boarded-out in childhood, had ceased to be chargeable to the rates in the sixteen years between September 1855 and September 1871, shows the very satisfactory result of 91 per cent. of ascertained success—the other nine being "dead," "unknown," and "bad." That this return was taken when the majority of the individuals composing it were grown up, and not before they had had time to show that they could resist the temptations which they cannot escape on attaining adolescence, is probable from the fact that some of the boys were entered in occupations which they could not have undertaken until they were much over thirteen years of age, when their chargeability ceases.

It may seem extraordinary that while seventy-four should have utterly disappeared from knowledge in less than two years out of 319 of our district school girls (*vide* Mrs. Senior's report, Local Government Board Report, 1873-4, p. 352), out of 466 Glasgow girls only fourteen should have been lost sight of in sixteen years. But it must be recollected that in the former case four persons—the chaplains—have to keep in communication with the 319, and in the latter each foster-parent has only at the most five or six under his care. Boarding-out, therefore, while it supplies the children with parents whose interest and pride it is that the "Maggie" or "Alick"

whom they have tended in childhood should turn out well, also supplies the means of more exact information concerning them in after life. We readily grant to the officers of a separate school equal measure of interest in the success of their pupils. But the circumstance of their well-known connection with pauperism deters the children from applying to them. This is acknowledged by the superintendent of the Central London School,¹ who makes the girls say, "I wish to shake off the trammels of official visits—to be free from the pauper stamp." Although they probably did not use these words, which the Irish would call "the hoighth of foine language," they have in all likelihood expressed the sentiment; and they are thus deprived of friends who could, and would, help them when they most required it. Not so the boarded out. No shame attaches to their connection with their foster-parents, and should the first place be not suitable, or illness attack them, while they are struggling to maintain themselves, they look upon their homes as a sure refuge until the time of trouble be past.

Although under no legal obligation to contribute to the maintenance of their foster-parents when incapacitated, like real descendants, I am glad to say that there are many well-attested instances of the support being willingly conceded. We hear, too, not only of pecuniary support, but the devotion of a son, or the careful nursing of a daughter, perhaps for years. I was told in Scotland that when reports had reached one of the inspectors concerning a house, which made him doubtful whether he should retain children under a foster-mother's charge, a young man entered his office,

¹ Observations on Mrs. Senior's Report, by E. C. Tufnell, 1875, p. 6.

having tramped a considerable distance, to say that he had had personal experience of her care, having been himself boarded-out with her. "Let her hae them, sir," he said; "she is unco odd, but gude nathless," which testimony saved her from the threatened deprivation.

Such is the boarding-out system. It separates the child entirely from pauperism, it procures for him natural training, and gives him a knowledge of common every-day affairs not to be learnt in the school; for a bright little fellow of eight did not know the relative value of a halfpenny and a sixpence which were put into his hand the day he left the workhouse. Moreover, it places him in an advantageous position for beginning the work of his life. Even if she—for this refers especially to girls—be known to be a boarded-out pauper, it is also known that she has been for at least three or four years with persons of high character, and, consequently, the intending employer does not run the chance, inevitable at the workhouse, of taking a girl into her house whose whole life up to a few weeks, or even days, has been passed among the dregs of our population. When even the life's work has begun the girl is still closely connected, both with persons in her own social position and in the one above—not newly-made friends—who are deeply interested in her welfare.

Boarding-out is a system by no means free from dangers, requiring great care in its working, and under which there is no immunity from failure. But in these points does it differ from any other? Family life is the means which God Himself has instituted to train His little ones, and, in so far as we endeavour to assimilate our methods to His, so far may we look for success.

JOANNA M. HILL.

ENGLISH BANKING.

It is characteristic of the way in which great questions are raised in England that an inquiry into the working of our monetary laws should be made, not because there have been great changes in trade since 1844, when legislation last took place, but because a bank which had the right to issue 1*l*. notes in Scotland opened a branch in Cumberland, at which it did not propose to issue any notes at all. As the question of our monetary laws is now, however, exciting attention, it may not be inappropriate to inquire how they came to be what they are; how our system of banking grew up in the face of many legal restrictions, and is still largely modified by these restrictions; and what changes are now required so as to remove these restrictions with the least possible danger to the existing fabric.

In one respect the ground has been cleared for such an inquiry; and it may fairly be said that the facts and traditions upon which the Act of 1844 was based have now disappeared. In 1844 the Bank was the great and even controlling power in the money market. Its transactions were so large, and its possession of the Government deposits was so important, that practically it controlled the rate of discount, and it was upon this control, and the consequent immediate action upon the bullion reserves and the foreign exchanges of a high or low rate of interest, that the Act was based. But in thirty years it has become only one of many. There are single institutions whose discounts are much larger than those of the Bank, and for some years back the governors of the Bank have been acting on the principle that their first duty is to make money for their shareholders, and not to preserve an adequate specie reserve. They have

very much ceased to trouble themselves about any abstract questions of money or the exchanges, and are content to rub along as well as they can. It is, for example, undoubtedly the case that as a rule the Bank of England does not hold more gold than the balances which it owes to the other banks. Its normal condition now is very much what it was on a summer evening in 1866, when a deputation of bankers waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer and informed him of their ultimatum, that if he did not suspend the Act of 1844, they would force its suspension by withdrawing their deposits from the bank. The other assumption in the Act of 1844, that the circulation of Bank notes should fluctuate as would a circulation of gold, will be discussed in the sequel. But it is sufficient to excite attention to the question to know that the theory that the Bank of England can immediately lessen or raise the rate of interest in the money market, and so influence trade and prices, has ceased to be true. To make the theory of the Act of 1844 now correspond to the facts of the case, it would be necessary that all the great banks should be directly interested in maintaining an adequate specie reserve, and should act unitedly upon all questions affecting that reserve. That they do not so act together, and that our system of banking is what it is, I will now proceed to explain.

The explanation is, that the English system of banking, and of credit so far as it depends upon banking, is largely a creation of the law. At no time for two centuries has the business been in any sense a free one; and however various the opinions of legislators may have been at different times, and however conflicting the principles upon which

they acted, they have always treated bankers as if they were members of a dangerous class. A history of banking legislation would indeed be a not uninteresting addition to the history of human follies. The earliest in point of time, and one of the most pernicious of these restrictions was the Usury laws, which were only entirely abolished in the year 1839. By these laws bankers and capitalists were prevented from obtaining directly the fair value of their money, and were forced to resort to all kinds of indirect means. Customers were compelled to keep large balances, or they were charged various commissions. What was still more important, the banks must often have been crippled in obtaining deposits by their inability to give a fair market value for them; whilst, on the other hand, they must have done injustice to small customers, especially in times of pressure, and refused them accommodation, because, without a high discount rate, their accounts were not profitable. Nor could the banks raise and lessen their discount rate, and so check prices and speculation, and regulate the flow of bullion. The whole theory of the Usury laws, which affected not banking only, but all credit, was thus precisely the reverse of that of the Act of 1844; and it is one of not the least curious facts in the history of banking that between 1839 and 1844 our legislators should have so entirely changed their policy. Even more curious is it that so short an interval between two opposite excesses was allowed for the medium course of free trade. So little, however, were people prepared for free trade that in these five years alone four alterations were made in the Bank of England rate of discount, while now, for example, in the year 1873, the changes have been twenty-four.

But if the Usury laws affected bankers in common with other classes of capitalists, there has not been wanting much special legislation for their exclusive benefit. The first London bankers were the goldsmiths, whom Charles II. robbed so barefacedly. Almost as soon as the

present constitution was fixed by the Revolution of 1688, the Bank of England was started as a monopoly. No other joint-stock bank was allowed to be formed in England; and no bank, joint-stock or private, was allowed to issue notes within sixty-five miles of London. In this way the formation of large banks, such as the Scottish banks, with numerous branches was prevented; and so the banks in large towns, where money is always in demand, were unable directly to obtain the deposits of the smaller towns, where money is always plenty. Owing to this the class of money-brokers, of which Overend, Gurney and Co., was the type, grew up towards the close of the last century; their legitimate business was to obtain money from country bankers and capitalists, and to give them in return the bills of town bankers. No doubt some of these restrictions were gradually abolished, but the process itself was a slow one, and as soon as the older restrictions were abolished, new ones were created. In fact, if one might use the illustration, the old twist or bias in the system was not removed till a new one was created. Thus, for example, the first permission to establish joint stock banks compelled all banks to adopt the principle of unlimited liability, although in the older banks, the Banks of England, Ireland, and Scotland, the liability was limited. The capital of the banks was thus made small when compared with their liabilities, as many parties would object to take shares in unlimited companies; and of course when the shareholders were limited in number, the capital of the banks would also be limited. This restriction has now, indeed, been removed, and banks with limited liability have been created; but there is still a prejudice against them, which, as will be shown in the sequel, it will require years to overcome. Then again this permission to found "unlimited" joint-stock banks was, by a curious fatality, almost coincident in time with the withdrawal of the right to issue notes under 5*l*. But as a very considerable proportion of the business of new banks depends

upon the power of issuing notes, this prohibition was really a formidable check upon the formation of new banks. The legislature, indeed, seems to have had special difficulties in dealing with these small notes. They were prohibited in England between 1777 and 1797, and again from 1825 till the present time. They had, indeed, been withdrawn from circulation a year or two previously to 1825, and the panic of that year was, by the testimony of many witnesses, allayed by the discovery in the vaults of the Bank of England of a quantity of these 1*l.* notes, and their issue to the public. Under the Act of 1844, the last great system of banking legislation, aided also by the Act of 1845, which prohibits any new bank from issuing notes, and prevents the existing English banks from issuing notes against gold—the banks all look to the Bank of England to furnish them with its notes, which are a legal tender, whilst the Bank is prevented from doing so unless it holds gold against these notes. The banks, in fact, are all induced to depend upon the Bank of England; and the Bank cannot even use its credit to help them. It may receive their money and issue to them in return deposit receipts or post bills, or place it to their credit in its books, against which they can themselves issue cheques, but it is prohibited from giving them the one form of acknowledgment which they require for their customers, viz. bank notes. An English banker thus carefully shut off from all obligation to provide gold for his liabilities, looks to the Bank to give him its notes; and the Bank, if we may judge from its action for some time back, is more than ever determined to lean upon the Government, and to regard a suspension of the Act of 1844 as a remedy for all financial evils.

From what has been said, the prominent faults of English banking, largely the result of this constant interference, may be described as two.

1. The capital, when compared with the liabilities, is too small.
2. The proportion of specie kept as a reserve is also too small.

The former of these operates in this way, that as a bank's advances are based almost entirely upon its deposits, which may be called for during a panic, and not partly upon capital, which cannot of course be called for, the bank becomes very uneasy in times of pressure, and very unwilling to make advances. The pressure caused by this unwillingness becomes gradually intensified, and finally the small specie reserve augments it into a panic, when all reason seems to give way, the credit of the best and most solvent houses is questioned, and people are afraid that they will not even procure the currency needed to carry on their daily business.

Now, no doubt, our main remedy will be to return to the natural course of trade, and to something like free trade in banking. There is no business to which the principle of open competition is so applicable as banking; because there is nothing so easily dealt with as those representatives of commodities, Bills of Exchange, the circulating capital of the country, in which a banker deals. But there are two important exceptions to be taken to this general principle. The first is that the circulation of small notes is, to this extent, a matter for State regulation. The holder of these notes is an involuntary creditor, and has neither the means nor the time to inquire into the solvency of the issuer. The second and more important is, that our banking system is now a very great and complicated machine which it will take many years to readjust, and that we need, in our first steps, to be very careful how we let the light of day in upon its dim recesses.

But admitting that free trade is but a slow remedy for the evils of our banking system, it is undoubtedly the only one, and the remainder of this paper will be taken up in showing how it may be best applied. Or, rather, it will first be pointed out what changes in this system bankers have in their power now to make, in consequence of alterations in the law made years ago; and then an attempt will be made to indicate what alterations in the existing laws are yet

required to secure more perfect freedom of banking. Had space permitted I should have endeavoured to illustrate in some detail how slow all business changes are; but probably the first class of suggestions, showing that so much might have been done by bankers themselves which has not yet been done, will serve to bring this fact clearly before my readers.

Upon the question of adopting limited liability as a means of largely increasing the ratio of capital to liabilities, of bringing upon the direction the very best class of business men who are unwilling to run the risks of "unlimited" banking, and of making the transactions of bankers more cautious, because they would be more dependent than at present for their credit upon the nature of their transactions, little need be said, except that the process, though slow, is likely to be sure. In proof, it may be pointed out that the new banks which have been formed during the past dozen years have all been upon this principle. The old and well-established banks will indeed be unwilling to make any change by which their capitals would be increased, but possibly their dividends diminished. But in the case of bank amalgamations, and as a consequence of those increases of capital which a growing business requires, we may expect this limited principle to come gradually into operation. The discredit thrown upon the system by the failures of 1866—very unjustifiably, indeed, for the companies which then failed had so small an amount of their shares paid up as to be practically unlimited—has already subsided, and the banks formed since the panic, like those formed before it, have been all on the limited principle.¹

An increase of banking capital is no doubt most important, but it is with the inadequate specie reserve of the banks

that we have chiefly to do; and here, as in the case just considered, of the smallness of the capital, very much can be done without Government interference. Not, indeed, that the action of Government in still further freeing banking from restraints now pressing on it will not have a powerful reflex influence in pushing on these reforms and removing the barriers erected by former legislation. For it may be said with certainty that the inadequate specie reserve kept by the banks is as much the result of the monopoly so long enjoyed by the Bank of England, and of the monopoly of circulation still enjoyed by it, as is the small number of limited banks the result of the long prohibition of such banks.

The first proposal is one so simple in itself that I have often wondered it has not been adopted long since. I have myself ventured repeatedly to advocate it, and lately it has been taken up by such papers as the *Economist* and the *Daily News*. It is that the banks should keep their own specie reserve instead of leaving this for the Bank of England to do. As a most important step towards this it would be necessary for the London banks to base their clearings not upon their deposits at the Bank of England, but upon a stock of bullion owned by themselves, but of which the Bank might be the custodian just as it keeps the other valuables of its customers.

The word "necessary" has been used, and any one practically acquainted with banking will know that its use can be fully justified. No banker can carry on business unless he belongs to the clearing house, and if he is admitted to the clearing house his brother bankers can easily arrange the details by which he can be compelled to keep his proportion of the specie required to conduct the clearings. In this way the weak or the selfish banker will be compelled to share in the common fund, and to bear his proportion of the loss of interest which keeping specie involves. Such a control of the strong over the weak is required, for in the banking system the discredit of one member may injure all the rest.

¹ No better principle has ever been suggested than that of the banks formed thirty or forty years ago under Royal Charter to do business in the Colonies. In these banks half of the capital is called up, and of course the shareholders are liable for an additional sum equal to the paid-up capital.

And nothing is more annoying to the cautious banker than to find that not merely will his reckless neighbour not keep an adequate reserve, but that he himself is compelled to increase his reserve above what would be required in anticipation of the catastrophe which he knows to be inevitable.

The details of such a scheme would present no practical difficulty. In New York for a number of years, until indeed the calamitous suspension of specie payments consequent upon the great war, the banks cleared against gold. In Edinburgh for many years the clearing has had for its basis a limited amount of exchequer bills, and the bank which may have for a few days an unfavourable exchange, is required to buy from some of the other banks their excess of exchequer bills. In London a sum not less than 6,000,000*l.* in gold would be required to conduct the clearings, and the proportion which each bank should contribute could be readily arranged. So also could be the question of any fluctuation from the normal standard owned by any particular bank. It is probable that it would be found an exceptionally easy thing to arrange for the London clearing, owing to the system by which the banks all keep accounts with the Bank of England. The banks would own directly a stock of bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England, but not included by the Bank in its accounts unless such portion as it might itself own as one of the clearing bankers; but they would also, no doubt, retain their drawing accounts at the Bank for the main purposes for which such accounts were first required.

The effect of such an arrangement would then be to make the London bankers' balances in the Bank of England the representative simply of their spare cash. At present their balances represent two entirely distinct things. They represent the money needed to meet the demands of other bankers on them. They represent in addition such portions of the spare cash of the bankers as they cannot employ at the moment, or may

need at any time in the shape of Bank of England notes for their customers. There seems no reason why the Bank of England should not use the deposits of the London bankers so far as they represent this spare cash of the bankers as part of its ordinary deposits; but there are, I think, very strong reasons for thinking that it is a dangerous thing to base the payment of the balances of the clearing house upon anything but specie. The distinct separation, therefore, of these two entirely different things would be a great gain to the mercantile community, and it would set at rest the dispute as to the propriety of the Bank of England using these deposits in discounting or otherwise.

Perhaps, however, the chief consequence of such a measure would be that it would unite all the banks and render their action prompt and unanimous in the case of a drain of gold. In such a case, each bank would have to pursue the same policy as its neighbours, or it would "go behind" in its clearing. A bank, for example, which discounted more freely, and at cheaper rates than others, would find its customers very quickly asking for increased accommodation. The granting of such increased accommodation would, however, result in its customers drawing against the advances made. The balances would be against the bank in the clearing, and to preserve its stock of gold it would require to raise its terms to that of the other banks. This joint action upon each other, and upon the money market, would be very much assisted if the Bank of England joined the clearing, as no doubt it would. It would thus restore the main condition which the Bank Act of 1844 assumed, but which no longer exists.

Such a measure in time of panic would place at the disposal of the London bankers a sum of 6,000,000*l.* in gold to use at their discretion. The very knowledge that they owned this large sum would very greatly steady their operations and prevent a panic. If they found, as they probably would,

that the transactions at the clearing house were less than usual during a pressure, and the settlements smaller, it would be quite open to them to transfer a portion of the 6,000,000*l.* to their credit at the Bank of England. It is even conceivable that by the act of the bankers the whole sum might be given to the Bank, to enable it to tide over some great emergency, and the exchanges could be carried on as at present, by cheques on the accounts of the several bankers at the Bank of England.

If the bankers' balances are thus reduced, the Bank of England may be expected to keep less gold; but it is not likely that very much less gold would be kept. For one thing, the Bank can now calculate upon a certain amount of money at credit of the bankers to meet their clearings; and it is only against the fluctuating balances, the spare cash, that gold need be largely kept. But these fluctuating balances will be as large or larger than ever.

In the remainder of this paper it will be necessary to consider what are the chief changes needed in the existing laws in the direction of free trade; and it so happens that almost all of these are connected with the much vexed question of the currency. Many years ago it was said by Mr. Gladstone that there was no subject upon which, in his experience as Chancellor of the Exchequer, so many men were mad; and as a rule the very mention of the question is regarded as something more than an annoyance, and almost with a feeling of horror. Fortunately for the purpose of this paper, which is chiefly a practical one, there are only two propositions which it is necessary to consider.

1. That there is a marked difference between a circulation of large notes and of small ones; and

2. That there are many advantages in leaving to the banks as great a share of the circulation as possible.

1. Upon the first of these propositions something has already been said. The holders of small notes are really involuntary creditors of the Bank. These

notes pass from hand to hand in a community with very much less scrutiny than do sovereigns, and there is scarcely any country in which they are issued without some check or restriction. But large notes are used in wholesale transactions, and the parties who require them may be fully trusted to protect their own interest. There is another point of difference between large and small notes. What may be called the "law" of their circulation is not at all the same. In other words, large notes may be required for wholesale transactions at a time when small notes are in very slight request, or *vice versa*. Unfortunately there are no statistics available to show how the different denominations of notes fluctuate as compared with *l.* notes; but the returns of the circulation of bank notes in Scotland are so given that it is possible to compare by months the circulation of *l.* notes with the fluctuation of all kinds of large notes taken together. Probably, if we had weekly returns of the circulation, the results would be even more striking; but, taking the year 1872, had the circulation of *l.* notes as compared with large notes, varied in May as it did in April, the amount of the small notes should have been 3,740,000*l.*, whereas it was only 3,415,000*l.* The circulation in May of *l.* notes was thus 325,000*l.* less than it might have been expected to be. In July, on the other hand, it was 222,000*l.* more than might have been expected, the figures being 3,238,000*l.* instead of 3,460,000*l.* In May, therefore, the circulation was 9·5 per cent less, and in July 6·4 more than the expectation. It is probable that a circulation of *l.* notes and of sovereigns would also vary, but in a less degree, and that these notes would transact a greater amount of business. It has been necessary to dwell for a moment upon these figures, as they illustrate one of the weaknesses of the Act of 1844, the supposition that bank notes should vary as would a circulation of gold; whilst they also throw some light upon

the next proposition, viz., that the duty of conducting the circulation of a country should be as much as possible left to the bankers.

2. To estimate the advantages of leaving the circulation of a country as much as possible in the hands of its bankers, it is only necessary to bear in mind that notes are chiefly used in mercantile transactions, in making payments in connection with transfers of commodities. But the credit which the banker attains by the issue of notes he uses in making advances to traders, chiefly in discounting bills, also based upon the transfer of commodities. There is thus a very intimate connection between the circulation and the advances, and any fluctuation in the one tells immediately upon the other. The advantage is precisely of the same kind as would be attained, if by means of the clearing house the bankers were able to act promptly in order to protect their specie reserve, and no person has ever had experience of the details of banking business who does not know that this prompt index to mischief ahead is one of the main elements in avoiding the danger. To take from the banks the power of issuing large notes would also make a difference of 30,000,000*l.* in the amount of capital available for discounts. There are other advantages in banks being the issuers themselves,—such, for example, as the advantages of competing circulations, and the prompt return of all notes issued in excess. There are thus good reasons for the teaching of all experience, that the best and most successful issuers are bankers competing with each other.

Making these two principles then, our basis, there is one practical suggestion which will occur to every one. Why, for example, should not the right to issue large notes be extended to all joint-stock banks in the three kingdoms?—taking, of course, reasonable precautions against fraud, such as arranging for their payment in certain great centres of trade, as well as at the places of issue. In practice, probably, the great London joint stock banks

would continue to use Bank of England notes as at present, especially if the Bank did not commence to allow interest on deposits; but throughout the country the privilege would be largely availed of. Even in Ireland and Scotland it would do much to abate the evil of the close monopoly now enjoyed by some of the existing banks. The main difference of opinion in such a proposal would probably arise as to the meaning to be attached to the word “large” notes. My own opinion is that 5*l.* notes and upwards should be considered large notes; certainly the line might safely be drawn at 10*l.* and upwards.¹

But it is not possible at this point to refrain from asking the question—Why should not 1*l.* notes be issued either directly by the Government or through some semi-government institution such as the Bank of England? To such a question, however little people’s minds may have been prepared for it, there seems but one reply—There is no reason whatever. The issue of 1*l.* notes was discontinued because they were easily forged, and the punishment of forgery in 1825 was death. But neither of these reasons would now operate. The chief other argument which has been urged is that by not issuing 1*l.* notes a large amount of gold would be kept in the country, and this would be available in case of war. But in these days of extended trade there is really no weight in such an argument. Gold can be obtained to carry on all military operations without trouble, and it may even be doubted whether a well-regulated issue of 1*l.* notes, with a large specie issue to secure

¹ It would be a matter of some practical importance if joint-stock banks were required to furnish monthly returns of their business. The principle has been recognized in the case of Insurance Companies and Railway Companies, and even partially in that of Banks. Such returns would *inter alia* be of very great value as furnishing an index to the state of trade in the country. The Bank of England returns, it may be pointed out, are much too brief, and should be made to resemble, more than they now do, those of the Bank of France. The latter, however, rather err in being too minute.

the convertibility of the notes, would not in any extreme case rather assist the Government. The danger of Government interference with trade is not a question which need cause much alarm. The action of Government can be so carefully guarded as absolutely to prevent such interference, or there might be such a limited power left with the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer as would rather assist trade than hinder it.

The advantages of a circulation of 1*l.* notes would be very great. In the first place they are exceedingly convenient; they are lighter than sovereigns, and they can be transmitted by post. Then it would be of very great service to know from time to time how the circulation of the country varied. This is impossible with sovereigns, but could be at once ascertained by the use of paper money. Again, there would be an important saving in the interest of gold required in the coinage, and as an estimate I give reasons a little further on for stating this annual saving at 750,000*l.* a year. Not improbably, however, this large sum would be considerably exceeded. Lastly, it would be open to consider how far a portion of the gold necessarily kept in reserve to redeem these small notes might be used, not indeed to prevent pressures, the consequence of over trading and over credit, but to allay that extreme panic which is in part at least a consequence of the artificial system of banking erected by the legislation of the past two centuries.¹

I am, of course, aware that a proposal that the State should issue 1*l.* notes will lose me some of that consent which

¹ It may throw some light on a point likely to be keenly debated to state that as a matter of fact the amount of gold held under the Acts of 1845 by the Irish and Scottish Bankers is more than the amount of their 1*l.* notes issued—the only exception to this rule which is of importance being in the case of the Bank of Ireland. If therefore the Irish and Scottish Bankers were prohibited from issuing 1*l.* notes, but released, as is proposed, from their present liability to keep gold against their circulation, they would be no losers.

I may hope the previous parts of this paper will have secured. I may therefore be permitted to indicate one or two considerations which seem to point in the same direction. In the first place, the State is now a great banker, owing an enormous sum to the savings-banks, and granting drafts to an enormous amount between one place and another; but it is a banker which keeps no reserve whatever. Again, the State, in issuing 1*l.* notes, would differ from an ordinary banker in this respect, that it would be entirely optional with the public whether it took their notes or not. When banks issue notes, there is a distinct advantage given by them to a paper circulation, but with the State issues no such advantage would exist; and if its notes displaced gold, it would simply be because they were more convenient. Lastly, I may repeat the argument which runs through this paper, and ask, if there is no risk in the issue of 1*l.* notes, and if there be advantages and profit in the issue which, had it not been for legal restraints, would long ere this have induced the circulation of these notes, why should all the advantage and profit be thrown away?¹

To explain some of the details of such a scheme, supposing that the Government directly undertook the issue: The amount of gold in circulation in the United Kingdom was estimated some years ago by Professor

¹ The system which is technically known as "free banking," viz., that by which the banks are required to give Government security for their circulation, is, in my experience, however plausible, most dangerous. It induces the banks to trust to this security rather than to their specie reserves, and it thus almost induces a panic. Then, in case of a panic, it locks up for some days the securities deposited with the Government, but upon which the banks might like to raise money, or to use in some way. The mechanical difficulties of returning notes to Government, and getting securities held against them released, might of itself throw a whole financial system into ruin. It is said to have some influential advocates, but I can only say that it is those who have never seen it tried who are likely to approve of it.

Jevons at 80,000,000*l.*, of which 68,000,000*l.* is in sovereigns. The amount is now probably more, and it does not seem too much to assume that the Government issue of 1*l.* notes being a legal tender, but redeemable in specie at certain commercial centres, they would largely take the place of sovereigns. For several reasons, chiefly a comparison of the ratio of notes above 5*l.* and under 5*l.* in Scotland when compared with the present issue of notes above 5*l.* in England, it is likely that the circulation of Government notes of 1*l.* would ultimately reach 50,000,000*l.* It would probably be found that the circulation would never fall below 30,000,000*l.*, and accordingly this might be made the limit as in the Bank Act of 1844, and all circulation above 30,000,000*l.* would be represented by gold. The circulation by law would thus be based on a *maximum* of Government securities representing the 30,000,000*l.* and gold 20,000,000*l.* In ordinary times, however, it might be wise to keep the Government securities at less than the maximum and the gold at more than the maximum, and, probably, if the figures were fixed at 25,000,000*l.* of securities and 25,000,000*l.* of gold it would be a safe limit. The Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer might, however, be empowered, when the Bank rate rose above 8 per cent, to make these proportions approach more closely to the legal maximum and minimum of 30,000,000*l.* and 20,000,000*l.* respectively.¹

It need not be said that on the 25,000,000*l.* of consols kept in reserve the State would pay no interest. At 3 per cent there would be thus a saving

of 750,000*l.* a year, and this would be a real saving to the nation, as the printing of notes is less expensive than the wear and tear of gold.

In general terms it is now possible to estimate the effect of these measures. The bankers of London would hold 6,000,000*l.* more gold than at present, but we may assume that the bank of England would hold 3,000,000*l.* less. The bank reserve of the country would thus be increased 3,000,000*l.* But the Government would be able to replace 25,000,000*l.* of gold by consols, and of this 5,000,000*l.* would be available as reserve. We would thus increase our total reserve of gold by 3,000,000*l.* and 5,000,000*l.*, or 8,000,000*l.* in all, whilst we would have for export 22,000,000*l.*, being the 25,000,000*l.* of displaced gold less the 3,000,000*l.* of increased banking reserve.

So much for the bankers' reserves; and now a word as to the circulation of the country. Under this proposal the circulation would consist of 30,000,000*l.* of notes, of 5*l.* and upwards, issued on the security and credit of the various banks; 50,000,000*l.* of 1*l.* notes issued by Government, and against which 25,000,000*l.* of gold would be held; and 50,000,000*l.* of gold, of which, say 15,000,000*l.*, would consist of half-sovereigns.

Lastly there is nothing here which need in any way interfere with free trade in banking. On the contrary, there is much to facilitate it. The adoption by the London bankers of a clearing based on gold would be a voluntary measure, whilst under no circumstances does it seem advisable to permit bankers to issue 1*l.* notes, and the creation of a Government department or some similar expedient is therefore unavoidable. Probably these measures and especially the power of issuing large notes would give a considerable impetus to the creation of banks with limited liability, and in the course of time we may expect to see our banking system restored to something like a normal condition.

¹ Of course opinion will vary very much as to the propriety of leaving this discretionary power with the Government. In theory probably no such power should be left, but looking to the extent to which our banking system is, and for years will be, an artificial one, especially as regards the smallness of the capital of the banks, I am disposed to think it would be not unfair, or unattended with considerable benefits.

SUMMARY OF ENGLISH BANKING LAWS.

| | Prior to 1695. | 1695 and 1708. Bank of England Charters | 1777. No Bank- notes under 5 <i>l</i> . Notes under 5 <i>l</i> . per- mitted. | 1797. Specie pay- ments sus- pended. Notes under 5 <i>l</i> . per- mitted. | 1819. Specie pay- ments re- sumed. | 1825 and 1826. Notes under 5 <i>l</i> . with- drawn. Joint- Stock Banks in pro- vinces autho- rized. Bank of England per- mitted to open Branch- es. | 1833. Private Banks allowed to issue within sixty- five miles of London. Joint- Stock Banks in London autho- rized. | 1839. Final Repeal of Usury Laws. N.B. There had been a partial repeal in 1833. | 1844 and 1845. Bank Acts. | 1861. Limited Liability Banks per- mitted. |
|--|----------------------|--|--|---|---|--|--|---|---------------------------------------|---|
| Usury Laws | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Limited Liability Com- panies prohibited | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Notes under 5 <i>l</i> . prohibited | | | — | | | — | — | — | — | — |
| BANK OF ENGLAND Joint-Stock Banks (Un- limited) prohibited:— | | | | | | | | | | |
| (a) In provinces. | | — | — | — | — | | | | | |
| (b) Within sixty-five miles of London. | | — | — | — | — | — | | | | |
| No Bank to issue notes within sixty-five miles of London:— | | | | | | | | | | |
| (a) Private | | — | — | — | — | — | | | | See below. |
| (b) Joint-Stock | | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | | See below. |
| Bank of England had no Branches | | — | — | — | — | | | | | |
| BANK ACTS of 1844 and 1845:— | | | | | | | | | | |
| Bank of England only to issue beyond 14,000,000 <i>l</i> . against gold | | | | | | | | | — | — |
| No English Bank to issue against gold. | | | | | | | | | — | — |
| No new Bank to issue, and restrictions on amalgamations of Banks which issue notes | | | | | | | | | — | — |

This — shows the periods during which the Acts of Parliament were in force.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN ITALY.

THE purpose of the present paper is to record the result of some inquiries into the condition of elementary education in Italy, made during the present year. The attention now claimed by the important question of national education among ourselves gives a special interest to the efforts which the Italians are making to attain this great object, while the manner in which some of the difficulties which attend it are met in another country is not without instruction for ourselves.

In order to render the very brief outline, which alone can be brought within the compass of this paper, as clear and comprehensive as possible, the subject will be arranged under the following divisions:—1st, the present provisions of the law of Italy for elementary education: 2nd, the results obtained under the operation of this law during the course of twelve years, together with the defects in the system revealed by the commission of inquiry instituted in 1872; and lastly, the remedies proposed for these defects in the new law now awaiting the consideration of the Italian Chambers. This will be followed by a sketch of the actual condition of Italian schools in some of the more active and advanced centres of social progress.

The existing system of national education in Italy is based on the law passed in 1859, and known, from the name of the Minister who framed it, as the law Casati. This law regulated the higher, secondary and primary education of the then kingdom of Italy and Sardinia—Parma, Modena, Bologna, Tuscany, and the Marches having special laws of their own. The law Casati has since been extended with certain modifications to each province and kingdom that has been gathered into the national unity, and is now, in spite of some variety of enactment, in spirit, if not in letter, the law of the whole kingdom.

The law is administered in each province by a scholastic council, or Council of Education, known as the scholastic authority. This council consists of a President, appointed by the Crown for the superintendence of secondary education, of an Inspector, also nominated by the Crown, and with the title of Vice-president, who superintends the primary schools of the province, of the Directors of the Institutes for secondary education within the province, of two members elected by the provincial delegacy from its own body, and of two others chosen by the municipality of the capital of the province. As regards primary education, with which alone we are at present concerned, the law Casati prescribes the division of elementary teaching into a lower and an upper grade—the former, adapted to children below ten years of age, comprising religious knowledge, reading, writing and arithmetic, the Italian language and the metric system. The upper grade of teaching is suitable to children up to twelve or thirteen, and combines with the further teaching of the above subjects instruction in composition, geography, the outlines of national history, and the facts of physical science and natural history which bear on the habits of daily life. To these subjects are to be added in the higher boys' schools the elements of geometry and linear drawing, and in all girls' schools, needlework. The instruction in these schools is gratuitous, and under the direction and control of the municipality of each commune. The opening of a school of the lower grade for boys, and another for girls, is obligatory on every commune; small adjacent communes being allowed to combine for the purpose. Communes with a population of 3,000 and upwards, and even smaller places, where an institute for secondary education exists,

for which elementary schools should prepare pupils, are required to have schools of the upper grade, both for boys and girls. Every parent is legally bound to send his children to these public schools, or to provide them with equivalent instruction in some other way, and is liable to the penalties of the law for the neglect of this duty. Public examinations are to be held in each school twice in the year, under the direction of the municipality, the right of conducting the examination in religious knowledge being reserved to the priest of the parish, or his deputy—a right, however, which the priest has unfortunately hitherto seldom consented to exercise. All teachers of elementary schools are required to hold certificates. There is provision for suspension or dismissal of teachers by competent authority, in case of proved incapacity or misconduct, and a system of small retiring pensions.

The expenses of the communal schools are provided by the commune from charitable foundations for the purposes of education, from communal property, and lastly, by communal taxation. Communes too poor to defray the cost of their schools are aided by the province to which they belong in the expenses of the establishment and maintenance, and by the central government in the support of the teachers. Pensions are provided—two-thirds by local taxation, and one-third by the state. Normal schools, for training teachers for elementary schools were established under the law Casati by the government, in each province. Certificates are granted by these training schools, not only to pupils who have gone through the appointed course of study within their walls, but also to such other persons as, having qualified themselves elsewhere, submit to and pass the examinations satisfactorily. The certificates thus obtained by outsiders are provisional, and subject to annual revision. If held with good repute in a public school for five years they acquire an equal value with the certificates granted to regular students in the normal schools.

Such are the leading provisions of the law Casati as regards primary instruction. When this law had been in force for twelve years, the government issued a commission of inquiry into its operation. A minute and laborious investigation conducted by special commissioners in 1872 throughout the whole of the now united Italian peninsula, and its islands of Sardinia and Sicily, has given the following results:—

And first as regards the number of schools and of scholars: In the 8,400 communes of the kingdom some 34,200 public day schools exist, and together with about 9,000 private schools supply the elementary teaching of the country. Of 2,519 communes, each with a population of less than 1,000 souls, there are at present only 66 (with a total population of less than 30,000) which do not possess at least a public day school for boys, while in the remainder of these poor and scattered villages there exist 4,369 public day schools, either mixed, or for boys and girls separately. In many, however, of the large, prosperous, and well provided communes, there are remote or isolated districts and villages which are almost destitute of the means of instruction, and furnish their quota of uneducated youth. Of the above 34,200 schools, 18,243 are for boys and 12,732 for girls. The remainder are mixed schools. The number of children of school age in Italy is reckoned at about four millions, of whom somewhat more than two millions are below ten, and somewhat less than two millions are above that age. Of the former two millions, eleven-twentieths attend public day schools of the lower elementary grade; while of the two millions above ten years of age, only one-twentieth attend schools which give the higher elementary teaching, and nearly five-twentieths of these elder children receive in schools of the lower grade instruction suitable only for children below the age of ten. In addition to these, about 100,000 children are attending private schools. Thus out of four millions of children of school age,

about one million and three-quarters only are under instruction. Among these scholars boys are to girls in a proportion of nearly three to two. It may further be assumed that the children who leave school at ten without having passed into the higher elementary schools—where their acquirements in reading, &c., would be applied to the obtaining of knowledge, and thus rendered permanent—run a considerable risk of losing what they have scarcely learned to use or to value, and that before adult years are reached little trace may remain of the arts acquired in early childhood. This great evil is to some extent mitigated by the existence of some 9,000 public night schools, and also of 4,000 feast-day schools for secular instruction. These schools are frequented by upwards of half a million of scholars above twelve years of age, and as, with ourselves, the larger number of pupils are of the male sex.

A second important shortcoming established by the recent inquiry, and which operates both as cause and effect of a deficient school attendance, is the inadequate supply of schools of the higher grade. Of the above mentioned 34,200 public day schools, only 2,199 for boys and 1,024 for girls provide the higher grade of elementary teaching. The reluctance of poor communes to supply the higher salary due to the teacher of an upper school, the scanty supply of such teachers, the desire of parents to send their elder boys to work and to keep their elder girls, in accordance with the customs of the country, very much at home, have all been causes tending to check the increase of the higher schools.

A third defect is the insufficient qualification of teachers. The public schools of Italy employ 19,255 male and 14,674 female teachers. About one in four of the male teachers, and nearly one in six of the female teachers, are unprovided with regular certificates, and hold only the provisional license to teach renewable from year to year. Of the whole number of certificated teachers, 28 per cent of the male and 34 per

cent of the female teachers hold certificates of the first class. Of the teachers who hold second-class certificates very many have never passed through any regular training for their work; a rapid and hasty study of the manuals which now abound for the purpose has enabled them to pass the examinations of the training college, and to obtain the provisional license to teach, which in five years becomes a certificate of the second class. The poverty of many communes induces them to employ these teachers, who patiently accept a miserable salary, and whose qualifications for their office the communal authority is neither skilful nor careful to investigate. Some excellent teachers, however, are found among them, whom nature or previous culture has prepared to profit by the experience their work provides. On the other hand, the teacher with a second class certificate, even when regularly trained, does not always justify the value set upon him. It is roughly estimated that of the entire number of elementary teachers, one-half of the male and one-third of the female teachers fail in their work to come up to the just requirements of the country for the education of its people.

The normal schools for training masters have increased in twelve years to thirty-six, and supply each year an average of 562 thoroughly trained and well qualified masters, whose labours ought soon to raise the level of elementary teaching. Not more than one-half, however, of these masters ever undertake school work. They are drawn off into the better paid and more promising branches of commerce and manufactures. The supply of mistresses is much more abundant. Seventy-nine training schools supply a yearly average of 1,500 teachers. As women undertake the lower classes in boys' schools and all girls' schools, the demand for their service is active. The women often spring from a higher class, and, as they are less likely to be diverted into other callings, their work is pursued with steadiness and zeal, as well as with

feminine insight, and is said on the whole to be superior for this purpose to that of men.

A fourth defect, which is very sensibly felt, is the insufficient knowledge of the state of the schools possessed, or indeed attainable, by the provincial scholastic authority. Among other changes introduced in its constitution, the inspector of primary schools has ceased to be one of its body; were he still so, his district is so extensive, and often in parts so inaccessible, that his knowledge is, in fact, very imperfect, and his visits to schools seldom more than annual. The Italian theory of inspection is one of a much closer and more detailed superintendence than our own, and the reports now made by the inspector to the council are inevitably meagre, and his own knowledge of his district scanty.

Such being the recognized shortcomings of the present system, it is proposed by the Minister of Public Instruction to make the following modification in the existing law;—and first, in order to remedy the last mentioned defect of insufficient knowledge, and to secure a close superintendence of the schools, it is designed to localize the scholastic authority by creating a fresh centre of school jurisdiction in each *circondario* (a division analogous in extent, though not in purpose, to our "union"). This scholastic council is to have the sub-prefect as president, an inspector as vice-president, and three other members, one nominated by the Minister of Public Instruction and two by local bodies. To this council will be transferred, with trifling exceptions, all the powers of the provincial council; and to it the inspectors, whose number will thus be raised from 115 to 284, will report from minute and personal inquiry on the state of the schools in each district, and the improvements required in them.

The opening of a sufficient number of schools for the population of school age is obligatory on all communes, and must be accomplished within a limit of time to be determined by the local scholastic authority, but which may in no case

exceed three years from the passing of the law. Communes which fail to comply with this requirement within the appointed time will have the work done on their behalf, and at their cost, by the provincial authority, or, in its default, by the government. As soon as the school accommodation of a commune is declared sufficient, compulsion is to take effect, under a penalty for all parents who fail to prove that they educate their children in some other way, of a fine varying from two to ten francs. Compulsion remains in force to the utmost limit of school age, unless the child's attainments justify earlier exemption. For the present, it is only the lower elementary teaching which is made universally compulsory. Communes which can show that they have already fulfilled the requirement of the law as to the lower schools, for at least one year, and that they have provided themselves with a sufficient supply of higher schools, may, with the consent of the scholastic authority, extend compulsion to the upper grade of elementary teaching.

To support the law by the force of enlightened self-interest, it is proposed that, within one year from its passing, those who are unable to read and write shall be disqualified for the holding of any, even of the smallest, offices under government; within three years from the same date, persons unable to read and write will become ineligible for the reception of doles for dowry, apprenticeship, and other benefactions under the head of "charitable bequests." A third and yet more severe penalty will be affixed to ignorance, if a clause affecting the conscription, which has been accepted by the Minister of War, and which appears to obtain general consent, should become law. This clause provides that, after the expiry of three years, any conscript who at the time of the levy is unable to read and write, shall pass at once, and irrespective of the number he may have drawn, into the first category. He will thus become liable to immediate and prolonged service, and will receive

regimental education. It is believed that this provision will have a rapid and wide-spread effect in overtaking the youths who have passed their school years without becoming scholars, and are now rising into manhood, with the prospect of coming under conscription on attaining their twentieth year. The latest statistics of the conscription show that of the conscripts born in the years 1847, '48, and '49, an average throughout the whole kingdom of 64, 62, and 60 per cent respectively were unable to read or write. For the province of Turin, the numbers for the same years were 26, 24, and 20 per cent of illiterate conscripts, and some other northern provinces gave results little less favourable. Girgenti gave 85, 81, and 84 per cent of wholly uneducated conscripts, and many another southern province showed by its returns how great is the work that national education has still to accomplish. Subject to the provisions abrogated or altered by the new enactments, the law Casati will henceforward become *de jure* what it has for many years been *de facto*—the Law of Public Instruction for the whole kingdom of Italy.

One of the distinctive features of modern Italian life is the amount of individuality still retained by each of her ancient centres. The writer of some excellent letters in the *Times* has lately remarked, "Although for nearly half a century all the aspirations of Italy have been towards national unity, now that the struggle has been successful and the great object nearest to all Italian hearts has been attained, the innate tendencies of the people towards local self-government are strongly and beneficially developing themselves. Italy has a seat for her central government at Rome, but her great cities are so many capitals, and the provinces grouped around them in regions, acknowledge the lead of the cities which have so long been their political centres." This individuality asserts itself in the mode in which the problem of national education has been met. Chronologically also the date of these efforts has been very various.

Prior to the regeneration of Italy there might be said to be in Italy no such thing as national education, though in all large towns, and especially in Rome, and also in many country places, there were schools conducted by members of the religious orders which supplied the scanty demands of reading and writing, together with some religious teaching. But as each province of Italy awoke to constitutional life, well-nigh the first duty to which its efforts were directed was that of organizing a system of education for its people. In this respect, therefore, Turin and Piedmont must claim precedence, while Naples and Rome follow far below. The following figures will give a fair idea of the advance of the elder cities over those which have begun the work late, and of the measure of success which has attended their efforts. In 1869 Turin had 65 per 1,000 of her population in the communal schools, at a cost of 38 francs per head; Genoa 66 per 1,000, at a cost of 43 francs; Milan 41 per 1,000, at a cost of 37 francs; Florence 44 per 1,000, at a cost of 30 francs; while Naples follows with 24 per 1,000 in her communal schools at a cost of 42 francs per head. From Rome there were of course at that date no returns. Unity of plan amid local diversity is maintained by the government, which keeps the normal schools in its own hands, and by the scholastic authority, a body composed, as we have seen above, of representatives of the state and of local authorities.

The details which will be given on the present occasion refer chiefly to Florence. Two features all the communal schools of Florence share. First, all are free—no charge is made in any communal school for school fees; secondly, all give religious instruction with a conscience clause. School materials are paid for by the parents of the pupils, except in cases where exemption is claimed on the score of poverty. This plea is admitted on behalf of about one-fifth of the children, and the cost defrayed by the commune. Scripture history is taught to all pupils as a part of the general course of

instruction, and once in each week the school is visited by a catechist, generally the *curé* or *vicare* of the parish, who gives doctrinal religious teaching. From this lesson any child may be withdrawn by the desire of its parents; but, as with ourselves, the wish is seldom felt, and only the Jewish children and a few others belonging to various sects of dissidents avail themselves of the protection the clause affords. The parents of ten children belonging to any other religious body may claim to have the religious teaching of their sect provided for their children.

The first thing that strikes the visitor accustomed to English public elementary schools on entering an Italian communal or municipal school is the number of separate rooms in which the school is conducted. A "complete" school, *i.e.*, one with the full complement of classes, has six such rooms. A preparatory school forms the lowest class,—a first and second division of the first class and a second class give the lower grade of elementary teaching,—a third and fourth class make the upper school, and give in all six distinct divisions; and as no single class may contain above fifty children under one teacher, it frequently happens that one or more of the classes has to be subdivided and the children draughted into a separate room under an additional teacher. As the teacher of the preparatory school has always an assistant, and the teacher of the fourth class (whose duties, as director of the school and responsible for the order of the whole, claim some time) has also an assistant, it follows that each school is provided with at least eight teachers for a number of children which cannot exceed 300, and is generally much below it. The buildings in which these schools are placed were not for the most part originally intended for the purpose, and are such as the appropriations of church property or other changes have placed at the disposal of the municipality, or have been rented by it for the use of the school—part of a vacated convent, a wing of a disused barrack, a dwelling-house with the partitions

knocked down, are typical specimens of the accommodation provided. The fittings are simple and inexpensive. The school material is ample and admirable, and the offices, being for the most part of recent construction, are as well arranged and as well kept as can be desired.

The next thing to strike a stranger is the age of the teachers, who are all adult. No one is admitted as teacher in the school who is not above eighteen, and who has not qualified for the office by passing through a government normal school or a provincial training college. The normal school is entered by examination at sixteen for men and fifteen for women. The first year is devoted to study—in the second year practical work in a school under the guidance of experienced teachers is added. Examination follows, and a satisfactory pupil can then leave with a second-class certificate; a third year of successful work and study in the normal school is required to obtain a first-class certificate. On leaving the normal school the candidate offers himself for unpaid employment as practiser in a communal school, and is placed under the direction and control of the teacher of the class to which he is attached. After twelve months of approved work the young teacher is passed as qualified to compete for employment in any communal school. None but teachers with first-class certificates from the normal school can compete for the post of teacher in the upper, *i.e.* third and fourth classes; teachers who hold second-class certificates are not admitted to teach in any but the lower part of the school.

A third difference which the stranger observes is the time of school attendance, which is but once in the day. The children arrive at nine, bringing with them food for the middle of the day. At twelve an hour's recreation is given, and spent by the children in eating and in play in the garden and corridors of the school building, and always under the superintendence of one or more of the teachers. Then follows the washing of hands and faces in the lavatory, and

a return to the classrooms at one. In the girls' schools the whole afternoon till 3.30 is given by the lower classes to needlework. In the three highest classes the time is abridged to two hours and one and a half. An hour's lesson in choral singing and gymnastics alternately, concludes the school day at half-past four for the girls. The elder boys leave at three, having also had their hour of drill or singing. The advantage of having but one school attendance each day is obvious in the greater regularity obtained and the diminished exposure of children in the streets. Ninety or ninety-five per cent present is a fair average attendance.

Turning from the outward arrangements to the teaching itself, the first point is the time-table, which is put forth by the municipality at the commencement of the school year for each class, together with the subject-matter of instruction for each of the five bi-monthly periods into which the school year is divided. The time-table is uniform for each sex and each class throughout the whole of the Florentine schools. Most of the subjects which appear as "extras" in our Code form part of the regular course of a Florentine school. Geography, grammar, and analysis, elementary geometry, and lessons in natural knowledge, are all learnt by children below ten. The most striking and distinctive feature of an Italian school is the time given to cultivating the arts of expression, by lessons in composition. In the second class above the infant class, which may be, and frequently is, entered by children of seven, the effort is begun. Writing sentences from dictation, or a dictated question with a reply drawn from the pupil's own mind, and writing from memory a brief story told by the teacher, are steps within the year's work. Then letter-writing is introduced, and contrasts and comparisons of visible objects, with descriptions of the same. In the third class come tales—filling up the details of a brief sketch read out by the teacher; biographies of eminent men and women, dialogues, and the explanation and illus-

tration of proverbs. In the fourth class these exercises are continued—the sketch given is more scanty, the proverb more complex. The time allotted to this lesson is two or three hours each week, according to the class, while one or two hours more are devoted to the correction of these compositions. As all the pupils have written on the same subject, the reading aloud of a number of the themes by their authors, with lively criticism and correction by the teacher, is, as may well be believed, full of interest and excitement for the class. The result of this work cannot fail to impress a stranger accustomed to the torturing efforts at composition of the middle-class scholar, or the halting "lives of the apostles," which are the stock production of the English pupil-teacher. How much of the superiority of the Italian child may be due to natural facility of expression, and to the possession of so beautiful and graceful a medium for it as his native language supplies, and how much to superior training, it may not be easy to decide. Drawing is another lesson in which the difference between the Italian and the English child is very marked,—not in the subjects attempted, for the geometrical and ornamental outlines with which our schools of art have made us so familiar prevail there as here—but the execution is more delicate and refined, as though the hand were lighter and the eye more perceptive than with us. This superiority is probably chiefly or wholly due to a difference of organization. The same may perhaps be said of the needlework, the excellence of which is very remarkable. The time given to it is as great as with us, but the result is incomparably greater. Embroidery is pursued with a success equal to that of the Irish or French convent schools. The pupils utilize their acquirements in drawing for the copying and often for the designing of their own patterns. The votaries of plain needlework too will be pleased to learn that the arts of making and mending are by no means neglected, the cutting out and making of a man's shirt, and the most recondite

system of stocking-mending, forming an appointed portion of the needlework of the fourth class. In other subjects of instruction much more is accomplished than with us, chiefly because time is so much economized at the outset. Reading and writing are acquired in the second and sometimes in the first year that a child is at school, and are available from that time forth for the attainment of knowledge. There can be little doubt that much of this earlier acquirement is due to the exclusive employment of trained adults in sufficient number to conduct the teaching efficiently. No foreign languages are taught in the Italian elementary schools. This is chiefly, no doubt, due to the expectation that children whose education is to be pursued long will early enter the higher schools, where ancient and modern languages form part of the regular course of study; but the omission of Latin from the elementary teaching is also manifestly due to the repulsion felt towards the language, as associated with the teaching given in priestly and conventual schools, where the first object was to prepare the pupil to share in the offices of the Church. The energetic repudiation of a barren classicality which appears in treatises on education certainly springs from a resentful feeling of this kind.

The direction of the communal schools of Florence is in the hands of a delegacy, appointed by the municipal council, consisting of eight members, citizens of eminent station and character. The inspection of schools devolves on two inspectors and two inspectresses, with moderate salaries. These officers visit daily in the schools under their care, superintend all examinations, and report to the delegates on all that affects the moral, intellectual, and material well-being of the schools, and especially on beneficial changes in either time-table or subjects of teaching.

A medical officer visits each school weekly for sanitary inspection; his registered observations and records of sickness complete the system of school superintendence.

Every parent presenting a child for admission must bring a certificate of birth and vaccination, for entry on the register, and must declare whether the child shall receive religious instruction or not. He receives from the director a stamped form of admission, which he must present after each bi-monthly examination, to have the result recorded on it, and to hear any observations the director may have to make. The first four of these examinations are conducted by the teacher of each class in the work of the two months. The teacher corrects and classifies the papers, and presents them, together with his own report on his class, to the inspector. When the papers have been judged, the inspector visits each classroom and reads out the pupils' marks for entry on the register. The fifth bi-monthly examination is the final one of the year, and is held in the last fortnight of June. The delegacy appoint the examiners. The higher classes assemble from all the schools, and are examined, each sex apart. Pupils who obtain six out of ten marks in each of the subjects of examination are promoted to the next class. Those who get eight marks pass with "honour;" and those who obtain nine with "high honour." The last stage of the examination is that the winners of honour certificates all compete together for the prizes given by the municipality, and the best pupils from the upper classes obtain free admissions into the secondary schools. Then follows the great festival day of the year, when all the municipal schools are assembled, and in the presence of parents, friends, and fellow-citizens, the prizes are conferred by the Syndic, and the schools enter on their two months' vacation.

The Florentine school system only dates from 1865, "the year of our regeneration," and has suffered some vicissitudes with the change of the capital to and from the city. In 1871 nearly 7,000 children were attending the thirty communal schools, and were taught in 163 distinct classrooms, by 226 teachers, and several thousand more of

older or more advanced pupils received instruction in night schools, or schools for secondary teaching. The salaries of female teachers in towns are little less than with us; those of masters are about a fourth lower, but reckoning the different cost of living, the balance is perhaps not against the Italian teachers.

New primary schools are opened as need arises—first with one class or two—then, as time goes on and pupils increase, these are divided until the school attains the complete scale of classes and teachers, when the process is recommenced in a new locality. Each year from 500 to 1,000 scholars are added to the numbers in the communal schools; but only last June at the distribution of prizes the Syndic stated that there were still 8,589 children in Florence between the ages of six and twelve receiving no instruction whatever, and the more thoughtful citizens already see that without compulsion they shall not complete the whole of their task.

In Rome the work of national education is only in the fifth year of its existence. The first census made by the Italian Government (Dec., 1871) showed that one half of the entire population of the city was unable to read or write. The municipality of Rome has addressed itself to its task with noble energy—large sums of money are devoted to the work of education, and it may be confidently hoped that the old device S P Q R will head the record of many triumphs in the arts of peace. Day schools are being opened in every quarter in the city, and already number 10,000 pupils, while 5,000 more attend the night and feast day schools.

The admirable system pursued in the north of Italy, both as to teachers and the methods and subjects of instruction, is adopted in the Roman schools with such minor changes as local needs suggest. The schools first established are already doing their work completely, and with excellent results,—more recent ones show, by the absence of upper

classes, and by the tall boys and girls who share with little ones of five and six the benches of the lowest classes, how great the neglects of past years have been. The municipality of Rome has drawn a large number of its best teachers from the northern provinces, and has not had to wait for the supply which the Roman normal schools will in time provide. But in point of accommodation and sanitary arrangement the Roman schools are (though with some splendid exceptions) somewhat below the standard of a capital. The religious difficulty has, as might be expected, made itself keenly felt in Rome in the antagonism of the clerical party to the schools, and religious instruction is only given in them by the secular teachers, though from the authorized clerical manuals. It may be hoped that time will remove this difficulty.

The attitude of the Italian Government towards education is all that can be desired, and even the foes of the present ministry, while reproaching it for its reactionary tendencies, admit that by its educational policy it provides for the future the certain antidote for the evils which they accuse it of fostering in the present.

Such are the efforts that Italy is making for the education of her people, though these brief pages must fail to convey a full impression of the intensity and devotion with which the object is pursued. The Italians know that for the development of the resources of their country, the improvement of her finance, and the maintenance of her free institutions, and still more for success in the struggle now carrying on against priestly domination, not in Rome only but in every smallest commune of the kingdom, they must have the support of an educated people; and that in the strength of free and enlightened citizens alone will the last words of Cavour be fulfilled,—“*Italia si farà, si farà, si.*”

A MEMBER OF AN ENGLISH
SCHOOL BOARD.

LORD SHELburnE.¹

WHATEVER may be said of the changed tendencies of the present age, it cannot be laid to our charge that we have begun to neglect our national history. Notwithstanding the increased ratio in which objects of interest multiply upon us, and the increased difficulty of fairly economising our attention, the history of our country seems pretty safe in the general competition. A certain sense of the continuity of national life and of national character seems always to produce in the educated Englishman something of a retrospective cast of mind. The tendency, indeed, is to carry the retrospect too far, and to make it too minute. We treasure much that was in truth never worth recording, and we take a quaint pride in recovering much that has dropped into a just oblivion. As philology is fast usurping the place of scholarship, so archaeology threatens to usurp the place of history. It is curious to note how rapidly all memoirs become invested with an antiquated air. Annals and memoirs, in fact, were not invented for purposes of history, and they serve those purposes but indifferently. Annals and memoirs, so to say, make themselves; history is the product of labour and judgment. The historian's business, as we conceive it, should precisely reverse that of the annalist. He should value facts, not for their truth, but for their significance. He should attend less to the order of their succession in time, than to the order of their bearing upon that phase of history which we represent individually in our own persons and collectively in the society to which we belong. We should be glad to see history treated in a more practical manner. The most useful History of

England, as we conceive it, would be one that has been, as it were, written backwards. The first claim upon our attention belongs to that section of history which blends with our own, which has bequeathed to it a specific character, which has furnished the seeds of its development, which affords light for interpreting its puzzles and explaining its peculiarities. Yet what can be more true than the observation of Horace Walpole, that no portion of history is less known to people in general than that which precedes their own generation? There are probably but few of the crowds who cross Waterloo Place in the course of the day who know the precise significance of the Duke of York's column; and many a reader of no contemptible literary pretensions knows the nobleman whose name stands at the head of the present article chiefly as a factious Whig, who attained the premiership by questionable by-paths and crooked ways, and who was deservedly hurled from the post he was unable to maintain, after which nothing more was ever heard of him. A small number of closer readers may remember him as one of a band of clever men who were in various ways in advance of their age, and one or two thoughtful people have discovered in him an early type of the modern English statesman. Whatever may be Shelburne's precise merits, his memoirs belong to history; and the public is obliged to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice for the pains he has bestowed upon the biography of his once famous ancestor.

We cannot say that Shelburne's reputation answers the test of the Latin adage, that true fame radicates and is propagated. Like many other men who have appeared surpassingly brilliant to their contemporaries, he dwells but faintly in the remembrance of posterity. He has fallen out of mind, moreover,

¹ "Life of William, Earl of Shelburne." By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vol. I. Macmillan and Co. 1875.

partly because he belonged to a period of transition. In more ways than one we may regard him as a link between two generations. It is true that this country submitted to modern ideas and underwent its social reorganization at an earlier date than any other in Europe, except Holland, and that that date preceded Shelburne's birth by two or three generations. All English memoirs of the last century disclose nevertheless much that is curious and obsolete, as well as much that directly corresponds with the social machinery yet in action around us. Instances of this will be found abundantly in the pages of the present volume. Though history is perpetually overlapping, and the contrasts of a hundred years must always be considerable, it is easy nevertheless to overestimate them. To our mind the general contrasts in matters of politics between the present and the past century present themselves, to speak roughly, as differences, not of kind, but of degree. Political power was of the same nature. As this may seem a truism, let us add that it was exercised in a similar way, and through the same channels. But it was measurable by a totally different scale of proportions: it was acquired by other means, and it was valued for other purposes. There is, however, between the two centuries a broader and more conspicuous difference, which we may indicate by saying that the history of England in the last century is [the history of the domination of brilliant men; and that from 1832 onwards it is the history of the gradual prevalence of solid political principles. The House of Commons was formerly a mere instrument in the hands of a dozen or so of clever persons who understood the art of manipulating it; it is now the obedient organ of a real democracy. Of all periods in our history, that which immediately follows the Revolution depends most, while that which immediately follows the Reform Bill depends least, upon the personal relations of men, families, and parties.

Politics in our day are concerned
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with special questions, raised, in the first place, anywhere but in Parliament itself. There are, for instance, the Land Question, the Church Question, various forms of the Suffrage Question. In the last century, at least until George the Third and Shelburne (who were born in the same year) were men of some maturity of age, though such questions may have existed, they were not of the first importance; nor were the masses of the people divided in opinion upon them. The greatest debate of the last century was about a certain Turnpike-road Bill, and the excitement arose from the fact that the Duke of Bedford was interested in it. Political divisions in our day are of spontaneous growth, and spring out of the surface of society. In the last century they sprang out of the local influence of various small knots of great landed proprietors. In the last century, people had little or no knowledge of what went on within the walls of St. Stephen's; nor did statesmen care much what the people thought or knew of matters which they discussed. For us, a political question represents the sentiments of millions of more or less intelligent persons. The rank of a statesman depends on his power of comprehending and of regulating those sentiments; of either counteracting them by the weight of his own opinions, or of procuring for them an effect more or less complete and more or less specific. Active English politicians are divided into two classes—those who are able to raise questions, and those who are able to settle them. Foresight in domestic politics consists mainly in knowing when a question really has been raised into significance. The test of mere numbers has to be corrected by the weight of determined interest and of experienced opinion. We are liable, in these times, to two besetting forms of public imposture. One is, to treat the cry of an obscure and ignorant clique as a question that calls loudly for settlement; the other is, to shirk, by a temporizing solution, the difficulties of a question that positively stares us in the face. It is perhaps a fault fairly

attributable to this state of things, that we measure our statesmen mainly by their professed relation to political and social topics, and only secondarily by their readiness and ability to act in concert with their friends and with the public for the purpose of carrying their views into effect. In parliamentary phrase, the tendency is to increase indefinitely the catalogue of "open questions." Lord Shelburne was one of the first to adopt this code of popular politics. In the present relations of parties we have a striking reflection of the most prominent topic in controversy a hundred years ago between him and his personal opponents, the question of "*Men versus Measures*," which involved the maintenance or abandonment of the old Party system. One party holds and acts together, in spite of the internal differences of opinion of its members; the other does not. Strength and cohesion are essentials in the public eye, and public support has been accorded in an answerable measure. The truth is, that a century has not produced such a vast change in the minds of the English people as some would have us believe, and that government on the strength of measures only is not yet an accomplished fact.

One of the most interesting topics of the day is the celebration, already commenced, of the centenaries of the successive stages of American Independence. Many persons will be asking, Why was America lost to us? Certainly not for the want of statesmanship, nor yet altogether for want of power to carry it into effect. Statesmanship was smothered and paralysed in personal jealousies; an ignorant people and a docile Cabinet took their own calamitous way. The fact is, that in the last century there was a superfluity of clever men, and their energy was concentrated, in a degree which to us seems extraordinary, upon a somewhat meagre course of public business. Room could not be made for all, and power and interest were the monopoly of the few. A Whig Government was a sort of Junto. Whiggism had prevailed

with few intervals, from the Revolution to the death of George II., and it represented from its beginnings the triumph of intelligence over numbers. The Stuarts would over and over again have been brought back if the settlement of affairs had rested with a majority of the people told by the head, or with a Parliament which really represented the nation. Shelburne, in the interesting Autobiography which is included in the present volume, attributes the success of the Whig ministers, and the progress of the nation under their rule, rather to this circumstance than to their own abilities for government, or to the excellence of the institutions which they maintained. However this may be, the Whigs, as a united party, had a good time of it. But of all Governments, an oligarchy is by its nature the most precarious. The best oligarchy is doomed to fall as soon as it loses its cohesion. Kings and peoples often recover from a shock; oligarchies never.

The Whig oligarchy voluntarily went to pieces, and that in the face of the most unmistakable warnings. A crowd of new forces were arising to elbow them from the face of the country. Masses of capital, acquired through trade and manufacture, had generated a hostile moneyed interest. The great mass of the people were beginning to wake up, and to constitute themselves into a popular interest. The Church was Tory, and the young king, who restored to the Crown more than a semblance of power, relied much on its assistance. The smaller noblemen and country gentlemen flocked round the king. Exclusiveness threw every section of the Whig party in turn into opposition to a Whig Government. The sunset of Whiggism, however, was a gorgeous one. Never was Government more popular or more powerful than during the five years' ministry of Newcastle and Pitt. They humbled France, they won Canada, they raised the power and reputation of England higher than they had stood since the days of Cromwell. But neither Pitt nor the legitimate section of the Whigs ever recovered the

shock of their displacement. Though the king's own ideas of administration soon proved a hopeless and disgraceful failure, it seemed as if the central point of repose about which the Whig sections had hitherto fallen into some kind of balance, were utterly lost. The main cause of this, in the eyes of contemporaries, was the impracticability of Pitt himself. Pitt for six or seven years behaved like a child. He had divided, without paralysing, the family interests of which the Party was composed. He had succeeded in establishing and maintaining a great and memorable Administration, which had much of the essentials of a modern popular Government. He aimed at "Measures, not Men." In defiance of Court influence he had been restored to power, after a series of futile experiments in cabinet-making, lasting through several years, simply because the country could not get on without him. He then deliberately set up an administration the like of which had never been seen before, and has never been seen since, for disorder and incoherency. It included, to use the familiar phrases of a contemporary orator, "patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, treacherous friends and open enemies. It was a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand upon." Pitt assembled this motley crew by the mere right of his victorious position. Master of the situation, or fancying himself such, he used his advantage with a gross and unaccountable perversity. When his muster-roll was complete, he repudiated the responsibility of commanding them, as flatly as Falstaff refused to march through Coventry with his ragged regiment. He practically allowed the government of England to take its chance. He looked idly on while they reversed principles which he had spent his best energies to establish, and made their country the laughing-stock of Europe. He did not alter this conduct until signs of a formidable discontent were everywhere evident. But the mischief was done: a mischief which spread as widely as his own

successes. He alleged ill health as his excuse, and it was hard to question its validity.

Pitt, who began life as a cornet of cavalry, was a born soldier. Like Condé, he was thought to carry his patent of empire in his face. He had "an eye like Mars, to threaten and command." His oratory was as irresistible as his temper was arbitrary. His policy was to unite the kingdom against its enemies; his ambition to command it, as when a young man he had commanded his troop of horse. The loss of America has appeared to many the direct result of the extraordinary temper and conduct of Pitt. But it appears to us that the basis of his power was shadowy and unsubstantial, and that he at last became conscious of it. The king mistrusted him, and the great Whigs served him with fear and hatred. When he accepted his peerage the people turned against him. Pitt's career was not one of empty brilliancy, but its splendour afforded to younger and lesser men a perilous example. Townshend, who enjoyed the immediate reversion of Pitt's popularity, is one conspicuous instance, and the subject of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's memoir was another.

Shelburne, if we may generalize in a difficult matter, though bred a Tory, acted in general the part of a Whig. We are not aware that he ever openly professed Whiggism. He reminds us in this, as in other respects, something of Bolingbroke. Whiggism, when Shelburne entered into political life, was living upon its capital, and he was shrewd enough to see it. He was bold enough to act upon his observation. He is the antithesis of the virtuous and regular Whig, as we find that character depicted by the glowing pen of Burke or Macaulay. Whiggism professed the most specious creed that ever was flaunted by any political party. We rather respect Shelburne for abstaining from adopting it, for it meant very little. Nearly every politician professed himself Whig, as every sectarian calls himself Christian. There is something extraordinary in this devotion to what

was really an obsolete idea. The masses of the people, however, were by this time possessed by it. Whiggism seemed a power in the country that nothing could shake; and we can hardly wonder that the destruction which impended over them was never foreseen by the Pelhams, the Bedfords, and the Grenvilles. It was not effected without the help of their own members. The Bedfords carried to the king's party that weight which finally turned the balance, and it was a Whig, Lord North, who carried out the policy which the remnant Whig party so honourably and consistently opposed. All these men had very high sentiments of liberty in their mouths. Burke complains that by liberty was popularly understood the liberty of coercing "*our* subjects in America." Toryism and the king had less than is supposed to do with that disgraceful chapter in English annals. The more we see of the history of the last century, the more convinced we become of the hollowness of all party principles. We are disposed to respect a man who could resolve to take his stand upon the merits of questions as they arose, and to disregard wholly the basis, then really so void of worth and meaning, of Party divisions. Whatever may be Shelburne's faults, they are redeemed by an invincible moral independence. When he came to see his way clearly in political life, his course of action fully redeems his early errors. He steadily resisted the baneful influence of the crown, and denounced the stealthy increase of the public debt. He helped Bute and Fox to put an end to the glorious administration of Pitt; but he consistently opposed the American war. He may have deceived the king, but he was on the right side on the question of general warrants. He may have deceived Fox, but he strove with all his might for the independence of Corsica. He certainly forsook Bute, but he refused his support to the weak and obviously temporary administration of Rockingham. His influence was peculiarly adapted to rival that of Chatham; but he honourably stood

by Chatham through all his vicissitudes from the moment when he resolved to favour Chatham with his attachment. There was much in common between the two. Each had received the training of a soldier, and each possessed the art of gaining and maintaining a body of irregular adherents. Both, on the whole, were usually considered failures. Shelburne was a great genius, but he was unable to wield those arms which Chatham himself during the last ten years of his life found unsafe and unserviceable.

Unwhiggish as Shelburne was, he was not afraid to lay down boldly the doctrines which recognize a popular basis, as well as a constitutional legitimacy, in the several members of the English Government. A narrow theory had long been current on the subject, and it cannot even now be said to be wholly abandoned. Selden had opposed in his time the doubts which had been cast on the representative character of the House of Peers. "The Lords," says Selden, "sit for the Commonwealth." The maxim is justified by all constitutional antiquity. Burke had been amongst the first to claim for the people, as against a servile House of Commons, the benefit of the principle, and he laid it down plainly and forcibly in his well-known pamphlet on the "Cause of the Discontents." He denied it afterwards, in his still better known pamphlet on the French Revolution. We believe that the feeling which prompted this denial was in part stimulated by Shelburne's adoption of the doctrine in his speech in the Lords, April 8, 1778. "I will never submit," said Shelburne, "to the doctrines I have heard this day from the woolsack, that the other House are the only representatives and guardians of the people's rights. I boldly maintain the contrary. I say this House is equally the representative of the people." The enunciation of such views illustrates in a remarkable way the boldness, and originality, and foresight of Shelburne's thought. The doctrine is historically correct, and any policy which might be properly founded upon it would probably, in these days,

be accepted by the country as a sound one. Shelburne's contemporaries saw clearly enough whither such doctrines tended. He had many disciples, but he had more enemies. Political progress was in the end numbed and checked throughout Europe by the shock of the French Revolution. It has since had long arrears to make up; and it is extremely interesting to notice cases in which able men of a former generation hit upon approximations to doctrines which are only slowly forcing their way into notice in our own. Shelburne knew well enough that there could be no such thing, in a sensible and enlightened community, as an indefeasible right to a descendible personal magistracy. Looking at the circumstances, it is impossible not to compare him favourably with some who have left behind them a far greater reputation.

Personal and party memoirs are subject to obvious disadvantages. There are two chief motives which avail to preserve them, neither of which operate favourably on their character of political annals. Both family interest and political sympathies have concurred in stimulating the laudable labours of Lord E. Fitzmaurice. They are of course insufficient to transmute the memoirs which his industry has presented to us into the type of standard history. Nor has Lord E. Fitzmaurice consciously or unconsciously attempted the task. He has aimed at arranging the Lansdowne family papers in an intelligible order, and at supplying the information necessary to comprehend them. He has wisely foregone any natural desire to vindicate the career of his ancestor in the eye of the world. Shelburne, as every contemporary knew, and as the present volume amply demonstrates, was a man of singular parts and of rare opportunities—circumstances upon which, as we conceive, he always relied too much. A great soldier, and a clever and high-spirited woman (General Wolfe and Lady Arabella Denny) seem to have had the chief share in moulding his character. He was brought up in no political school, and may be regarded as

a completely self-made politician. He had his own principles to seek, and, according to the fashion of his generation, he sought them for himself. His early career was a course of bold experiments. Parties were in Shelburne's early manhood a complete chaos, and we need not wonder that any clever politician with a disposition to independent experiment emerges out of that chaos a somewhat clouded and blackened figure. Failure, as we are reminded by a well-known rhyme, lies at the bottom of the historical reputation of treason. Now, Shelburne left but little work behind him to show that he was something more than a failure. He is little more than a brilliant personality, active in various ways, from the first opportunity which offered, and apparently mixed up with the most discordant parties in succession. As the present volume proves, he was mixed up, in a degree which we never before suspected, with the origination of that too successful system of intrigue, which began with the reign of George III., which had for its object the defeat of the various sections of the Whigs, and the establishment of a sort of Royal or National Party. It happens that it is the Whigs who have most forcibly impressed their ideas on the page of history. Walpole, Burke, and Macaulay, in their various ways, are responsible for current opinion on the men and events of the time; and from none of these could any quarter be expected to so slippery a partisan as Shelburne. There seems, indeed, to have been something peculiarly irritating about his personal attitude. Burke, usually so just and scrupulous in touching the character of the bitterest political adversaries, calls Shelburne, a man with whom he had during all his career been on terms of civil acquaintance, in one breath, "weak, wicked, stupid, false, and hypocritical." Chatham's general adherents he described as a "parcel of low toadeaters." What a contrast to his treatment of Townshend and Grenville, of Pitt and North, of Chatham himself!

To comprehend the attitude of Shelburne, and the setting, so to say, of his career, it is necessary to revert to the *origines* of the Court and Country Party. The Whig Party had originated in the organization which was necessary to get rid of the Stuarts, and to preserve the arrangements by which they were supplanted; and was, of course, largely reinforced by the policy of William III. Its strength lay in the great territorial nobility. These noblemen, in an age when capital was scarce, education confined to a narrow class, local divisions strongly marked, and public opinion in the modern sense not yet in existence, held in their own persons and those of their near relations, by a natural law, the key of the political world. Property is power, as, conversely, power is property. England was governed at the will of the Pelhams, Bentincks, Cavendishes, Wentworths, Russells, and Grenvilles. With the help of those whom they succeeded in attaching as adherents, they returned the major part of the House of Commons; and the Treasury, where they dominated in succession, returned the rest. The kings were politically, and as it happened personally, qualified to act no real part on the public stage. The Court possessed no political significance. All public sympathy centered in the Whig chiefs, and through their favour alone lay the road to preferment and ambition. An ambitious man like Shelburne, for instance, must have joined the rabble of supporters and parasites who crowded the levées of the imbecile old Duke of Newcastle, and he might have done this long enough without any hope of success. It may be asked, with some surprise, why this should have been necessary to Shelburne, a wealthy peer of Great Britain, who was an able speaker, and a born politician. The answer is that Shelburne, estimated by the standard of the all-powerful Whigs, was a *novus homo*. In the first place, he was an Irishman. It will not be forgotten that the greatest orator and politician of his time was an Irishman. Burke was an Irishman; but

was Burke ever complimented with a seat in the Cabinet? Shelburne might doubtless have been successful, as many less worthy men had been successful, if he had chosen the "steep and thorny path" to power; but he aimed at it by a shorter cut. We admire his courage and independence, while we cannot approve the versatility which they tended to foster. His faults brought with them their own retribution. His first experiment was a sad error, and many a lesser man would have sunk under it for life. His evil genius brought him into connection with Bute and his specious but impossible projects, and he was involved in Bute's hopeless and ignominious failure. Much of Lord E. Fitzmaurice's first volume is composed of the details of the connection of Shelburne, Bute, and Fox, and the history of the Pious Fraud. These pages are in our eyes mainly remarkable as showing how unworthy a connection it was, as regarded Shelburne himself. The printed correspondence bears the true stamp of the narrow, sordid, methodical Fox, and the foolish and insufferable Favourite. They are such indifferent acquaintance that we really pardon the polished and elaborate Shelburne for taking his leave somewhat abruptly of their company. People said that Shelburne's eyes were gradually opening, and that he found out at last that Mr. Pitt was really the man to whom he ought to apply. "There can be little doubt," says Lord Edmond, "that the greatness of the character of Pitt had been slowly forcing itself on the mind of Shelburne." "Shelburne," said Horace Walpole, "has resigned because he thinks Pitt must be minister soon, and wants to make his peace with him." We incline to think that the former is the true view of the case, and that the young politician was not such a miserable creature as Walpole would have us believe. He may have had a less substantial footing in the field of politics than some older and better-known men, but he was not under the necessity of crawling to distinction like a Melcombe.

Every young and self-made politician must have a few years' law ; and we are disposed to shield Lord Shelburne, at least during his earlier years, from any grave moral censure. Had there been in England a dozen men like himself, he might have presented a different figure, and produced a more important effect in the page of history. He failed, in part, because there were none to second him. How Shelburne came to occupy so isolated a position is partly explained by the circumstances of his family.

Shelburne possessed, of course, an obvious advantage in his unusually large fortune. Thirty-five thousand a year is still a large income ; it was a much larger one in the last century, and it was more considerable from the fact that landed fortunes had no competitors worthy of notice. His property, however, was almost exclusively in Ireland ; and it entitled him to as little political influence or consideration as would in our time be conferred by an equivalent fortune invested in the three per cents. Shelburne's immense wealth, moreover, was in more respects than one a matter of some historical notoriety. It had been entirely amassed by his great-grandfather, Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Petty, an enterprising young Englishman, by an ingenious combination of the business of banking with that of land-surveying, on the occasion of the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland. We are decidedly pleased with Shelburne's candour when he assures us that his ugly grandmother, Anne Petty, "brought into his family whatever degree of sense may have appeared in it, or whatever wealth is likely to remain in it." Her qualities, according to her grandson, are mentioned by Swift in his letters, though we do not recall the passage. She was the clever daughter of a clever father. What the Commissioners of Domesday were to William the Conqueror, that Dr. Petty was to Cromwell. He was an Englishman, but his heart was always in Ireland. It may be said that where his treasure was, there his heart was also. He is, how-

ever, entitled to remembrance on other grounds than that of amassing an enormous fortune by the parcelling out of a conquered country. His plans for the economy of his vast Irish estates were laid with an astonishing degree of enlightenment and liberality. He exemplified, in fact, to the full, the English genius for colonization. He was an able and versatile man of science ; he was a famous physician, an ingenious mechanic ; and he was the first to place the science of political economy on an experimental basis. He was knighted by Charles II., and his wife and family were dignified with the Shelburne Peerage. Henry, first Earl of Shelburne, whom for distinction's sake we call Earl Henry, succeeded him in his fortune and estates. He inherited, however, none of the statesmanlike tastes and abilities of his father. He aspired, instead, to English political influence, and, like many other Irish landlords, chose to reside in England. He bought an old manor-house adjoining to the borough of Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, for which he once procured himself to be returned member of Parliament. Wycombe, however, was never what Lord E. Fitzmaurice implies by calling it a "family borough." Earl Henry purchased his house in 1700, but it was not until his nephew, Earl John, fifty years later won the hearts of the burgesses by building them a Town Hall, and setting four highly-decorated pinnacles on the four angles of their church tower, that the Shelburnes laid the foundation of sufficient interest to return one out of two members. Even then the influence of the less wealthy but better established family of the Wallers was occasionally enough to defeat them.

Whether it was that the political influence of the University of Oxford—another of the phenomena which the historian, without regret, observes to have passed away—communicated something of a peculiar character to the country which lies midway between the University and the metropolis, or whether the circumstances were merely

fortuitous, it is curious that this particular corner of Buckinghamshire has been in a remarkable degree the haunt of celebrated politicians. Almost suburban in its proximity to the town, it affords a peculiar hold upon a little county in which political influence has been ever weak, divided, and neglected. Before the Reform Bill there was hereabouts quite a nest of little boroughs in convenient proximity to each other. For the village of Wendover have sat Hampden, whose house adjoined it, Burke, Canning, and Huskisson. Bulstrode was the seat of the formidable influence of the Portlands. Two miles further on is Beaconsfield, in the churchyard of which Edmund Waller lies buried, with his armorial tree growing over his tomb. Within the church rests the dust of Burke, whose ruined villa, still shaded by his favourite cedars, stands a furlong or two distant. Down the hill is what was once the palace of the Whartons. A mile or two further on is the little town of Wycombe, where the subject of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's memoir—once a Premier of England—sleeps without a stone to mark his grave. Here is the house where Shelburne lived, afterwards purchased by Carington, the friend and confidential adviser of the younger Pitt, who often retired hither from the cares of state. On one side the visitor looks up to a singular Italian-looking church—

“A temple built aloft in air,
That serves for show, if not for prayer,”

—erected as a picturesque object by Dashwood, Bute's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the mausoleum which he built with money left him by the immaculate Dodington; on the other, he sees at the distance of a mile the glistening walls of what has for thirty years been the retreat of Mr. Disraeli. Such is the neighbourhood where Earl Henry settled, and where he spent much of a long and obscure life. The church of Wycombe contains a vast monument to his memory, which seems to thrust its pediment through the roof, exhibiting in various attitudes the life-size figures

of himself, his wife, and all his family, including his son, Lord Dunkerron, fashionably attired as a Roman warrior of the Republican period. There is a medallion of Sir William, representing the shrewd Roundhead doctor as a poetical-looking cavalier, with flowing curls, in the style (and a splendid one it is) of Vandyke's Duke of Richmond. There is the doctor's coat of arms—the magnetic needle and polar star, which he adopted, we may presume, out of compliment to his famous double-bottomed ship—his crest of a beehive proper, surrounded with bees diversely volant, and his motto of *Ut apes geometriam*. It is somewhat odd, however, that where the only celebrated Earl of Shelburne lies buried there should not be so much as an inscription to his memory. A canvas escutcheon with his arms hung in the church, within our recollection; but it has been removed, and doubtless destroyed. Earl Henry bequeathed Petty's vast fortune and lands to his own nephew and Petty's grandson, John Fitzmaurice, and died in the year 1751, when his son, who is the subject of this memoir, was fourteen years of age. John Fitzmaurice was soon created Earl of Shelburne, in virtue of a claim attaching to his uncle's bequest. The change involved in his new position must have been very considerable. His father, the first Earl of Kerry, was a despotic old nobleman who kept a sort of feudal court in a barbarous corner of Ireland. Until the age of forty-five, Shelburne's father was obliged to attend upon him, and to live with the rest of the family under a most irksome sort of domestic tyranny. Earl John, by his son's account, was a better man than we had guessed from our previous knowledge. Every one who knows the memoirs of the last century knows how hard it was once for an Irish nobleman to get an English Peerage, but his character and influence were sufficient to procure him this honour, and he was raised to the English Peerage by the title of Baron Wycombe, in 1760. Horace Walpole ridiculed him when he set up as a

connoisseur of pictures, and he notoriously neglected his estate in Buckinghamshire as much as the most approved of Irish precedents could justify. "My father," writes Shelburne, "if it had not been for the disadvantages of his early years, would have made a distinguished man. He had an uncommon good plain understanding, great firmness and love of justice, saw things public and private *en grand*, but was not broke to the world's little activity." He took pains, though not until some time after succeeding to his wealth, to remedy the neglected education of his son and future successor.

The future premier had been born and reared at Lixnaw, where he got little enough learning, and only that sort of good breeding "which made part of the feudal system." To the end of his life Shelburne complained of his neglected education. At the age of fifteen he was sent to London, and allowed to go about by himself, picking up such casual acquaintance as might offer, and subsisting on precarious supplies of money from his old aunts and cousins. Why this should have been the case we are at a loss to understand; for his father had been for some years in possession of the fortune of the Petty family. The story of his early life he found so painful that on resuming his interesting autobiography he says, "It is more than a year since I wrote the above. I am determined not to read it over. If I did, I am sure I should be disgusted, and not have resolution to continue anything of the sort." We can hardly attribute any specific effect to this casual introduction to the world of London, even on the strong and receptive mind of Shelburne. At the age of fifteen he confesses himself utterly ignorant and unformed. A year afterwards he was at last sent to Oxford, where he had the penetration to discover at once that his tutor, though not destitute of learning, was a narrow-minded creature. At Oxford young Fitzmaurice entered on a course of serious study, embracing Livy, Demosthenes, modern history, Machiavelli, International Law, and

theology. He doubtless received in this way that bias to the study of European affairs which afterwards made him the greatest Foreign Secretary of his day. He tells us, however, that he preferred the law of nature to the law of nations. The remark gives us the key to a curious part of Shelburne's character. He read in private at Oxford "a great deal of religion." Throughout his life Shelburne was a serious thinker on religious subjects, and he inclined to Unitarian views, once so extensively popular among people who professed a general liberality of sentiments. Priestley was his librarian, and when he was Premier he proposed to Price to become his private secretary. But we shall learn more of this at a more advanced stage. At Oxford, besides his study of books, he seems to have picked up an odd sort of miscellaneous education in matters of the world. Gregory, who was Dean of Christ Church, conversed familiarly with him. "He was a gentleman, though not a scholar, and gave me notions of men and things which were afterwards useful to me." It is probable that the young student did not communicate to Dr. Gregory his researches on the subject of the Religion of Nature. He also "fell into habits with Dr. King, a Tory and a Jacobite, but a gentleman and an orator." Doubtless it was the influence of Oxford, and especially of Dr. King, which predisposed Shelburne to his general antagonism against the Whigs. He tells us the story of King's famous speech at the opening of the Radcliffe Library in 1754, when "before a full theatre he introduced three times the word *Redeat*, pausing each time for a considerable space, during which the most unbounded applause shook the theatre, which was filled with a vast body of Peers, members of parliament, and men of property." This must have been about the last occasion when any great show of public enthusiasm was made in favour of the Pretender. Who can wonder that Shelburne's early political principles were somewhat chaotic?

He himself introduced this same Dr. King to the young king, George III., in 1760. Shelburne's father, meanwhile, seems to have early appreciated his son's abilities. He introduced him to great men, and gave him something of that impetus which sustained Shelburne long after personal ambition had become hopeless. Shelburne's own entrance into political life, however, was by no means easy. Society was not then at a sort of dead level. It lay in many gradations; and we may be sure that never in the world's history were better defined the lines which separate education and ignorance, refinement and rusticity, power and obscurity.

We may quote, as an illustration of what is meant, an odd story which Shelburne tells us of Sunderland and Sir James Lowther. In making up one of his administrations, it seems, Sunderland was advised to put Lowther into the Treasury, as the story stands, on account of his wealth, but as we suppose Lord Shelburne to have meant, on account of the political influence attaching to his estates—an influence, the extent of which was, down to the Reform Bill, a matter of almost scandalous notoriety. Lowther duly came to wait upon him, but was mistaken by the servants for some poor petitioner to his Lordship, and, being somewhat wet, was kindly allowed to sit by the fire in the servants' hall. Sunderland waited impatiently for this new and influential adherent; and on discovering the circumstances is said to have desired him to be sent about his business, saying, "that no such mean fellow should sit at his Treasury." Now, young Shelburne at his entrance into the world had precisely what old Sir James Lowther had not. He had presence, education, ambition, refinement, and distinguished parts; but he had little or none of that golden influence, derived from a mass of landed property, which was the passport to the sanctuary of Whiggery. Measured by the Whig standard, he was an obscure individual. Can we wonder, that though too clear-sighted and liberal to relapse into normal Tory-

ism, he stood proudly aloof from the Grenvilles and the Bedfords? Naturally, he was the superior of most men in his own station; socially, their equal; politically, he was their inferior. At the time when his choice had to be made, an opportunity of coming into the political world on favourable terms offered, and he seized it. The Bute and Fox episode follows. It is followed in its turn by a short period of retirement from the political world, after which Shelburne reappears as the lieutenant of Chatham.

Even the brilliant Pitt had not been launched into the world of politics without a large amount of interest arising from connection. The Pitt family was wealthy, and not inconsiderable in its political influence; but Pitt's most important connection was with his two brothers-in-law, Earl Temple and George Grenville. Lord Temple was, in his own time, esteemed a very great man. The word has entirely changed its meaning since his time, and we now reckon him far less than a great man. Still, as the head of the Grenville Whigs, the brother of the able financier Grenville, the brother-in-law of Chatham, and himself a recognized aspirant to the Premiership, he presents in several ways a remarkable figure. Temple possesses at least one claim on our respect. He was the one Whig statesman who, in his own words, resolved never to "wear the livery of the Court party," and kept his word. The Duke of Bedford accompanied Grenville to the closet for a memorable interview, well known to us from the pages of Junius and Macaulay. These statesmen, in spite of the king's indignant remonstrances, read him a long and insolent paper setting forth the various enormities of his policy. According to Junius, they "repeatedly gave him the lie, and left him in convulsions." This, together with our previous story of Sunderland and Lowther, may be taken as representing the climax of Whiggish insolence. Bedford had sworn defiance to the Court, but he and his rout ended by going over to it in a body. It was they who laid the foundation of the

mischievous power of the administration of North. Temple, like Chatham and Rockingham, held out against such temptations. He had, indeed, been named by Chatham for the Premiership when the great commoner regained power on the fall of the Rockinghams; but Chatham and he speedily fell out upon details of patronage. Rockingham, had the great commoner condescended to trust him, and honoured himself by coalescing with him, might have given actual force to the unstable brilliancy of such men as Pitt himself, of Townshend, and of Shelburne. Every one has felt that had such a conjunction been effected, we should never have had to deplore the loss of the American colonies. With Temple, whatever he may have been in his earlier days, at that time we believe that no man of politics could have acted for long together. When the Bedfords went over, Temple came back indeed to the broken and dispirited Whigs. But it is difficult to understand how such a man could have been accepted as the leader of a government. Chatham's notion was that Lord Temple should furnish the substance, while he himself, and his young pupil, Shelburne, should supply the animating soul of an administration. Temple would never have suffered it. Chimerical as such an idea was, Chatham in the end committed himself, as we have related already, to a chimera yet more monstrous. A Temple-Shelburne administration, indeed, would have had some pretence to fulfil the traditions of English government. Personal and local connection, the bonds of family and of political discipleship, popularity and weight in the country, would have had their share in establishing it. We believe that the quarrel with Temple, as it frustrated Chatham's most favourite schemes for himself, disappointed him in the plans which he had in view for Shelburne. Chatham wished to make these two Buckinghamshire lords into close allies. They could never have been close friends. Never were two men more different. Temple, dark, proud, sullen, phlegmatic, and impracticable, had been

brought up in the very worst school of Whiggism. Stowe was his palace, and he reigned like a Count-Palatine in the valley of the Ouse. He was a Whig of the feudal type—possessed of a certain definite political power, and determined to make the most of it: the head of a party, and resolved to be the head of the nation. Shelburne's chief power radiated from his own accomplished presence. He gained men easily, and he did not hesitate to fling them as easily aside. Fox, Bute, the king himself, he had flung over in turn, like a boy tired of a plaything. He was no Whig, and no Tory. He was gay, open, and always ready for a game of politics. Shelburne was one of those men who are so useful if they can be got under the directing power of some weightier intellect, whom we may call born negotiators. He knew men, he knew courts, he knew the *Ragioni di Stato*; but as yet he knew not statesmanship. No shadow of any superior intellect seems to have fallen effectually upon him. He imitated Chatham, but we doubt whether he ever deeply respected or admired him. He would have despised Temple as a solemn coxcomb. What Temple would have thought of Shelburne we do not trouble ourselves to speculate.

Shelburne's fragmentary Autobiography, which constitutes the most interesting section of the present volume, is an undoubtedly valuable production. We learn from it something of the character of the writer—fearless and versatile, full of sense, actuated on the whole by a spirit of fairness and liberality; yet, too dogmatic to be relied upon, and regardless to excess of the ideas or feelings of any one else. The vista of Shelburne's view, as we might expect, is not an unlimited one. We read his character of Chatham with a distinct sense of pain and surprise. It explains to us as clearly as possible why Chatham for a long time was unwilling to take him fully into his confidence. For ten whole years, including the time when Chatham was Minister and Shelburne Secretary, Shelburne avers that he was necessarily with him at all

hours, in town and country, "without drinking a glass of water in his house or company, or five minutes' conversation out of the way of business!" Everybody knows how theatrical Chatham usually was, and what an amount of affectation entered into the composition of his character; but we cannot agree that he was "never natural," least of all that he was "incapable of friendship, or of any act which tended to it." Chatham was a man of many sides, and Shelburne clearly saw or remembered but one of them. "I never found him when I have gone to him (which was always by appointment) with so much as a book before him, but always sitting alone in a drawing-room waiting the hour of appointment, and in the country with his hat and stick in his hand." All this confirms an aspect of Chatham's character with which we are already sufficiently familiar. We are unwilling to believe that Shelburne did not take the pains to understand Chatham more thoroughly; and we find the explanation in the fact that his Autobiography was written at an advanced age, when recollection is often confused, and sentiment blunted. In his old age he certainly jotted down the general results of his reminiscences with remarkable candour. "Like the generality of Scotch," he writes, "Lord Mansfield had no regard to truth whatever."—"Lord Ligonier was an old woman."—"Lord Hardwicke, with great deliberation and sanctity, sacrificed Byng to be shot, to stem the public clamour and save his son-in-law." There is a certain charm about all this; but the like of it would certainly not be tolerated in the present day. The world must have abounded with men whom Shelburne despised. But when his recollection touches any person for whom he had entertained a real respect (and there were a few such), there is a decided charm in the tone of his description. Of all the pages in the volume, we prefer his description of General Wolfe, under whom his father had placed him, in 1757, by the advice of Mr. Fox. Nor

can the reader fail to be struck with his bold and sometimes original views of previous and contemporary history. It is easy to trace in them the preoccupation of his Tory education. Still, though he was obtuse to the great merits of William III., he formed a high estimate of Cromwell. When he writes: "Cromwell has never had justice done him," we apprehend his meaning to be that this had never been expressly and formally done by historians. Most of the general remarks in Shelburne's Autobiography are written under a similar impression; and they possess a decided interest for those who set a value on the unbiased opinions of an original and acute mind.

The present volume brings us down no further than what was really the commencement of Shelburne's political career. We trace in its pages the story how he served with the Butes, continued his services to George Grenville, declined the Rockinghams, and at length cast in his lot with Chatham. The manner in which he threw up his position in the so called Chatham ministry was highly characteristic, and the circumstances will long be remembered in connection with the French annexation of the island of Corsica. From century to century these brave islanders had groaned under the worst of tyrannies. They were subject to the powerful maritime Republic of Genoa. For ten years they had been maintaining a hopeless struggle against their masters, who were protected and abetted by the French, always in those days the promoters of universal serfdom. In spite of all, however, it seemed, early in the reign of George III., that their courage and endurance would succeed in throwing off the yoke. The sympathy of England, under Whig administrations, had always been with them. The hostility of France to their cause was a main element in this sympathy. The Mediterranean Fleet had in former times done the Corsicans a memorable service in recovering for them the forts of St. Fiorenzo and Bastia. The Bute government, as might be expected,

reversed this policy. A proclamation was at once issued in the king's name, enjoining British subjects to render no further assistance to the "rebels of Corsica." France immediately concluded a treaty with Genoa, and the victorious career of the patriot Paoli was of course arrested. We believe the transfer of the island to France to have been a decided benefit to the Corsicans. But what they wanted, what they fought for, and what they ought to have had, was their independence. The smallest expression of determination on the part of the English Cabinet would have secured it. But the Cabinet was incapable of anything of the kind. Shelburne, however, resolved, so far as rested with him, to aid the cause of right and liberty. He instructed Lord Rochford, the English ambassador at Paris, to assure the French government that England would not calmly suffer the proposed annexation. But the French minister knew well enough that the influence which originally put an end to the power of Pitt was still actively at work, and that Pitt's cabinet, which was an administration only in name, would really interpose no effectual resistance. He treated the remonstrance with contempt, and Lord Rochford quitted Paris in anger. Chatham resigned, seeing that independent measures and united policy were equally impossible. Shelburne soon followed his example. It was commonly supposed that he was deprived at the instance of the king, as a penalty for the warmth of his independent remonstrances in aid of the Corsicans. We now know, however, from the Duke of Grafton's manuscripts, and from other contemporary documents, that his resignation was spontaneous. The Corsican episode is one of the most creditable in Shelburne's career.

It is easy to gather from the incidents related in this volume that Shelburne was more likely to acquire a high reputation in opposition than in administration. Throughout the eventful years of the North ministry he was an active and consistent member of the general Whig opposition. Shelburne and Chatham, Burke and Fox, henceforth argued and voted side by side against the coercive policy adopted with regard to America. If from one point of view it is the darkest part of the history of the century, it is the brightest as regards the personal relations of the Whigs who still remained faithful to the old cause. The years from 1770 to 1782 are the most brilliant period alike in the lives of Burke and of Shelburne. But from the day when the fall of the North ministry brought them into power, we enter on a series of personal complications in which it is not easy to see our way.

We have already been anticipating the contents of the second volume of these Memoirs. Looking to the period which it will probably cover, and to the increased prominence of Shelburne as a statesman and a patron of the Liberal movement in its general religious and political aspects, we have reason to expect that it will prove even more interesting than the first. The last of the offences which secured Shelburne his bad name were that he countenanced dissent from the Established Church, especially under forms which repudiated the common doctrinal orthodoxy and partook of the nature of free thought, and that he refused to denounce the vast convulsion which goes by the name of the French Revolution. We have but to mention these to indicate how wide an interest will be felt in the publication of the second volume of Lord E. Fitzmaurice's work.

UNGATHERED LOVE.

WHEN the autumn winds go wailing
 Through branches yellow and brown,
 When the grey sad light is failing,
 And the day is going down,—
 I hear the desolate evening sing
 Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,
 And which no heart had for gathering.

I and my lover we dwell apart,
 We twain may never be one—
 We shall never stand heart to heart,
 Then what can be said or done,
 When winds, and waters, and song-birds sing
 Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,
 And which no heart had for gathering?

When day is over and night descends,
 And dank mists circle and rise,
 I fall asleep, and slumber befriends,
 For I dream of April skies.
 But I wake to hear the silence sing
 Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,
 And which no heart had for gathering.

When the dawn comes in with wind and rain,
 And birds awake in the eaves,
 And rain drops smite the window pane,
 And drench the eddying leaves,—
 I hear the voice of the daybreak sing
 Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,
 And which no heart had for gathering.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

VIRGINIA AND THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.

“ And like sunrise from the sea
Athens arose—around her born,
Shone like mountains in the morn,
Glorious states—and are they now
Ashes, wrecks, oblivion ? ”

SHELLEY.

BEFORE commencing this paper I must beg the better-informed of my readers to bear with me, while I remind those whose knowledge may be more limited that Virginia is the oldest State of America, and that she takes her name from Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign she may be said to have been discovered. First colonized by the English about the year 1615, who established a footing at the mouth of the James River, she recruited her ranks throughout that century mainly from the ranks of cavalier refugees, from whom the Virginians of the present day are in great part directly descended.

After encountering varying fortune under successive governors sent out from the mother country, by the middle of the seventeenth century she became a colony of importance, numbering some 40,000 souls, exclusive of black slaves, tobacco being the main article of wealth and exportation.

Virginia was one of the first States to rise in the War of Independence ; and having borne the brunt of that war she for many years furnished a large proportion of America's most illustrious sons, no less than five Presidents of the Republic in succession owning her as their mother State. Keeping up to a certain extent old English habits and customs, cherishing the pride of ancient descent, retaining a certain amount of exclusiveness, accumulating large properties and considerable wealth, though at the same time advancing but little in more modern improvements and general culture, the cause of which is of course attributable to the slave system, the Virginians lived in rural ease and

plenty, indulging in plain but unbounded hospitalities, hunting foxes and shooting partridges, till the memorable year of 1862, when their State, upholding her old traditions, appeared first in the field as leader of the Southern States. The rest every one knows. How Virginia was turned into a vast battlefield ; how her fields and homesteads ran with blood, and the flower of her population were destroyed ; how for four years, without arms, without money, her forces diminishing with every battle, she, in common with her sister States, fought to the bitter end, when the huge fabric of slavery falling, dragged with it every institution of the State, leaving Virginia, even more than the remainder of the South, a blank upon the map of America, and thus bringing to an end the second era of her existence.

Eight years have elapsed since the surrender, and during that time she has, with a resignation that does her credit, been rousing herself for the third era. How that will end, who can foresee ?

Few people in England, save those whom chance brought to Virginia during the terrible times following on the surrender, have any idea of the misery that attended those three or four years during which she was beginning to recover from the first shock of the war.

Vague rumours and reports used to circulate in England, and a feeling of pity for the South was naturally prevalent, but it was a feeling somewhat similar to that which would arise on hearing of a big fire or water catastrophe in the Northern States, and would be tempered with the consolatory notion amongst the masses that in the course of a year or so, in the midst of a young, vigorous, and rapidly-increasing people, the wound would be healed over and but few traces of the ruin remain, and prosperity be as rampant as ever.

The unthinking masses of the English people, having always entertained peculiar and exaggerated ideas of America, and recognizing but little distinction between the different portions of that great country, were probably unaware that the institutions of the South were its very backbone; that Virginia, at all events, though the oldest State in the Union, and settled up from end to end, possessed a population not much exceeding that of the city of New York alone, emigration having been effectually barred by the slave system; that her three-quarters of a million of white inhabitants were anything but a fresh and vigorous race, and were perhaps, from the manner of their former mode of life, and their natural inclinations, as ill calculated as any people could be to build up the fortunes of a fallen house. At the close of the war they were left as a rule entirely without capital, nearly all heavily in debt, their labour gone, in many cases their stock driven off. All that remained to them were large and unwieldy estates, without often so much as the worth of an old horse to carry on their cultivation, and a large black population demoralized and starving in the mountains.

A third era is now beginning; one, we will hope, of more substantial prosperity. But what is chiefly necessary for that end, and what is coming and must eventually come in no stinted measure, is help from England, in the shape of capital and immigration, by which means Englishmen and Virginians may mutually benefit one another.

It is to a certain class of Englishmen that Virginia holds out her arms; and of late years a gradually increasing trade has been setting in from Liverpool to Norfolk, of English gentlemen and farmers with what is called in England a small capital, but which in Virginia will go a surprisingly long way. British officers and gentlemen of education are to be found in great numbers scattered throughout the State, living for the most part much as they would in England, on incomes that would indeed sound small in the mother country.

Probably a far larger proportion of people now resident in England have been in Egypt, China, or the antipodes than in an old slave State, so that a few words on the country from one who has gained some practical experience may not come amiss.

Nothing can present a more striking difference to the eye of the stranger travelling through North America than does the physical aspect of Virginia to that of the whole country lying north of Washington and the Potomac.

After travelling perhaps for days through the uninteresting flats of Canada, with its small farms, small houses, big barns, and hard-looking landscapes, or through the long, rich valleys of New York and Pennsylvania, with their wealthy cities and highly-farmed lands, their neat board fences and pretentious farm-houses, where everything is new, and painfully intrudes its newness on the eye—the bustle and life at the crowded railway stations,—nothing, I repeat, can strike him more forcibly than the altered look of the country after the train has steamed out of the Washington station, crossed the broad Potomac, and glided into the Old Dominion.

When he looks back and sees the stately buildings of Washington reflected in the still waters, and, towering far above all into the blue sky and shining bright in the rising sun, the dome of the Capitol, he has left behind him the new, and is entering a land of the past. To the eye of an Englishman not fresh from home the relief is intense, although he may be looking on the ruins of what once was great. Here are no longer monotonous pine-woods to close the view, but large fields and vast commons sweep to the horizon. The country no longer bears the appearance of having been carved out of the universal forest; on the contrary, the idea of its ever having been new never occurs to the thought of the traveller. Fine old mansion-houses peep out from clusters of venerable oaks, standing in the midst of rich sweeping fields, seldom less than forty or fifty acres in

extent; boundless commons that have run to waste since the war, and grown up with young pines or oaks thickly sprinkled over their surface, reminding one much of the clearer parts of the New Forest in Hampshire; even in some places English hedges, but oftener the old banks where hedges have been long ago; the soil almost everywhere of a bright red, such as is seen in South Devon or Berwickshire; and in the far distance the blue mountains as a background. Ever and anon we cross over deep red lanes through green oak woods, which carry one's thoughts back to Old England; which delusion, however, is speedily dissipated on turning one's eyes to the interior of the car, where every species of Southern life may be studied. The old Virginian planter, tall, lank, and solemn, with long blue cloth cape and high felt wide-awake hat, the type of old-fashioned courtesy and hospitality; the young student going to college, slight, narrow-shouldered, and pale-faced—a most frequent type of young Southerner—with long hair, and white soft hat, worn on the side of the head, chewing tobacco and, I need not add, spitting on the stove—about as striking a contrast to an Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate as could be found. A commercial gentleman from New York, in a high hat, with his legs over the back of the seat, converses in a high key on matters (though not strictly private and confidential, at any rate uninteresting to the remaining thirty or forty occupants of the car) with a Southerner several compartments distant from him, whose deep voice and broad provincial dialect exemplify the difference of the two lingos most forcibly. No coloured people are to be seen; special cars are provided for them on every train.

Twenty miles or so south of Washington we stop at a small station. A large board, painted white, and supported on two posts, arrests the attention. Written across it, in large black letters, are the words, "Confederate Dead," behind which is an inclosed yard, white with small tombstones.

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Over the ticket-office of the little station is written "Manasses." Here it was that the first great battle of the war took place, where the undisciplined but enthusiastic levies of the South defeated and routed the Northern army advancing, confident of victory, from Washington.

We do not, as in the Northern States, pass through innumerable and thriving little towns, surrounded by fine suburban houses. The stations are unpretending structures of wood, and the places from which they derive their names often but little more than a collection of nigger-cabins.

Society, on the contrary, was, and to a great measure still is, scattered over the country, as the fine old houses give evidence, as does the distance they stand apart from one another of the large size of the estates belonging to them.

As we travel southwards, the country begins to look more prosperous, and the fearful traces of war, though still evident, are not so marked. You have still the same sweep of hill and dale and grassy upland; the negroes toiling among the long stalks of the Indian corn; the red lanes and green woods, with always the same background; distant mountains, of a wondrous blue, rising, peaked and jagged, into the sky.

It is almost impossible to give a person unacquainted with America any idea of what the settled parts of the Northern States and Canada are like—they are something so utterly different from anything in the Old World. Perhaps what would best explain my meaning would be to say, that in the former countries there is nothing that comes up to our idea of the word "rural." It is true, there are neat farm-houses (but then they are built like English seaside villas), green fields, and clear streams, and all the essentials which are generally understood to make up the word; but an entire look of newness pervades everything. The appearance of having been carved and manufactured out of the universal forest, and laid out like a chessboard, forces itself on the imagination, and refuses to be shaken off.

The backwoods and lakes are beautiful, till their monotony wearies the eye, even in spite of the changes of seasons and foliage, of sunsets and sunrises. The cities are fine, many of them splendid; but the settled-up or "cleared" country districts, however high may be the hills and however clear the streams, have an indefinable want of *something*—although perhaps the entire absence of animal and bird life may aid a little in producing this impression.

In many features of the landscape Virginia may be said to resemble England more than any other State. Nor is it in that respect alone that her fields differ from her wealthier and more prosperous sisters in the North. As the farmer walks his rounds, the rabbit springs at his feet, every hedgerow and thicket are alive with song-birds of every variety and description; and at sunset in the short days of winter he hears the coveys of partridges calling round the house, and overhead sees the long flocks of rooks hastening from the fields to their roosting grounds.

And, meanwhile, a State second to none in the Union for natural beauty and fertility, lies as it were helpless and calling for a population to farm her lands, restore her old country-houses, enjoy her sweet and temperate climate, and call forth her vast mining resources; and those whom she especially asks for, and who are most fitted to answer her requirements and derive benefit themselves from her fertile soil and vast resources, are Englishmen with small or moderate means.

It is by gentlemen with small capital and farmers that information is most sought after and most needed. Wherever the English working man goes, he will find his service eagerly accepted, for which he will receive the highest wages, though longer hours of labour may be exacted from him than he has been accustomed to. About the very worst place he could transport himself and family to would be Virginia, since in the rural districts, which constitute the principal wealth of the State, there are generally speaking but two classes,

planters and negroes—the latter largely preponderating, and constituting the entire labour supply. Black labour is at present abundant, and the wages are about one-third of what is paid for white labour in the North and Canada; added to which, he would not to such a degree inhale the bewitching air of equality which the English, and more still the Scotch, working man so dearly loves to dream of on leaving the country of his birth. There is a small class of whites in the rural districts of Virginia whose families have owned neither lands nor slaves, and who generally rent land in the mountains and rough places and grow tobacco: these people rejoice in the appellation of "mean whites." The name is significant, and we need add no more. It is for the English gentleman or farmer emigrant, the former especially, for whom Virginia is so peculiarly suited,—that class who so frequently let themselves drift with the huge stream of hard-handed labourers and mechanics, who year by year throng the Atlantic steamers, and with whom they are utterly unable to compete; indulging their fancies with pleasing visions of a great deal of sport combined with a little work; having, probably, just sold out of the army, and consequently, as a rule, absolutely ignorant of agricultural matters, and still more unfit for hard physical toil. In the teeth of all remonstrances they go, often with their wives and families, to countries they know little or nothing of, where their very education and refinement add to their misery, to endure hardships they little dreamt of, for no good end whatever, and to meet with, in by far the great majority of cases, great loss, if not ruin.

Eastern, or "old" Virginia, is divided into three large compartments. Tidewater, which is the eastern division of the State, running from the Atlantic ocean inland, north and south, is principally level or gently undulating. At certain seasons of the year chills and fevers prevail, which naturally to a great extent prevent that region from becoming popular.

The second division is the "Great

Valley," the "Shenandoah Valley," or the "Valley of Virginia," a beautiful district and second to none in fertility, lying between the Blue Ridges and the Alleghanies. There were fewer slaves owned in this latter section before the war, and the farms were, as a rule, smaller and more carefully worked; consequently the shock of war falling far less heavily on the landowners, there is not nearly so much land in the market as in other parts, and what is for sale usually fetches a comparatively high figure.

It is to the third great division that I principally confine my remarks. The tide of English emigration has been turned towards the Piedmont district for two weighty reasons: the first being that it is one of the healthiest districts in America; the second, that as a farming country it is second to none in the State, either for stock or grain, varying as it does from gently undulating plains to lofty mountains. Here the price of land ranges from \$5 to \$40 an acre, the average value for farms with buildings and dwelling-houses in good condition being perhaps \$20, or about 3*l.* 10*s.*, when within easy reach of a town.

Running from the head of Tidewater right through the centre of the State from north to south, are the Blue Ridge mountains, which form a most prominent feature in the landscape; for wherever the traveller may be, they form the invariable background to his view, rolling like a huge wave down the centre of the State, heaving their sharply-defined and blue peaks higher and higher into the sky till they reach the "Peaks of Otter," which look down over Eastern Virginia, and indeed into North Carolina, from an altitude of over 5,000 feet. The strip of country that runs along the eastern base of that mountain, in length about 300 miles and in breadth perhaps 60, is the "Piedmont district."

The great centre of the Piedmont district is the city of Lynchburgh, with a population of upwards of 12,000 souls. The town is built on hills, and is beautifully situated, overhanging the

James River, which winds through lofty spurs of the Blue Ridge (the range itself is only a few miles distant) and skirts the city. In old days Lynchburgh had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest little cities of the United States; nor is there any reason why it should not again one day regain its old reputation. Several lines of railway meet there; the James River connects it with Richmond and the sea, being navigable the whole way; and it is the centre of a district where agricultural wealth, when properly developed by capital and enterprise, can only be equalled by its vast mineral resources.

Contrast Lynchburg with a Northern city. Can anything be more different than its old, ill-paved streets, steep hills, and half-Italian, half-Spanish look? An eminent English authoress has described the view from the city as reminding her forcibly of the view from Haldon Hill, near Exeter, on a large scale; and she compares the James River, after it has issued from the great gap in the Blue Mountains through which it flows, and rolls its great volume of water round and round the base of lofty wooded hills and frowning precipices, to the Rhine, with the addition of the grandeur of very lofty mountains and the softness of a southern climate.

The price of land ranges, as I said before, from \$5 to \$40 per acre, varying partly with its distance from town, and partly, and perhaps more generally, with its agricultural value. The soil is for the most part of a deep red clay, of any depth; the remainder is light and sandy, of a grey or white colour, very inferior to the former-mentioned in quality, though lighter and easier worked in wet seasons; neither does it hold manure well, and therefore is not so capable of improvement as the red soil; and the purchaser of land will always find that the nearer he goes to the foot of the Blue Ridge the better will be the land.

The old estates are principally of large size, varying from 500 to 3,000 acres. It is no uncommon thing to meet with a planter living in a princely

house that might vie with many of our old country houses in England, having in his possession some 1,000 acres of land, without a cent to carry on his farm, and perhaps several thousand dollars in debt, living in one room of his house, which is all he can afford to furnish, and working small patches of his estate here and there, with the aid of one or two hired hands and perhaps a team of horses.

Carved chimney-pieces and faultlessly laid oak floors are rotting beneath his feet. Not naturally bred up to work, but having lived the greater part of his life in ease and plenty, he has now to take off his coat and follow the plough, under a crushing load of debt he can see no means of ever being able to pay. He sees his estate, which was once covered with sheep and cattle, growing up above his head in wild grass and weeds; his tobacco houses, that once groaned with the fragrant leaf, falling fast to decay; and the long rows of cabins, where the darkies used to sing and dance in the long summer evenings, deserted and silent.

When I add to this that the word "hospitality" is unknown in Virginia, I must be understood to mean that no door is closed against the stranger; that the quality is such a part and portion of the inhabitants that anything else would hardly be possible in their nature, or indeed understood by themselves. So I need hardly say that the Englishman will find a hearty welcome wherever he goes. Sobriety is also a ruling feature of their character. It is a most rare occurrence, out of the towns at all events, to see a white man the worse for liquor, and it is equally rare to find spirits in any of even the best houses.

The Virginians, as a people, are, at all events outwardly—not that I have the slightest grounds for supposing that it is only thus—decidedly religious. You seldom hear them swear, and, as I have already said, they never drink; they even look on dancing, for the most part, with horror, and are most punctilious about going to church, as well as about other smaller observances.

In dress they are as untidy as most Americans; in fact—if I may venture to say so—they, in common with the majority of the male portion of the United States, seem to have entirely lost all taste in that respect, and shady black with a great deal of white shirtfront—which I need not add does not always remain that colour—satisfies the highest public demands for respectability; a green tie is considered rather an object of beauty, which is a most unfortunate accompaniment to an American complexion. As a rule their features are good, though somewhat lacking expression, owing, I suppose, to many generations of neglected education.

In figure, for the most part, they are tall and gaunt, and it is seldom that you see a really well-knit frame. The town populations exhibit the same falling off in physical structure from their European forefathers as those of the Northern cities: the height alone remains, while the required stamina to carry it off seems to have been lost. They confess to being a hundred years behind the rest of the world—a flippant observer might suggest that two hundred would be nearer the truth. The national pastime is the tournament. Imagine, reader, in these days of steam and electricity—the Virginians still tilt at the ring! A gallows is erected, from which hangs a small ring; the competitors, styling themselves the knights of this or that place, ride at it full gallop with a lance. The champion of the day is presented with a crown, which he places on the head of any fair lady among the audience he may choose, and this favoured damsel is forthwith styled the Queen of Beauty. The evening winds up, in some cases, with a dance or frolic, as it is called; though dancing is still looked upon coldly in Virginia, and "round" dances are barely countenanced; when they are practised, it is in the most primitive manner.

One word about the negroes. To speak roughly, less than one-half of the black population hire out as agricultural labourers. As regards wages, when hired by the year they receive

about \$2, or 8s., per week, besides their board, consisting of corn, bread, and bacon, which is generally estimated at \$1 per week, making in all about 12s. per week—about two-fifths of the aggregate wages of the white labourer in Canada. The hours are from sunrise till sunset. When the low rate of their wages is taken into consideration, their labour may be said to be cheap. They *can* work as well as any European, and if you are with them they will. When the master is absent they will shirk as much as they can, with very rare exceptions. But, taking all things into consideration, the Anglo-American has no right to grumble if he can get strong, able-bodied labourers in America for 12s. per week, everything included, and he must see that they are not lazy. In the more southern States the wages are considerably higher. But what of the other half who do not hire out? They are undoubtedly the curse of Virginia. Some do little or nothing, half-starving themselves and going about almost naked rather than work. The remainder do more active harm to the country, namely, by renting land from the proprietors in shares of the crop, by which means, through their ignorance, they ruin every piece of land they touch, and afford temptation to their landlord to drag out an existence and just maintain himself without working, during which time his property becomes less valuable every year; while he, with a shortsightedness that is almost incredible, will prefer to exist, for the few years that his land will produce anything, in idleness and oblivious of the future, to restoring his estate, or as much as he can of it, to its natural fertility, and thereby making an effort to lessen his embarrassments and create for himself a future instead of launching himself further and further into ruin. The taxes are not high, amounting in all to about 90 cents in the \$100. In South Carolina and Louisiana they are four times this amount.

Of course, if there was not some truth in the statement that a great many of the lands in Virginia have been

overworked by growing too great a succession of strong crops without manure, it would be needless to write a word about such a country, as such a field for emigration would be an impossibility. But that this as a serious objection has been made far too much of, partly from ignorance and partly from exaggeration, there can be no doubt. For instance, I see before me, as I write, a 600-acre farm that I know well. The soil is of the usual sort in the locality, a deep, rich, red clay. The fields are all rolling, with running water through every one of them. Before the war they were knee-deep in grass and clover. It was all broken up during the war. Wherever grass and clover are sown now they take well, but the present owner, a Virginian, and a more than usually improvident farmer, avers that he cannot afford the money to lay down grass, as the returns would not be immediate, and prefers to keep thirty or forty negro hands living in his cabins, and running out his land in tobacco, while a more perfect picture of a grazing-farm, with a first-rate house and buildings, cabins, and tobacco-barns, could not well be imagined; and there are not five acres of the six hundred that would not take grass at this moment. In two or three years it will be a different matter. This farm is advertised for sale at 2*l*. 10s. per acre. I give this as an instance of many.

Undoubtedly the greatest drawback Virginia has are her roads, which, partly from the nature of the soil and partly from long neglect, are shockingly bad during the winter. During the summer, in the more level parts of the country, there is little fault to be found with them, as they are smooth and springy to horses' feet, without being hard.

Riding is the principal mode of progression, both among men and women. The men, to English eyes, present a most comical appearance on horseback, seated on huge Mexican saddles covered all over with metal and fancy work, beneath which is a sheepskin, or more generally a large cloth, on special occa-

sions covered with fancy work; long leather flaps cover their legs, while their feet rest in wooden stirrups. The pink of horsemanship is to lean back as stiff and straight as a poker from the tips of their toes, which are pointed out as far as possible, almost beyond their horses' shoulders, to the top of their head. As they seldom ride out of a walk, their practical qualities as horsemen are not often called into request, and are probably more fitted for jogging along to a State fair than for crossing a stiff country in England. They remind one, with their high-crowned felt hats and long blue cloaks, of the woodcuts in Mrs. Markham's "History of England." Rising to the trot is quite an unknown accomplishment in the "Old Dominion," and creates a great sensation when indulged in by an unknowing foreigner.

To the English lover of the gun Virginia has great attractions. Partridge shooting is harder work there than in England, as, instead of there being any scarcity of cover, there is almost too much; and a good breed of dogs is sadly wanted in the State to work it.

The birds lie for the most part in the old waste fields that have grown up with broom sage since the war, added to which it is up and down hill or dale; but to a sportsman who does not mind hard work I can imagine no sport more delightful, and first-rate bags are made. Twenty-five or thirty brace, not to speak of an odd snipe or two and several rabbits, would under ordinary circumstances be a good day's sport. There are always plenty of birds. The Virginians shoot partridges very little, as they are not, as a rule, adepts at shooting flying, so the sportsman can roam where he will. The natives are more addicted to the pursuit of the wild turkey, of which there are great quantities in the spurs of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and indeed in most parts of the State.

The ecclesiastical architecture of Virginia knows little variation, the country churches being all of red brick or wood, oblong buildings, devoid of towers, wings, or other description of ornament. The principal creeds are Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian. The former are inferior in numbers to the others, but, as in England, they include the majority of the education and wealth of the country. The coloured people have their own meetings and their own preachers. They nearly all profess a great deal of religion. They are generally Baptists, but their religion teaches them that it is wicked to dance, while it does not succeed in impressing on their minds that to steal is a crime. Much of their lightness of heart has fled with the old log cabins, the long rows of which are still to be seen standing, mostly uninhabited, their roofs falling to decay, the long grass and weeds forcing themselves through the chinks, and the careless, happy creatures who once called them home scattered to the winds. They always like to go home, if possible, to the old plantation to die. Their former masters still treat them with kindness, and not a spark of the ill-feeling that one would have expected remains. In the words of one of themselves: "At the surrender our master called us out, and told us we were free. Where were we to go? We had no money—nothing but the clothes we stood in. Our master was ruined; he could pay us no wages. He kept three or four of us out of kindness; the rest of us went to the big mountains, and lived on berries."

The Virginia of the past is dead for ever, and a new Virginia is arising, more useful and more lasting than the old; and assuredly in time the "Old Dominion" will have ceased to mourn over her lost institutions, and will have no cause to cry, *O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!*

SHEBAUTCOON.

ZANZIBAR AND ITS SULTAN.

IN a few weeks we may expect to find among the London visitors of the season the Sultan of Zanzibar, a potentate of whom, till within the few last years, little was heard and less known.

It is only in the latest works on political geography that we find much mention of one great distinction between the east and west coasts of Africa, in the existence on the former of Arab sovereigns, one of whom has dominion over a seaboard of fertile coast extending over eleven degrees of latitude, and abounding in excellent harbours.

In none but the latest books on oriental commerce do we find more than the names of these ports; or any account of the considerable and growing trade of which they are the emporia.

If, indeed, we go back to the annals of the early Portuguese navigators, and compare their descriptions with the works of more recent travellers and voyagers—Owen, Wellsted, Livingstone, Krapf, Burton, and Stanley—and with the voluminous but not very inviting details to be found in Parliamentary Blue Books on the slave trade, we find that the east coast of Africa has never, within the memory of man, been quite sunk into the state of unmitigated negro barbarism in which the early circum-navigators of Africa found the west coast. In the earliest days of history the shipmen of Syria, Arabia, and India carried on a flourishing commerce with eastern Africa; and the Portuguese, who saw none but negro savages on the west coast, found the east parcelled out into flourishing kingdoms, which had for ages been ruled by monarchs of various foreign dynasties—Arab, Persian, and Indian—as well as by Africans of a type much superior to any which the Portuguese voyagers had before met with. The capitals of these rulers were large towns, the centres of a considerable commerce not only with the neighbouring coasts and countries, but with dis-

tant markets in Egypt, Arabia, Persia, India, the Eastern Islands and China.

How all these kingdoms were subdued; how the Portuguese rule was extended till it embraced every port of any importance from the Sofala Banks to the shores of Persia and the west coast of India; how the commerce of all these ports was first monopolized by the Portuguese, then harassed by pirates—Dutch, French, English, and Arab; how a great slave trade was set up which extinguished all other trades, and speedily sapped the foundations of industry by abolishing free labour; how the whole east African coast relapsed into a state of semi-barbarism little better than that of the west coast; all this forms a history never yet treated as it deserves to be, as a whole, but most instructive to the student of those social and political problems which relate to the rise and degradation of human races.

As the Portuguese power on those shores withered and decayed during the last century that of the Arabs took its place. Of all the families engaged in the re-establishment of this Arab power, none was more energetic or persevering than the 'Al-bû-S'aid clan, popularly but less correctly known as the Ebu-Sa'eed, or Aba-Sa'eed, of Omân, who, by a mixture of warlike prowess and enterprise with commercial activity, raised themselves from the position of the spiritual rulers of a small province in Eastern Arabia to be the monarchs of two separate and distant kingdoms. It is from this family that the present Sultan of Zanzibar is descended; and we will briefly describe whence the family came and who they are, how they acquired their present influence, and what are their prospects of increasing or perpetuating it.

Whoever wishes to study the history of the dynasty, and of the countries over which the Imâms and Seyyids of Omân have ruled, cannot do better than

consult the learned work of Dr. George Percy Badger;¹ but unfortunately his history is locked up in the publications of the Hakluyt Society, and is accessible to few save members of the society, or those who have at hand a good library of reference. Still more rarely to be met with is the work of Colonel Ross;² and both histories are intended for students of Arabic history rather than for the general reader. Mr. Gifford Palgrave's account of Omân and its rulers³ is, like everything from the pen of that brilliant and accomplished author, at once picturesque and truthful in its general effect; but, written mainly from oral information, it represents rather the current traditions of the people among whom he travelled than the conclusions of their learned historians. In the following brief historical sketch we shall follow mainly Dr. Badger's and Colonel Ross's works, referring the reader to their pages for fuller details. For pictures of Omân and its people, and sketches of the life they lead, the reader cannot do better than consult Mr. Gifford Palgrave's work, which in the parts relating to Omân, as well as to other provinces, is the best guide-book we know to Northern and Eastern Arabia and its people.

Omân, as a principality, extends on the east coast of Arabia from Ras-el-Hadd to Cape Musândim, stretching inland to the great central Arabian Desert. Strictly speaking, Omân is only one inland district of the five into which the eastern portion of Arabia is divided; but the name has come to include in common parlance nearly the whole of Arabia east of the Great Desert.

As regards the people inhabiting this

tract we must bear in mind that the mass of the population in Arabia admits of no distinction as to origin, between rulers and people. All of Arab race trace their descent to common ancestors. Every orthodox Arab pedigree must begin with, or presuppose, an undoubted descent from "His Highness Adam, the Father of mankind," through the Patriarchs as enumerated by Moses, down to Joktan or Kahtân, fourth in descent from Shem, and brother of Peleg, in whose days "the earth was divided,"⁴ and from whom Abraham the "Father of the Faithful" was fifth in direct descent.

The Arab historians reckon four descendants of Joktan, in addition to the thirteen enumerated in Genesis. One of these was Jaarab, the ancestor of one great branch of the Arabs; another was Ad, the ancestor of the Adites or El-Azd, from which stock the present ruling family of Zanzibar traces its descent.

Great is the controversy, into which we must not now enter, regarding the original colonization of southern and eastern Arabia:—from which of the patriarchs, descendants of Shem, any particular tribe was descended; who were original colonists; who subsequent immigrants in each province; and how far the ruling tribes were intermingled with descendants from Cush the son of Ham. No doubt in early times, as in later days, the pressure of population and consequent wars and intermarriages led to much intermingling of tribes all of common origin. Such matters are, however, in Arabia of more practical importance than in Europe; for the questions, "whether this or that tribe were original colonists or subsequent interlopers, whether they were descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham, or from Joktan, Abraham's collateral ancestor, or through both, by descent from that wife of Ishmael who was a descendant of Joktan, these and similar questions will to this day be made pretexts for aggressions of territory, and arguments for upholding or resisting

¹ History of the Imâms and Seyyids of Omân by Salîl-ibn-Razik from A.D. 661—1856, translated from the original Arabic, with a continuation down to 1870, by George Percy Badger, LL.D., F.R.G.S. London: Hakluyt Society, 1871.

² Annals of Omân, by Sirhân-bin-Said-bin-Sirhân, translated by Col. E. C. Ross, Political Agent at Muscat. Calcutta, 1874 (reprinted from the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1874).

³ William Gifford Palgrave's Central and Eastern Arabia. London: Macmillan, 1865. Vol. II. Chapter XV.

⁴ Genesis x. 21, and I Chronicles i. 19--27.

pretensions to Imâmats or other honours. And though the ultimate arbitrament rests, as in so many Arab controversies, with the sword, the cause of dissension, real or pretended, is often a genealogical question which in Europe would move none but the most devoted members of some antiquarian society. All Arab historians, however, agree that in the days of Cyrus and his descendants, the Persians bore rule in Omân, and though they were driven out by immigrations from Yeman and Nejd, more than once in subsequent history we read of Persian invasions and conquests in eastern Arabia, up to the time of Chosroes Parwiz, whose generals towards the end of the sixth century A.D. subdued Oman among other Arabian provinces. But the El-Azd tribe had reasserted their sovereignty in Oman when Muhammad, about A.D. 630, sent Amr to summon the sons of the Azdite Prince Julanda, who then reigned over Omân, to embrace Islam and abandon idolatry. The Omânis had previously been, as Mr. Palgrave tells us, Sabaëans, and many traces of the old worship of the heavenly bodies still exist among them. The summons was, however, obeyed; but we subsequently read of a revolt against Muhammad's successors led by a pseudo-prophet of Azdite origin, and though Abu-Bekr's generals defeated the pretender in successive bloody engagements, and Omar, Abu-Bekr's successor, was able from Omân to despatch an expedition to invade Sind, it was not till the end of the seventh century A.D. that the authority of the Moslem Khalifah was finally established in Omân after repeated invasions in great force directed by the governor of El-Irak; and Suleiman and Sa'îd, descendants of the Azdite Julanda, emigrated "to the land of Zanj," with their families and a number of their tribe. This is the first reliable record of any considerable emigration of the Omany Arabs to the east coast of Africa, which, however, it is probable had been for ages well known to the traders of Omân as a land of refuge and lucrative commerce, and easy of access.

At first Omân was ruled directly by

the Khalifah through lieutenants deputed from El-Irak, but at length a Wâli or Governor was appointed from an Omani tribe; and in A.D. 751, the people proceeded to elect a sovereign of their own, who is known as "the first of the rightful Imâms of Omân."

These events are not without significance at the present day, for it is by virtue of this conquest of Omân by the Khalifah's generals in the ninth century that the advisers of the present Sultan of Constantinople have lately induced their sovereign to put forward claims to rule in Omân as the Khalifah of Islâm, and that we find Turkish men-of-war employed "to fly the flag of the Khalifah" on the shores of Eastern Arabia. The sovereignty, which was imperfectly established for a few years only, has for nearly ten centuries never been successfully reasserted, and the revival of such a shadowy claim after it had been so long in abeyance may afford interest or amusement to historians and antiquarians; but to practical men who wish well to the Turks or their co-religionists in Arabia, it is matter of sincere regret to see the resources of the Turkish empire wasted in such vain attempts to give substance to the phantoms of the past.

The Turkish claim is not, however, without present practical interest in its bearings on the assertion of the people of Omân that in the eighth century of our era they elected, and have ever since habitually continued to elect, a sovereign for themselves as Imâm of Omân.

"Religious influence," says Dr. Badger, "seems to have stimulated this effort to throw off a foreign yoke, for the *Ibâdhiyah* had become the predominant sect in Omân." "The Khalifah or successor of Muhammad is, *par excellence*, the Imâm or Pontiff of all Muslims; but it is a cardinal doctrine of the *Ibâdhiyah* to deny that 'Ally or his successors were legitimate representatives of the Prophet. In fact, they do not believe in the theological dogma of succession or spiritual descent, holding, on the contrary, that the Imâm should be the elect of the people, who are justified in deposing him if adjudged guilty

of malfesance either in secular or religious matters" (p. 14).

To all who are curious as to the origin and present significance of the word "Imâm," we would recommend a perusal of Dr. Badger's learned dissertation on the subject.¹ "Imâm," we are told, comes from an Arabic root, signifying "to aim at," "to follow after." Thus "Imâm" means primarily, an exemplar or "Antistes," and *kar' êxoxn*, Muhammad, as leader and head of Muslims, in civil and religious matters, and also the Khalifahs, his legitimate successors, in both capacities. It is applied, in its religious sense only, to the heads of the four orthodox sects, and, in a still more restricted sense, to the leader of daily prayers in every mosque, a functionary who holds his office subject to removal by the Nâzir or Warden.

In the Korân it is used to indicate the Book or Scriptures, the record of a people, and also a teacher of religion. The Patriarchs and Moses are so described, the word being rendered by Sale as "models of religion."

Muhammad never omitted to act as Imâm, or leader of the daily prayers of the people, till his last illness, when he appointed Abu-Bekr to succeed him. Hence the title and office were jealously guarded by the Khalifahs, his successors, and they regarded the usurpation of their prerogative of prayer-leading as an act of high treason.

But in time this doctrine was questioned. Some sects contended that the Imâm was of divine right, and restricted to a single family, like the Aaronic priesthood. This was the orthodox doctrine. But the heterodox maintained that the office was transferable, and subject to deprivation for sin; whilst many sects held the office to be unnecessary, and that the people should settle questions without habitual reference to an Imâm, whom, however, they were at liberty to appoint on special occasions.

The first serious dispute on the subject occurred when twelve thousand men, who had fought under the Khalî-

fah 'Aly, the Prophet's cousin and son-in-law, at the Battle of Siffûr (A.H. 37, A.D. 657), revolted from him because he had referred to arbitration his right to the Khalifate, which was disputed by Mo'âwiyah. The recusants were styled *Khawârij*, or outsiders, men beyond the pale, and the term *Khawârij* has since been used to include a number of sects, which, differing among themselves on other points, agree in the heterodox view of the Imâm.

To *Khawârij* were opposed the *Shîa'ahs*, or Separatists, a term then specially applied to the followers of 'Aly, whom they held to be lawful Khalifah, and Imâm supreme in all matters spiritual and temporal, holding the office by divine and hereditary right. Some sects of *Shîa'ahs* reckon seven, others twelve legitimate descendants of 'Aly; but the last, who is surnamed *el-Mahdy*, or the Guide, is believed to be still alive, and his future reappearance with the prophet Elijah at the second coming of our Lord Christ is still a frequent subject of fervid discourse in many a *Shîa'ah* mosque in India and Persia, where the *Shîa'ah* form of Islam is the established religion of the state.

At the time the twelve thousand *Khawârij* were cut off by 'Aly, some authors affirm, to a man. But it is generally allowed that nine escaped to various countries, where they established and propagated their heresies. Two took refuge in Omân, and in little less than a century (A.D. 744) their doctrines had spread to such an extent that the head of the sect, Abdallah-bin-Ibâdh, gave his name to the sect of *Ibâdhiyah*, and shortly after they became so powerful that they elected Julanda as "the first of the rightful Imâms of Omân."

Ever since this revolt the *Ibâdhiyah*, as the dissidents of Omân are called, have disallowed the claims of the Baghdâd Khalifahs and their successors in civil as well as religious matters. They have elected their own Imâms, for personal merits and popularity, avowedly irrespective of descent, though the family of the ruling Imâm soon

¹ Imâms and Seyyids of Omân, Appendix A, p. 373.

established a preference over other families, and a son of the last Imâm, though not necessarily the eldest, had a strong preference over the other members of his family. Hence it has happened that only twice, in nearly a thousand years, has the Imâmâte of Oman passed from tribe to tribe. The last change took place in A.D. 1741, when Ahmed-bin-Sa'ed was elected. He was an El-Azdite of no very distinguished lineage, and had been a merchant when appointed Governor of Sohar. "His patriotism and bravery in repelling a Persian invasion secured him the suffrages of the people," and he was elected Imâm. His sons obtained the new title of *Seyyid*, or lord, and his daughters of *Seyyidah*, or lady, which their descendants have ever since retained. This was the origin of the present reigning "house of the Seyyids," the family from whom "the eldest and the wisest" has since been chosen as ruler.

Naturally a popular election dependent on the recognition of such qualities in candidates, none of whom had other legal title to election, led to constant intrigue, violence, and bloodshed, and it was not without a bold *coup d'état* that Sa'id-bin-Sultan, the grandson of Ahmed, secured for himself supreme power over Omân and its foreign possessions in A.D. 1804, and commenced a long reign of unexampled prosperity and success.

But he never assumed the title of "Imâm," and Dr. Badger is careful to explain that it is not according to the usage of Omân to call the present rulers of that country or of Zanzibar either "Imâm" or "Sultân," though the English, who towards the end of the last century first came in contact with the family, finding Sultân-bin-Ahmed ruler of Muscat, and mistaking Sultân, his proper name, for the title of his office, have habitually called his successors Sultâns, and have taken it for granted that they had on accession assumed the office of Imâm. Seyyid, or lord, is the title by which the rulers of Muscat and Zanzibar are habitually known to their own subjects. At the death of his nephew, the last legally

elected Imâm of Omân, a few years after his uncle Seyyid Sa'id had seized the regency, it was natural to expect that the uncle would have endeavoured to secure the position of Imâm, if not for its own value as a religious and political distinction, at least as a precaution against its assumption by a rival pretender to power.

Dr. Badger is unable to say with certainty why Seyyid Sa'id made no attempt of the kind; but it seems probable that with all his popularity on the coast, and his fame abroad, the Seyyid did not wish to provoke the risks of the general election by all the tribes of Omân, which, according to Ibâdhiyah usage, was needed to make the succession of an Imâm valid.

Wahhabeism had begun to spread among the fanatical inland tribes, and might have been used to influence a vote against him; his prolonged absences on the African coast, and his habitual residence at Muscat when in Omân, prevented his discharging one of the principal functions of Imâm by leading the public prayers of the Omânîs in the cathedral mosque of the inland capital Er-Rastak. Moreover, it was sometimes said that his well-known liberal sentiments on matters of religion and his indifference to its precepts were objections to his election. Dr. Badger does not think they would have been regarded as practical disqualifications any more than his habit of going to sea, which had also been alleged as a bår to his election, though it had not been so regarded in the case of former Imâms.

But, whatever the cause, it is noteworthy that the practical separation between the religious and political functions which had been for a thousand years united in the rulers of Omân, not only was accomplished by Seyyid Sa'id, but has been perpetuated in the case of his successors, and has thus added one more to the many proofs that it was not in Europe alone that the beginning of the present century was an age of revolution.

In any case it seems that the election would not have been by plebiscite, but by chiefs of the tribes of Omân proper,

assembled in solemn conclave for the purpose, at the capital, under a president specially elected for the purpose. A large concourse of the people awaited outside the chamber the result of the deliberations, which was announced to them by the president coming forth and proclaiming the elected Imâm, who was thereupon recognised by the acclamation of the crowd outside.

Such were the orthodox formalities as handed down from the tenth century. Occasionally there was a conflict of opinion among tribes as to the legitimacy of elections; but it is equally curious that the form of proceeding should have remained for so many centuries substantially unaltered, and that the whole process of tribal election should have been ultimately set aside with so little difficulty. Dr. Badger appears to attribute this in part to the proselytising efforts of the Wahhâbis in Omân. According to the peculiar doctrines of the Ibâdhiyah it is not absolutely necessary that there should be an Imâmate, and by suspending the election of an Imâm they avoided antagonism to their powerful and fanatical neighbours the Wahhâbis of Nedj.

It remains to notice the political and administrative secular functions which devolved on the Imâm and are now discharged by the reigning Seyyid. He appointed or confirmed the governors of towns and state fortresses; the Hujrahs or fortresses found in most large villages being the common property of the inhabitants and maintained by them. He also nominated the collectors of voluntary alms for religious purposes (*Sadakât*), obligatory alms for pious uses (*Zakâh*), which were levied at fixed percentages on merchandise and cattle, tithes, derelict, and intestate property, and other sources of revenue, originally designed to be expended in providing for the poor, prosecuting "holy" wars, and other enterprises of public welfare, which formed the income of the *Beit-el-Mâl*, or public treasury, besides the sea customs dues levied on imports only, which ever since the expulsion of the Portuguese have formed a considerable item of revenue. As

the office of ruler became gradually, in practice, restricted to one family, these dues, originally intended for purposes of religion, including "holy wars," and the defence of the faith, became more and more of the nature of a civil list; and most of the members of the reigning family got towns and villages assigned them as appanages, often to the embarrassment of the reigning sovereign.

Justice was, in ordinary cases, administered, in large towns, according to the law of the *Korân*, by *Kâdhis* or judges, with the assistance, in important cases, of councils of heads of tribes or other eminent men, and subject to the revision of the Imâm. In the smaller villages and tribes, the chiefs were nominally responsible to the Imâm for the good government of their respective districts, but practically independent, for the Imâm seldom interfered, except to enforce the levy of the stipulated quota of men for the defence of the state.

In his secular capacity the Imâm was like a feudal prince in mediæval Europe, the chiefs being his barons, and the people, released from heavy taxation, holding lands on tenure of military service. In his combined religious and secular capacities the Imâm was much in the position of a Prince-Pontiff of the old German empire.

We must add a few words on the peculiar doctrines of the Ibâdhiyah, the dominant sect of Omân and its dependencies. They have been erroneously confounded, even by some of our latest and best informed writers, with various sects of Ismaëlis, the *Karâmitah*, and the followers of *Mokanna*, "the veiled prophet of *Khorassan*," and other heretics and secret sects, who abrogate the precepts of the *Korân* by turning them into allegory and practically ignoring all distinctions of virtue and vice. From these imputations Dr. Badger successfully vindicates them, and gives¹ the first minute published account of their peculiar tenets. He tells us that they differ from all the great orthodox sects of Muslims chiefly

¹ *Vide* his Appendix B, p. 392.

on three cardinal points:—(1.) As to the Imâmate, holding that it is not hereditary in any family or class, but depends on the election of the people, and that there is no necessity for any Imâm at all. Hence they deny the Imâmate to the earlier as well as to the later Khalifahs, recognised and venerated by most other sects of Muslims. (2.) As to predestination and free-will. The Sunnites generally allow to mankind some power of will to choose between good and evil. But the Ibâdhiyah are charged with holding predestination in such a sense as to make God the author of evil as well as good. (3.) As to the merit and demerit of human actions the Ibâdhiyah, in opposition to the orthodox, hold a good intention not necessary to the merit of an act. A man may deny the sect to which he belongs and not be guilty of infidelity, but that the commission of one of the greater sins (regarding the number and nature of which there is infinite variety of opinion) places the sinner beyond the pale of salvation.

Dr. Badger points out that all these differences belong to the two first centuries of Islâm, and to the times when our great controversies originated in the Christian Church regarding "apostolic succession, predestination and election, justification and reprobation, faith and works, mortal and venial sins, the merit of congruity and condignity, and other cognate dogmas;" and he notes that, as among ourselves, the divisions of Muslim sects have long survived any intelligent popular appreciation of the original grounds of separation.

The ritual of the Ibâdhiyah is more simple than that of most other Muslim sects. The non-use of tobacco or coffee by the reigning Seyyids is a family, not a national, still less a doctrinal, habit, and is due possibly to Wahabee influence. The common people use both freely. In point of morals, Dr. Badger contends that the Ibâdhiyah are at least on a par with other Muslims; and he sums up his remarks by observing that, "on the whole, the Ibâdhiyah, as regards faith and practice, seem to hold a position towards Islâm orthodoxly not

unlike that of the nonconformist Calvinistic bodies in this country towards the Established Church." In religious toleration of other sects, a prominent feature of their government, "they are, to use an Arabic phrase, a conspicuous example to those who possess discernment."

We must defer to some future occasion all further notice of the rise of the reigning family—how, from 1798 to the present day, they have made treaties with the English government in India; how in many joint expeditions the English and Omâni forces fought side by side against Wahhabis and pirates; how the pirates of the Persian Gulf grew in importance, and were crushed for the time by the joint efforts of the English and the Omâni Arabs; how the great Seyyid Sa'id transferred his efforts at extending his power from Omân to Zanzibar; how, in return for English aid, he, sore against his will, executed anti-slavery treaties; and how he died at sea on board his frigate the *Victoria* in October 1856, at the age of sixty-five, after a long and on the whole a prosperous reign of fifty-two years.

He left fifteen surviving sons, of whom Thuwainy, the eldest, succeeded him at Muskat, and Majid, the fourth, at Zanzibar. The right of succession had ceased to be regulated by the former Omani custom of election. It was practically decided "by the longest sword, by success obtained, by force or intrigue, or both, over other competitors." The sons in possession of the chief governments had thus, of course, a great advantage over other competitors, but their right to succeed was challenged at Zanzibar by Burgash, the fifth son, who, with the aid of the British Consul, was deported to Bombay, where he lived some time on a pension allowed him by his brother. Turky, the third son, was in like manner an aspirant to supreme power in Omân, but he too was ultimately forced to seek refuge in exile.

The two brothers, Majid and Thuwainy, had both prepared to appeal to arms to decide their respective claims to the undivided inheritance of their father's dominions, when the British-

Indian Government interfered in the interests of peace, and both parties having agreed to refer their claims to the arbitration of Lord Canning, then Governor-General in India, he deputed Sir William Coghlan, aided by Dr. Badger, to report on the merits of the case, after visiting both Muscat and Zanzibar. The result was to confirm the existing division, giving Zanzibar to Majid, and Muscat, with an annual payment of 40,000 dollars, to Thuwainy.

This compromise was cordially accepted by all parties as calculated to consolidate their respective powers, and there can be no doubt that it was equally advantageous to both, and prevented the entire break up of the dynasty in one if not both divisions of the kingdom built up by Sa'id. It is much to be regretted that the political sagacity and knowledge of Arabian customs and politics which effected this settlement was not applied to devising some rule of succession to the supreme power free from such a fruitful cause of anarchy as the "right of the longest sword."

Thuwainy did not long enjoy his share of the inheritance in peace. He was engaged, with the assistance of an English naval force, in repelling an inroad of the Wahhabis, when he was murdered, on the 11th of February, 1866, whilst asleep by his own son Salim, who had embraced Wahhabeeism. The parricide having secured his uncle Turkey, and given orders for his assassination by starvation, started for Muscat, and seized the capital.

The promptitude of the British Resident, Colonel (now Sir Lewis) Pelly, prevented much of the mischief which might have followed. Hastening to the scene of the murder he insisted on the release of Turkey, and proceeding to Muscat ensured the safety of the large and wealthy body of British subjects living there. He suspended any recognition of the usurper till he could hear from the Government of India what course they wished him to follow; and great was the astonishment of all men when orders came to recognize the parricide as *de facto* ruler. Turkey had, meantime, made considerable progress

in raising the tribes to eject and punish the parricide, when the orders of the Government of India to recognise Salim were followed up by instructions to advance him money to repel his opponent, and to threaten Turkey with bombardment should he persist in his enterprise. Turkey, finding the Resident firm in his determination to obey orders, and that he was supported by H.M.S. *Octavia*, reluctantly retired to Bombay.

But another competitor appeared in the person of Azzan, a distant cousin of Salim's, who, having joined the *Mutawahhibin*, or extreme Wahhabee party, set up for himself as an aspirant to the Imâmate, and speedily reduced Salim to such straits that he appealed to the British Resident for further assistance. This time it was refused by the Government of India, who, too late, "expressed a preference for Turkey, in the event of his election by the people;" for the capital had already declared for Azzan, and the parricide Salim, after seeking refuge on board H.M.S. *Vigilant*, escaped to the Persian coast.

After a prolonged contest, Turkey defeated Azzan, and has since reigned at Muscat. But the want of a recognized law of succession, the inherent vice of the existing political system in Omân, bodes ill for continued peace; and the recent revival of Turkish claims on Omân, in virtue of rights which have been dormant since the days of the Khalifah Haroun al Raschid, bids fair to add to and complicate the foreign troubles of the ruler of Omân.

Under Majid the African kingdom had peace and prospered. At Majid's death in October, 1870, Burgash, who had returned to Zanzibar with his brother Majid when he visited Bombay four years before, succeeded without opposition, and has since ruled well, and now proposes to visit England. The devastation of his capital and dominions by a hurricane, a calamity rarely before heard of in that quarter, destroyed his navy and greatly crippled his resources. But at the demand of the British Government he executed a treaty in 1873 for the more effectual checking the slave trade by sea, and

prohibited the public sale of slaves in his dominions. He has since honourably fulfilled all his engagements, and faithfully carried out, as far as was required of him, a policy of which he could hardly be expected heartily to approve further than as the wish of a tried ally.

He is a middle-aged man, with the extremely simple, pleasing manners of an Arab of high birth; sensible and observant, of some literary attainment in his own language, and especially well read in Arab theology. It is to be hoped that his visit may have some useful result beyond letting him see the country to whose support his family have owed much, and which is likely in future to exercise great influence over the destinies of his people. It is quite possible that his visit may lead to the adoption of measures for checking the slave trade by land as it has been already checked by sea, and to some sensible amelioration of the status of slaves throughout his dominions; for in many respects the peculiar tenets of the Ibâdhiyah and the customs of the Omânis are more favourable to the slave than those of other sects of Islâm.

Nor will the visit be thrown away if it leads to better development of the endless resources of his African coast-line. There is a field quite as ample as on the opposite shores of India for every form of application of European enterprise and capital, and volumes might be written on the value to India as well as to England of a coast-line so well situated, and so abounding in every material necessary to support a great population, and to feed a vast commerce with both Europe and Asia.

The questions are frequently asked—Of what value to England is the alliance of such states as Muscat or Zanzibar? Would it not be far better to keep ourselves free from entangling engagements with the Arabs of Omân or their brethren, who conquer and sell the negroes of the East African coast?

The main reason for our interest in both countries is not merely the present extent of a rapidly-growing trade, but

the necessity which is laid on us as rulers of India to maintain a position of influence on those two particular coasts.

Let us take first the case of Eastern Arabia. Omân occupies now, and has long maintained, a perfectly unique position as a maritime power in Western Asia: Her comparatively advanced and settled civilization; the extremely tolerant form of Islamism so long established there; the addition of the maritime population to foreign trade, and their hospitality to foreign traders—all these peculiarities are not of yesterday, they have for many centuries characterised all that part of Arabia.

The friendly feeling with which the English are regarded has existed from the earliest times when our ships appeared in those seas, and is based on community of interests. The Omânis are well aware that we have no sinister designs of conquest or annexation. The greater part of their local trade is in the hands of merchants who are British Indian subjects; and consequently possess some special privileges; but they form an integral part of the local population, giving to the British Government much indirect influence in the local government, without exciting jealousy in the local rulers.

Omân is so placed that a navy in its harbours can watch both lines of overland communication—that by the Red Sea as well as by the Persian Gulf. Our statesmen recognized the importance of the position even when our navies had the command of both seas during the French revolutionary war, and were careful to secure by treaty the alliance of its ruler. We repeatedly tested the value of the aid thus secured to us in protecting our commerce against the pirates of the Persian Gulf, when the spread of Wahhabeeism and other causes gave an unusual stimulus to piratical operations. Had Omân at any time joined the confederacy of the pirate coast, we might have been driven, in self-defence, to a course not unlike that adopted by the French against the piratical state of Algiers; and an Algeria, however small, on the Arabian

coast, would be a serious addition to our oriental responsibilities.

But the case would be still more serious if any other naval power were to establish a preponderating influence in Omân, and to make use of its excellent harbours and hardy maritime population to command our Indian lines of communication with Suez or Bassora.

It clearly follows from these unquestionable facts, that whilst the Omânis may feel assured we have no designs on their independence, they have an equal right to believe that we shall not willingly see their independence threatened by others. It would be a great mistake in any Indian Government to interfere in any way with the perfect independence of Oman; but it would be a yet more dangerous error to shut our eyes to the great importance to India of being on perfectly friendly terms with the people and their rulers, and of aiding them in every legitimate way to secure their own independence against foreign aggression, whether the aggression be Wahhabi, Sunni, or Shia'ah.

Not less obvious is our interest in the East Coast of Africa. To most of the causes enumerated as applicable to Oman may be added the fact that almost the whole foreign trade of the country necessarily passes through the hands of British-Indian subjects; that almost all the capital of retail trade is furnished by them, and that if the East Coast of Africa could only be restored to the same relative position of peace and prosperity which it enjoyed when the Portuguese first visited the coast, an enormous impulse would at once be given to the commerce and industry of Western India.

For nearly a century, up to within the last forty years, East Africa had

been practically almost a blank to Indian commerce. Trade between the two countries is now rapidly increasing, and nothing but peace and security are needed to ensure to either country markets much nearer than those of Europe, and quite as valuable.

Space does not admit of our dwelling on the importance of English influence on East Africa as bearing on slavery and the slave trade; but the freedom of labour along several thousand miles of rich and populous intertropical and subtropical coast is obviously something more than a matter of sentiment; and if that freedom can be promoted by an intimate alliance with England, it is not only Africa which will benefit. It would be like the calling into existence of a new continent, at once fruitful and populous; and it is only by contact with the external influences of a higher civilization that there is any such hope for Africa. We find on the West Coast of Africa one of our greatest difficulties in the crudity and instability of all political and social organization. It renders the local government like some acephalous sea-monster, "ill to lead, and mair ill to drive." The existence on the East Coast of a settled and regular local government like that of the Sultan of Zanzibar is consequently of immense value, whether in dealing with the slave trade or any other international question.

We may reasonably hope that a better acquaintance with our expected visitor and his people will prove a practical step towards a better understanding with him and his people in both Arabia and Africa; and we may rest assured that such an understanding will not be profitless either to India or England.

H. BARTLE E. FRERE.

ERRATUM.

In Dr. Freeman's article on "Roman Diggings," in the April number of this Magazine, p. 507, col. 2, line 12 from the top of the page, for *Æmilian* read *Julian*.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1875.

NATURAL RELIGION.

III.

PUTTING aside then, for the present, Supernaturalism and all those views of God which are distinctively Christian, we find a theology in which all men, whether they consider it or not, do actually agree—that which is concerned with God in Nature. I do not here raise the question of causes or laws; let it be allowed that Nature is merely the collective name of a number of coexistences and sequences, and that God has no meaning different from Nature. Let all this be allowed, or let the contrary of this be allowed. Such controversies may be raised about the human as well as about the Divine Being. Some may consider the human body as the habitation of a soul distinct and separable from it; others may refuse to recognise any such distinction: some may maintain that man is merely the collective name for a number of processes: some may consider the human being as possessing a free will and as being independent of circumstances; others may regard him as the necessary result of a long series of physical influences. All these differences may be almost as important as they seem to the disputants who are occupied about them, but after all they do not affect the fact that the human being is there, and they do not prevent us from regarding him with strong feelings. The same is true of the Divine Being. Whatever may be ques-

tioned, it is certain that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Being; except through some of those exceptional perversions of the mind which I described in the last chapter, we cannot help the awe and admiration with which we contemplate Him; we cannot help recognising that our well-being depends on taking a right view of His nature.

There are two ways in which the mind apprehends any object, two sorts of knowledge which combine to make complete and satisfactory knowledge. The one may be called theoretic or scientific knowledge; the other practical, familiar, or imaginative knowledge. The greatest trial of human nature lies in the difficulty of reconciling these two kinds of knowledge, of preventing them from interfering with one another, of arranging satisfactory relations between them. In order of time the second kind of knowledge has the precedence, and avails itself of this advantage to delay and impede the arrival of the first kind. Before the stars, the winds, the trees and plants could be grasped scientifically and the laws which govern them studied, they had been grasped, and as it were appropriated, by the human mind experimentally and imaginatively. The latter kind of knowledge was in some respects better than the former. It was more intimate and realised, so that, as far as it was true, it was more available. For

practical purposes, accurate scientific knowledge of a thing is seldom sufficient. To obtain complete practical command over it you must take possession of it with the imagination and feelings as well as the reason, and it will often happen that this imaginative knowledge, helped very slightly by scientific knowledge, carries a man practically further than a very perfect scientific knowledge by itself. Witness the instinctive, as we say, and unanalysable skill sometimes possessed by savages. Moreover, this kind of knowledge is more attractive and interesting, and so has a more powerful modifying influence upon its possessor than the other kind, for the simple reason that it takes hold of the most plastic side of his nature. But just because it is so fascinating, and is at the same time not by itself trustworthy, it has certain mischievous consequences when it comes, as it generally does, first. Then it fills the mind with prejudices, hasty misconceptions, which, seizing upon the imagination, are stereotyped in the form of superstitions; and these sometimes exercise by themselves a most pernicious influence, and in any case close the mind against the entrance of the sounder scientific knowledge. When this imaginative medley of observation and prejudice has long had possession, Science arrives. Then follows a contest between the two kinds of knowledge, in which the human being suffers much. Truth cannot in the long run be resisted, and so, after whatever defence, the fortress is carried and the phantom garrison of superstition is driven out. The mind passes now under a new set of impressions, and places itself in a new relation to the Universe. Its victory over superstition has been won by placing a careful restraint upon imagination and feeling. In order not to be misled by feeling, it has been forced artificially to deaden feeling; lest the judgment should be overwhelmed by the impressiveness of the universe, it arms itself with callousness; it turns away from Nature the mobile side, and receives the shock upon the

adamantine shield of the sceptical reason. In this way it substitutes one imperfect kind of knowledge for another. Before, it realised strongly, if that expression is clear, but scarcely analysed at all; now, it analyses most rigidly, but ceases in return to realise. As the victory of the scientific spirit becomes more and more decided, there passes a deep shudder of discomfort through the whole world of those whose business is with realising, and not with testing, knowledge. Religion is struck first, because the whole work of *realising* presupposes faith, and yet, as the testing process comes late, faith is almost always more or less premature. But poetry and art suffer in their turn. How full has recent poetry been of this complaint! One poet complains that "Science withdraws the veil of enchantment from Nature;" one exclaims that "there *was* an awful rainbow *once* in heaven," but that Science has destroyed it; another declares that "we murder to dissect," that we should not be always seeking, but use "a wise passiveness" in the presence of Nature; another "that Nature made undivine is now seen slavishly obeying the law of gravitation;" another buries himself in past ages "when men could still hear from God heavenly truth in earthly speech, and did not rack their brains."

And yet to complain of the march of the scientific spirit seems as idle as to complain of the law of gravitation itself. Influenced, some by a deep faith in truth, a faith, I mean, that human well-being must depend ultimately on truth; others by a fanatical truth-worship, determined to set up their idol even "amidst human sacrifice and parents' tears;" others by a scientific *esprit de corps* which hates religion as belonging to a rival corporation; others by that self-importance which is gratified by inflicting pain so much more than by giving pleasure; others by the tyrant's delight in having discovered a new and exquisite torture,—influenced, in short, by all the mixed motives which have ever urged on a great destructive movement, the Iconoclasts

pursue their course. But we may look forward to a time when this transition shall be over, and when a new reconciliation shall have taken place between the two sorts of knowledge. In that happier age true knowledge, scientific, not artificially humanised, will reign without opposition, but the claims of Science once for all allowed, the mind will also apprehend the Universe imaginatively, realising what it knows.

That kind of imaginative eclipse which is produced by the shadow of science passing over any natural object has affected in turn the phenomena of Nature, taken separately, and Man and God. The "fair humanities of old religion," which found objects of love in trees and streams, and filled the celestial map with fantastic living shapes—all this has long ago disappeared. More recently Man has been subjected to the analysing process. The mechanical laws which were traced in the physical world, it was long hoped, would never suffice to explain the human being; he at least would remain always mysterious, spiritual, sacred. But nothing stops Science; hesitating between curiosity that drags him on and awe that holds him back, vexed not to know, yet half ashamed of knowing, Man presses on into every sanctuary. He begins now to reckon his own being among things more than half explained; nerve force he thinks is a sort of electricity; man differs greatly, indeed, but not generically, from the brutes. All this has for the time at least the effect of desecrating human nature. To the imagination human nature becomes a thing blurred and spoiled, not really because the new view of it is in itself degrading, but because the imagination had realised it otherwise, and cannot in any short time either part with the old realising or perfect a new one. Lastly, science turns her smoked eye-glass upon God, deliberately diminishing the glory of what she looks at that she may distinguish better. Here, too, she sees mechanism where will, purpose, and love had been supposed before; she drops the name God, and takes up

the less awful name of Nature instead.

It is in this last case that the desecration produced by Science is most painfully felt. This is partly, of course, because the sacredness violated was greatest here; but there is also another reason. Science cannot easily destroy our feeling for human beings. We are in such close contact with our own kind, our imagination and affections take such fast hold of our fellow-men as to defy physiology. If it were otherwise we should want a word—*Ananthropism*—to answer to Atheism. Even as it is the thing is occasionally to be seen. Among medical students there are not a few ananthropists, that is, men in whom human affections have not been strong enough to resist the effect of Science in lowering the conception of humanity. But in general the imagination triumphs in this case over the reason. In the case of the physical world it is otherwise. This, for the majority of men, is, I fancy, almost completely desecrated, so that sympathy, communion with the forms of Nature, is pretty well confined to poets, and is generally supposed to be an amiable madness in them. But then this was not done by Science, it had been done before by monkish Christianity. Chaucer complains, hundreds of years before the advent of physical science, of the divorce that had been made between the imagination and physical nature—"But now may no man see none elves mo." It was owing, according to him, to the preachings and bannings of "limitours and other holy freres." Nature had been made not merely a dead thing, but a disgusting and hideous thing, by superstitions of imps, witches, and demons; so much so that Goethe celebrates science as having restored Nature to the imagination and driven away the Walpurgis-nacht of the middle ages; and, indeed, by turning attention upon the natural world, by bringing a large number of people to take careful notice of its beauties, Science may have given back to the imagination, in this department, as much as it has taken away.

But the conception of God is so vast and elevated that it always slips easily out of the human mind. The task of realising what is too great to be realised, of reaching with the imagination and growing with the affections to a reality almost too great for the one, and almost too awful for the other, is in itself exceptionally difficult. To do this, and yet at the same time carefully to restrain the imagination and affections as Science prescribes, is almost impossible; yet those who perpetually study Nature, unless they specialise themselves too much, will always in some sense feel the presence of God. The unity of what they study will sometimes come home to them and give a sense of awe and delight, if not of love. But upon those who do not study Nature the advance of Science can have no other effect than to root out off their minds the very conception of God. The negative effect is not counterbalanced by any positive one. With them, if the supernatural Person whose will holds the Universe together is denied, the effect is that the Universe falls at once to pieces. No other unity takes His place, and out of the human mind there perishes the most elevating thought, and out of human life the chief and principal sacredness. The remedy for this is to be found in the study of Nature becoming universal. Let all be made acquainted with natural laws; let all form the habit of contemplating them, and atheism in its full sense will become a thing impossible, when no mind shall be altogether without the sense, at once inspiring and sobering, of an eternal order.

But these remarks on the difficulty of harmonising the scientific with the imaginative knowledge of things, are by way of digression. Our business at present is with the fact that knowledge is of these two kinds, and that the complete or satisfactory knowledge of anything comes from combining them. When the object of knowledge is God, the first kind of knowledge is called theology, and the second may be called religion. By theology the nature of God is ascertained and false views of it

eradicated from the understanding; by religion the truths thus obtained are turned over in the mind and assimilated by the imagination and the feelings.

When we hear it said, as it is said so commonly now, that the knowledge of God is impossible to man, and therefore that theology is no true science, of course the word God is used in that peculiar sense of which I have spoken above. Nature every one admits that we know or may know; but of any occult cause of phenomena, or of any supernatural being suspending the course of natural laws, it is denied that we can know anything. But since every sort of theology agrees that the laws of nature are the laws of God, it is evident that in knowing Nature we do precisely to the same extent know God. I am proposing for the present to treat the words God and Nature as absolutely synonymous, which up to a certain point every one allows them to be. So long as we do so we are in no danger of trespassing beyond the proper domain of human inquiry; so long as we do so, theology, instead of being additional or antagonistic to Science, is merely another name for Science itself. Regarded in this way, we may say of God that so far from being beyond knowledge, He is the one object of knowledge, and that everything we can know, every proposition we can frame, relates to Him. It may seem, however, that little is to be gained from giving this unusual sense to the word theology. If in the ordinary sense it is the name of an imaginary and delusive science, taken in this sense as a synonym for Science itself, it is purely useless. By giving the word such an extension, it will be said, you destroy all its force. That we ought to study theology becomes a truism if it means merely that all knowledge is valuable; the old maxim, that in the knowledge of God is life, loses all its grandeur if it is interpreted to mean merely that the more things you know the more dangers you will be in a condition to avoid. Can we not, then, give more precision, more definiteness, to the notion of the knowledge of God?

The notion is to be limited in two ways, one of which has been partially indicated already. The scientific school themselves save us the trouble of explaining the first of these limitations; it is they who, in this age, have made clear to every one the difference between the study of the Universe and mere universal study. When they tell us in the very language of theology that all hope and all happiness lies in the knowledge of Nature, that this is a treasure to be valued above rubies and precious stones, how do they limit the word Nature? They mean it certainly to include the whole Universe. What is it then that they exclude? One would fancy at first sight that they are merely praising knowledge in general, and that they are not particular about kinds of knowledge. Yet we know that they are remarkably exclusive in their notions of knowledge, and that they are as vehement in condemning some sorts as in recommending others. What is there, then, that can possibly be studied besides the Universe?

There is something which sets itself up as a just reflection of the Universe, and which it is possible to study as if it were the Universe itself; that is, the multitude of traditional unscientific opinions about the Universe. These opinions are, in one sense, part of the Universe; to study them from the historic point of view is to study the Universe; but when they are assumed as an accurate reflection of it so as to divert attention from the original, as they are by all the votaries of authority or tradition, then they may be regarded as a spurious Universe outside and apart from the real one, and such students of opinion may be said to study and yet not to study the Universe.

This spurious Universe is almost as great as the genuine one. There are many profoundly learned men whose whole learning relates to it and has no concern whatever with reality. The simplest peasant who from living much in the open air has found for himself, unconsciously, some rules to guide him in divining the weather, knows something about the real Universe; but an inde-

fatigable student who has stored a prodigious memory with what the schoolmen have thought, what the philosophers have thought, what the Fathers have thought, may yet have no real knowledge; he may have been busy only with the reflected Universe. Not that the thoughts of dead thinkers stored up in books are not part of the Universe as well as wind and rain; not that they may not repay study quite as well; they are deposits of the human mind, and by studying them much may be discovered about the human mind, the ways of its operation, the stages of its development. Nor yet that the thoughts of the dead may not be of the greatest help to one who is studying the Universe; he may get from them suggestions, theories which he may put to the test, and thus convert, in some cases, into real knowledge. But there is a third way in which he may treat them which makes books the very antithesis to reality, and the knowledge of books the knowledge of a spurious Universe. This is when he contents himself with storing their contents in his mind and does not attempt to put them to any test, whether from superstitious reverence or from an excessive pleasure in mere language. He may show wonderful ability in thus assimilating books, wonderful retentiveness, wonderful accuracy, wonderful acuteness; nay, if he clearly understands that he is only dealing with opinions, he may do good service in that department, for opinions need collecting and classifying as much as botanical specimens. But one often sees such collectors mistaking opinions for truths, and depending for their views of the Universe entirely upon these opinions, which they accept implicitly without testing them. Such men may be said to study, but not to study the Universe.

There are other classes of men of whom much the same may be said. The scientific school, when they recommend the study of Nature, do not mean, for example, the mere collecting of facts however authentic. Nature with them is not a heap of phenomena, but laws

discerned in phenomena, and by a knowledge of Nature they mean a just conception of laws much more than an ample store of information about phenomena. Again, in an age like the present, when methods of inquiry have been laid down and tested by large experience, they do not dignify with the name of the study of Nature any investigation, however earnest or fresh, of the facts of the world, which does not conform to these methods, or show reason for not doing so.

Knowledge of Nature understood in this sense, and obtained in this way, is what we are now told is alone valuable—what human happiness depends on. And assuredly it deserves to be called in the strictest sense Theology. If God be the Ruler of the world, as the orthodox theology teaches, the laws of Nature are the laws by which He rules it. If you prefer the Pantheistic view, they are the very manifestations of the Divine Nature. In any case the knowledge of Nature, if only it be properly sifted from the corrupting mixture of mere opinion, is the knowledge of God. That there may be another and deeper knowledge of God beyond it does not affect this fact.

But is theology a mere synonym for Science? If so, the scientific man may fairly say, I need not concern myself with it; I have already a name for my pursuit which satisfies me; it does not interest me to hear that there is another name which also is appropriate. Is there no special department of Science which may be called theological, to distinguish it from the other departments? It is this which so many scientific men now deny. They say there is certainly such a special department, but it is not a department of Science, for it lies outside the domain of Science. It is concerned with causes, whereas Science knows nothing of causes; it is concerned with supernatural phenomena which Science puts aside as either impossible or unverified. All that this objection means is, that many theologies have been supernaturalistic, and have been occupied with causes, and that though as a matter

of course they have not been *exclusively* supernaturalistic and occupied with causes, yet they have been so sufficiently to justify us in appropriating the word theology to systems that have these characteristics. To say then that theology is a spurious Science, is to say that in most theological systems there is an element more or less predominant which is unscientific. But even if it were convenient to give to this element the name of theology, it would not follow because theology in this sense may be a spurious science—and etymologically theology is the science of God—that therefore the science of God is a spurious one. You may use the word theology in its etymological sense, or you may give it a more special technical sense to suit convenience; but you must not confound the two senses of the word together. As I have said, all Science belongs properly to the science of God, and might legitimately be called Theology. I believe also that there is a special department of knowledge which, without necessarily concerning itself with the supernatural, or with final causes, might both legitimately and conveniently be called Theology.

Considered in its practical bearings upon human life, the study of Nature resolves itself into the study of two things, a force within the human being, and a necessity without him. Life, in short, is a mechanical problem, in which a power is required to be so advantageously applied as to overcome a weight which is greater than itself. The power is the human will, the weight is Nature, the motive of the struggle between them is certain ideals which man instinctively puts before himself—an ideal of happiness, or an ideal of perfection. By means of Science he is enabled to apply the power in the most advantageous manner. Every piece of knowledge he acquires helps him in his undertaking. Every special science which he perfects removes a new set of obstacles, procures him a new set of resources. And in his conflict with natural difficulties his energy and hope are in proportion to

his power of knowing and measuring the force he has, and the resistance he will meet with. When he is able to measure this precisely, his hope becomes confidence even in circumstances which might seem the most alarming. We allow ourselves to be hurried through the air at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with a noise and impetus appalling to a bystander, and all the while read or sleep comfortably. Why? Because the forces we have set in motion are all accurately measured, the obstacles to be met fully known. When the measurement is only approximate, there is not confidence, but only hope predominating over fear. The experienced sailor feels this; he trusts himself to the open sea, because he knows that he is pretty well matched against the necessity he provokes, though he cannot know that he is the superior because he can calculate a good many of the dangers, though not all.

This is the case in each of the separate undertakings that make up life. To each of them belongs its appropriate knowledge, upon which our equanimity and repose of mind, as far as the particular undertaking is concerned, depend. But life itself, taken as a whole, is an undertaking. Life itself has its objects which make it interesting to us, which lead us to bear the burden of it. These objects, like those minor ones, are only to be attained by a struggle between the power Will and the weight Nature, and in this struggle also both energy and success depend upon a certain knowledge which may enable us to apply the power with advantage. But the knowledge required in this case is of a more general kind; it is not a knowledge confined to certain sets of phenomena, and giving us a power correspondingly limited, but it is a general knowledge of the relation in which human life stands to the Universe, and of the means by which life may be brought into the most satisfactory adaptation to it. Now, by what name shall we call this knowledge?

Every one has his general views of human life, which are more or less distinct. Upon these general views more

than upon anything else connected with the understanding depends the character of every one's life. Morality is theoretically independent of all such views, but practically and in the long run it varies with them. What has life to give? How far does it lend itself to our ideals? These are practically questions quite as important to morality as those which lie within the province of morality itself—as the questions, what are or what ought to be our ideals? They are also quite as important to human happiness as all particular measures contrived to increase human happiness. No man fights with any heart if he thinks he has Nature against him. If a man believes that men are not made to be happy, he will lose the energy to do even what can be done for their happiness; he will give up the pursuit of virtue if he meets with more than a certain degree of discouragement in it.

Of an unfavourable view of human life there are three principal consequences—crime, languor, and suicide. The majority of crimes, and still more of meannesses, it seems to me, are not committed from bad intentions, but from a despair of human life. "I am sorry, but I *must* do it; I am driven to it; everybody has to do it; we must look at things as they are"; these are the reflections which lead men into breaches of morality. "*Sic vivitur*," says Cicero, selling Tullia. The feeling that life will not allow people to do always what is right, faint perhaps in each individual mind, grows strong when many who share it come together; it grows stronger by being uttered, stronger still by being acted upon; it creates an atmosphere of laxity; morality retires more and more out of view; until the thought of crime itself, and even of enormous crime, becomes familiar, and at last is carried almost unconsciously into act. It is not, then, from want of morality that men do wrong, but from want of another sort of knowledge. They know what is right and what is wrong; it is not from overlooking this distinction that they fall into the wrong, nor would they escape the danger by reflecting upon it ever so

much. What determines their action is a belief in some sort of necessity, some fatality with which it is vain to struggle ; it is a general view of human life as unfavourable to ideals.

Another such general view of human life produces apathy. A man who has persuaded himself that we are the creatures of circumstances, or that we are the victims of laws with which it is impossible for us to cope, will give up the battle with Nature and do nothing. Perhaps he has his head full of instances of the best endeavours after happiness failing entirely, or by some fatality producing extreme unhappiness ; of the purest and noblest labours producing mischief which complete inactivity would have avoided ; how Queen Isabella introduced the Inquisition ; how Las Casas initiated the slave-trade ; how pauperism has been over and over again fostered by philanthropy ; how the Prince of Peace himself, according to His own saying, brought a sword upon the earth. He may think that human life, as it runs on naturally, is not a bad thing, but that all attempts to control it or improve it are hopeless ; that all high ideals are merely ambitious ; that purpose and, still more, system and all sophistication of life are mischievous. And so he may come to renounce all free-will, he may resign himself to the current of ordinary affairs, and become a mere conventionalist, reconciling himself to whatever he does not like, and gradually induced to tolerate with complete indifference the most enormous evils. Against such a perversion of mind morality is no defence ; what is needed is not a new view of what ought to be—such a man knows well enough what ought to be—but a new view of what can or may be, a more encouraging view of the Universe.

Sometimes the despair of human life goes to a much greater length. Human life is a game at which we are not forced to play ; we may at any time throw up the cards. That only a few do so proves that more or less distinctly most of us have a general view of life not altogether

unfavourable. We are for the most part hardly aware of this general view, because it is always the same. We should become painfully aware of it if it were suddenly to change. There is, as it were, a suicide-mark below which our philosophy is always liable to sink. If we came to think life irreconcilably opposed to our ideals, and at the same time were enthusiastically devoted to our ideals, life would become intolerable to us. If our sense of the misery or emptiness of life became for some reason much more keen than it is, life would at last become intolerable to us. With individuals one of these two things is constantly taking place ; they might just as well take place with whole societies or nations. Something of the kind happened with the Stoics of the imperial period. Their philosophy was only just above suicide-mark, and was continually dropping below it. In Asia the same is true of whole populations, with whom the value of life has sunk to the very lowest point.

Of all these classes of men we say very justly that they want faith. Their criminality or languor or despair are the consequences of their having no faith. But we sometimes express the same thing differently, and say that they have no God, no theology. With our Christian habit of connecting God with goodness and love, we confuse together the notions of a theology and a faith. Let us reflect that it is quite possible to have a theology without having a faith. We may believe in a God, but a God unfavourable, hostile, or indifferent to us. In the same way we may believe in a God neither altogether friendly nor altogether the reverse. The different Pagan theologies were of this kind, and even many Christian sects, while nominally holding the perfect benevolence of God, have practically worshipped a Being who in this respect did not differ from the Pagan deities.

It would be legitimate to call such general views of the relation of Nature to our ideals by the name of theology in all cases, and not merely those particular general views which are encouraging. If

we believe that Nature helps us in our strivings, we have both a theology and a faith; if we believe that Nature is indifferent to us or hostile to us, we have no faith, but we have still a theology. We have still a definite notion of God's dealings with us. And this use of the word is not only justified by its etymology; it is much more conformable to actual usage. To identify theology with the doctrine of the supernatural is, as I have pointed out, to narrow the meaning of the word unnaturally, and to appropriate it to a particular part of a particular theological system. The practical effect of giving this technical sense to a word which in the common understanding has a much larger meaning, is to produce a deception. When those who reject the supernatural declare theology to be exploded, they are commonly understood to mean that a vast mass of doctrine, partly moral, partly historical, partly physical, in which the supernatural is mixed up, is exploded, whereas all they really say is that just that part is exploded which is supported only by the evidence of the supernatural. In like manner it is but a small part of what is commonly understood by theology that has to do with final causes, and yet those who consider final causes not objects of knowledge are fond of drawing the inference that all theological systems must be systems of spurious knowledge. Sometimes this juggle which is practised with the word theology becomes grotesquely apparent, and a sceptic will tell us in the same breath that theology deals with matters entirely beyond the range of human intellect, and that theology has been refuted by the discoveries of modern science.

The questions which we all understand to be theological are such as these: Is there a reward for virtue? Is there a compensation for undeserved misery? Is there a sure retribution for crime? Is there hope that the vicious man may become virtuous? Are there means by which the pressure upon the conscience produced by wrong-doing may be removed? Are there means by which

the mind disposed to virtue may defend itself from temptation? In one word, is life worth having, and the Universe a habitable place for one in whom the sense of duty has been awakened? These questions are answered in different ways by different men. But they are answered in some way by all men, even by those who consider themselves to have no theology at all. Christianity is the system which answers them in the most encouraging way. It says that virtue in the long run will be happy partly in this life, but much more in a life beyond the grave. It says that misery is partly the punishment of crime, partly the probation of virtue; but in the inexhaustible future which belongs to each individual man there are equivalents and over-payments for all that part of it which is undeserved. It says that virtue, when tried, may count upon help, secret refreshings that come in answer to prayer—friends providentially sent, perhaps guardian angels. It says that souls entangled in wrong-doing may raise themselves out of it by a mystic union with Christ, and burdened consciences be lightened by sharing in the infinite merit of His self-sacrifice. If you ask on what so happy and inspiring a belief rests, the evidence produced is in part supernatural.

This is not only a theology but a faith, the most glorious of all faiths. But those who do not heartily share it or who consciously reject it, yet give some answer to these questions. They have a theology as much as Christians; they must even have a faith of some sort, otherwise they would renounce human life. It may be stated perhaps much as follows:

"We have not much reason to believe in any future state. We are content to look at human life as it lies visibly before us. Surveying it so, we find that it is indeed very different from what we could wish it to be. It is full of failures and miseries. Multitudes die without knowing anything that can be called happiness, while almost all know too well what is meant by misery. The pains that men endure are frightfully

intense, their enjoyments for the most part moderate. They are seldom aware of happiness while it is present, so very delicate a thing is it. When it is past they recognise it, or perhaps fancy it. If we could measure all the happiness there is in the world, we should perhaps be rather pained than gladdened by discovering the amount of it; if we could measure all the misery we should be appalled beyond description. When from happiness we pass to the moral ideal, again we find the world disappointing. It is not a sacred place any more than it is a happy place. Vice and crime very frequently prosper in it. Some of the worst of men are objects of enthusiastic admiration and emulation. Some of the best have been hated and persecuted. Much virtue passes away entirely unacknowledged; much flagrant hypocrisy succeeds in its object.

"Still on the whole we find life worth having. The misery of it we find ourselves able to forget, or callously live through. Fortunately we have not imaginations strong enough to realize the sum of it, and we contrive to turn our thoughts away from the subject. And though the happiness is not great, the variety and novelty is. Life is interesting, if not happy. In spite of all the injustice which shocks us in human destiny, the inequality with which fortune is meted out, yet it may be discerned that, at least in the more fortunate societies, justice is the rule and injustice the exception. There are laws by which definite crimes are punished, there is a force of opinion which reaches vaguer offences and visits even dispositions to vice with a certain penalty. Virtue is seldom without some reward, however inadequate; if it is not recognised generally or publicly, it finds here and there an admirer, it surrounds itself with a little circle of love; when even this is wanting it often shows a strange power of rewarding itself. On the whole, we are sustained and reconciled to life by a certain feeling of hope, by a belief, resting upon real evidence, that things improve and better themselves around us."

This is certainly a very different faith from Christianity. Whether it deserves to be called a faith at all, whether it justifies men in living and in calling others into life, may be doubted. But it is just as much a theology as Christianity. It deals with just the same questions and gives an answer to them, though a different answer. Both views, whatever may be professed, are views about God. Christianity regards God as a friend; it says that He is Love. The other view regards Him as awful, distant, inhuman, yet not radically hostile.

It is said that such vague, general views do not deserve to be called Science. This is of course admitted. There exists at the present moment no scientific theology independent of the supernatural and of the search for final causes. But this is not because no such theology can be constructed, but merely because it has not yet been constructed. Evidently it is constructing itself fast. The more men come to know Nature and to feel confidence in their knowledge, the more eagerly they will consider what is the attitude of Nature towards human beings. This question is not one which is in any way removed from human knowledge, it is not one which it can be considered morbid to betray curiosity about. Yet this is the question of theology. Not only is it the only question with which theology ought to be concerned; it is the only question with which theology ever has been concerned. The theologies of the world are merely different attempts to answer it. If they have for the most part trespassed upon the domain of the supernatural, this has not been because theology is necessarily concerned with the supernatural, but in some cases because the line between the natural and supernatural had not been clearly drawn, in some cases because it was honestly believed that supernatural occurrences had happened and could be substantiated by sufficient evidence, and that such occurrences were calculated to throw new light upon the relation of God to man. If this belief was a delu-

sion, theology must fall back upon the evidence of Nature. She may have to alter her idea of God, she may have to regard Him with fear and cold awe as in the days before the Gospel was published; she may cease to be a faith, and may become instead an oppression—a scientific superstition. But theology will remain notwithstanding a perfectly legitimate science, one which, whether under that name or under another, men will always study with an interest they can feel in no other, one which stands in a more intimate relation than any other to morality, and must always be taught in conjunction with morality.

We lay it down then that the subject of theology is the relation assumed by the Universe towards human ideals, and, as we propose here to waive the question of the supernatural and to treat the Universe as consisting solely of the order of Nature, this will be the same thing for our present purpose as the relation assumed by Nature towards human ideals. But here we must beware of a common misconception. It is often said that when you substitute Nature for God you take a thing heartless and pitiless instead of love and goodness. Undoubtedly the God in whom Christians believe has much more of love and goodness than can be discovered in Nature. But when it is said that there are no such qualities in Nature, that Nature consists of relentless and ruthless laws, that Nature knows nothing of forgiveness, and inexorably exacts the utmost penalty for every transgression, a confusion is made between two different meanings which may be given to the word Nature. We are concerned here with Nature as opposed to that which is above Nature, not with Nature as opposed to man. We use it as a name comprehending all the uniform laws of the Universe as known in our experience, and excluding such laws as are inferred from experiences so exceptional and isolated as to be difficult of verification. In this sense Nature is not heartless or unrelenting; to say so would be equivalent to saying that pity and forgiveness are in all cases supernatural.

It may be true that the law of gravitation is quite pitiless, that it will destroy the most innocent and amiable person with as little hesitation as the wrongdoer. But there are other laws which are not pitiless. There are laws under which human beings form themselves into communities, and set up law-courts in which the claims of individuals are weighed with the nicest skill. There are laws under which churches and philanthropical societies are formed, by which misery is sought out and relieved and every evil that can be discovered in the world is redressed. Nature, in the sense in which we are now using the word, includes human nature, and therefore, so far from being pitiless, includes all the pity that belongs to the whole human family, and all the pity that they have accumulated and, as it were, capitalised in institutions, political, social, and ecclesiastical, through countless generations.

People are misled by the fact that Nature is often used in another sense, and opposed, not to the supernatural, but to man. Nature is, for shortness, often put instead of inanimate Nature. Inanimate Nature is of course pitiless. It consists of laws which, like the law of gravitation, take no note of happiness or misery, virtue or vice. But if we abandoned our belief in the supernatural it would not be only Nature in this restricted sense that would be left to us; we should not give ourselves over, as it is often rhetorically described, to the mercy of merciless powers—winds and waves, earthquakes, volcanoes and fire. The God we should believe in would not be a passionless, utterly inhuman power. He would indeed be a God, often neglecting us in our need, a God often deaf to prayers. Nature including Humanity would be our God. We should read His character not merely in the earthquake and fire, but also in the still small voice; not merely in the destroying powers of the world, but, as Mohammed said, in the compassion that we feel for one another; not merely in the storm that threatens the sailor with death, but in the lifeboat and the Grace

Darling that put out from shore to the rescue; not merely in the intricate laws that confound our prudence, but in the science that penetrates them and the art which makes them subservient to our purposes; not merely in the social evils that fill our towns with misery and cover our frontiers with war, but in the St. Francis that makes himself the brother of the miserable, and in the Fox and Penn that proclaim principles of peace.

Let us take one of the principal maxims of the supernatural theology, and observe how it is modified by the rejection of the supernatural. That the just man will assuredly be rewarded with happiness is a maxim resting upon evidence involving the supernatural. It depends upon belief in a God of much more goodness and justice than we can find in Nature; it assumes a future state of which Science furnishes no clear evidence. Even when the Psalmist, speaking merely of the present life, wrote, "I have been young, and now am old, and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread," he perhaps thought of supernatural interpositions by which evil was averted from the just man. Suppose now that we repudiate all such beliefs, and confine ourselves strictly to the facts of nature as we discover them from uniform experience. Let us suppose that the ordinary laws of Nature govern the lot of the just man, and that no exemptions are made in his favour. Do we find that these ordinary laws take no account of his justice, and that his prospects are in no respect different

from those of the unjust man? Is Nature, as distinguished from the supernatural, regardless of the distinction between virtue and vice? No doubt Nature is not a perfectly just judge. The just man has misfortunes like the unjust; he may suffer from accident or disease. His justice may be denied; he may suffer the penalties of injustice. All this may happen in particular cases, and yet no one doubts that on the whole the just man reaps a reward for his justice. A very simple law operates to reward him. By his justice he benefits the community, and the community, partly out of gratitude, partly out of an interested calculation, repay him for the service he has done. This law fails of its effect in a good number of cases, but in the majority of cases it does not fail. And when it fails, it seldom fails altogether. There is generally some reward for justice, if not always an adequate reward. Accordingly, not only Christians, or those who believe in something more than Nature, but those whose only God is Nature, and even those whose knowledge of Nature is very superficial, fully recognise that virtue is rewarded. "Honesty is the best policy" has become a proverb, and hypocrites have come into existence hoping to secure the reward without deserving it. We see, then, that those who believe in Nature only may be said to believe not only in a God, but, in some sense, in a personal God. Their God, at least, has so much of personality that He takes account of the distinction of virtue and vice, that He punishes crime, and that He relieves distress.

To be continued.

CASTLE DALY :

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER. XLI.

THE strength of the storm is spent, the highest wave has struck the hill, and fallen back baffled with hoarse murmuring of sullen complaint, yet the spectators on the shore, and the sailors out at sea, do not feel as yet any change and are slow to believe in the sunshine and calm that is on the way to them. The winds moan and sigh in sharp short gusts that may be the beginning of a new storm, the waves climb and threaten the shore with angry white heads, only thrust a little less near each time of approach ; it takes a long time to ascertain positively by observation that the tide has turned. So it usually is in seasons of great calamity, national or private, the worst is past long before the sufferers admit hope into their hearts, or are able to acknowledge to themselves that the severest stress of their pain is over. There are almost always recurrences of calamity, new threatenings, fears, great shakings of the worn out or wounded souls which keep the agitated sea of emotion heaving and quivering for a long time before it can rock itself to the old calm. Long years must often pass before we can look back on a season of affliction, and referring to an event or hour say, "Yes, that was the time when the waves went over our heads and the bitterness of death was tasted, but after that slowly and gradually we began to take heart again ; there were fallings back, clouds returning after rain, but the heartening, the restoring season, set in after that hour."

The autumn months that followed Connor's and D'Arcy's escape to America were for the Dalys and their friends, and for the majority of the inhabitants of Good People's Hollow and its neighbourhood, one of those seasons of slowly

returning prosperity and content, broken by recurring anxieties and cares. The first days of Mrs. Daly's return from Galway with Lesbia and Pelham were clouded by anxiety about Ellen, whom they found at Good People's Hollow in a state of such extreme weakness and prostration as hardly to be able to give an intelligible account of her night excursion down the lake, or of Connor's escape to the emigrant ship. Anne O'Flaherty had died during the night of her absence, and the shock of returning to the empty house, and of finding for the first time in all her experience, no one there to whom she could unburden her heart of its anxiety and agitation had been more overwhelming than all her previous suffering, or rather it had been the last straw of the long accumulating burden, under which her energies, now no longer tasked on any one's behalf, finally succumbed. For days and days she lay on her bed a prey to the slow consuming fever that had carried off so many victims from Ireland during the last sad years, not suffering much, and pronounced by Dr. Lynch to be in no present danger, but hardly ever conscious of what was going on around her, seeming to lead a curious double existence, in which she alternately lived over again the hours of the night journey down the lake, or accompanied Anne O'Flaherty across the dark waters of an unknown river, from the opposite bank of which voices hailed her, inviting her to approach nearer.

There was one person of the party who could distinctly have told what was the worst part of the suffering he endured in that eventful year. It was John Thornley, and he would have assigned his bitterest pangs to certain days when he rode up to the door of Happy-go-lucky Lodge with an intolerable ache of anxiety in his heart, and from an open

window wreathed with passion-flowers caught tones of the voice he loved best in the world, uttering mournful incoherent words that were now reiterated farewells, and now phrases of glad greeting and recognition that struck colder than even the farewells on his ear.

Anne O'Flaherty's funeral took place while Ellen's fever was at its height, and a fortnight after a second grave was opened in the churchyard under the hill, from which Connor and D'Arcy had resuscitated the arms, where the body of Peter Lynch was laid close to that of his mistress. The arrangements for both these ceremonies were left to Pelham's care, for John seemed just then unable to attend to the most necessary business, and in after times Lesbia was wont to boast of the tact and knowledge of the people which Pelham displayed on those occasions, satisfying even the most exacting, that the utmost point of old custom and traditional respect and observance was rendered to the memory of the two who had lately reigned supreme over the district.

"He pretends that I helped him," she would say in conclusion, "but I am sure I don't know how he can imagine such a thing, for all I ever did was to sit beside him while he considered exactly how poor Connor would have ordered all if he had been master here instead of us; and then he and I agreed together to carry out what we believed would have been Connor's wishes. Pelham does not object, as he once would have done, to the enthusiasm the people feel for him now, because they believe he suffered for the cause. Since he has been in prison with some of the boys and has got to know them thoroughly he can put up with their warm expressions of thanks and gratitude, and no longer thinks it humbug. He is even at the bottom of his heart very much obliged to them for having given him back their allegiance so readily, and being as glad as they all are, that he is coming back to Castle Daly to reign over them; as glad, it really seems, as they would have been if his father had

come to life again, or the revolution had succeeded, and Connor had got the estate back for his own. John says that it is very illogical of them to go on talking about him as if he had both suffered for the cause and given himself up, though innocent, to save his brother; because he could not have done the two things. The people about here, however, will always go on saying that he did both, and if they mean that double praise and gratitude are due to him, I think myself that somehow, in spite of John, their way of understanding his conduct must be the right one."

The satisfaction felt by the neighbourhood in the funeral observances with which Miss O'Flaherty and Peter Lynch were laid to their rest, though it did something to soothe the wild grief of the inhabitants of Good People's Hollow, did not by any means overshadow their anxiety for Ellen's recovery. This John Thornley had to acknowledge to himself when he went among the crowd assembled in and about the tent where Peter Lynch's wake feast was held. He had come out in a mood of restless misery, seeking not so much for distraction as for that bitter tonic of self-pity which he fancied would be afforded by the sight of other people's forgetfulness, contrasted with his own overwhelming anxiety, and he received a medicine different from that he had come to seek; the balm of a sympathy so pervading and true, that its subtle soothing could not but creep to the heart most resolved to hug its sorrow in solitude.

There was revelling here and there, and everywhere the eager delight at the sight of plenty which might be expected from those who had had want for their daily companion during three long years. But as John passed from group to group and listened to the words that fell from the lips of the feasters, he could not find any of the disgust or grudging in his mind that he had expected such a scene on the eve of a funeral, while the most popular person in the neighbourhood lay in peril of death, would have called up. He did not even wince when he heard Ellen's name passed

about by people who had been drinking and shouting a few minutes before, or feel greatly scandalized when girls broke from a dance to throw themselves on their knees in the corner of the tent, and begin with streaming eyes to recite the prayers they had vowed to offer hour by hour for her recovery. It might be all very grotesque, very inconsistent, very reprehensible, when regarded from a distance, but at the time, objections and repugnances were fused in the white heat of a common emotion, which through all the uncouth and childish forms of its manifestation proved itself true and deep. John even found that his English reserve could bear, without much pain, the shock of perceiving that his own peculiar right of participation in the prevailing anxiety was recognised and silently honoured, known even to mean what it did mean. To his own surprise he found himself not outraged and pained, but touched almost to tears when a bare-footed girl who had lately, with much blushing, brought up a ragged shamefaced youth and presented him to Lesbia, turned towards him and raising soft blue eyes to his face, offered him a bunch of white roses, with the information that they were gathered from a tree that Miss Eileen herself had planted by their cabin door, and that every future flower the tree might bear was vowed to the Blessed Virgin's altar for Miss Eileen's recovery.

"Shure," the girl added, with a shy glance at the boy still hovering near, "it's a tinder sympathy wid the true lovers our Blessed Lady has, for did not she hear me when I went to her for my own bachelor, that is my husband to-day, and put it into your honour's heart (the saints reward ye for that same !) to get him back for me out of prison ?"

Bride Thornley, for whose speedy return John had entreated, arrived at the Hollow the day after Peter Lynch's funeral, and a few hours after her entrance into the house was installed in full charge of the sick-room. Order, regularity and calm seemed to follow her steps, and from that day the invalid

began to mend. Bride would not have permitted a wake to take place within a few yards of the room where her patient lay sick of nervous fever, and she could not conceal the contempt she felt for the excuses which John and Pelham urged in excuse of their compliance. After a trifling disagreement, however, on that score, everything went smoothly. Mrs. Daly who was of too anxious a temperament to make a good sick nurse, was thankful to yield the chief management of the sick-room to Bride's skilful hands, and Ellen, who had never in her days of health sought Bride's company, turned to her in her suffering and weakness with an absolute clinging dependence that laid a strong hold on Bride's generous nature, and banished every shade of jealousy or grudging from her heart for ever. As day by day little tokens of amendment in the patient's state appeared, and were attributed by Dr. Lynch to Miss Thornley's careful nursing, fresh links were woven between these two, and when Bride dressed Ellen on the first day of her leaving her room she did not feel as if it were the old rival whom she had distrusted and been tempted to envy, whose golden hair she arranged with affectionate pride, but rather some altogether new creature whose charms and whose manifold sweetnesss were in some sort a possession of her own that could hardly be rightly appreciated by any one but herself. It had not come into her previous experience to be brought into close intimacy with a person to whom expressions of affection, and tender flatteries, and eager acts of love came spontaneously, and followed feeling as necessarily as breathing does being ; and after the first surprise she could not deny that this gracious warmth of nature was pleasant to her and would be missed as the unclouded sunshine of southern lands is missed by those who return to colder climates. She began to dread the thought of living out of sight of the one face that now always flushed with pleasure when she came near, out of reach of the hands ever ready to be stretched out towards her for wel-

come or caresses, out of hearing of the voice that in all the feebleness of sickness had been so profuse in thanks for every little service rendered. She did not know that she could face the blank such a loss would leave any better than John could really face the estrangement he was always anticipating as the end of their present engrossment in the Daly's affairs.

When Ellen was well enough to be left for an hour or so of an evening, Bride and John used to pace up and down the short garden walk in front of the house while Pelham and Lesbia indulged in endless lovers' talk in the sheltered nook of the bridge head that had been the lovers' corner ever since the bridge was built. Then John always propounded the same plan for their joint future lives which Bride always listened to with the same consciousness that he was longing all the time for her to dispute its inevitableness, and the same wonder at herself for the pain it cost her not to be able to do so truthfully. They were to remain a few weeks longer in Ireland till Lesbia was married, and till such arrangements could be made as would enable Ellen Daly to manage the Good People's Hollow estate, left her by Anne, advantageously, then they would take their departure together and spend a year or so in foreign travel, out of the way of being called upon to take part in events which the next year would certainly bring, viz., the departure of Ellen to join Connor and his friend in America, or, if such a course could be safely ventured, the return of D'Arcy O'Donnell to fetch his bride, now well enough endowed for such a marriage to be possible. How delightful the prospect of that foreign tour would have been to Bride once, and how she hated now to hear John hold forth upon it with that look of determined resignation on his face, with those long pauses between his words, which were, she knew employed in listening for the chance of a low voice calling them from the window, or in watching for the appearance of a thin white hand put forth to beckon them in. How jarring it was when, instead, the

wind brought sounds from the bridge head, sounds of soft mirth and infinite content—

"The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies."

Well, life is long after all, and bitterest disappointments are lived over, wound up into the life-web by the Norn's skilful fingers, and hidden away by new threads, of silver perhaps, if not of gold. It was actually only four years since they first came to Ireland; they came two, and they would leave two; and the new foreign home they would make for themselves would no doubt be at first dreary, then tolerable, and then calmly pleasant enough.

As the autumn closed in, the evenings were differently spent. Dr. Lynch was so well satisfied of his patient's re-establishment as to leave Connemara for Dublin, to give evidence in favour of the prisoners in the State trials going on there through October. He had seen and heard enough, he said, at all events, to speak to the inaccuracy of the statement sworn to by some of the witnesses—that Mr. Smith O'Brien had pointed out the police to his followers, and ordered them to "slaughter the whole of them." After his departure, the chief interest of the day was concentrated on the reading of his letters reporting the progress of the trials, which John fetched each morning from Ballyowen, and read aloud to Bride and Ellen at night.

Pelham's and Lesbia's wedding was fixed for a late day in October, and just a week before, the happy bustle of preparation was somewhat dulled by the gloom which spread over some members of the household when the news of the sentence passed on the prisoners reached them. John read aloud to the family circle, from which Ellen would not be excluded, the Judge's summing-up, the verdict of the jury, and the awful sentence of the law:—

"That you, —, and —, and —, be taken hence to the place whence you came, and be thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and that each of you be there hanged by the

neck till you be dead ; and that afterwards the head of each of you shall be severed from the body, and the body of each be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as her Majesty shall see fit : and may the Almighty God have mercy upon your souls."

There was a long silence after the words were read, and deep sobs from Mrs. Daly were heard through the room ; but Ellen lifted up the face she had hidden in her hands, dry-eyed, though pale as death.

"Is it very selfish," she asked, in a faint, awed voice, "that I can feel nothing?—but, oh, such thankfulness for the omission of one name that might have been in that sorrowful list? I shall be very sorry for those others soon ; but just this minute I can only be thankful." She held out her hand to John as she spoke, and he took it and kept the trembling fingers in his steady clasp, till Bride came forward, and carried off her convalescent to bed.

John was alone in Anne's turret-room when Bride came down stairs again, spreading out his papers on the table, and preparing for a long evening's work.

"You heard her, John," she said, coming up to him eagerly. "You heard it plainly she said *one* name, and she could not have forgotten her brother ; it was Connor's name that rose up in her mind ; it was Connor who occupied her thoughts so exclusively, as to shut out every one else. I am certain of that."

"Yes, so am I," said John, deliberately. "I have thought it over, and I am convinced she meant Connor ; but what of that ? It was one moment's strong feeling, the love of kindred that in such hearts as hers asserts its supremacy over everything else at times : we ought not to conclude anything from that."

"But, John, now we have begun to speak on the subject, I have something else to tell you. You really must let me speak."

"It cannot be anything of importance."

"But it is something of importance, and I may not be able to get it said if
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I don't speak now. Yesterday, in looking over a drawer full of old papers of Anne O'Flaherty's, Ellen came upon a letter of mine, addressed to her more than a year ago—at the time when you paid that hasty visit to Ireland. You remember the occasion of it, John ?"

"Well."

"She put my letter into her pocket without re-reading it ; but when I came back into the room an hour after, I found her crying over it as if her heart would break."

"You had better not have told me this. It is hardly fair towards her, now that you and she are so much to each other, for you to watch her changes of mood and carry them to me ; and it is doing me no kindness. To be disturbed by false hopes, when I am learning to think of her as pledged to another is more than I can bear. Don't try to do it, Bride. Never tell me anything about her again. Let it be a sealed subject between us as hitherto."

"No, no, no !—it shall not. I have been silent a long time, John ; I have listened to all your doleful plans, and seen you struggling from day to day, to ossify yourself into a statue of despair, and I have not said a word for fear of hurting you ; but now that my own common sense tells me you are making a mistake, I will not hold my tongue any longer. And, John, I never thought I should speak in this fashion to you ; but it has come to this, it is for my own happiness I am plotting quite as much as for yours. I can't afford to let her go out of our lives much better than you can ; and I tell you this frankly, that if you have not courage to win her and make your life complete, I shall not go away contentedly with the sullen spoilt half of you that will leave God People's Hollow with me. She must be a witch, for she has got hold of me so completely that I cannot any longer be satisfied with you alone. I shall always feel that something is wanting, and that you will never be worth all you might be even to me, if you don't get her."

"You don't suppose that I want your testimony to that, do you ? You

don't suppose that I can't feel *that* better than you?"

"I want to be sure that you feel it enough not to let pride or any other folly lose you a chance of happiness."

"You may be sure that pride shall not. I should have asked her again twenty times over if nothing but pride stood in the way."

"Then let me tell you all I have discovered."

"No, no; she would not like it, and I don't believe you can have discovered anything about her that I don't know by intuition already; but I am all the same obliged to you, Bride, for your zeal, and it will be a link between us whatever falls out, and a spur to urge me to bring a little more than that disagreeable maimed half-self you describe to our common home if we do go away together. Now leave me to write my leading article in favour of a reprieve being granted to the rebels; it must be sent off by the early post to-morrow."

Bride retired to her room, but she observed that John did not immediately turn to his work. She heard him open the front door, and saw him set out in the cold October moonlight for a walk up the valley. On coming down stairs in the early morning next day she found the newspaper article written and folded to go by the post. The state of the candles burned down to the sockets showed that the work had not been completed till very far into the night; yet John did not seem at all fatigued by the loss of rest; there was more vigour and brightness in his face when he appeared at breakfast than she had seen there for many a day.

The short busy days that were carrying Lesbia on to her crowning day passed in a whirl of occupation with most of the household. Mrs. Daly was a little scandalized that John could seldom be found to give an opinion on any of the arrangements for his sister's wedding. During that last week he was generally either shut up in his study writing newspaper articles or reading MS. to Ellen, and asking her advice how to make a sentence more telling, or an argument in favour of leniency towards

the State prisoners more convincing. She thought it a little strange and unsympathetic of those two to be more occupied with questions of politics than with the approaching event in their own families, but Bride's diligence was sufficient for the despatch of all necessary business, and the sight of Pelham's triumphant happiness, and Lesbia's attention to herself, so entirely satisfied her as to leave no room for plaintiveness. The wedding was to be celebrated at Castle Daly. Bride, who had lately been making constant excursions there, left the Hollow finally with John and Lesbia a few days before the day fixed for the ceremony, and Mrs. Daly followed her so as to arrive on the previous afternoon. Pelham gave his last evening to Ellen, who was not yet strong enough to bear the drive to Castle Daly, and was to be left at the Hollow one solitary day. He was very kind and tender to her during the hours they were alone together, while Ellen reclined on Anne's sofa, wheeled in front of the turf-fire, and Pelham sat on the low stool in the nook by the hearth that used always to be Connor's corner on winter evenings in the old times. They avoided all allusion to the past, and talked cheerfully of the bright future that was opening out for one of the two; and Pelham consulted Ellen about his plans, asking her advice as to his future conduct towards his tenants and dependants with a deference to her superior knowledge of the people which, while it gratified her, gave her a strange sensation of having died to her girlish self, and wakened up in the middle of Anne O'Flaherty's life, with all her former cares resting on her shoulders, and the task given to her of advising the owner of Castle Daly, which Anne had exercised for so many years.

Ellen rose early the next day and saw Pelham ride off in the dewy October morning to his wedding. She fastened the last of the passion-flowers from Anne's favourite creeper into the button-hole of his coat with a keen recollection of how she had intended to bestow some of its earlier blossoms, and then stood in the open doorway and watched his figure

lessening along the winding road till it was lost among the low bushes on the hill-side. The valley had never looked fairer, or showed more like an enchanted region, jewel-paved with emerald and diamond and azure, than it appeared when Ellen found herself left alone to gaze on the misty outline of its protecting hills, the blue thread of its winding river, its opal-coloured lake, and its green slopes all growing momentarily more distinct in the brightening sunshine. There was the old glamour of beauty, but there was something wanting; the old sights were there, but not the old sounds. A strange silence reigned all about the place that fell like an ache on Ellen's heart, and ere long sent her back with fast-filling eyes to shut herself into the empty house. In vain she told herself that as far as the house was concerned it was only the solitude of one day. Her mother would return happier than she had ever been before, and there would soon be visits from bride and bridegroom, and new interests and pleasures and occupations would spring up, making Happy-go-lucky Lodge a centre of happy life again. As she was quite alone Ellen thought she might spare at least half her thoughts from the joyous event of the day that occupied everybody else entirely, and give herself up for a little space of time to communing with the past, to wandering about the turret-rooms, and in and out of Anne's haunts, and in imagination peopling them with the figures and faces so familiar to them once, but which they would now know no more. This at least was her uppermost train of thought as she crept languidly up and down stairs, and stood for half-an-hour together looking vacantly round the sitting-rooms. Visions of Anne, and Peter Lynch and Connor, and Murdock Malachy seemed to fill her mind to the exclusion of everything else, and yet if she had spoken out aloud the thought that weighed heaviest on her heart, and seemed to underlie and form a dark background to all her sad recollections, she would have repeated a sentence that had fallen from Pelham's lips on the

previous evening, when he had asked her advice on the plea that his old adviser, John Thornley, would soon be altogether out of reach, since he and Bride had decided on starting on their foreign tour immediately after the wedding. The house would not miss them; *they* could not be reckoned among its old frequenters; their faces and figures had no right to come among the throng which Ellen's fancy called up, and whose absence she mourned over; and yet she could not deny to herself that it was the thought of their desertion that made the future she pictured herself as leading in these rooms, so empty of interest, so full of cares too heavy for her to bear alone. Towards afternoon she lay down on a sofa by the turret window and, quite worn out with the agitation of the morning, fell asleep, and slept for some time, till about an hour before sunset she was awakened by the sound of horse's hoofs on the bridge. She had told herself a great many times during the day that she must not hope for news from Castle Daly till the next morning. No one could be expected to come out to the Hollow on such a busy day merely for the sake of saving her a few hours' solitude and giving her the morning's news a little earlier than her mother could bring it. She had told herself this many times, yet when the turret-room door opened, and John Thornley entered with a bridal-bouquet in his hand, and good news written on his face, she did not feel exactly surprised; she all at once understood that she would have been bitterly disappointed and very unhappy indeed if he had failed to come. Lesbia had sent Ellen her bride's-bouquet, John explained, and Ellen, taking it from his hand, buried her face among the orange blossom and white roses, while he took a seat by her sofa, and proceeded to satisfy her curiosity about the morning's ceremony. If he had come solely as news-bearer he did not perform his errand very satisfactorily. His voluntary remarks soon came to an end, and Ellen found it difficult to drag out any but the shortest and least intelligent answers to her questions.

"Why you might almost as well have been here with me all the morning for any interesting information you can give me," she said at last. "You don't seem to have seen anything that happened; you must have been dreaming the whole time. I don't suppose there is a child above three years old in all Daly's Corner who could not tell me more about how the bridegroom looked, and how the bride behaved, and what everybody said and did and ate and wore, than you seem able to do."

"Perhaps I was dreaming; it was very much out of place; for by rights on such occasions the bystanders are wide awake and critical, and the principals have the privilege of not knowing what they are doing. However, don't suppose that I am guilty of the presumption of coming to the Hollow to describe what I have not been observing. It was to give you some other news that I rode out here to-night."

"It is not bad news, I can tell by your face. The State prisoners are relieved."

"I told you that was certain from the first; and if you had looked into the newspaper I sent you this morning, you would have seen the official announcement of the change of their transportation for life."

"Then you have something else to tell me?"

"Letters from America have arrived at last."

"You have brought me one from Connor?"

"Connor's letters are to your mother and Pelham, and Mrs. Daly was not able to spare hers for you when I started. She had not read it often enough. She will bring it herself early to-morrow. The best I could do for you was to bring you a short note that fell to my share."

"From Connor?"

"No. Would it be too great a favour to ask you to go out with me to the bridge head? I could talk better there; and I want you to read my American letter, and explain a sentence in it I

cannot understand. The air is warm still, and I think you walked as far as the Bridge with Pelham yesterday."

"Oh, yes; the walk will do me good."

But though Ellen set forth bravely, her limbs trembled under her before the little space was crossed; and she was glad to find a seat on a moss-grown coping-stone that had long ago fallen from the parapet on the further end of the bridge, and to lean her head back against the wall. It was not fatigue, for she had walked much farther yesterday without being tired; it was something in John's face that agitated her, making her feel that she had once more come to a turning-point in her life when, perhaps—perhaps—all that she had once thrown away might again be placed in her hands to take and keep. John waited silently a few minutes, till she had so far recovered her strength and breath as to volunteer a faint remark on the beauty of the evening, before he took a letter from his pocket, and, unfolding it, placed it in her hands.

"Read," he said, "it is only half a page; read, and I will come back to you."

He walked away towards the house so as to avoid watching her as she read, and Ellen, in some bewilderment, turned her eyes on a sheet of foreign letter-paper, about half filled with D'Arcy O'Donnell's writing. What could he have to say to John Thornley, whom (as far as Ellen knew) he had never seen? The letter began—

"DEAR FRIEND,—In these modern days, heart's blood and tears are, luckily for us poor poets, sometimes convertible into gold. I have coined some of mine, viz., 'A Call to the Kelts,' and a 'Farewell to Ireland,' printed in *Harper's Magazine*, and herewith despatched to you, with the payment I received for them, being the exact amount of my debt to you. Don't suppose I dream of wiping out in such fashion the obligation incurred by me to you on my last evening in 'ould Ireland.' My gratitude for that is a part of my life, and will

only cease with it ; but I want to show you that I have lost no time in following your advice in my own fashion. If you will do me one more favour, read my verses to my cousin Ellen Daly, and tell her that, rebel as I am, and shall always remain, against English supremacy, there is one union between Kelt and Saxon that will have my blessing upon it whenever it takes place. Connor has enlightened me—but I knew it before—and tender you my good wishes most heartily. Of course, you have told her long ere this what you did for me, and it will have pleased her. Yours faithfully,

“D’ARCY O’DONNELL.”

Ellen had risen from her low seat, and was standing in the middle of the bridge, looking down over the parapet into the river, with the folded letter clasped between her hands, when John returned to her. She did not move or alter her position at the sound of his step, nor even when he came close and stood at her side, till, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he gently touched her shoulder, and said—

“Well, have you read?”

Then she turned a face to him into which all the colour and life of old times seemed to have rushed back suddenly, restoring her from the sick, drooping girl of the last few months, to the brilliant Ellen Daly he had first known and loved. The once pale cheeks were full of colour—the eyes of tender, dewy light as closely allied to smiles as to tears.

“I want first to know what you did for him,” she said, hurriedly, but timidly, holding out the letter to John. “Yes, tell me at once ; it is a part of the history of that dreadful week before I was taken ill, of which I know nothing, and yet (dropping her voice very low) it would have done me good ; it would have comforted me beyond anything.”

Then John crossed his arms over the parapet, and, leaning so as to look full in her face, gave her, in a voice that he found it hard to keep steady throughout, a detailed account of the events of the afternoon when he had seen D’Arcy

O’Donnell for the first and last time ; the attempted sale of the emerald ring ; his arousing D’Arcy from sleep in the little parlour over the baker’s shop ; their walk through the Claddagh ; their last words on the shore ; his own reflections as he sat on the sand-bank and watched the little boat that was bearing O’Donnell away drop down westward.

“It was of you I thought,” he said, in conclusion. “It was the lucky man you loved, I believed I was sending away from death or imprisonment. If I could secure your happiness even so, I believed at the moment that I should be content. During these last months there have been times when I have found it very hard to bring that persuasion into your presence. I had come to the conclusion that I could not bear the struggle any longer ; that I must leave you for ever. Since reading that letter this morning, the possibility of my being mistaken as to your feelings for your cousin, and of there being still a hope, however distant, for me, has entered my mind. If there is absolutely no hope, tell me at once, and let me go ; for less than ever shall I be able to bear the blank of despair, if this gleam goes out in darkness ; but if there is a hope—I don’t say that you love me already—but that you might possibly come in time to love me, then keep me near you to work for you ; at least, till you are stronger, and can do without me. Hold out your hand to me, and I am your servant for as long as you like.”

“Nay,” said Ellen, holding out her hand ; “there would be no use in your staying for that. I have plenty of servants, and the trouble is that I don’t know what to do with them.”

He took the other hand and drew her towards him.

“But I may stay ; and you will try to learn to love me a little?”

“I never believed much in trying ; it would not come to me that way,” said Ellen, yielding both hands, and allowing herself to be drawn into his arms ; “but—

“My darling, I do believe you mean to say that you love me already.”

There was no denial, and little more

was said till, when they were sauntering back to the house together, John stood still abruptly by the door-step, and exclaimed—

"It is so wonderful, so bewildering to me, I cannot enter into the joy of it as I ought. You must tell me a little more of the when and the how, to give me certainty."

"Perhaps," Ellen answered, with a trembling smile and a very dewy light in the eyes she raised to his face, "perhaps it began with the shame I felt for having behaved so badly to you just here, when we stood and said good-bye a year ago, and you went into the turret-room and complained of me to cousin Anne; or perhaps it began long, long before, when we knelt in Dennis Malachy's ruined cabin together that night, and I felt, without understanding it, that my father's love and indulgence for me had passed on to you. I believe it *was* then; though I only knew what had happened to me by the pain that came when I thought I had driven you away from me for ever."

Then, when he would have embraced her again, she ran from him up the steps, and, turning round, placed her hands lightly on his shoulder.

"No, you must not follow me; you must not come in. It seems very inhospitable, but I don't want you to come into Happy-go-lucky Lodge to-night. You must ride home now, and tell mamma and Bride. I want to give this one more evening to thinking of Anne, and living over again in my memory all the dear little odd old ways of the place. You may say what you like (for he was beginning eagerly to interrupt her) about wishing to keep up all the old ways, and bringing no change. I know all you will say; but it's no use. You are not Peter Lynch, and could not and should not make yourself into him, if you tried ever so; and it *will* be a new life that will have to begin here by and bye. I must spend the last hours of Pelham's wedding-day in giving the old Happy-go-lucky ways a decent 'waking' all by myself."

Some summers ago a traveller in the west of Ireland, while traversing a cross-road among the Joyce hills, not mentioned in any of the guide books, was brought to a sudden halt by the disappearance of the horse between the shafts of the outside car on which he was riding, and his own descent upon a ridge of turf that lined the road. No one was hurt, but a wheel was off the car, and one of the shafts injured; and the driver, after spending a quarter of an hour in very vague attempts to repair the damage with a few yards of thin string that he produced from his pocket, subsided finally into scratching his head, and abusing the road that had caused the misfortune, and himself for his presumption in venturing upon it.

"Shure," he said, "it's one of the roads that was devised and made in the famine year, and few people take the trouble to drive along it or notice it at all. Why would they? seeing it's not the way to anywhere, and there ain't many cars and horses that would have the constitution to get to the end of it, if it tuck them to the gate of heaven itself, barring the three-wheeled car that Miss O'Flaherty built, and the sacret of that died out wid other things in the times of the black throubles ye'll have heard of."

"But," remonstrated the traveller, "you assured me when I hired the car that you were perfectly well-acquainted with the road, and that it was the most direct way to a gentleman's seat situated on an island in a little lake among the Joyce hills which would well repay the trouble of a visit."

"And why would it not repay your honour's trouble? Shure it's there before yer eyes to look at, a step or two beyant; the road's as straight as an arrow, bad luck to it, for that's the way they made all the roads in the famine time. If ye follow it on and on, ye can't fail to come in time to an opening between the hills, and ye'll see a fine gravelled path wid an iron gate at the head of it, and trees planted all up the hill-sides. If ye turn into the path it'll take ye straight to a beautiful summer house, a fine place wid pillars, and cushioned seats to rest

in, that the gentleman that owns the Hollow now has had built in the very spot where the valley and the lake can be seen to the best advantage. Nothing could be more convenient for your honour than that the horse, poor baste, should have come down wid ye just here, for he's given ye a fine excuse and a rason for staying in the summer-house, which isn't a mile from the Lodge itself, as long as iver you please, till I come back wid a fresh car and fetch ye away."

"You are sure that I shall need an an excuse and a rason?" asked the traveller, with a curious twinkle in his eyes. "The place is not a show place, I think you said, and a stranger who presented himself without an introduction would stand a chance of being turned away from the inhospitable door. Things were different I suppose in the time of that Miss O'Flaherty you alluded to just now?"

"Yer honour'll have heard of her in foreign parts; but that's quare," glancing curiously up into the stranger's face. "She's a dale thought of in the country still; but I can't say that I remember myself the good times before the troubles whin she reigned in the land, not being to the fore in those days. Thim that has the knowledge do say the doings then was quite beyant anything that can be shown now, not that we've much to complain of in the jintleman that owns the Hollow, barring that he's an Englishman, and has by times notions of his own, and the lady comes of the ould stock of Dalys and O'Flahertys, and is loved and honoured far and near. If ye'd had the luck to meet her (ye'd have known her by the golden hair on her head), ye'd only have had to say that ye'd come by an accident on the bad road, and that Peter Malachy was the boy that was driving ye, and she'd have taken ye into the lodge and given ye the best of intertainment, as indeed happened to a lady I was driving just to this very spot ten days ago. 'Twas on St. Pater's day by the same token that the young lady, Miss Eileen herself, was passing in the car wid her governess on the way to church, and

they stopped to see if any-one was hurt, and took the strange lady back wid them to the Hollow, and she turned out to be some sort of an English relation of the master's and of his sister up at Castle Daly, and they kept her among them a month and more. Ye might have had the same luck yerself if ye'd come by this little overthrow a week ago; but now the lady's away in London, and there's nobody at the lodge to recave ye."

"You are sure of that," exclaimed the traveller, with a perceptible start and change of countenance. "You have it on good authority that the lady is from home just now?"

"And indeed on the best, for 'twas the young lady herself tould it to me own grandmother the last time she rode up to our cabin on her pony wid a compliment of tay and shugur for the poor old cratur that has been bedridden these three years. 'Mrs. Malachy,' says she, 'it's a double quantity I've brought ye to-day, because it'll be a long time before I'll see ye again; we're going the whole of us to London,' or maybe it was Liverpool she said, 'to meet our uncle that's coming all the way from Ameriky to see us;' and they do say (lowering his voice) that the jintleman expected is one of thim that had to fly the counthry after the '48. God send him a safe voyage and a hearty welcome home, and the same to as many more of the loike of him as can come!"

"Your name is Malachy, I think you said," remarked the gentleman, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket; "have you been settled in this part of the country long?"

"Since before I was born, yer honour. We came from Westport way, being starved out of our houlding in the famine; and the jintleman at the Castle put my father into a bit of a place a mile or two from here that had belonged once to a far off cousin of our own on account of the kindness that he has to the name of Malachy. It's a lucky name to own in these parts, I can acquaint yer honour, for the quality at the Castle and at the Hollow don't seem to know how to make enough of the

five of us left to claim it. Just say up at the Lodge whin ye git there that it was young Pater Malachy, the boy wid the red hair, that druv ye and overturned ye, and there'll not be a nook or corner of the house that won't be open to yer honour to look at."

The stranger smiled, and brought a still broader smile into the face of his companion the next minute by slipping a piece of gold into his hand.

"I will walk up to the house, I think," he said, "and try the effect of your spell. You had better go back to the next cabin and get help with the car and horse, and you can bring the portmanteau up to the big house later, and I will give you directions then where to take it."

The vague phrase in the traveller's orders was interpreted liberally, and the day was a good many hours older when Peter Malachy, who had meanwhile spread abroad this new proof of the luck attending his name appeared before the iron gate with the traveller's portmanteau and hat-box on a wheelbarrow, which he proceeded to wheel leisurely along the gravelled path to the summer-house he had so minutely described. The sound of voices in conversation greeted his ear on his approach, and purely for the sake of gaining information as to the whereabouts of the quality at the Hollow for the edification of his generous patron, Peter shoved his wheelbarrow aside among the shrubs, and creeping cautiously behind the house, put his eye to a crevice in the woodwork, and peeped in. To his surprise he discerned his late passenger engaged in eager conversation with the lady and gentleman of the house. They had their backs turned to him, and their faces to the view, but Peter had no doubt of their identity. The golden braids wound round the lady's head which her garden hat only half concealed, were enough to satisfy his mind, in spite of his late certainty of her absence in England, that the mistress of Good People's Hollow was before him. She was leaning on the arm of the strange gentleman, and Peter, crouching down and looking upwards,

could see enough of his side face for a sudden flash of happy conjecture to enlighten his mind. The silky yellow beard, the merry blue eye, the broad brow, the laughing lips—how could he have sat beside them half an hour without arriving at the certainty that it was the mistress's brother himself he was driving to the Hollow? They were speaking loud enough for him to hear every word. He no longer had the excuse he had given himself a minute or two ago for indulging his curiosity, but it would not be mannerly to interrupt the quality in the middle of a conversation evidently so interesting, and why not, when one has the chance, improve one's mind by hearing what they had got to say to each other.

"I am sorry you think the place so changed, Connor," the lady was saying, when Peter put his ear to the wall. "John and I flatter ourselves, that allowing for the alterations which changed circumstances and lapse of time must bring, we have been true to the spirit of the old traditions. We hope, at all events, that it is *Good People's Hollow* still."

"Yes, yes; but where *are* the people? that is what I cannot make out—to be sure I have only had a morning's experience—but though I see signs of prosperity about the place itself, and in the one or two cabins I have been in, I say again, where *are* the people?"

"Ah, you may well ask that, we can't keep them from going; and now that you are here to agree with me, I will say out to John's face that it is just the one grief I have in my life. My only grief, you understand, Connor avourneen, now that I have seen you again. I get no sympathy from John. He is so convinced that the character of this part of the country needs must be changed, and that to discourage the emigration, and induce people to settle here in their former numbers, would only lead to another famine, that he cannot mourn as I do over the deserted villages and the silent hill-sides. Those who do stay are better off than their predecessors. Peter Lynch would stare if he could look into the cabins, and

about the farmsteads on the estate now—yet they go—the least sign from over the sea, a breath of invitation from the relatives, who went in the bad times, tempts them away. It is the same thing round Castle Daly, though Pelham has become a proverb, for an indulgent popular landlord, and has even gone in for Home Rule, much to poor old Uncle Charles's disgust; and to John's secret vexation, I fancy, between ourselves."

"Not at all," put in another voice; "it is precisely the course I foresaw Pelham would take, if Lesbia succeeded in forcing him into parliament."

"Of course, I am not at all surprised to hear this," remarked the gentleman first addressed; "it is precisely what poor D'Arcy always prophesied. He said we should melt away like a rope of sand, if we failed to assert our nationality, at the crises of our misfortunes, when, though in the extreme of suffering, the fatal remedy of disintegration was not yet established. He lived to see all his forebodings carrying themselves out, and died, poor fellow, a martyr to the foresight that would not let him encourage new ill-timed attempts."

"Of course you think as he did—I know he was your guiding star to the last; and Connor avourneen, it was a ton load of apprehension taken from my heart when I heard he had pronounced against Fenianism. I did not know that his honesty was to cost him his life. But though he despaired, and though I know no good can come of desperate remedies, I can't help having my own hopes and dreams of seeing old Ireland triumphant even yet. Why should there not come a time of true prosperity and happiness for her at last?

Why should not the thousands who go away poor and ignorant, come back, not for war, but for peace, with riches, and wisdom, and good habits gained in the land of freedom and progress? Why should they not buy back their old lands, and settle themselves again where their fathers lived, and people the Green Isle with faithful loving sons and daughters, who have her name and her honour at heart, and hold them dearer than their lives? Why should not this be again sometime?

"Sometime! Ah, but when? Shall I tell you?

"When backward the river Shannon flows,
When on the salt sea blooms the rose,
When fruit on the barren rock we find,
Or when our rulers are just and kind."

"And that won't be in the days of Home Rule, give me leave to tell you," dryly observed the gentleman who had hitherto taken the least part in the conversation.

"Well," interrupted the lady quickly, "we won't drift into an argument this first morning; and, after all, Connor, dear, it's not yourself that ought to have a word to say against the emigration; for what are you doing but giving up the old home for the new one you have made for yourself out in the far West, and for the clever little American wife that is in it? I want to hear more about her. Do you really mean to tell us that she is as pretty as Lesbia, besides being so wonderfully clever? Let us move on. Our mother and Bride are waiting at the bottom of the hill with the children, whom you scarcely saw this morning; and I want you to satisfy my mind at once as to whether your Dermot or mine has most of the true Daly about him."

MACAULAY ON ARISTOTLE'S "POLITICS."

I OBTAINED at an auction, not long after Lord Macaulay's death, his copy of the Elzevir edition of Aristotle's "Politics," containing many marginal notes in his autograph. Some account of this annotated volume may, perhaps, fairly be considered as both generally interesting to scholarly readers of periodicals, and not altogether unimportant as a contribution to permanent literature.

According to my recollection of Macaulay's works (of which I was a more enthusiastic admirer before—through verifying, or rather non-verifying, his references, and applying Mr. Paget's criticisms in *Blackwood* and "The New Examen"—I very reluctantly became distrustful of him as a historian), there is very little about Aristotle, though "the first of those that know," throughout all his compositions; and my impression is confirmed upon consulting the elaborate index to the collective edition. It may, therefore, appear to be the more interesting and important to read what Macaulay noted without any idea of his *marginalia* ever meeting the public eye, when he, twice over, perused such a work as Aristotle's "Politics," studying it (we may, perhaps, say "reading-up" in his curious legislative character) at Calcutta, in 1835 and 1837.

Macaulay's celebrated and popular Essay on Bacon appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1837. Strange as it may seem, I believe that there is absolutely nothing about Aristotle in all that elaborate Essay, except a few words in which he says that, "after a residence of three years at Cambridge, Bacon departed with a just scorn for the trifles on which the followers of Aristotle had wasted their powers, and no great reverence for Aristotle himself;" and that the non-

utilitarian spirit of the philosophy of Seneca "may be distinctly traced in many parts of the works of Aristotle."

Perhaps I ought to remark that Macaulay had, many years previously, viz., in August, 1824, when at the ripe age of 23 or 24, and fresh from Cambridge, expressed his valuable appreciation of Aristotle; writing in his Essay on the Athenian orators, "Both in analysis and in combination that great man was without a rival. No philosopher has ever possessed in an equal degree the talent either of separating established systems into their primary elements, or of connecting detached phenomena in harmonious systems." And he adds, "With all his deficiencies, Aristotle was the most enlightened and profound critic of antiquity." The idea of young Macaulay's study of Aristotle suggests what he well expressed in the same early essay: "It will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume," and may remind us of his amusing allusion to Rumford's scheme for feeding the Elector of Bavaria's soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly, by compelling them to masticate their food properly.

I think there is nothing at all about Aristotle, even as Alexander's preceptor, in the review of Mitford's "History of Greece" (Nov. 1824), the peroration of which, by the way, has been less noticed than might have been expected.

Macaulay read, as I have mentioned, the Elzevir edition (*Leyden*, 1621). It was edited by Daniel Heinsius, and contains, besides a Latin version in a second column, a paraphrase ("Cum perpetuâ Danielis Heinsii in omnes libros Paraphrasi"). Brunet says nothing about this edition; Ebert, for once saying something that is not to be found

in Brunet, "The annotations are of small importance, and the paraphrase unfaithful."

I may remark that there is nothing among Macaulay's copious annotations which shows, or suggests, that he was aware (of course he may have been) that the *Ἠθικά Μέγала* conduct us to the "Politics" (*Πολιτικά*), the connection between the two works being so close that in the former by the word *ἕστερον* Aristotle refers to the "Politics," and in the latter by *πρότερον* to the "Ethics."

On the first page of the First Book Macaulay has written, "Begun at Calcutta August 21, 1835.—Again March 8, 1837." (I shall give his exact words and figures throughout).

For brevity, I will indicate in as few words as seem sufficient, the passages in Aristotle to which Macaulay's remarks apply, and will annex the respective remarks, in inverted commas, without comment, except where some may appear to be required.

Lib. I. cap. i. p. 4. Aristotle quoting Hesiod's well-known verse,
Οἶκον μὲν πρότιστα, γυναῖκά τε βοῦν τ' ἀροτῆρα.

"See Mr. Shandy's comments on this passage of Hesiod."

The reference is to "Tristram Shandy," vol. v. chap. 31.

In the Greek text of the following page Macaulay corrects two very obvious misprints.

Lib. I. cap. ii. p. 11. *Καὶ ὁ ἄπολις διὰ φύσιν*,—κ. τ. λ.

"I do not see that government is natural in any other sense than that in which everything that is very useful and very obvious is natural—in the taming of animals for example, or the use of fire for cookery."

Ibid. p. 12. *Καὶ πρότερον δὴ τῇ φύσει πόλις ἢ οἰκία καὶ ἕκαστος ἡμῶν ἐστὶ. τὸ γὰρ ὅλον, πρότερον*—κ. τ. λ.

"I do not in the least understand this logic. He might as well say that naturally the alphabet was invented before any letter in it was invented. But his *πρότερον* seems not to relate to order of time."

Ibid. p. 13. "See the paraphrase."

Lib. I. c. iii. p. 20. On slavery. "It never seems to have occurred to him that men might procure their *ἐμψυχα ὄργανα* without slavery. Apelles was an *ἐμψυχον ὄργανον*. But he was not the slave of those for whom he painted."

Ibid. p. 23. "Clever:—but surely all these analogies are merely metaphorical."

Ibid. p. 24. On slavery. *ἀναγκαῖον εἶναι καὶ ἐπὶ πάντων ἀνθρώπων*. "I do not see why." "The difference is made, not by nature, but by situation and education. The man who is fit only to dig or to carry burdens might if he had been born in a higher station have been a statesman or a philosopher."

Ibid. p. 25. "Yes, and some have the minds of poets, rulers, generals, philosophers, in servile situations."

Ibid. p. 26—8, at the end of the chapter. "Very clever but quite unsatisfactory. He should shew that in any state the line between freedom and slavery has ever been drawn so as to separate the natural lords from the natural slaves. If, as I believe, no such line ever was or ever will be drawn, the effect of slavery is plainly that a large proportion of men fitted by nature for the upper class are forcibly degraded into the lower, and placed under masters who are *φύσει δούλοι*. This is an answer on his own principles. It is clear besides that we may have all the advantages of the *ἐμψυχον κτημα* without slavery. And it is clear that where labour is free the *φύσει δούλοι* will necessarily become, in almost all cases, these *ἐμψυχα κτηματα*, while the *φύσει δεσποται* will have free opportunity to rise."

Lib. I. cap. iv. p. 37. "Heinsius seems to have read *ὅτι* instead of *οὐκ*." Surely a mistake of Macaulay's.

Lib. I. cap. v. p. 47. *Εἰ οὖν ἡ φύσις μῆθεν*,—κ. τ. λ. "A bold inference."

Ibid. On the passage in which Aristotle says that hunting (*θηρευτική*) is a part of war, and that it ought to be carried on both against wild beasts (*θηρία*) and against those men who

being born to be ruled, are unwilling, "A convenient doctrine for an Indian statesman."

Lib. I. cap. vi. p. 57. "There is abundance of acuteness and thought in all this, though his views are by no means strictly correct."

Ibid. p. 58. *καθάπερ καὶ τὸν Μίδαν*—κ. τ. λ. "Nay a man who has plenty of clothes and of drink may die of hunger. Yet you would call clothes and drink wealth."

Lib. I. cap. vii. p. 69. On usury. "A foolish prejudice."

Ibid. p. 69. "Antonio's 'breed of barren metal.'"

Ibid. p. 72. "Like poor Crisostomo in Don Quixote,

"El que viene será de guilla de aceito."

Ibid. "I fear that Aristotle overrates the advantages of philosophy in trade."

Lib. I. cap. viii. p. 84. "He refers to the doctrine maintained by Socrates in Plato's republic."

"I am quite of his mind. Half of Plato's philosophy consists in quibbles on words which the stronger mind of Aristotle discarded."

Ibid. p. 85. *διὸ λέγουσιν οὐ καλῶς*—κ. τ. λ. "This is a hit at Plato."

Ibid. p. 95, at the end of the Paraphrase on cap. viii. "He is a wonderfully clever fellow. August 22, 1835.—March 9, 1837."

Lib. II. cap. ii, p. 107. "The fallacy of Plato is a most absurd one: but it seems to me to lie in the *εμον*, and not in the *παρτες*. When A. and B. both say—this is mine—they utter the same words. But they are in truth contradicting each other."

Ibid. p. 109. "All this is excellent and unanswerable."

Ibid. p. 110. On the passage *ἄτοπον δὲ καὶ τὸ κοῖνους ποιήσαντα τοὺς υἱούς*,—κ. τ. λ. "The only passage which, as far as I recollect, proves the existence of this feeling among the Greeks?"

We are reminded of Mr. Paget's remarks upon the entire absence of *love* in Macaulay.

Lib. II. cap. iii. p. 123. "See

Xenophon on the Lacedæmonian Constitution."

Ibid. p. 125. "All this is as good as possible."

Ibid. p. 130, at the end of the chapter. "A most excellent Chapter."

Lib. II. cap. iv. p. 140. "It is curious that he speaks of Socrates as the author of the *Περὶ νομῶν*, in which his name never occurs."¹

Ibid. p. 141. "A most just and liberal criticism."

"It describes Plato exactly. *Περιττον*, I take it, means copiousness."

Ibid. p. 143. *ἄτοπον δὲ καὶ τὸ τὰς κησείας ἰσάζοντα*,—κ. τ. λ. "This struck me in reading the *περὶ νομῶν*. It is most just."

Ibid. p. 146. "Aristotle satisfies me better while answering Plato than when giving his own opinions."

Lib. II. cap. vi. p. 176. "Admirable;" and p. 178, at the end of the chapter, "A most excellent writer."

Lib. II. cap. vii. p. 191. "He must mean Spartans, not Lacedæmonians." "Herodotus says, I think, that only one man was ever made a citizen of Sparta."

Here Macaulay is inaccurate. Both Tisamenus and his brother Hegias were made citizens. Herodot. IX. 33, 5.

Lib. II. cap. viii. p. 212. On the extraordinary statement as to the Cretan *νομοθέτης*.—*πρὸς τὴν δ' ἄετι τῶν γυναικῶν*,—κ. τ. λ. "What a strange law." A very mild remark.

P. 241, at the end of the Paraphrase on the last chapter of Book II., "August 25, 1835.—March 10, 1837." Of course the respective dates of his two perusals.

Lib. III. cap. i. p. 245. *πολίτης δ' ἀπλῶς*—κ. τ. λ. "What the French legislators of 1790 called an active citizen."

Ibid. cap. ii. p. 259. *εἴπερ γὰρ ἐστὶ κοινῶν τὰς πόλεις*,—κ. τ. λ. "See Burke on the Regicide Peace. He has got into this track, though I do not suppose that he ever read Aristotle."

Ibid. cap. v. p. 292. *ὁμοίως δὲ πάλιν*

¹ Vide Plat. vol. viii. p. 1 (ed. Bipont, 1785). *Continuatio Notitiæ Literariæ Jo. Alb. Fabricii*.—T. J.

κἂν εἴπου συμβαίῃ, — κ. τ. λ. "It could happen only in a state where slavery existed, and I should think never even there."

Ibid. cap. vii. p. 314. ὥσπερ οὖν ἱατρὸν εἰδὲ διδόναι τὰς εὐθύνας ἐν ἱατροῖς, — κ. τ. λ. "A fallacy. In the long run, the proper judges of those who do a thing are those for whom it is done."

Ibid. p. 315. ἀλλ' ἴσως οὐ πάντα ταῦτα λέγεται καλῶς, — κ. τ. λ. "Very true," and below, "Exactly."

P. 388, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Third Book, "August 28, 1835.—March 13, 1837."

Lib. IV. cap. i. p. 393, 4, at the end of the chapter. "I do not see why the great mass of civil and criminal law might not be the same in Russia, England, and the United States."

Ibid. cap. ii. p. 398. ἀνάγκη γὰρ τὴν μὲν τῆς πρώτης καὶ θειοτάτης παρέκβασιν, εἶναι χειρίστην. "I think narrow oligarchy on the whole the worst form of government in the world."

I rather wonder that Macaulay does not quote, "Corruptio optimi, pessima." He would have written a very interesting article upon Algernon Sidney "On Government;" of which one is so often reminded in reading Aristotle's "Politics."

Ibid. p. 399. ἤδη μὲν οὖν τις — κ. τ. λ. "Plato," and below, "A mere dispute about words."

Ibid. cap. iv. p. 409, 10. εἰ γὰρ εἴησαν οἱ πάντες χίλιοι καὶ τριακόσιοι, — κ. τ. λ. "Yes—but there could hardly be such a community, though the use of slaves prevents it from being quite so absurd a supposition as it would seem in modern times. The 2nd supposition is however quite absurd. A few poor men who were stronger than many rich men would not be poor long."

Ibid. p. 419. Ὅμηρος—ἄδηλον. "Plain enough, I think, from the context."

The reference is to Iliad II. 204. At first sight, it seems amusing that Macaulay should understand Homer so much better than Aristotle did.

P. 523, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Fourth Book. "August 31, 1835.—March 15, 1837."

Lib. V. cap. ii. p. 546. ὅσον ἐν Κλαζομεναῖς οἱ ἐπὶ Χύτρῳ, — κ. τ. λ. "Plymouth and Devonport."

It would be easy to multiply instances, and reference may be made to the commentators, and geographers, and Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Ancient Geography."

Ibid. cap. iv. p. 557. κινεῖνται δ' αἱ πολιτεῖαι — κ. τ. λ. "Lord Bacon."

Ibid. cap. viii. p. 599. ἔστι γὰρ ὥσπερ δῆμος ἡδὴ οἱ ὅμοιοι. "The Venetian aristocracy carried this rule as far as it could be carried."

Ibid. p. 603. τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἐξεῖναι πᾶσιν ἄρχειν, δημοκρατικόν. τὸ δὲ τοὺς γνωρίμους εἶναι ἐν ταῖς ἀρχαῖς, ἀριστοκρατικόν. "I remember telling the people of Leeds this."

Ibid. cap. x. p. 628. καὶ τὸ τῷ πλήθει μηδὲν πιστεύειν — κ. τ. λ. "True—Yet requiring qualification. For the jealousy which a tyrant feels of the great, often leads him to court the people; and his dread of the multitude to court the great."

Ibid. p. 632. ὁ δ' Εὐριπίδης ἐχαλέπαιεν, — κ. τ. λ. "A curious story."

Ibid. cap. xi. p. 654. Οἷον περὶ Συρακούσας — κ. τ. λ. "A very fine passage. Mitford surely could never have read it."

Ibid. p. 655. πυραμίδες αἱ περὶ Αἴγυπτον, — κ. τ. λ. "I doubt this. The pyramids were probably built rather from ostentation than from any Machiavelian policy. The works of Polycrates at Samos seem to have been really useful, though doubtless costly. And the Pisistratidæ certainly were not enemies to public wealth, or to the diffusion of knowledge."

See Herodotus, III. 39, 125, as to the fortification of Samos and the μεγαλοπρεπείη of Polycrates.

Ibid. p. 656. εὐνηροῦντάς τε ἀναγκαῖον εὐνοὺς εἶναι — κ. τ. λ. "I do not believe that slaves are better off in democracies than elsewhere. What is the condition of the slaves in Louisiana and Carolina?"

P. 665, at the end of cap. xi. "A fine chapter indeed. 1835.—Most fine. 1837."

Lib. V. cap. xii. p. 676. Καὶ τοὶ [it should be καίτοι, with Bekker] πασῶν ὀλιγοχρονιωτέραι τῶν πολιτειῶν εἰσιν, ὀλιγαρχία καὶ τυραννίς. "Not true of oligarchies. Witness Venice."

Ibid. p. 678, 9. φησὶ γὰρ αἴτιον εἶναι —κ. τ. λ. "Strange absurdity to be sure." "He is not severe enough on this nonsense" (Plato's).

Ibid. διὰ τίν' αἰτίαν—; "Why, indeed."

P. 689, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Fifth Book. "Very good. September 4, 1835.—March 17, 1837."

Lib. VI. cap. iii. p. 706. οἶον, οἱ μὲν δέκα, οἱ δὲ εἴκοσιν—κ. τ. λ. "Curiously enough, this is the very proposition or nearly so which the *Edinburgh Review* has just made respecting the two Houses of Parliament."

Ibid. p. 707, at the end of the chapter. "True enough."

P. 758, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Sixth Book.

"September 6, 1835.—March 18, 1837."

P. 908, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Seventh Book. "September 9, 1835.—March 21,¹ 1837."

Lib. VIII. cap. i. p. 911. ἅμα δὲ οὐδὲ χρὴ νομίζειν αὐτὸν αὐτοῦ τινα εἶναι τῶν πολιτῶν, ἀλλὰ πάντα τῆς πόλεως. "The great error of all ancient governments and speculations on government."

P. 970, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter (vii.) of the Eighth and last Book. "September 11, 1835. Surely this is an unfinished work. It is impossible to doubt that he would have gone on, as Plato did, to consider whether mathematics and astronomy ought to be parts of a liberal education. March 21,¹ 1837."

T. J.

2, PLOWDEN BUILDINGS, TEMPLE.

¹ The same date; from which it might appear that Macaulay read the whole Eighth Book, as well as part of the Seventh, in one day.

INDIAN NOTES.—I. THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

I.

THE writer of this paper had unusual opportunities, and many of recent date, for testing from a non-official point of view the opinions of official men, civil and military, in India; and perhaps equally unusual opportunities, from the same point of view, for testing the drift and tendency of native feeling, as indicated by leading and responsible natives in almost all parts of that vast country. There is much that is altogether dissimilar both in English society and native opinion in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Agra, Lucknow, Gwalior, Patna, and Allahabad, representing, perhaps as fairly as any cities that could be selected, the general structure of society or drift of opinion. In Gwalior we have an English garrison in a strong native fort, Scindia's flag on the flag-staff, British troops in the barracks and lines, with the territory once governed by the redoubtable Ranees of Jhansi in sight. We occupy as it were an island in a turbulent Mahratta sea; and the island, though ours by occupation, is Scindia's by all other law. In Bombay we have a population within reach of English influences and undoubtedly more English in feeling than the population of any other city in India. The voyager by one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers has probably seen Cairo on the way, and intends to see Agra and Benares; he will be able, before he returns home, to compare the pyramids with the Taj and the famous marble palaces—the huge stone-heap of Egypt with some of the most graceful works of art that ever left the hand of man. Here all is Oriental. In Bombay nearly all is English. The flag of England flies proudly from a fleet of mast-heads in one of the finest bays in the world.

The houses are, in the modern sense, more English than they are elsewhere in the East. The Parsees, who are to Bombay what the Bengalees are to Calcutta, ride in "traps" and "buggies," and are present at European amusements. If they have antagonism at all to our race, they show it in the main by some such act as disputing the right of road, in which Englishmen somehow have a way of holding their own. Then the news is the latest to England, and the earliest to India. Moreover, the Parsee, the great merchant in Western India, travels. He rules at Aden, plants and sifts rice in the Sunderbunds, influences at once the trade of Rangoon and Cawnpore. In fact, he is the Jew, the Greek, and the Armenian in one, so far as Western India is concerned. Even the servants in Bombay are of European extraction, and speak English, as the Madrasses do in the south. In Bombay and Madras a man has little chance of employment as a house servant if he does not speak English; in Bengal he has little chance of such employment if he does speak it to the extent of knowing what Sahib says at table. Many other peculiarities of Bombay will occur to persons who know the country.

A run of, say 1,400 miles brings you to the capital of India. Your bedroom servant here is Hindoo, your table servant Mohammedan; society is wider in its range, and might be even somewhat imperial if it were not so largely made up of the two great "Services;" which have often been wise and noble, oftener strong in action, but which from their very constitution never can be imperial in tone, and which some people think are yearly becoming less imperial. The English merchant contends for his place, holds his own against the Services, makes himself courted when money or dinners are in question; but he does not rule in the capital of India as European mer-

chants rule even in Alexandria. Calcutta certainly excels Bombay in having more of the traditions of the East India Company, even when the old spirit is gone. But if the tone of society is not mercantile in the sense of Bombay, nor military in that of Allahabad, neither does it at all equal that of Madras in its kinship with the spirit of those days when we contended for the footholds of empire. In going down the old narrow streets of Agra—the very stones existing along which Akbar drove—you hardly meet with a European face. In Benares you feel as if you were in a Hindoo hotbed—a place alive with ideas of which you know nothing. In Patna you may be made to understand that the Mahomedan conquest is still remembered by men who claim, often against evidence, to be of the race of the conquerors. In Madras, unlike any other of the prominent places in India, you are made to remember “John Kompany” and the mighty days of Clive and Hastings—the days when the East Indiaman was in all its glory, with its long, grand voyages, and when no “interloper” was allowed, under penalties, to land on a spot of ground where England’s flag flew on the Coromandel coast. I shall afterwards refer to these matters more in detail. At present I would aim at representing one fact, which I know will be disputed, in which I am satisfied my view will be misrepresented, but which nevertheless it is a plain duty to state fully and fearlessly.

In all parts of the country there is dissatisfaction; in many there is undoubted disaffection. The army is dissatisfied. If one asks why, one perhaps hears in every different locality a different statement of grievances. Perhaps it is that the civilians have taken away some more of the “plums” for which men go to India, and for which a soldier may have waited long and worked hard on comparatively slight pay. Some such complaints are obviously unreal; many are very real, and go to the roots of social comfort, embittering men’s lives. Civilians, again, complain of vexatious orders, of overwork, and

of much besides—complaints real or unreal as the fact may be. In nearly all cases men are looking, and naturally looking, for the means of ending their lives with a competency. The native of India surveys all this with very different eyes. If he is in the Civil Service, he asks why he is not paid as liberally as sahib is, and enabled to rise to any post for which he has ability. If he is not in the Civil Service, he asks why he should be put to the cost, which he cannot pay, of going to England to pass the examinations. If he is in the army, he asks why he is not allowed to rise above a certain grade. Then he is sure to add that “earlier conquerors were wiser than you English; one of the conquered race could, with merit, rise to any distinction.” The young man brought up in a Missionary College has the same feeling. If he is to be a missionary, why should he not be paid at the rate of the missionary sent from England? The European missionary does not, as a rule, take any more kindly to this question than the sahibs of the two great Services. I am not attempting, for the moment, to say how far the dissatisfaction here indicated is well grounded. I simply say that it exists, and that calm men, in all parts of India, when they concur in little else, agree that it is a source of impending danger. It may be said—has been said—that dissatisfaction always existed. This is true; but remember we have enormously increased our territory and our responsibilities. We have Englishwomen and children in all parts of India. During several months of incessant travelling, nothing seemed to me more worthy of notice, nothing more suggestive of thought to the looker-on, and of a deep undercurrent of almost sublime confidence and hardihood in our countrymen and countrywomen resident in India, than those English bungalows, scattered, often in complete isolation, over the immense territory, like trees in the Great Desert. The confidence is magnificent. But then

I remember also that, for instance, the great fort at Gwalior—a mile long, and rising, rock over rock, to an immense height from an extended plain—is garrisoned by one battery of artillery and from three to four hundred infantry. An able officer told me on the spot that it should not have less in war time than 11,000 men, or even more, if defended against a European force. It could be provisioned for an almost indefinite period. We have, it is true, a military station close at hand, and several at no great distance, with our railway power, but after all we have, on paper, only 60,000 European troops in India, and perhaps in fact only 45,000, exclusive of the Home depots, certain to be absorbed in case of a foreign war. No one who has once looked upon those English homes throughout India, or more than once passed over the scenes of the Mutiny, and stood by the graves of Lucknow and Cawnpore, can fail to have a vivid conception of the precious lives which hang materially, at this moment, on good statesmanship, on strict justice being done to all men, on an Englishman's word being kept, as natives of India say and think it was in earlier times, as an inconvertible bond.

On this point I have the evidence of two observant and responsible men, one of whom, Sir Dinkur Rao, I have permission to mention in quoting his exact words, spoken to me in the presence of the Chief Commissioner at Agra, Mr. Drummond; a man who in the height of the Mutiny proved the strength of a well-known faith in the people by refusing to enter the great fortress and actually going on the river, where he could have been reached by the mutineers, at any moment, with his family. They did not molest him in the least. Sir Dinkur Rao may now be best known as one of the native commissioners concerned in the trial of the Guikwar of Baroda, but he was known long before that as a man both of mark and probity. If there were nothing else to appeal to, his character might be judged from the fact that he

learned the English language in eleven months, with no text-book but the "Wealth of Nations." His views on many subjects may be divined from the fact that he long ago gave up his use of our language, on the avowed ground that we were not doing justice to his country. I found him a short, thin man, with an extraordinarily quick eye, and a grave, calm face. He spoke slowly and carefully, apparently weighing every word, but with the utmost decision, and he spoke nothing that he did not wish known as widely as I could make it known. His loyalty is unquestioned. When the Mutiny broke out, he cast the die for himself and young Scindia for British rule, and again and again the lives of both were in extreme peril in consequence of this decision. Lord Canning once said of him: "Of all the men I have met, no one has impressed me more with a sense of natural ability." I think a distinguished living witness to the same effect could be found in Lord Lawrence. Mr. Drummond says of him: "He is the Nestor of India every word of his is pregnant with wisdom." And again: "In the mutinies he was looked on as the Englishman's friend; when the mutineers of the Gwalior contingent had murdered their officers and rushed into Scindia's presence waving their bloody swords, they called out for Dinkur Rao to be given up to them as the firm friend of the English Government. Scindia, however, was firm (Dinkur Rao was sitting behind him), and said, 'No, he is my servant, and no one shall touch him.' Dinkur Rao then at once sent out the fiery cross (pukar) to the Rajpoots, whom he had made his firm friends by his justice, courtesy, and good revenue management, and was answered at once by 10,000 Rajpoots of the fighting clans, and they told him 10,000 more were ready at a word. Armed with match-lock, sword and shield, they were a match for the rebels."

I must say, on the other hand, that I met people who did not speak in so friendly a tone of Sir Dinkur Rao, though I met none who questioned his

rare ability, his loyalty, or his honesty. The natives have for him a name which signifies "the honest," or "the honourable"—the "man of his word." In answer to a question, he said: "Once I was in the habit of saying that you were a people whose word was as if it had been written on a tablet of stone with an iron pen: now I can only speak of it as a promissory note. You promise and do not fulfil." I shall not attempt to follow now the reasons for this view. Sir Dinkur Rao spoke also of the security for life and property, and pronounced our police system radically unsound. I think he perhaps did not take into account the security we give to civilized nations for commerce, and how in that sense the boon conferred on India may ultimately be beyond all price, as it even now is of great value. I asked him as to native feeling. He replied that it never was more unfriendly to us, and never more dangerous. In fact, he added, "What I see and know has preyed upon my health. My friends say I am growing old. That is not it. I simply see great interests in peril." Many people will I have no doubt smile at this as the weakness of an old man who has seen dangerous times, but thoughtful Englishmen in India will not so treat such words from such a man. I subsequently met with the other gentleman to whom I have referred; a clever and well-read Mahomedan, whose name I am not quite sure I ought to give, but whose words I have at great length in his own writing. He said: "I was true to you in the Mutiny, as were many of my friends. We would not so cheerfully strike for you again." Another man said: "I am loyal because I know you to be invincible. If not, I tell you frankly I would be disloyal." This is a common idea merely put into uncommon words. It does not refer to the rule of the present Viceroy, or of any Viceroy, but to general principles of government.

How, in reference to such thoughts and expressions, however, will the

Viceroy's decision in the case of the trial at Baroda stand? Lord Northbrook is a man who neither privately nor publicly would break his word. He may be said to have won the entire confidence of native India, and to have done so by forbearance, courtesy, and gentlemanliness. The people of India believe him to be a Christian of the gentler kind, willing to do good even to those not "of the household of faith;" they perfectly understand that kind of Christianity. But not a line that reaches England from India, and not an Anglo-Indian one meets, has anything to say of the trial of the Guikwar other than that somehow there has been a cardinal error in policy, though it must be observed that different men come to this conclusion from very different stand-ground. There need not have been any trial. Holding India on the tenure we do; knowing, as we do, where there is loyalty and where there is disloyalty; knowing how altogether foreign such a trial is to native ideas, the Commission was not at all necessary on any ground of policy. If deposition had followed, it was defensible. The Guikwar had indeed been allowed eighteen months in which to rehabilitate his government, but it did not follow that if his government was so entirely bad as to have become dangerous, that the probation should not be shortened. Natives would have grumbled at deposition in any case, but they would, at least, have understood a line of policy so essentially in accordance with their own traditions. They never will understand a policy which decreed the Guikwar a time of probation on the score of misgovernment, and then went back, over a long period, and condemned him, not for the crime for which he had been tried, but for the misgovernment for which he was on probation, and which, indeed, his new adviser, Sir Lewis Pelly, had all but said could be amended. Surely the deposition admits of no defence after a trial which the Viceroy himself, by the acceptance of the verdict, made to signify an acquittal. Native India will assuredly say (incor-

rectly no doubt, but that is not material to the fact), that an attempt was made to entrap the native chiefs into concurring with the act of deposition, and that the attempt failed; that, in short, the Englishman is untrue to his old policy and true to his newer one; that his word is only a promissory note, to be kept or not as he pleases. The contrary belief helped materially to win us India.

What really was involved in the inquiry? The Guikwar, who had been seven years a prisoner prior to his succession to the throne, was undoubtedly guilty of maladministration, irksome and galling to any just Governor-General. He was loose in morals, cruel, despotic, as his predecessor had been, and as many Eastern rulers are. He had married a woman of low birth, who was reputed to have a husband living. In short, people said of the new Guikwar much that is unfit for the public eye. An inquiry was instituted; a new political resident was to take the place of Colonel Phayre, with the clear understanding that the Guikwar was to be put on a stern probation which would decide the tenure of his sovereignty. Meanwhile the alleged attempt was made on Colonel Phayre's life—a real attempt in all probability—and the Viceroy struck out a bold and certainly a new policy—a policy heretofore unknown in India. He determined to bring Mulharrao to what was a public trial in all but name, and to institute for that purpose a court composed equally of Europeans and Natives, making plain to all the world that England had nothing to fear from publicity, that what she wanted was not an addition to her territory, but just government and public morality in her Feudatories. Taken on this ground the trial, provided the decision had resulted in a verdict against Mulharrao, would have been for the Viceroy a triumph of no ordinary kind. He would have condemned a chief by the verdict of chiefs, a proof in itself of the justice of the sentence that would have followed and of the soundness of the policy adopted. The decision would have been really great if it had meant a reso-

lution to abide by the issue raised. Unfortunately there were two inquiries afoot at the same time. There was the public trial—for trial it was, twist the word as we may—and there was a private investigation, taking note of all particulars of Mulharrao's rule from the first day of his accession to the guddee. The public trial resulted in the verdict of "not proven," the private investigation carried on under Sir Lewis Pelly, and upon which apparently Mulharrao had no check, of which indeed he probably had little time to think, and, further, which he had reason to believe was merely an informal friendly investigation, found him guilty, we may presume upon strong evidence, of two cases of torture and murder. Englishmen will observe with amazement that both the alleged crimes were committed as long ago as 1872. Comment upon these facts is hardly needed. This is the gist of what we find in the blue books recently issued, and with respect to which we have had so much self-congratulation. Lord Salisbury charily endorses both verdicts. That of "not proven," of which the public knew, is recorded in the Guikwar's favour, but with warnings against such a trial in future. That of "proven," of which the public knew nothing as fact, is made the ground of deposition. Again, it must be said, there might have been but one inquiry, and that strictly private; but assuredly a public trial, inquiry, or whatever we may call it, superseded all prior, as it ought to have put a stop to all collateral, private inquiry. There can hardly be two opinions as to this issue, nor can there well be two opinions as to the determination of the Secretary of State for India, all complimentary words to the contrary notwithstanding, not to be held responsible, at least to future times, for the policy adopted. It may sound unfair to Lord Northbrook to say this, but no one knows better than Lord Salisbury that the public opinion of our own nation and of other nations will pass over all argument and side issues, and seize upon the key fact,

which alone ought to have determined a momentous policy. It has been asked, "Ought the Viceroy, then, to have reinstated the Guikwar, knowing him guilty of base crime?" The reply is simple—There ought not to have been two inquiries at the same time; or both ought to have been alike public or alike private. Say what we may, shift the ground as we may, public opinion will pass over every other circumstance adduced, and fix upon this one fact as a key to the policy finally adopted, and to the verdict of impartial history.

At the same time no candid mind can doubt that Lord Northbrook decided in this trial, from a wish, almost ardent, to broaden English rule in India, and establish it in justice. It is certain that he never would attempt to fall back for an argument on the right of conquest, the curse of all nations that ever used that argument in any time. We have the right of conquest practically, it is true; but Lord William Bentinck, Lord Canning, and Lord Mayo, too (India never had a more generous ruler), found a higher and a more enduring right, and gave effect to their discovery in policy which, fairly developed, will survive all tides of conquest. Then surely on another point much talked of in India, there was no greater error in allowing the Guikwar to be defended by Sergeant Ballantine than there was in allowing old Ameer Khan to be defended by the late Mr. Anstey. Of course the cases were essentially different. In the one we were trying a merchant and money-lender; in the other, a prince who, in name at least, was independent. So far as the employment of counsel was concerned, however, the issue was the same in all, save the fact that the Guikwar's counsel was direct from England, and that in fierceness of denunciation he never at all approached Mr. Anstey. If, therefore, Lord Northbrook is to be condemned for trying the Guikwar on one count and afterwards condemning him on another, let it be fairly understood wherein the error lies. Assuredly it was involved in an attempt to confer on India

a great good, to "close the era" of annexations, to give to princes the security of law and the advantage of counsel, in fact, to raise the English name in the East. The first step could only be error from the fact that the Viceroy was in that particular "before his time," and that perhaps only the event could determine. The final proceeding no evidence adduced, no evidence yet to be brought forward, can justify. An officer of experience and distinguished position in India wrote in these strong terms in a private letter a month ago:—"The deposition of the Guikwar has undone in a moment the work of the last fifteen years, and will engender in the minds of our Feudatories precisely the same suspicions which led to such results in 1857." A little earlier an excellent Missionary said, also in a private letter:—"I fear our Indian Government will lose in prestige, whatever may be its decision." I could quote a score of like opinions, not one of them intended for publicity; not one otherwise than loyal to England; not one, I am sure, from any individual, soldier or civilian, who would cast an unjust reflection on the Viceroy's rule. Indeed, Lord Northbrook's general course, his prompt repeal of the Income-tax—the worst tax ever known in India; his generous and benign policy when once he saw that a famine was impending in Bengal, and his calm courtesy and considerateness, would entitle him in the view of all who mean fairly in view of these questions, to have every act and aim fairly and generously construed.

To the native press the Viceroy has been markedly fair and just, not weighing rigorously every expression of men who, in addressing their rulers, are compelled to use a language foreign to India—a language in which the people do not think. I could point to numerous instances of language, or at least of intended meanings entirely misrepresented from this cause. One occurred not long ago. A Bengalee journalist was charged, on the evidence of his own acknowledged writing, which

seemed to admit of only one meaning, with asking what value Colonel Phayre's life had that it should be weighed against the fate of a prince. The passage went through the United Kingdom, and formed the subject of many leading articles. Yet I am as satisfied as that I am now writing that what the writer really intended to say was—"You make much ado about a political resident, a mean"—that is, obscure—"person"—I believe that was the certainly offensive phrase—"while you count nothing of the deposition of a prince." A bad sentiment in any case, and dreadfully ill-timed if the writer had hoped that it would be suffered to pass with impunity; but not by any means as bad as the English press generally assumed. Nothing could be more absurd, nothing more unjust, than the view that some Englishmen in India take of the native press and its duties. They would make it free as air to praise England and all Englishmen in office, but let it attack an officer and it is immediately charged with disloyalty; a cry is raised for its suppression. Before I left India on a former occasion I met, for a farewell shake of the hand, with the editor of a journal much condemned for plain speaking. I shall not readily forget the earnestness with which he laboured to show me that to differ from the views of an English magistrate, or to disapprove a magistrate's proceeding, did not involve disloyalty to the Queen, nor the almost fervid manner with which he said: "We are not disloyal, if England will treat us justly." The speaker of these words is a man usually fixed upon as an example when the native press is denounced. In dangerous times he would be in extreme peril; in a crisis his life would not, in certain eventualities, be worth an hour's purchase. Yet that he meant what he said I am satisfied. Any Viceroy who would drive such a man to print his paper in obscure places, and issue it in darkness, might earn the character of a high-handed ruler, but he would not (unless in extreme danger, when a Viceroy worthy of the name would stop

any paper, Native or English, that stood in his way) add anything to his own honour, or to the stability of British rule. In all his relations with Native journalism, and indeed with all Native interests, save in one instance of political error, to which it would be useless now to refer, but which history cannot lose, the Viceroy has been just and careful to an extent which does him high honour. Some say that he has been less generous to the English press, but of this the public in England have no means of judging correctly, at least not as far as I know of the facts alleged.

Of the popular view of the deposition it is difficult to speak. Little account has been made of the disturbances at Baroda; perhaps they did not deserve greater notice—I do not know. But I can say that in passing through Scindia's territory, before the trial or the mention of it, the popular disaffection seemed to me of that nature which may be felt in the air. One morning I drove to the great fort, in the early dawn, the people crowding to the fields; another day, at the same hour, I went to Scindia's new palace, now nearly completed, a few miles from the fort, and near to his old "city" of Luskhur. In neither case did I see anything of the native politeness of the East. The people stopped and stared haughtily. There was nothing like a "salaam," at that hour the virtual "good morning" of India. Perhaps others have seen more clearly below the surface, have seen, for instance, loyalty and good faith where I saw dislike, lowering brows, lips muttering what could hardly be blessings, much that betokened disaffection, little at all resembling cordiality of feeling. I simply give one impression, though not an impression resting on mere appearances, but tested by comparison with the views of many men in that part of India and elsewhere. In Mahratta and some other territory our treatment of the princes of India is perhaps the ground of deepest disaffection. Probably there are substantial reasons for retaining Scindia's fortress "in trust," but no one can deny that we do so in

the teeth of explicit treaty. The national word, at all events, has not been kept. Can we at all satisfy ourselves that we act wisely with respect to men like Scindia and Holkar? We watch with the utmost jealousy their camps of exercise, and properly so, but the same remark would not apply in some other respects. Many of our officers, for instance, rarely refer to Native chiefs without some such thoughtless or stupid remark as "they are a bad lot, and the sooner they are away the better." Why should we not make the chiefs feel that they are associated with the Viceroy in the government of India? "Why," I heard an officer one day say, "should we not borrow from Scindia a part of his men for duty on some frontier, and make him feel that he is trusted?" It might be dangerous and difficult, but it would neither be the one nor the other to the extent that our present policy is likely to prove so in the end. Again, why is it that men like Sir Dinkur Rao and Sir Madhava Rao (the latter of whom it is Lord Northbrook's honour to have sent to Baroda—an act almost enough to cancel the error of deposition) never are invited to England by the Court? France, in the same case, would have made such visits the means of binding to her the ablest and best of the chiefs, and of keeping a check, if not wholesome at least effectual, upon all. Russia has made of the same idea a gigantic policy. Englishmen depend entirely on the bureaucracy of the Civil Service, worked from the centre of Calcutta; and many of whose officers have no cure for misgovernment by chiefs but deposition. The ex-King of Oude does not lead one of the most decorous of all lives at Garden Reach, Calcutta. His large allowance is spent on wives and mistresses, a retinue, snakes, wild beasts, &c., in short, in self-gratification. His expenditure invariably exceeds his income. He refuses to visit the Viceroy; has, it is said, made Garden Reach undesirable as a place of European residence; spends his evenings and nights nobody knows how. "Withdraw the

allowance, or reduce it to a few hundreds a year," I have heard again and again. A writer in the *Times* shows that to be consistent in the case of the Guikwar we ought to depose the Rajah of Cashmere, whose "course throughout has been disgraceful." Another writer, who signs a well-known name in the *Spectator*, asks: "Did the Guikwar's subjects complain of him? What was the nature of the oppression proved against him?" These questions are not satisfactorily answered in the blue-books.

Some Anglo-Indians—I am writing now simply of what I know—advocate the annexation of Cashmere. Others would annex Afghanistan, others Burmah, others Nepaul. Yet, day after day, and week after week we send out eulogies on our rule. "Our police system is perfect"—a fact that India denies. "The people would rather have legal decisions from an English magistrate than from one of their own chiefs"—an assertion that India laughs to scorn. "Rather have justice" they say, "from a young Englishman fresh from college than from chiefs like Vizianagram or Jeypore!" They laugh, but the fallacy never dies. Having written this, I am bound, even at the risk of egotism (which I would fain avoid, for I am aware that if the facts are not weighty my mere opinion is worthless), to make it quite clear that I am not writing as an advocate for the rights of Indian princes. That many of those princes have rights never admitted, and wrongs against which there is no appeal, is certain, as it is also certain that if we intend to keep India we must do so with the sympathy and co-operation of the men to whom great masses of the people look for guidance, for leadership. There is no sound reason why Englishmen should not, if they please, take the side of native chiefs. I merely say that any such object is foreign to the purpose of this paper, or of any paper the writer ever either penned or intends to pen. The aim here is to say something for the millions of India; if the rights of Guikwars or Maharajahs only were concerned the entire subject would be left to

an advocacy which need never be sought for long nor in any distant regions. The poor people of India, however, have a claim, which can scarcely be over-estimated, upon all Englishmen who care little for the special rights of princes, and interest themselves little in sectarian conversions; who care merely that in this case Christianity in England may be made to signify mercy and charity to two hundred millions of people. Sixteen years ago the writer, then little acquainted with India, wrote the following words, which he would now deepen if he knew how, and not one of which he would in consequence of subsequent experience withdraw:—"We fancied that for us alone was this wonderful land—that its natives were born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the imperial Anglo-Saxon race; that we owed it no duty; that it owned no right. At last a thunderbolt burst upon us; the empire was in revolution. We stormed, doubted, disbelieved. But facts were irresistible; the hewers of wood and drawers of water had indeed asserted an old human right, and we were not slow to see what was necessary. Mr. Bright (on the authority of a missionary) has stated that we have put to death, by hanging alone, 10,000 human beings. If we are not sick of this slaughter we are unworthy to hold one rood of ground in India. If we be at once a Christian and a royal race the old idea of conquest will be abnegated, our victories will lead the way to royal clemency and a royal line of legislation. If these fail to secure empire, we shall at all events have proved ourselves worthy of it."

Turning to British territory purely, what can we say in reply to a native of India who taunts us with bad faith in the case of the Competitive Examinations? Does there seem any possible reply, but that events have proved to us that we cannot afford to keep our plighted word? Professor Francis Newman, writing ten years ago, said: "The boon which was solemnly guaranteed to India by Lord Grey's Ministry in Parliament, and by

the Parliamentary Charter of 1833, should be at once bestowed *bond fide*. It was promised that to every office, high or low, except that of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, native Indians should be admissible on equal terms with British-born subjects. For twenty years this solemn act was made a dead letter; then, under pretence of new liberality, the delusive system of Competitive Examinations was established, subjecting natives to unjust disadvantages, and forcing them to come to England to be examined." Of course a great part of the Civil Service and a part of the Army in India would say "No" to much of this. Mr. Bernard, an able and distinguished civil officer, the virtual and indefatigable arm of Sir George Campbell's famine plan, and subsequently of Sir Richard Temple's operations (work in Mr. Bernard's case never anything like fairly acknowledged) has indirectly said "No" to it in a recent letter to the *Times*. He has written: "Natives of India will hold a large number of offices now filled by Europeans; for they can perform executive and judicial work up to a certain point very well indeed, and much more cheaply than Europeans. But the higher and more lucrative offices must continue to be held by European civil servants." It was not, I know, within the scope of Mr. Bernard's object to refer to the promise of 1833, and the injustice to India of the Civil Service Examinations. He was claiming, as Mr. Lowe and our leading newspapers have claimed, justice for a portion of the civil officers of Bengal, but the inquiry might well and advantageously have been extended. Although one of the last batch of Haileybury men, Mr. Bernard defends the competition system against the one under which he was sent out, and asserts that under it the nation has secured more generally effective men; but this touches only a small question. Able civil officers assisted very materially to lose us America. Loyal to England, they forgot the colony, or subordinated all colonial interests to those of England.

If it is painful, as it is, to this day to read the representations which made an American of so little account in London when Franklin first knew it, what must such a discussion as the one we have had on the Indian Civil Service seem to Native India? The Civil Service in India deserves at least that every compact between it and the State should be kept. The civil officer in India has hard work and little relaxation; he is exposed to many dangers, is liable to reproof and vexatious interference from which there is no appeal, very frequently does work that deserves honour, yet that never receives even honourable mention, lives among a people whose sympathies he rarely secures, whose deeper feelings he never fathoms, whose language he only very partially understands. It is never pleasant; it is often hard and exacting; at times it effectually saps out the young life in a couple of years. Indian work, civil or military, deserves both fair pay and fair recognition. Look, however, at the fact, as it will be read in India. See what an array of power the Civil Service can produce in a just cause. See how the young men of India are treated in a cause at least equally just. This may endure for a time, but while it does so we have no right to expect native loyalty. If we rest on rights of conquest, we must face the penalties of conquest, which always proved too strong in the end for any conquerors. Mr. Bright once said, that he had always described the East India Company as "a piratical Company, beginning with Clive and ending, as he believed, with Dalhousie." It is noteworthy, however, that India now looks back with some regret to the Company's rule, affirming, rightly or wrongly, that the strong individual interest was a check upon general malgovernment. Men who went to India for a lifetime, and intended only to give way to their children, had, it is said, every reason to make the people contented, and there was the further advantage, that while a beneficent despot's rule depended on one life, John Kom-

pany never died. All this is error, doubtless; but it shows that the question is not, as Mr. Bright would have had it, of ~~only~~ one side.

I venture to think, too, that Professor Newman's view is, to some extent, an error, and that the claim of natives of India to equal pay with Europeans is altogether untenable, but that the difficulty could be met in the simplest way imaginable, if only we were prepared to face the consequences. If we intend to go on increasing the Civil Service at the present rate and with present prospects, we shall have to find means to give Native India a share of even the high posts. Do we intend this? If a young man is highly educated, and sent out from England to India, he must be highly paid. The service is an exceptional one, in cost, in privation, and perhaps in efficiency. Great power is directed to given ends, under conditions altogether unusual, if not unprecedented. To say that men who are educated and qualified for office at their own doors in India, in the climate to which they were born, should be paid as high a rate as the European officer or missionary were evidently absurd. What is needed is a reduction of the Civil Service as to numbers, and a gradual, but not laggard, introduction of Natives into State employment by means of the Uncovenanted Service, with decidedly less pay. Let this be done, firmly and fairly; let the qualification for office be in India, and in the course of a few years we should have the State work done at a much cheaper rate, and on the whole quite as efficiently, without any just grounds of complaint. The fact is, India is not a rich but a poor country, and there will be a limit to her power to pay. But what English government, with so many influential men looking for "openings" for their sons, will dare to take this drastic wholesome step? The Duke of Argyll barely touched the question, and was met by a storm of disapproval. Yet it must be touched, whatever special interests stand in its way.

No assertion is commoner than that

England in India is not amenable to native opinion; that it is hers to do the people good, theirs to accept the good. It would be equally wise to say that England is not amenable to the laws of nature. Act as we may, legislate as we may, govern as well as we may, nothing will enable us to set at defiance the opinion, crude and unshapen though it may be, of two hundred millions of people. It is quite true that we are not bound to govern India on Eastern principles where those principles are bad. We are bound, however, even by the penalties which conquest entails, to respect all old traditions, all old faiths, and all habits not in themselves immoral, and we have no right to strain our notions of morality to press unduly on phases of life so different from our own. We may—for we have the vantage-ground—disregard native opinion to any extent, interfere with innocent customs, laugh at old faiths, but never shall we by that interference remove the customs, any more than we shall by any amount of mockery spirit away the faiths. When we can no longer rule with a high hand we shall cease to rule, but the high hand that will prevail and rule permanently is the hand of justice. The natives think that we perceive our lease of power to be drawing to an end. What wonder that they do so, when they can to this day scrape off the whitewash, our work nearly twenty years old, from the marble and gold fret-work in such palaces as those in the Fort at Agra? I saw this done; saw also rough old wooden rails, sun-dried and rain-washed, round the verandas where kings' wives and daughters once had gorgeous and elegant homes. All that can be said in defence of the whitewash is that we were compelled in the Mutiny to use palaces as barracks—people point to the marble floors where English children played with top and ball and skipping-ropes while the King of Delhi was proclaimed in the very front of the fort amid a sea of human life in mutiny. There was little time or disposition then to think of palaces, every reason to think of health.

But that beautiful and perfect works of art should remain covered with whitewash is to the astute Oriental mind proof positive that we do not apply the same rule to Agra and Delhi that we do to London; that, in fact, we are looking to the Hoogly and the Arabian Sea for the historical return home. It is notorious that our Public Works, too, bear all the marks of being built on leasehold, not freehold land. In going over the great Fort at Morar I asked the Commandant, who kindly accompanied me, what a certain domed building was. "Oh, that," he said, "is the only rain-proof place I have for the Queen's stores, though it has stood 2,000 years; these grand new barracks and storehouses that you see are the production of our own Public Works Department, and they leak beautifully!" "Sahib is lord of all he surveys. He whitewashes and makes soldiers' quarters of unmatched royal palaces; decrees that the monument over the tomb of Shah Jehan shall be a sanatorium. Sahib will go home after a while, and build himself a palace, perfectly rain-tight and guiltless of whitewash, on the banks of the Thames." This is sharp irony. Again, it must be said that the impression is incorrect; the genius and the men are far in the future who are destined to turn us out of India. None the less, however, may the common belief prove a real misfortune and the cause of great loss of life.

Under all circumstances, however, the foremost object of uneasiness, as to the future of England in India, must be the army; and of late, not merely have opinions with respect to it been ominous in themselves, but they have been put forward by men of experience and ability—by trained and tried soldiers. Mr. Grant-Duff pushes the entire question aside in the easiest and most pleasant way imaginable. He has run through India, has talked with men foremost in position knowledge and ability, with the result of perfect satisfaction to his mind on nearly all points. We never

were so great, so strong, so secure in the attachment of the people. The commander-in-chief, neither an alarmist nor an optimist, but a real soldier, is satisfied. Many people, especially in India, will think that Mr. Grant-Duff's statements on this point need qualification, and that such views hardly admit of being rendered in a few terse sentences. Certainly Lord Napier of Magdala said something not so very long ago to the effect that he would not, to meet the views of economists, be answerable for any further reduction of the European force in India. Granted that we have, as we have, a splendid European army in the East—an army equal to the best in the world; granted that the officers are in the main, as they are, equal to any emergency; granted, as every one who has at all studied the subject will cheerfully grant, that the inducements to engage, when off duty, in artistic work, in reading, drawing, gardening, and much besides, have been multiplied till activity and industry have taken the place of inactivity and sloth, and given to the intelligent soldier even a larger fund of recreation, even more extensive and available means of acquiring correct information than the workman can find at home; granted that the *morale*—thanks to men like an excellent Baptist missionary, Mr. Gregg, stationed at Agra—has assumed a heretofore undreamt of aspect by the steady and almost marvellous advance of teetotalism in the army; that our arms are of the best, our discipline perfect, our entire military deportment that of men in an enemy's country; that our stores are watched as misers watch their gold, systematically inspected, guarded with rigorous military care; what then? Why, our perfect force, our matchless regiments, with their flags covered with glory which long centuries will not dim, number only 45,000 men, and let me add that, after all our boasting, we have, or had only the other day, no fewer than eleven batteries of artillery in Bengal alone, armed with the old field-gun, while we have re-

duced our actual infantry force in Bengal (proper) to less than two-thirds of its number at the time of the Mutiny. Then, is not the native army becoming efficient? Are we not arming the infantry with breech-loaders? Are not the men, in many cases, of the fiercest, even if the most loyal of eastern races? Lastly, are we earning their loyalty? The Sikhs have been known before to-day to rise on an impulse, even against their "salt;" an astute minister, whose course is not always clear, but whose avowed loyalty we have good reason to believe real, could probably, unknown to any English officer, find means to allure every Goorkah in our service to the Terai of Nepaul. Observe how we are binding these brave races to our flag. Nothing need be said of our debt to the Punjabs; their regiments went home again after the Mutiny in some cases almost decimated. Yet what did we do? They could hardly be blamed if they expected the Queen's special thanks, with such distinction that every man could return to his village, as Napoleon encouraged his men to believe they would return from Egypt, with honour which would endure beyond death. The truth is the Queen never was advised to do one such act of grace as to mark her own royal sense of the glory with which the Sikhs had covered their flags. No Sikh soldier holds a Queen's commission. Hosts of Sikhs and others who helped us to storm Delhi are at this very time in actual destitution in their native villages and towns, without a badge of honour to distinguish them as the men who did so much to win India back to the Queen. I saw in Durbunga a fine soldierly man, who had been foremost in one of the most desperate scenes of the Mutiny, yet who was without decoration of any kind, on the miserable plea that when he did the great deed, the men with whom he acted had not been regularly enrolled with our army. His commanding officer would have decided very differently in the day of rewards, but then officers are powerless in such cases; their right is

simply to lead their men into danger, and win, or die. Several of these facts were well brought out some time ago by Major Osborn, of the Bengal Staff Corps, in a telling pamphlet on the "Reconstruction of the Native Army." It were idle, in view of facts like these, to say that the outcry which during the last few months has been heard in England, and which represents the rooted faith of many brave men in India, is groundless. Military men are not satisfied with the prospect before them. To say that they dreaded it would be an absurd assertion with respect to such men; but when an officer looks on those who make his bungalow bright and cheerful—English—in that Eastern land, he becomes oftentimes very serious, and perhaps feels that the faith and anchor of the Lawrence who tried to do his duty, and of Havelock, were not and are not altogether meaningless to an English soldier in India. The most courageous officer is the most likely to feel that he is at a post where a plaintive "song of David" is sometimes in close unison and harmony with surrounding objects, and where the passages from Holy Writ which some bright intellect selected for the beautiful monument over the Well at Cawnpore have a significance which such passages only at rare intervals have had before in human history.

The murmurs of the army would be things of the past the moment an alarm was sounded from the north-west. Every man would be at his post. Indian service would no longer be tabooed in Pall Mall. Organizing talent like that of Jacobs; heroism like Pottinger's and Connolly's; grim retribution like Havelock's and Nicholson's, would be afoot for "a peerage or Westminster Abbey." Not the highest impulse, it is true—Xavier's was higher—but the impulse that, when all else was useless, would preserve for the Queen her Empire in the East. Just because we have no intention of leaving India; just because no power or combination of powers would cause us to decline the battle or "fear our fate" in the day when daring

and resolution became, as they do become, the first of virtues, ought we to look cautiously upon the first premonitory signs of coming storm. Do not let us flatter ourselves that because we secure by our rule in India the commerce therewith of the world, because that under our rule the French and German and American flags fly as peacefully on the Hoogly as they do in the Bay of Gibraltar, or that we attract wild men from the Persian Gulf by the fame of our wealth and security, that all is healthy within, or that India likes our rule. That she might go farther and fare worse all intelligent men admit. But that she would bubble and boil again to-morrow, as she ferments to-day, in aimless but dangerous excitement, is as certain as any law of human affairs. No European rule ever would be liked in the East, and the conviction that we are performing a great work of civilization is of little value when once again civilization is thrown back for its defence upon the first rude appeal of barbarism—the gage of battle. We stand "on guard," soldier and civilian alike, in every part of India; and though the world knows with what "a strength and majesty the British soldier fights," it is incontrovertible that he stands now, and must fight at any time, on volcanic ground, while he continues to rule India. If we did not know that, man to man, or even against great odds, we are the match of any people, it might be merely to invite insult to say that with Russia pressing on from the north-west, every year absorbing and leading onward new populations, and with certain and deep-seated disaffection in India itself, resting upon a love of change amounting almost to disease, our army will have plenty of work before many years have passed away. Englishmen believe, however, that they are not a people prone to sentimentalism in danger, but rather that they have a tendency to admit danger to defy it, and to believe that when the danger thickens England is most herself. India, when disposed to deny us all other virtues, says freely enough: "Yes, you

can fight." What, however, does this involve? What with our women and little children even standing "on guard?" It may be true that England is always best when the night is darkest; that she appears most to advantage at the end of a well-fought field. But there are issues which the bravest men on earth may wish to avert, as men, courageous enough, in the North-west Provinces and Oude avoid the very mention of the Massacre of Cawnpore.

The question is not one of retaining or losing India, but of preventing by a wise and prudent policy, the loss of valuable lives. Before England was driven out of India, she would put forth revolutionary energy, pent up now, but not by any means far to seek. But meanwhile many an innocent head would be laid low. The Prince of Wales in his progress through India should have every means of noting facts, of discerning facts where fallacies are numerous—of seeing beneath the surface of affairs—of a teeming human life—of learning from, while not entirely depending upon the representations of official men. He will find a people in the main loyal to the very core of their nature, willing to be pleased with the simplicity of childhood, ready indeed to give up property, or if need were more than property, where their affections are enlisted. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the Prince of Wales ought not to go empty-handed.

The Heir to the Throne cannot travel as a private gentleman, and the point of how he shall travel is not by any means unimportant. But far before this is the question of whether the future King of England, the future Emperor of India, shall perceive correctly facts upon which the happiness or misery of so many millions of human beings depend. Really this is before all pageantry. Why should not some leading statesmen, selected without reference to party—men whose names would carry weight in any land, whose motives would be above question, whose clearness of sight no glitter of courts would dim—accompany the Prince, and assist him, not with dilettante views, but with the matured wisdom of age and of the great experience of English political life? The monarchs most esteemed and longest remembered in the East are not, as some think, the men who succeeded most in pageants, but those who administered justice fearlessly, cared unaffectedly for the poor, fostered trade and learning, and cut down corruption with an unsparing hand. Other reputations endured for a lifetime. These alone stand the test of centuries. The Prince of Wales cannot reach—no constitutional prince could reach—so far. But he nevertheless might reach far, and might render the proposed visit really historical, and worthy of the genial good feeling which the Prince himself will undoubtedly carry over the Arabian Sea.

JAMES ROUTLEDGE.

A CHAPTER OF UNIVERSITY HISTORY.

PART I.

IF truth is stranger than fiction, fiction has its revenge in being truer than fact. It is the privilege of the novelist, as of the artist, to place before us that truth which is in things, but which is concealed by the facts.

The attempt has often been made, by artists of every calibre, from Thackeray to Cuthbert Bede, to draw university life. The celebrity of some of the authors has diffused some of these sketches widely. Every one who has read anything has probably read the adventures of Arthur Pendennis at St. Boniface's.

Nor is Thackeray the only great writer who has sought to place the life of Oxford or Cambridge on his canvas. Father Newman in "Loss and Gain," Charles Kingsley in "Alton Locke," have been attracted by some features of the universities which seemed to them to afford a groundwork for their ideal creations. Mr. Farrar's "Julian Home," Mr. Hughes's "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Verdant Green," and "Peter Priggins," are other attempts at various levels to bring university manners before us.

All these I have named are of our day, and may still be found in our circulating libraries. Such sketches soon fade, and are replaced by newer portraits painted in the costume of to-day. Many have preceded these and passed away. Perhaps some of my present audience never heard of "Reginald Dalton," though it is a novel written by no less a person than Lockhart, son-in-law and biographer of Scott, and editor of the *Quarterly* for many years. As Charles Kingsley's vigorous boat race lives in the memory of the readers of "Alton Locke," so Lockhart has transmitted in "Reginald Dalton" a vivid picture of a town and gown row. He has also pre-

served the tradition, at least I know not where else it is to be found, of the window in Hertford College out of which Charles J. Fox leapt in order to join in one. Still less known—rather, totally unknown is the spirited sketch of Mr. Dickinson, called "Vincent Eden," which has never emerged from the pages of the magazine in which it first appeared.

If "Reginald Dalton," which is only fifty years old, has sunk below the horizon, I may assume that Tom Warton's slight sketch of the day of a fellow of a college is as unknown to the modern world as if it were a classic. Tom Warton, as he was familiarly called by his brother academicians, who were proud of his learning and fond of his sociable qualities, was himself a Fellow of Trinity, Oxford, he therefore discreetly places *his* Fellow of a college at Cambridge. I will read a few sentences of it:—"9. Turned off my bedmaker for waking me at eight. Consulted my weather-glass. No hopes of a ride before dinner. 10. After breakfast transcribed half a sermon from Dr. Hickman. N. B. never to transcribe any more from Calamy. Mrs. Pilcocks, at my curacy, has one volume of Calamy lying in her parlour-window. 11. Into the cellar. Mem. My mountain will be fit to drink in a month's time. To remove the five year old port into the new bin. 12. Shaved. Barber's hand shakes. 1. Dined alone in my room on a sole. Shrimp sauce not so good as Mr. H. of Peterhouse and I used to eat at the Mitre in Fleet Street. Sate down to a pint of Madeira. Mr. H. surprised me over it. We finished two bottles of port together, and were very cheerful. To dine with Mr. H. at Peterhouse on Wednesday. One of the dishes, a leg of pork and pease by my desire. 6. Newspaper in the common room. 7. Returned to my room.

Made a tiff of warm punch, and to bed before nine. Did not fall asleep till ten, a young fellow-commoner being very noisy over head," &c., &c.

This is not painting from the life, but mere caricature. I have quoted these few sentences not for their wit, but because they indicate that whereas the tide of public opinion *now* sets against the non-resident fellow—a century ago it was the *resident* fellow for whose energies college life furnished no proper outlet.

Of all these draughtsmen the one who has approached nature most nearly is, as it seems to me, the author of "Pendennis." There is a sad reality about Arthur's career—high hopes at the outset quenched in the petty miseries of debt—brilliant talents wasted not in debauchery, but in achieving social distinction—social distinction which was confined to the undergraduate world—"the freshmen did not know which was greatest, Pendennis of St. Boniface or the Proctor."

There have been many parodies of prize poems—but was ever prize poem imitated so happily as by Thackeray?—"A. P.'s poem did not get the prize, but all the men of St. Boniface's knew that it ought to have got it, when the author presented them with copies splendidly bound in morocco with gilt edges. Subject, 'The Crusades':—

"On to the breach, ye soldiers of the Cross,
Scale the red wall and swim the choking
foss;
Ye dauntless archers twang your crossbows
well,
On, bill and battleaxe and mangonel;
Ply battering-ram and hurtling catapult,
Jerusalem is ours! id Deus vult!"

To such fictitious representations as I have named above, various as they are in power of drawing and vividness of colour, one observation is generally applicable. They present us only with one aspect of university life, and that its most superficial aspect. It is what I may call the *street view* of life. The novelist sets up his *camera lucida* in the middle of the High street and lets the passing figures mirror themselves as they flit to and fro. He gives us what

he sees. And he sees all from the student's side. And as the worst regulated student's life affords the most telling materials for fiction, it is the life of the idle and disorderly which is usually presented for our edification by the novelist. In all these drawings there is a level uniformity such as pervaded the new comedy at Athens. In that stage of dramatic development, the repertory of character was limited to the young scapegrace in the capital, and his severe governor from the country, the designing hetero, and the saucy slave who abetted his young master's dissipation; and on this slender cast of parts the changes were rung to infinite variety without novelty. So in the university novel we have the stereotyped parts of the fast undergraduate, beset by duns, contrasted with the slow reading man in woollen socks and spectacles, who is his foil and his butt—the deluded father, the inefficient proctor, a pompous and incapable tutor, a gyp thievish and patronising, the breakfast and the wine-party, the ruffian of the playground, who is the admired hero of the bevy of charming girls who come up to Commemoration in pink ribands. The fast young man is the first part, the reading student is only brought on the scene to be quizzed, and the senior part of the university become stage dons, who are only there to provoke our derision by various forms of the witty definition of "donnism," "a mysterious carriage of the body intended to conceal the defects of the mind." If some of our fictionists have left this traditional groove, as *e.g.*, Mr. Farrar in "Julian Home," it has been by sacrificing altogether the local colouring. "Loss and Gain" has some characteristic scenes—a tutor's breakfast is, or was, a peculiar institution of the place—*was*, I say, for we are too busy for breakfast now; and Dr. Newman has happily rendered it. But, on the whole, in "Loss and Gain," only one transient phase of Oxford life was depicted—that, *viz.*, which really passed over us in my own recollection, when our promising young men spent the

time which ought to have been devoted to study in endeavouring to find the true Church.

If we want to know what Cambridge and Oxford are, we can derive a little, and but very little, help from the pictures which the novelist has drawn for us. We must pass from fiction to fact, and ask, What writers of memoirs, of autobiography, of reminiscences, have given us any authentic pictures of academic life?

The first remark we shall have to make upon this survey of our materials is, that such memorials as we are in search of are almost wholly wanting. It is true that there have been from time to time, both in Oxford and Cambridge, men who have kept diaries, or committed to paper their personal recollections. Some of these books have preserved the memory of curious particulars, and we are thankful to their authors for the pains they have taken to hand them down to us. Hearne's "Diary for Oxford," at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Gunning's "Reminiscences for Cambridge," at the beginning of the nineteenth century, have thus conveyed to us authentic facts and circumstances which would have been otherwise lost. But there is no diarist who has been a sufficiently painstaking observer to give us what we want—a picture of university life in his day. The annals of Oxford extend now over the long period of seven hundred years. For more than half of that period the art of printing has been practised in England. The society has been a learned and literary association, and the men who have composed it have been always clerks, with every appliance for writing. They have had among them abundance of leisure. Yet the whole of this long period has not produced a single memoir writer to whom it has occurred as an investment of his mental activity to leave to posterity a faithful account of university life, studies, teaching, as he knew and saw them.

The writer to whom Oxford history owes most, I might say owes every-

thing, is Anthony Wood, or à Wood, as it was his fancy to sign himself.

The archæologist has often been—certainly not by any necessary effect of his studies, but he has often been—a man of confined vision. Anthony Wood's horizon of ideas was as narrow as could consist with *any* education. He had passed through the usual Oxford curriculum of his day; he was postmaster at Merton, and M.A. of the University. But in the seventeenth century it was possible to have received this, the highest education which the country could give, without having had the intelligence opened at all. Wood was in this respect neither better nor worse than the average M.A. of the time of Charles II. Yet, even while I am confessing this much, I fear that I am being ungrateful to one to whom we owe so much—that it may be truly said that without Wood a history of Oxford would now be impossible. It was not his fault that he lived at a time when the narrow interests of ephemeral party supplied the place of ideas. The best education which the university could give at that date did not go beyond that which is now supplied to the passmen. It did not go beyond the languages,—or rather the Latin language, for Greek was rare, and the amount of it slight,—the technical part of logic, the rudiments of geometry. Of Wood we may say that he could read Latin with ease, and that he was a considerable proficient in music. His instrument, I may mention, was the violin, which was brought into fashion by Charles II. at the Restoration, at which time it superseded the bass-viol and the theorbo.

Within this circumscribed sphere Wood had a pursuit which raised in him an enthusiasm which would have been impossible with a wider education and more varied interests. The object of the pursuit was local antiquities, especially those of his university and native city. Here he gained in intension what his training had forfeited in extension. It is perhaps impossible in an epoch like the present, and a country like

Britain, when a multiplicity of interests force themselves upon the notice of every citizen, that a passion for antiquarian research such as urged Wood should ever be generated in us modern Englishmen. He began at the age of seventeen transcribing inscriptions and monuments. As soon as he became his own master, upon taking his B.A. degree, at twenty-one, he "entered into the public library, which he took to be the happiness of his life, and into which he never went without great veneration," and began to read the books on antiquities and heraldry. Burton's "*Leicestershire*" was the first book which he analysed. Guilleim's "*Heraldry*" "gave him great delight." When Dugdale's "*Antiquities of Warwickshire*" came to Oxon., being accounted the best book of its kind that hitherto was made extant, my pen cannot enough describe how Wood's tender affections and insatiable desire of knowledge were ravished and melted down by the reading of that book. What with music and rare books that he found in the public library, his life at this time was a perfect Elysium—(p. 68.) Nor did he merely play with his subject as a *dilettante*, but worked at it long workman's hours. When we hear that he was seven or nine hours a day for months together perusing charters, evidences, and rent-rolls, in any college muniment-room to which he could get admittance, we shall not wonder that his eyes suffered, and that it was a great relief to him when Dr. Barlow, Provost of Queen's, gave him "a large magnifying-glass, which cost 40s." His earnestness, Dr. Rawlinson records, "was such that he would burst out bleeding suddenly, insomuch that he had a basin frequently held under him, that he might not spoil his papers." This is something more than antiquarian taste,—this is a passion out of which must needs spring something great and memorable. And his great work on the history of Oxford—I say work, for the "*History and Antiquities*" and the "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," though two books, are part of one work—Wood's

great work is monumental, having regard to the enormous number of particular facts collected and arranged—the work of ten years' unceasing labour.

Besides compiling this great historical work, Wood has served us in another capacity. I have spoken of the dearth of academics who have been writers of memoirs of their own times. Of the few that we have Wood is the principal. While he was labouring in his vocation of collecting the antiquities of the university, and writing its history, he was keeping a diary. It is not by any means a regularly-kept diary; it is fitful in its entries, and the events it notices are personal. But what an opportunity for a chronicler or memoir-writer! The half century from the Chancellorship of Laud in 1630 to the attempt of James II. on Magdalen College in 1687, was filled with stirring and critical events which place it in strong contrast to the unattractive repose of the two centuries which have elapsed since. The year of Wood's birth was 1632; that of his death 1695. His life, therefore, exactly coincided with this period of crisis and alarm, in which the university played a part and attracted an attention which it has never done since.

Born a citizen of Oxford in "the ancient stone-house opposite the fore-front of Merton College, commonly called Postmaster's Hall," he passed all his life within the walls of the city. Though as a boy he was sent out to school, it was only to Thame, within an easy distance. The new code, or Caroline statutes, and the charter obtained by Laud, were occurrences of his childhood, but he must have known those who knew the history of these important constitutional measures. But constitutional reforms, however important in themselves, retire into the shade before the clash of arms. In 1642 came the battle of Edgehill, and three days later the royal army entered Oxford, which from that day forward became the royalist capital, and the residence of the court. As a boy Wood saw the wonderful lines of defence

drawn round Oxford, almost the only skilled operation of the whole civil war. This fortification, carried out according to the rules of art, stands in curious contrast to the primitive ingenuity of other of the defensive measures; as we read that, on September 2, "barbed arrows were provided for 100 scholars to shoot against such soldiers as should come against them." Of Bechmann, the engineer who devised these lines, nothing is certainly known beyond his name. Is it possible that he was the "Beckman" who was afterwards employed by the Government of Charles II. to fortify Sheerness and Tilbury?

Be that as it may, by Bechmann's science, and by the expenditure of the whole of the available resources of the university, Oxford was converted into the strongest fortress in the kingdom. The first hasty fortifications which had been thrown up in 1643, under the superintendence of Richard Rallingson, a B.A. of Queen's College, had been made so available by 1646, that Fairfax at once recognised that the place was impregnable, and could only be reduced by famine. But all these operations were at a severe cost to the university. Not only was all college plate surrendered to the mint, their ready money given to pay the troops, the lead torn from the roofs to make bullets, the timber in the outskirts cut down—*e.g.*, the grove of the hospital of St. Bartholomew, which belonged to Oriel—these material depredations were not all. Discipline, nay, study, were at an end. The scholars were enrolled in battalions to man the lines, the college servants worked in the trenches, the schools were employed as granaries. What must have been the effect upon the students of keeping guard and drinking with Prince Rupert's troopers may easily be imagined. Some of the colleges, those which had the better rooms, were taken possession of by the court—Henrietta Maria, *e.g.*, lived in Merton—others served as quarters for the officers and soldiers. What strikes us most is the helplessness of the besiegers. The art of defence had outstripped that of attack. In the first

siege, 1645, the Parliamentaries were quiet besiegers, and "fought only with their perspective glasses," says Wood. In the second siege, 1646, we see from the number of letters which we still have, that to pass the parliamentary lines was a matter of every-day occurrence. Nor was anything to be hoped from treachery. The citizens indeed were for the parliament; and this, not only because the university was for the king, but naturally enough when they remembered how Birmingham and Bristol had been treated by Prince Rupert, whose notions of living on plunder had been formed in Germany. But the citizens were overawed by a garrison of 5,000 men, and by the royalist zeal of the university, and the numerous *clientèle* of the colleges. They could only show their inclinations by their lukewarmness in working at the trenches. Where they should have sent a contingent of 120 workmen they sent but twelve; they dared not refuse altogether. With a garrison strong in numbers, and confident in its military powers, thirty-eight pieces of ordnance, abundant supplies of corn, and two powder mills at Osney, there seemed little hope of Oxford being soon reduced.

But one fortress cannot stem the tide of war, and that was now running everywhere against the king. In April the Governor of Woodstock sent word that he could hold out no longer. On April 26, at midnight, in the disguise of Ashburnham's servant, Charles left Oxford, and passed the lines, it should seem, without difficulty. He told his Privy Council that he was going to London to put himself into the hands of the Parliament, and he accordingly followed the Henley road as far as Harrow. But his own secret and fatal resolution had been formed to take refuge with the Scottish army. Abandoned by the king, the surrender of Oxford was a matter of course. The indignation of the military ran high at finding that the place was to be given up, provisioned as it was not only with corn, but with butchers' meat and all the luxuries of a well-supplied market for

six months. The soldiers said it was surrendered because the ladies could not have fresh butter every morning to breakfast. Yet the *pourparlers* for the conditions occupied two months, and it was not till Midsummer Day, June 24, that the Royalist garrison marched out. Highly to the credit of the Round-head army, no excesses or plunder were permitted—no reprisals for the savage license which Prince Rupert had indulged his troopers in. But the condition of the university was disastrous. There were no rents to be had from the farmers, there were no scholars to let the college rooms to. The halls, which were still numerous, were ruined except Magdalen Hall and New Inn Hall, which were selected as nurseries for scholars of the Presbyterian faction. In the colleges were scarce any inhabitants but the principals and their families. "There was scarce," says an eye-witness, "the face of a university left."

These were the stirring incidents among which Wood's boyhood fell. In the year after the surrender, 1647, he was entered at Merton College. The internal revolutions of the next fifteen years, if less imposing, had a constitutional importance greater than that of battle and siege. I run hastily over them. For a whole year after the surrender, the university, prostrate and all but deserted, was left to itself. During the interval it began slowly to re-people itself. But besides the Royalist and Episcopalian members of the old stamp, there began to show themselves within the university precincts a new population. There were some of them declared roundheads, or independents, but some of them also members of the Anglican Church, who had been kept under, or kept out by the cavalier majority and the test oaths. To this ominous brood the gownsmen gave the nick-name of "secters," which carried a double reference to their own cant expression of seeking the Lord in prayer, and their desire of succeeding to the places from which the malignants were now to be expelled. At last, in June, 1647, appeared the visitors appointed under an

Act of Parliament. Their first step was to cite the doctors and masters to appear in the convocation house on June 4, between the hours of nine and eleven. At nine punctually the vice-chancellor appeared, and sat there two hours with exemplary patience. At the last stroke of eleven, having first ascertained that the clock was not in advance of the dial, he moved out of the convocation house. As he passed through the court of the schools he met the presbyterian ministers in solemn march towards the appointed meeting. They had been detained in church by a preposterously long exhortation from one of their ministers. Raising his cap the vice-chancellor said, "Good morning, gentlemen; it is now some minutes past eleven." With these words he passed on home towards Christ Church. The visitors entered the empty hall of convocation. They were done—the legal hour for which the citation had been served was passed: there was no help for it. This ingenious *ruse* could but respite, it could not divert the blow. The defect of form was soon remedied, and enlarged powers were given to the visitors. They were now empowered to exact a subscription or oath to the covenant, and to remove any person who had either borne arms against the parliament, or contributed money to its enemies. This placed the whole university at their mercy. An elaborate protest was drawn up, and passed in full convocation, with one dissentient voice, setting forth the various reasons why they could not, as matter of conscience, give their signature as required. They also protested against the authority under which the visitors acted. For though the Act of Parliament still ran in the name of Charles Rex, they were not satisfied, they said, that it really had the assent of the crown, as of course it had not.

It was now evident that it was not an affair of political principle, but of corporate spirit. The issue was, that after giving sufficient time, and exhausting every expedient of accommodation, all those who refused the subscription

were deprived of their places, and others who were well disposed to the Parliament were put in their room. When we call to mind that for the greater part of the men thus expelled, deprivation meant destitution, as no man possessed of any private means could be fellow of a college, we must admire the heroism with which they took the penalty of defeat. On the other hand, we must accord our highest praise to the moderation of the victorious party. Instead of using their omnipotence to deprive as many as they could, they endeavoured to induce all they could persuade to stay and submit, and this, though of all malignants the Oxford malignants had been the most inveterate, and indeed had been the mainstay of the royalist cause. Indeed, from the forward part which Oxford had played in the war it might justly have been feared that the Parliament on its victory would have proceeded, not only to personal vengeance, but to organic change. Nay, such was the ferment in the minds of the nation, that not merely revolution, but even total abolition were among the possible results of the crisis. For it was not only individuals, but the university as a corporate body had engaged itself in the interest of Church and King, and of all that was now regarded with the greatest abhorrence. It must be regarded as in the highest degree creditable to the statesmanlike views of the leaders of the party, that they were content with a change in the *personnel*, and of substituting their adherents for their enemies, when it would have been so easy and obvious to have proceeded to confiscation. That such extreme measures were talked of is certain. But among the parliamentary leaders of the moment were men enlightened enough to recognise the claims of learning, and the national value of learned institutions. Much, no doubt, was due to the personal weight of Selden and Prynne, and the reform for the moment went no further than turning the puritan minority, which had all along existed, into a majority. It was a fortunate step on the part of these

new academics, when they tendered the chancellorship in 1650 to Oliver Cromwell. As republican and levelling principles got the upper hand, and a more fanatical and narrow-minded set of men were coming into power, universities were likely to have been voted a superfluity. To the roundheads the institutions had been obnoxious as royalist, to the independents they were obnoxious as learning. The superior intelligence and vigorous hand of the Lord Protector it was which now raised the seats of learning from the destruction to which the ignorant fanaticism of the republicans and levellers inevitably doomed them. The moment the universities recognized Cromwell's authority he gave them his protection and enlightened patronage.

This was in 1650. Oxford had now a ten years' repose, during which, though godliness and discipline were the primary care of the authorities, encouragement to study was not wanting. Then came the Restoration and the reaction. The new men were ejected; the old men, but not the old ways, came back. Wood, who in 1650 had heard the convocation house resound with the cheerful acclamations of the M.A.'s, when Oliver's letter, dated Edinburgh, was read, in which he accepted the chancellorship, now in 1661 heard the same plaudits attending the nomination of Hyde, Lord Clarendon, to the same office. In the same convocation house in which the parliamentary visitors had held their visitation, Charles II. held a parliament. To Oxford he brought his gay and brilliant court, not for a visit, but for a long residence; here Lady Castlemaine, in one of the fellows' rooms at Merton, gave birth to a Fitzroy, and would walk in Trinity Lime-walk — Christchurch Broad-walk was not yet — with a lute playing before her, or attend the college chapel "like an angel, but half-dressed," thought the demure dons, who had never seen French fashions. Wood, who had seen the Book of Common Prayer banished from the college chapels for thirteen years, from '47 to '60,

lived to see in 1686 mass celebrated in University College and Christchurch, presided over by a roman catholic Dean. The closing scene of these political oscillations arrived in 1687. In that year the history of the university is again, for a moment, the history of England; for in that year James II., in imitation of Louis XIV., made his memorable attempt to force his own religion upon the university.

This story has been often told—told, indeed, by each historian of England in his turn. Mackintosh had told it with a fulness of detail which seemed to preclude all attempt to re-write it after him. Yet Macaulay did re-write it, and his elaborate narrative hides from view an amount of solid research which is generally thought to be incompatible with style. It would be, indeed, presumptuous to re-write the story after Macaulay. In resuming, in a few sentences, the chief features of the situation, it is intended only to direct attention to the attitude of the university towards the government.

In March, 1687, the presidentship of Magdalen College became vacant by death. The election of president is vested by statute in the fellows. But it was not without precedent that the Crown should recommend a candidate to the choice of the electors, and on such occasions it had been the practice for the electors to show respect to the letters of the Sovereign. In such recommendations the Crown had never attempted to put forward any candidate who did not possess the statutable qualifications. The statutes of Magdalen required the president should be chosen out of those who were, or had been fellows of Magdalen or of New Colleges. On this occasion James II. recommended to the electors one Antony Farmer, a junior M.A. of Magdalen, but not a fellow; he was therefore not statutably eligible. He was further disqualified by act of parliament, being a roman catholic convert. But the king's letters mandatory contained what were called dispensing clauses,—“Any statute, custom, or constitution

to the contrary notwithstanding, where-with we are graciously pleased to dispense in his behalf.”

It does not appear that the fellows, however they might feel aggrieved by it, questioned the royal prerogative which interfered with their freedom of choice. It does not even appear that they questioned at first the dispensing power. But the *person* recommended to them was intolerable. In the then irritated state of feeling it was monstrous to think of putting a roman catholic at the head of a body of protestant fellows; and the personal character of Farmer was such as was calculated to degrade the college in public estimation. As it would have been highly indiscreet to have urged against Farmer that he was of the king's religion, the fellows rest their petition of remonstrance on his moral character. We cannot, therefore, lay much stress upon the allegations of this kind which the fellows bring against Farmer, as they must be regarded as intended to mask the objection they felt, but dared not make, to his religion. Though the odious picture which Macaulay has drawn of Farmer is exaggerated, it is confessed on all hands that his youth, levity, presumption, and want of general conduct, made him an unfit person to be sent to preside over a society of grave and virtuous divines. The court was sensible of their error; they dropt Farmer, and a new mandate was sent down. But before this mandate arrived the fellows had elected John Hough, who had the statutable qualifications, and he had been admitted by the visitor. The fellows stood by the man of their choice. The Crown was equally obstinate in maintaining its new nominee, Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford. The King had formidable engines at his disposal; first, the Court of High Commission, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, and that Lord Chancellor Jefferies; secondly, a visitation of the college. Both these instruments of coercion were brought to bear. The fellows appeared before the Court of High Commission,

sitting in London, when Hough's election was pronounced void. And a subaltern commission was sent down to Oxford to admit Parker, if necessary by force, and generally to visit the college. Parker was admitted, Hough withdrew of his own accord.

If it were ever admissible to speak of what might have been, instead of what *was*, we should be tempted to do so at this point, and to say that if James had stopped here, the university and the college would have acquiesced in what had been done, and nothing further would have been heard of the Magdalen College case. But James, or the catholic junta which directed the government, elated with success, ventured on a further aggression. The material victory gained was not enough; there must be a moral triumph. They now required the fellows of Magdalen to make a submission in writing, to sign a humble apology for their conduct, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the commission, as well as of what had been done under it. This overweening demand plainly betrays its origin. It issues not from the policy of the statesman who respects the subjects whom he governs, but the despotism of the society of Jesus, which is not content with obedience in fact, but aspires to crush and break the wills of its disciples. To the demand now made the fellows of Magdalen returned a refusal. The High Commission was set in action once more. The fellows and demies were ejected, and their places filled with roman catholics nominated by the Crown. The Bishop of Oxford, who had been some time in declining health, died, and Bonaventure Gifford, a roman catholic bishop, was nominated president. Magdalen was become a catholic college.

Such is a brief outline of the last occasion on which Oxford has appeared on the stage of national history. Two hundred years have nearly elapsed since, during which our annals offer no events but those which belong to the peaceful pursuits of letters, or the humble duties of education.

One remark is called for by the Magdalen College case. It is, I believe, popularly thought that the issue tried in this case was either that of the dispensing power, or that of the legality of the High Commission. But it was not so. There were indeed in this case, on the part of the king, many exertions of power either directly illegal or of doubtful legality. He had superseded the free choice of the electors by a mandate designating a particular person. He had exercised the dispensing power twice for persons who were not fellows of Magdalen, or of New; twice for roman catholics. He had brought the fellows of Magdalen, members of a lay corporation, before the High Commission Court—a court for ecclesiastical causes—the commission of that court itself being illegal. Lastly, he had assumed to visit the college by a subaltern commission delegated by the High Commission, and had visited not to inquire, but to hear, to determine, and to punish.

All these exertions of prerogative being either illegal, or of doubtful legality, according to the opinion of the lawyers of that day, it might have been supposed that the fellows would have taken their stand upon their legal rights. But they do not do so. The plea they put forward is, as against Farmer, that of objectionable moral character; as against Parker, the fact that they had elected Hough before the mandate to elect Parker arrived; as against the dispensation, that they take an oath in their statutes not to accept any dispensation. On every point they evade the great constitutional issue; or rather they decline to make common cause with the constitutional party. The fact is, they were all members of the Church of England, and members of the University of Oxford. And the Church and the university had for three generations been committing themselves more and more deeply to the high doctrines of prerogative and divine right. It was not open to them, now that this prerogative was suddenly played against themselves, to turn round

and affirm that there were limitations to it.

None of James's violent acts contributed so much to his downfall as this assault on Magdalen. By his own confession afterwards (Burnet, p. 799), "the king, both at Faversham and after his return to Whitehall, justified all he had done, but spoke a little doubtfully of the business of Magdalen College."

Yet it appears that the parties concerned, the fellows of Magdalen, the invasion of whose rights awakened all this sympathy, never raised the constitutional issue, but put forward the merely personal plea of their oaths and their consciences—a plea in which the nation had no interest. It was not till a late stage in the proceedings that

Hough timidly, and as an after-thought, brought out a protest against the jurisdiction of the Court of High Commission. It is another instance to be added to the many which history furnishes of great principles having been vindicated by the agency of men who are wholly unconscious of what they were doing. The triumph of civil liberty over arbitrary power in 1688 was due in great measure to the passive resistance of the fellows of Magdalen, as the emancipation of the human mind from the control of the clergy in the sixteenth century was due in great measure to the preaching of Luther. But the vindication of civil liberty was no more in the thoughts of the fellows of Magdalen, than the emancipation of the intellect was in the intention of Luther.

MARK PATTISON.

To be continued.

TWO CITIES AND TWO SEASONS—ROME AND LONDON,
A.D. 408 AND 1875.

IF any one wishes to study a microcosm and epitome of the grand world in London, as it is to be seen during the present season, let him go to Hyde Park on what day he will between the hours of five and seven P.M. He will find no single feature in our fashionable civilization unrepresented. Vienna may have its Prater, Berlin its Unter den Linden, Rome its Corso and its Pincian, Paris its Bois de Boulogne, New York its Broadway, St. Petersburg its Nevské Perspective. The spectacle of the Row in the season is unrivalled in either hemisphere. Thirty years ago the number of well-appointed equipages, which "a stranger, seated on the rails near our great captain's statue, might see pass before him to the Mall in all the pomp of aristocratic pride," within the space of two hours, was calculated by "Nimrod" at a thousand; that estimate, to be adequate, should now be quadrupled. "Old Seneca," writes the chronicler of the Chase, the Turf, and the Road, best known by his already-mentioned *nom de plume*, "tells us such a blaze of splendour was once to be seen on the Appian Way. It might be so; it is now to be seen nowhere but in London."

To discover something like a prototype for Rotten Row and the London season, it is not necessary to travel the full interval of time which separates us from the age of the great Stoic moralist. Let us ask the reader to suppose himself in the thick of a Roman season, two hundred years and more after Lucius Annæus Seneca had bequeathed to his friends and to posterity "the image of his life." We are, in fact, in Pagano-Christian Rome, about the date 408 of this era of grace. Society had its historians, its satirists, and its preachers, pretty much as society has now. It had, too, its follies, its foibles, its

extravagances, much after the pattern which Babylon sets the world to-day. For our edification the records of all these survive. Ammianus Marcellinus and the Christian fathers themselves abound in sketches which have the stamp of truth, and we must be dull indeed if we miss their application to our own epoch. It is overpoweringly hot in the seven-hilled city. The Roman season of 408 languishes to its end. But the cypresses which line the Appian Way cast as grateful a shadow as the elms which flank Rotten Row. The gorgeously decorated carriages are surmounted with skilfully-devised awnings, and tall footmen, stationed on the splash-board behind, hold over the heads of patrician dames gilded umbrellas with silken folds. Still it is "quite too awful this heat: how delicious to be in Iceland." It was not exactly in this language that the Roman ladies of the period expressed themselves, but if Ammianus Marcellinus is to be trusted the sentiment conveyed was identical. "Should a sunbeam," he writes, "penetrate through some unguarded and imperceptible chink they deplore their intolerable hardships, and lament in affected language that they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians, the region of eternal darkness." The crowd of carriages—*carrucæ*, is the name given them by the Roman historian, and they may be said roughly to correspond to our modern barouches—grows denser every minute. At the first mile-stone from the Servian gates, and from thence to the tomb of the Scipios, hard by the hollow of the Aqua Crabra, the equipages press so closely on each other that they can only proceed at a snail's pace. Nearer to the city still, as the road becomes a street, and is intersected by various thoroughfares,

the stream of vehicles disperses in different directions, and the equipages of matrons and ladies set off at a sharp trot "round the immense space of the city and suburbs. Their long robes of silk and purple float in the wind, and as they are agitated by art or accident they occasionally discover the rich tunics embroidered with the figures of various animals." Are the fair occupants of the *carrucæ* supplied to the present generation by such purveyors as Messrs. Laurie and Marner ignorant of similar innocent little devices for displaying the elegant fit of a bodice, or the graceful fold of a mantilla? But Rotten Row is not exclusively dedicated to the presence of ladies whose social position is well defined and indisputable. The half-world of M. Dumas supplies a conspicuous contingent. The Marchioness of Carabas's victoria is immediately followed by Anonyma and her ponies. A very considerable sensation was very recently caused in Hyde Park by the pertinacity with which a certain Liliuputian equipage, drawn by a pair of miniature horses, on one of which was seated a diminutive postilion, made its appearance within the fashionable inclosure day after day; and great ladies, while betraying signs of deep curiosity as to the *status* and the antecedents of the proprietress of this bijou vehicle, were heard to express their disgust at the frequent signs of recognition which she elicited from the gilded youth and the more patriarchal dandies grouped on the adjacent footpath. Strangely enough Ammianus indicates something very like a parallel to this. "If," he tells us, and he is speaking of the Roman nobles, "in their places of mixed and general resort they meet any of their favourites they do not refrain from open salutation." Unless Chrysostom grievously exaggerates the phenomena of his age, institutions closely analogous to the afternoon teas which attract a considerable proportion of the members of two Pall Mall Clubs to the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood and South Belgravia, were not unknown to the young officers of the

imperial army, taking their holiday in the seven-hilled city after the labours of an arduous campaign among the border tribes of Scythia.

Nothing can be more dramatically complete than the entire picture presented by the historian, on whom the author of the "Decline and Fall" has so largely drawn, of high life at Rome, and of the characters and customs of an aristocracy which had long since lost its influence because it systematically ignored its duties. And a new aristocracy, that of wealth, had asserted its existence in the social hierarchy of Rome. In nineteenth century London, a good many highly respectable people flaunt armorial bearings, crests, and mottoes, to which they have no legal or heraldic claim, and are supplied by obliging dealers with faithful portraits of a remote and mythical ancestry. Changes of patronymic are not unknown. Neither were they unknown in the epoch of which Ammianus gives us a faithful narrative. These shoddies—*plebecula* is the Latin expression—"contend," he remarks, "with each other in the empty vanity of titles and surnames—curiously select or invent the most lofty and sonorous appellations." Thus some wretched *terre filius* who had made his fortune by a successful venture in Asiatic merchandise or Greek fruit, would from plain Faber swagger before the Roman world as Reburus or Fabunius, Pagonius or Tarrasinus—titles, observes our author, "which seem to impress the ears of the vulgar with astonishment and respect. From a vain ambition," he continues, "of perpetuating their memory, they affect to multiply their likeness in statues of bronze and marble." Have we not here something like an anticipation of those "Portraits of a Gentleman" which now form so prominent a feature in the annual exhibition at Burlington House?

Let us select another point of coincidence between the two cities and the two seasons. The gambling hells of London no longer exist. But is the social reform which we pride our-

selves on having consummated genuine? If we have no Crockford's, have we no Arlington and no Portland? If we do not play high in public, what passes in private? If there are no organizations out of doors for the promotion of *écarté* and *roulette*, is there any person at all acquainted with the *vie intime* of Mayfair and St. James's who cannot mention half-a-dozen domiciles, pretty and innocent enough as to their exterior, but to which no visitor would be welcome after the shades of night had fallen, unless he was willing to stake sums, for something more than "fun" or "love," on the turn of the dice or the colour of the cards. Are there no Becky Sharpes and Rawdon Crawleys to preside over such delightful little establishments as these? "Another method," we quote the garrulously circumstantial chronicler, "of introduction into the houses and society of the great is derived from the profession of gaming, or, as it is more politely styled, of play. The confederates are united by a strict and indissoluble bond of friendship, or rather of conspiracy: a superior degree of skill in the Tesserarian art (which may be interpreted the game of dice and tables) is a sure road to wealth and reputation." Captain Deuceace and Mr. Rocketeer may be glad to know that they each of them have their prototypes in Ammianus Marcellinus. Perhaps if we could recover some of the lost books of Ammianus's history, we should read of the woes of "plungers" and the sorrows of "pigeons."

The effect produced on the reader of these records resembles that which follows on a survey of the excavated remains at Herculaneum and Pompeii. We are brought face to face with a civilization which, as we gaze at it, lives again. The Roman nobles of whom Ammianus tells us are not phantoms—they are realities. We can see their consequential swagger as they walk in the direction of the Campus Martius; our eyes are blinded by the dust-clouds raised by their whirling equipages; we are conscious of offence at the contemptuous arrogance of

their manner; we do not fail to perceive the settled sneer that curls upon their upper lip. If we were to follow them, after the conclusion of their drive through the Appian Way, into their palaces grouped on or around the hills of the city, we should be impressed with a sense rather of glare and glitter than of elegance or comfort. Mr. Disraeli, in his latest novel, has described a certain order of banquets as marked by "coarse plenty and barbaric splendour." In the great houses of Pagano-Christian Rome there was magnificence rather than grandeur, luxury rather than refinement. The dinners and suppers of the aristocracy were conceived on a scale of gorgeous abundance; there was a dazzling profusion of plate; the air was heavy with perfumes of sickly sweetness; but there was an absence of all humanizing influences. The impression conveyed by a perusal of such a treatise as Müller's *opus magnum* on the "Genius, the Character, and the Learning of the Age of Theodosius" is one of ostentatious vulgarity. Yet even in the chapter of Ammianus on the Roman nobility there are one or two brief passages not unsuggestive of a certain degree of parallelism. As we read of proud and wealthy senators who "when in the country, welcome a casual acquaintance with such warm professions and such kind inquiries that he retires enchanted with the affability of his illustrious friend, and full of regret that he had so long delayed his journey to Rome;" as we hear the sequel—how when the provincial makes the solicited visit to his *potens amicus* in the capital, at his town house, "he is mortified by the discovery that his person, his name, and his county are already forgotten," are we not reminded of the episode in which a well-known personage replying on the flag-stones of Pall Mall to the effusive salutation of a rural acquaintance, said that as he had known him in the country before, so he should be happy to know him when he was in the country again? While rustic cousins were not more courted in Rome than in London, foreigners were in a measure

the fashion. My Lord Fabunius, Viscount Pagonius, or Earl Tarrasinus welcomed with open arms the stranger who hailed from Athens or the shores of the Levant. There are members of the peerage in England who appear to believe that a sea voyage has the same effect upon human character as on wine, and who extend to the smallest of Transatlantic authors a reception which they would shudder to give to a man of letters of their own country.

Let us suppose that the Roman season of the year 408 A.D. is over, and that the representatives of Roman fashion have retired from the capital for the purpose of recruiting after its fatigues—even as in August the broken hearts of London will wing their flight to Scarborough and the blighted beings find refuge at Cowes. Italy had both its Cowes and its Scarborough. The painted galleys which sailed upon the waters of the Lucrine lake, what were they but the forerunners of the fairy craft which flit up and down the Solent? We have heard of yachtsmen who object upon principle to lose sight of their clubhouse on the coast, and who are careful not to go so far in their expeditions as to be unable to recognise the signal which a kindly *chef* displays communicating to them the contents of the dinner *ménù* of the day. The fine ladies and gentlemen who trusted themselves to the surface of the Mediterranean off Baïæ and Cayeta were, we gather from Ammianus, very fair-weather sailors indeed. "Sometimes," writes this Duc de Gramont of his age, "these heroes undertake more arduous achievements—they visit their estates in Italy, and procure themselves by the toil of servile hands the amusements of the chase." Did Ammianus intend to make any prophetic allusion to the modern *battue*? Before we quit this part of our subject, let us give a further extract from our historian. "The acquisition of knowledge seldom engages the curiosity of the nobles, who abhor the fatigue and disdain the advantages of study. . . . But the costly

instruments of the theatre, flutes and enormous lyres, are constructed for their use; and the harmony of vocal and instrumental music is incessantly repeated in the palaces of Rome. In those palaces sound is preferred to sense, and the care of the body to that of the mind. . . . The distress which follows and chastises extravagant luxury often reduces the great to the use of the most humiliating expedients, and when they desire to borrow they employ the base and supplicatory style of the slave in the comedy." We think it was Mr. Gaston Phœbus who said that the great point in the training of our governing classes is that they never "read." Have not the theatre and its accompaniments become of late a fashion to an extent only known since the model of social Paris has been set up and worshipped in London? while as for the Nemesis of insolvency which dogged the footsteps of the "extravagant" habits of the nobles in the reign of Honorius and Constantine, has it been unknown since the accession of Queen Victoria?

The question of the populousness of Rome at this period is one which, notwithstanding the immense amount of speculation and research that it has excited, has not been settled. Whether we fix the number of its inhabitants at 1,200,000, or at little more than half that sum, it is at least certain that in the dense crowding of its dwellings, in its close and vivid contrasts between pauperism and epulence, in the local proximity of the dens of squalor and misery to the palaces of a profligate aristocracy, Rome resembled London more nearly than any other city has ever done before or since. Then, as now, St. James and St. Giles were next door neighbours, and had some Roman senator cared to take up such a social question he might have found abundant material for a measure analogous to Mr. Cross's "Rookeries Bill." Into such matters as these the great world of Pagano-Christian Rome did not care to inquire; and the languid ladies who wore all kinds of devotional and religious devices embroidered on their

dainty robes—even as our own “girls of the period” burden their bosoms with crosses and show a *penchant* for Brummagem rosaries—bestowed not a thought upon the wretched, ragged specimens of humanity whom they encountered in the course of their afternoon drive. Yet these high-born dames and demoiselles prided themselves above all things on the orthodoxy of their theological faith. The religion of Christianity had already become highly fashionable at Rome. Six years before the Gothic siege, St. Melania returned to the Italian capital after an absence of some duration for purposes of piety. On this occasion, as we learn from Paulinus Nolanus, the Appian way was one uninterrupted blaze of splendid carriages, containing the wives and daughters of the chief nobles and senators of the city, magnificently dressed in [the most elaborate toilets which the costumiers of the age could manufacture. Rome had, in truth, come out to meet and greet the fashionable saint in much the same way that London debouches into Hyde Park when the Princess of Wales, for the first time in the season, comes forth to gladden with her presence the eyes of the motley concourse at the West End. A motley group, too, it was which welcomed, A.D. 402, the divine Melania to the city of her adoption. There, in the midst of a throng, habited in a multitude of fashions, and resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow, were a sprinkling of men and women whose garments and whose mien struck the eye as a protest against the levity and ostentation of the crowd—women in serge dresses and with covered faces; men who, as they hurried onwards to catch a glimpse of her whom Heaven was supposed to have visited with such exceptional marks of favour, muttered a prayer under their breath, described upon their breast the sign of the cross, made a gesture, as who would say, *Apate, Satanas!* while their toga of coarsest cloth or untanned skin trailed behind.

It was these latter who constituted the Roman clergy, and who were the

spiritual guides, pastors, and confessors of the feminine rank and fashion of the Eternal City. The resemblance presented by the interior of a fashionable church at Rome to what is to be witnessed any Sunday at any one of the ritualistic establishments in London must have been curiously close.

“In a church that is furnished with mullion and gable,
With nave and with chancel, with reredos and groin,
The penitent’s dresses are sealskin and sable,
The odour of sanctity’s Eau de Cologne.

“But only could Lucifer flying from Hades
Gaze down on this crowd with its pan-niers and paints,
He would say, as he looked at the lords and the ladies,
‘Oh, where is All Sinners, if this is All Saints?’”

So has written an epigrammatist of our day, and there are passages in the writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine which read like ancient homilies on the modern text. The women, we are told by these fathers of the Church, “take their places and offer up their prayers loaded with rings and chains. The air is filled with strange scents and exquisite odours. Religion itself is made subservient to vanity and display. Even in the house of God matrons wear their hair brought up to an enormous height, especially affecting the *golden dye* [mark these words!] from which propensity they are not to be deterred by any motives of religion.” In a similar vein St. Jerome, reviewing the *personnel* of the congregation which attended his own chapel, asks, in one of his sermons, “What business have rouge and paint on a Christian cheek? Who can weep for her sins as she hears the just wrath and sure judgments of God announced, if she knows that the tears will wash her face bare and leave furrows on her skin? With what trust can faces be lifted up towards heaven which the Maker cannot recognize as His workmanship?” St. Gregory of Nazianzen, while preaching a funeral sermon on his sister

Gorgonia, takes the opportunity of satirizing the feminine follies and foibles of the day, and by anticipation, of a day also for which the world was to wait some fourteen centuries. "Her only ornaments," quoth the saintly pulpiteer in reference to the object of his panegyric, "were pure manners and a pure air. She wore no jewels, no fine transparent robes, no hair crisped, no extravagant head-dress, no paint, no false colours. Gorgonia's red was given by modesty, her white by fasting." "Those pigments," exclaims Tertullian, "that ye use for your cheeks, that red dye which ye place upon your lips, that black with which ye mark your eyebrows—what are they but open disdain for God's work? In God's likeness ye were made, and of that similitude ye do your utmost to destroy all trace."

Yet, notwithstanding these very plain animadversions, delivered Sunday after Sunday from the pulpit of the Roman churches against the iniquities of fashion, the clergy were high in fashionable favour, and their sermons were listened to by overflowing congregations. The Roman ladies appear to have had the same taste in the matter of pulpit oratory as that attributed by Mrs. Oliphant in "*Chronicles of Carlingford*" to one of her heroines, and to have been chiefly attracted by "real, rousing-up discourses." One preacher might say that "women had always some contest with saints; and that the enmity of Jezebel to Elias, and of Herodias to John the Baptist, was typical of a strife that was being waged every day in the world." Tertullian might blindly exclaim, "You women are the cause of the sin of the world, and yet you delight thus to attract notice to yourselves;" or might, by a fanciful combination of ideas, carry his hearers in thought from the serpent to the devil, and from the devil to womankind by the following images:—"Pearls, which are the ornaments of women, are taken out of the heads of serpents: this only was wanting to Christian women to be

indebted to the serpent for the improvement of their beauty. Is this the way in which they seek to carry out the spirit of the prophecy, "She shall bruise his head?" Nor was Chrysostom more reserved or complimentary. "Your fine linen," he said, "will not shield you from the flame; your purple will not keep off the fire of hell." There is nothing to show that these expostulations and invectives produced much in the way of result. It was to no purpose that these patristic Boanerges reminded their flock that they were told by the inspired Word to work out their salvation with fear and trembling, and yet that, in the face of this Divine information, they appeared before Him week after week with faces confident and satisfied, as if their silks, their laces, ponderous buckles and diamonds, could purchase safety for their souls. If "the body of a little woman could be made to bear a load of riches, and carry about with it an entire estate," did the wearer of that wealth remember that as she had brought nothing into the world so she could take nothing out? When St. Jerome, as he thundered forth his eloquent and impassioned diatribes against the sins of his generation, saw depicted on the countenances of his hearers a keenly critical pleasure, and recognized in their manner a tendency to demonstrate their approval by words and signs, he indignantly deprecated any such manifestation. "Let me," he cried, "hear rather the groans of the people than their acclamations; let the only applause given me be their tears."

At this period no fewer than thirty-nine churches existed on the sites of Pagan temples. The Bishop of Rome had already become a considerable personage in the realm. His power was supreme over the urban clergy, and extended to a wide suburbicarian district as well. The clerical establishment which he ruled in the city itself was composed of forty-six presbyters, seven deacons, as many subdeacons, forty-two acolytes, fifty-two exorcists, and a host of wardens and door-keepers. In the splendours of its

ceremonial, Roman Christianity did not yield to Roman Paganism. The propriety of this magnificence in the services of the Church was not, however, undisputed. We may even trace in the difference of sentiment and practice which prevailed on the subject the germs of that feud which has continued for centuries among professing Christians, and which divides the Church of England at the present day—between the supporters of a gorgeous symbolism in ecclesiastical ordinances and the cultivators of a studied and severe simplicity. It is clear that then, as now, the religious world was divided into the opposing camps of Ritualism and Evangelicism. The cultus of primitive Christianity, which was distinctively Roman, had not suffered itself to be betrayed into extravagance. The increase of religious pageantry was the result of a twofold influence—first, the necessity of a successful competition with the ceremonies of Paganism; secondly, the force of the example of the Eastern Christian Church. In the age of which we write the pomp of Byzantine usage had grafted itself on the once almost puritanically simple Church of Rome. Still the innovations were (in some quarters) strongly opposed; and while it was urged, on the one hand, that religion, in winning souls to the Saviour of mankind, should without hesitation avail itself of all the allurements of sense, it was contended, on the other, that the æsthetic emotions were at best an untrustworthy basis for moral practice or for theological conviction.¹ Strangely enough, as if a premonitory sign of the warfare in after ages to be waged by opposite schools of thought as to the text of the spiritual songs and psalms in use in their churches, a severe conflict had already arisen on the subject of ecclesiastical hymnals and their appropriate musical accompaniment. Any person who knows the bone of con-

tention which the publication entitled “Hymns, Ancient and Modern” is among the clergy of the present day will regard the dispute as ominously prophetic.

Old Rome—the Rome of the Cæsars, of Jupiter, of the worship of Vesta, the Rome whose glory and protection were the special care of all the members of the Olympian hierarchy—had passed away. The new order of things had been already entered upon. The religion of Christianity was popular; excommunication was a social and a fashionable penalty, and involved a species of ostracism from the most select of Roman coteries. The Church was not merely the home of piety: it was a court of modish honour. The supremacy of the pontiffs bade fair to rival that of the Emperors; and in the relations which existed between Valentinian and Damasus, we may see the first beginnings of that strife between Pope and Kaiser which runs through the whole web of European history. “When I consider,” says Ammianus, speaking of the contest between Damasus and Ursinus for the pontifical chair, “the splendour of the capital, I am not surprised that so valuable a prize should inflame the desires of ambitious men. The successful candidate is secure that he will be enriched by the offerings of the matrons; as soon as his dress is composed with becoming care and elegance he may proceed in his chariot through the streets of Rome; and the sumptuousness of the imperial table will not equal the profuse and delicate entertainments provided by the taste and at the expense of the Roman pontiffs. How much more rationally would these pontiffs consult their true happiness, if, instead of alleging the greatness of the city as an excuse for their manners, they would imitate the exemplary life of those provincial bishops whose temperance and sobriety, whose mean apparel and downcast looks, recommend their pure and modest virtue to the Deity and His true worshippers.”

We need not have much difficulty in finding points of social detail in which

¹ In his “Early Christianity” (iii. 30), Dean Milman has traced the gradual transfiguration of the ritual of the Roman Church, and its social and religious results.

the ecclesiastical system of Pagano-Christian Rome suggests a resemblance to that of Christian and fashionable London. The "pet parsons" and the "fast clergymen" of modern society had their faithful prototypes in the fifth century. The Rev. Morphine Velvet, of Mr. Samuel Warren, and the Rev. Charles Honeyman, of Mr. Thackeray, had their prototypes in the ranks of the primitive Roman hierarchy. The spirit which prompts young ladies of the present day to overwhelm the celibate curate or the rector (unattached) with gifts of slippers and curiously emblazoned book-marks, animated the matrons and the maids, whose ancestresses had bowed their pious knee in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. St. Jerome takes the younger clergy of his communion severely to task because they do not abstain from mingling in the giddy crowd on the Appian Way or even from assisting at the shows of the theatre and the spectacles of the circus. "You," he exclaims with righteous wrath, in one of his addresses, "who by your vows have dedicated your life to the divine service, are you not ashamed to devote hours and days to attendance on these idle women, who, while they prattle about the things of the next world, have their hearts and affections solely fixed upon the things of this? Does no feeling of reverence and awe prevent you from laying aside the garb which is intended to proclaim to all men your sacred calling, and assuming a dress which has in it no trace of the priesthood? Does no fear lest your souls should contract pollution from the levity and profanity of the conversation to which you must listen come over you when you take your place at those banquets of the great?" St. Jerome may possibly have fallen into an excess of severity in these denunciations of his weaker brethren. But he appears to describe phenomena with which we are curiously familiar. We shall be pardoned if we suggest that the number of Anglican clergymen who are to be met with in Hyde Park during the season, on the course at Ascot on the cup day,

or in the Duke of Richmond's Park during the Goodwood week, in *mufti*, might cause the bones of the old Roman saint to turn with indignation in their sepulchre. It is perfectly possible to distinguish between two classes of the Christian priesthood, each of them possessing considerable social influence at Rome, and diligently cultivating the families of the Roman nobility. On the one hand we have the monkish *heredipetists*, or legacy-hunters—the priestly successors of the *testamenti captatores* lashed by Juvenal—who on the strength of their spiritual influence with the opulent households of the capital laid the foundation of the temporal wealth of their order; on the other we have those who take advantage of their priestly position and privileges to acquire in Gibbon's language, "the most desirable advantages of the world; the lively attachment, perhaps, of a young and beautiful woman; the delicate plenty of an opulent household, and the respectful homage of the slaves, the freedmen, and the clients of a senatorial family."¹ When we remember that in the early days of the Christian Church at Rome celibacy was not uniformly compulsory on her priesthood, the position and the possible pretensions of the ecclesiastical *cavalier servente* provide us with the outline of a picture that, *mutatis mutandis*, might have been drawn from the life of to-day.

In alluding to the power exercised by the Christian clergy over the fair members of their congregation, we are reminded of a change that had already taken place in the social and legal position of the entire sex, which must on the whole be allowed to bring us very near to the modern order of things. The condition of the Roman wife had become totally revolutionized. The family was no longer constructed on the principle of marital autocracy, but of co-equal partnership. The legal rights of women as regarded the tenure of property, independent of the jurisdiction of their husbands, were as complete as the late Mr. Mill would have desired. The for-

¹ "Decline and Fall," chap. xxv.

tunes of many of the Roman ladies were immense, and, in the manner which has been described above, not unfrequently found their way into the coffers of the Church—a destination which was by no means discontinued after the issue of Valentinian's edict illegalizing testamentary dispositions made in the interest of ecclesiastics. Socially, the Roman lady was free to order her movements as she would, nor can Mayfair or Belgravia boast of more perfect specimens of feminine independence than abounded in the fashionable neighbourhood of the Palatine. Marriage was regarded, the protests of the Church notwithstanding, as a civil contract terminable at will, and one of the consequences of the practical adoption of this view was that a phenomenon which the student of English sociology will recognize as strangely on the increase in our own favoured century was curiously prevalent at Rome. Probably every third carriage which passed in that glittering string described by Ammianus Marcellinus down the great promenade of the city contained a *divorcée*, or a marketable widow. St. Jerome mentions a lady of fashion at Rome who was married to her twenty-third husband, she herself being his twenty-first wife. Incompatibility of temper, difference of religious belief, mere dislike of the married state—these were admitted as sufficient causes for a final suspension of all matrimonial relations. A *divorcée* is eyed with suspicion in London or at Brighton, where they are probably more numerous than in any other town in the United Kingdom, or even in Paris. But though pulpits echoed Sunday after Sunday with denunciations of divorce as an institution ineffably offensive to the Divine will, the custom was regarded with something more than social toleration. The lady who had separated from her husband by mere process of law enjoyed a greater amount of liberty than her unmarried friend, and in spite of the fervour of the patristic condemnation, her position suggested itself to her friends as only less desirable than that of the widow. On the

widow of the period, not less than on the *divorcée*, St. Jerome is particularly severe. "They are used," he says, "to paint, to dress in silk, wear jewels, and sprinkle themselves with perfumes. They mourn for their husbands as if they rejoiced that they are at last freed from bondage, and may look after other husbands." Before we take leave of the impassioned invective of this saintly censor we may say that there is one class in the world of Roman fashion whom he assails with more indignant remonstrances than worldly-minded clerics, divorced wives, or frisky widows—the *passé* dowagers and the decaying dandies, who, "though the tomb is waiting to receive them, still flock to the theatres and sun themselves in the park." "You dress well," he says, speaking to some Major Pendennis of his day, "you wear rings, you adjust in proper form the few hairs that remain on your autumnal head. Has not the hour come for more serious thoughts?" St. Salvian's language is even more emphatic, and his *senes improbi mundi usibus dediti* may be translated with accuracy if not with elegance "fashionable old sinners."

Twenty-five years ago, there was no more common theme of priestly invective in the pulpits of our English churches than the stage. The Puritan animosity against the theatre as the temple of the devil and the anteroom of hell had not yet died out. For two reasons these diatribes are heard with much less frequency now: first, a more comprehensive and robust view is generally taken of dramatic art; secondly, the objections which a quarter of a century since might have been advanced, not without injustice, to the immorality of its accessories, are now anachronous. Vice itself may not have decreased; but the *venue* of vice has been shifted, and the music-hall has purged the playhouse. Even our professed teachers of religion and morality have recognized the truth, that nothing is gained by obscurantism at least here; and that if the art of the playwright or the novelist be the representation of human

nature, sin and misery, crime and sorrow, come within the legitimate sphere of literary or dramatic treatment. The writings of the moralists and divines contemporary with St. Jerome are full of unmeasured strictures upon spectacles which are sometimes roughly identified with the theatrical performances of our own time. We venture to think it is an entire mistake to suppose that the genuine dramatic exhibitions of the nineteenth century were included by anticipation in the patristic anathemas of the fifth. The gymnastic games of the circus, and the presentation of the comedies of Plautus, Terence, and their successors were not placed under the ban of the primitive Church. St. Cyprian is perhaps of all others the writer and preacher who discusses the topic at the greatest length, and who subjects the influence of the pageants of the stage on those who throng to witness them to the most unsparing analysis. But his animadversions are only applicable to the drama in its most debased form; to the brutalising combats between gladiators and wild beasts in the amphitheatre; to the gross mimes of Liberius, and to the indecent dances of a nude *corps de ballet*. It can only be said that theatrical exhibitions were condemned unreservedly by the fathers of the Church, when it is alleged—as with only a very partial degree of truth it can be—that the only shows which the public at Rome cared to witness were of this order. The taste of a public accustomed to have its passions stirred by the sight of mortal combats between man and man had become almost irredeemably debauched. As is ever the case, cruelty and sensuality went hand in hand, and if there were exhibitions that fairly rivalled these bloodstained prize-fights, they were exhibitions which provoked desire and symbolized lust.

Was there no species of histrionic or scenic entertainment in fifth century Rome, occupying a mean point between these two extremes? We believe that there was. The pantomimists of the imperial city had acquired an evil name

in the days of Tacitus; the pantomime itself was not necessarily an indecorous amusement in the days of Theodosian.¹ With the charming account of the representation of the fable of Paris, as given by Apuleius in the tenth book of his “*Metamorphoses*,” before us, it may reasonably be contended that the Roman pantomime was inferior neither from an ethical nor æsthetic point of view to the *opéras bouffes* of Offenbach and to the burlesques and extravaganzas of our own stage. In such exhibitions as these Roman ladies of birth and fashion did not shrink from taking a part, and we may gather from the varied information which is incorporated in the pages of Friedlander that they occasionally paid theatrical managers large sums in consideration of being allowed the privilege of publicly appearing behind the footlights. A misguided taste, it is true, but one which we may as well recollect is not unknown in some eminently respectable circles of English society, while if English theatrical managers were to consent to sacrifice the sums which they are said to receive from *débutantes* and their friends, on the occasion of “first nights,” they would forego one of the most profitable sources of their revenue. Roman pantomimes might not always be so innocent as that described by Apuleius; but, judged by the standard of the general morality and sentiment of the two ages, it cannot be said that the Pagano-Christian public of fifth-century Rome exhibited a greater degree of indifference to theatrical decorum than the wholly Christian public of nineteenth-century London, in the eagerness with which it flocks to see Schneider in the “*Grande Duchesse*,” to witness the unlovely motions of the can-can, or to contemplate the last edition of a very questionable ballet dance newly imported from the Porte St. Martin. Barbarous and

¹ The themes of these pantomimes comprehended the whole cycle of Greek and Roman mythology, the stories of Medea and Jason, Tereus and Philomela, Perseus and Andromeda, &c. &c. Sidonius Apollinaris fills twenty-six lines with these enumerations.

brutal enough the gladiatorial *spectacula* in the amphitheatres were, as any one who has seen the pictures of Gerome will feel with a shudder. Still, when it is remembered that the multitudes who thronged to see these were the descendants of a people who had been assiduously taught during successive generations to hold bloodshed as nothing by the side of patriotism; when it is considered that in the brute courage and bull-dog resolution with which those brawny figures met death in the arena below, the crowd which cheered to madness saw the exaltation of the national ideal of excellence—it may be doubted whether a grosser sentiment of cruelty was appealed to than that which thrills an English mob at the sight of the hazardous feats of the flying trapeze, or the more select circles who gather at Hurlingham to witness the “tournament of doves,” or which animates Admiral Rous in his defence of cock-fighting!¹

The chief interest in the study of the period on which we have dwelt, arises from its prophetic presentment of the spirit and the circumstances of a later generation. Christianity in its infancy is not unmarked by those features of sectarian strife which are visible in its maturity. The intellectual key-note of the two ages gives forth a nearly identical sound. In the Rome of Ammianus Marcellinus, one system of thought and of religion had decayed without another having yet completely taken its place. It was a period of transition, and like all periods of transition it was one in which conviction was weak, and superstition and scepticism strong. “There are many,” says Ammianus, speaking of the Roman

nobles, “who do not presume either to bathe, or to dine, or to appear in public till they have diligently consulted, according to the rules of astrology, the situation of Mercury and the aspect of the moon. It is singular enough that this vain credulity may often be discovered among the profane sceptics who impiously doubt or deny the existence of a celestial power.” St. Augustine’s testimony is of similar significance. “There are,” he tells us, “men who, though they act as if they believed not in God, yet when seized with fear, suddenly cross themselves.” We may smile at the traits of heathen superstition mentioned by Ammianus, but we may as well recollect that we ourselves live in a time when the spirits of the departed are believed by not a few to embody themselves in the panels of oak sideboards, and to take up their temporary habitation in the legs of mahogany tables. Gibbon fills page after page with instances of the power and charm which the miraculous had already begun to exercise with the children of the Christian Church. Relics of inestimable value and sanctity were perpetually being discovered: “The bones of martyrs, their blood, their garments, were supposed to contain a healing power; and their preternatural influence was communicated to the most distant objects without losing any part of its virtue.”² Pilgrimages had already begun to be taken by members of fashionable Rome to shrines and sepulchres; and the follies of the Roman season were considered to be amply atoned for by one of these pious progresses. In the fifth century the expeditions were undertaken on foot; in the nineteenth the pilgrims travel first-class express. That is the chief extent of the difference.

But fashionable and popular as Christianity had become, it was scarcely yet a nationally animating power. Its doctrines created a vivid superficial enthusiasm; they sunk in few cases to the depth of a profound moral conviction. Rome has not yet had time to recover

¹ To class the public spectacles of Rome at this period under their different heads, they must be divided as follows:—(1) Gymnastic Games (our own athletic sports); (2) The Plantine and Terentian Drama (Legitimate Drama); (3) Mimes (Burlesque); (4) The Sports of the Amphitheatre (with which compare the trapeze, Hurlingham (and, if it exists anywhere still, the Prize Ring); (5) Chariot Races—an institution which corresponds exactly to our own “turf.”

² “Decline and Fall,” xxvii.

from the pernicious effects created by the juxtaposition of the multitudinous worships that had asserted themselves in the time of Augustus, and that had "effected," as Mr. Lecky justly remarks,¹ "what could not have been effected by the most sceptical literature or the most audacious philosophy:" the complete annihilation of the moral influence of religion. Stoicism was still the gospel of a majority of the intellectual men at Rome, even though, in deference to the feelings of their wives and daughters, they professed themselves believers in the Galilean revelation. The teachings of Epicurus obtained the sympathies of the mass, and Epicureanism was nothing less than the principle of national disintegration. The wealth acquired by the middle classes, combined with the supineness of the aristocratic order, had effectually removed the impassable social barrier which had till then existed between the two. Rome had taken its rank as Cosmopolis: the cosmopolitan spirit had supplanted the national; the entire community were steeped to the lips in national as well as political indifference; patriotism had expired; and a *régime* of public greatness and grandeur had been succeeded by one of ambitious luxury. It was to no purpose that Christian preachers endeavoured to awake the public mind to a sense of the inevitable catastrophe in store. A Jerome or a Chrysostom might crown his denunciations of the sins and the apathy of the time, by telling his audience that the Goths were at their gates. They

¹ "History of European Morals," vol. i. chap. ii. p. 178.

were. In less than eight years after the occasion on which fashionable piety gave St. Melania so superb a welcome on the Appian Way, Roman civilization received its death-blow from the hands of Attila and his hosts.

If in all this there is nothing that is strictly analogous to our own national conditions, is there nothing which appeals to us in accents of salutary warning? The foundations of social order may be fixed too deep in England to render us apprehensive of social dissolution. It was the absolute supremacy of the Roman empire—the absence of all competition with its resources and prestige in the lists of the world—which paved the way for its fall. It perished of its own security, and was buried beneath the monument of its own greatness. From this danger we are happily free. We have rivals abroad; we have at home men marked out by the combined qualifications of birth, character, and position as the natural leaders of the people, who are able and ready to play their part in the national history. This was a boon never vouchsafed to Pagan-Christian Rome. Nevertheless, are we not, too, passing through a period of transition—of transition political, social, religious, philosophical? Is not our lot cast also amid the conflict of creeds and the fierce antagonism of ideas? Are we beset by no perils of political infidelity and national selfishness? If this is the case, then the contrast which in these pages it has been attempted to draw cannot be otherwise than seasonable and suggestive.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

ST. ANDREW'S LINKS.¹

As I came over St. Andrew's Links
 So sweet a face I saw,
 I thought—"Could I that maiden win,
 I'd make her mine by law."

The sweet face turned, with a rosy blush,
 The sweet mouth smiled on me;
 And a sweet voice said, "O Cousin Fred,
 Can I so forgotten be?"

My heart leaped up with a sudden throb;
 My pulse beat hard and wild:
 It was Cousin Jean! whom I had not seen
 Since she was a slender child.

And since we met, the sister I loved,
 In her blooming youth had died:
 And Jean had wept for a father's loss,
 By her widowed mother's side.

So we turned and spoke of the dear old home,
 And the tranquil days gone by,
 And the friendly folk we both had known
 Ere we learned to weep or sigh.

And so we walked—and so we talked—
 Till we plighted our hearts and hands:
 While the slow white waves, like a bridal veil,
 Crept over the gleaming sands.

But small was the fortune I could boast,
 And Cousin Jean had none;
 So it was agreed I should toil a while
 Where gold might yet be won.

¹ Links, in Scotch parlance, "sandy flat ground on the sea-shore, covered with bent-grass, furze," &c.; also, ground inclosed by the windings of a river, as at Perth, Stirling, and other places.

One light kiss on her tender cheek
To bar her gentle tears ;
One long clasp of the fast-locked hands,
Which might sunder, perhaps, for years ;

One glad smile on the care-worn face
Of her mother weak and lone ;
One warm thought in my eager breast,
While Jeanie was vowed my own ;

And away I sailed from St. Andrew's Bay
To many a distant shore,
In the North, where the glittering icebergs rise,
And the South, where the tempests roar.

And in all the lands I have known and seen,
Far over the restless main,
I have never yet met with so sweet a face
As that of my Cousin Jean.

So I still plod on, through the yearning days,
For my haven of peace and rest ;
Till the ship's white sail, like a seagull's wing,
Shall point to my rock-bound nest.

But beyond that patience which tries both hearts,
No bitterer thought can come,
For she knows I am true in the far-off lands,
And I know she is true at home.

And oft, in the comfort of happy dreams,
I see 'neath a summer sky,
The long green stretch of St. Andrew's Links,
And the sweet face passing by !

CAROLINE NORTON.

CHERUBINI.

THE popularity of a great composer too often bears no proportion to his real merits, especially when his place in the development of the art is greater than the impression produced by his works. This is eminently true of Cherubini. His long and laborious life exhibits some great successes, many disappointments, sometimes even struggles for the bare necessities of life, and yet he enjoyed the deepest and most lasting admiration from those who knew him best. Like very few composers, Cherubini was a man cast entirely in one mould, and the contradictions which often perplex us in other great original geniuses were completely wanting in him. His works and the qualities of his nature mutually reflect each other; and though this must always be more or less the case, it cannot often be so easily detected, nor is it always worth the trouble.

Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobi Salvadore Cherubini was born on the 8th of September, 1760, at Florence, where his father was conductor of the Pergola Theatre. As early as his sixth year Luigi began to study music, and at thirteen wrote his first mass. This mass, which must obviously have been preceded by many attempts of various dimensions, forms the first number in an autograph catalogue of his works,¹ which Cherubini carried on without in-

terruption through a period of almost seventy years—a document which in its extent stands quite alone in musical literature. He left Florence at the age of seventeen, and devoted himself for three years to hard work under Sarti at Bologna and Milan, where one of his objects was thoroughly to imbue himself with the pure style of Palestrina, and where Sarti employed him in writing the minor airs for his many operas. From this time Cherubini began to stand alone, and to compose for various Italian theatres, with great success. In Venice he went under the pleasant nickname of “Cherubini Cherubino.” Half a century later, being anxious to know something of the early productions of so great a master, I asked him to lend me the scores of these operas, and he sent me two, accompanied by the following note:—“I send you my *Armida* and *Adriano in Siria*; the one is the second, and the other the third of my works for the Italian stage. I fear these scores will not interest you much, for they are the productions of a mere lad fresh from school, and written in the style then in vogue. If the first one does not please you, leave the other unread.” I read them through, and my impression, as far as I remember, was that there was nothing of the schoolboy about them, but on the contrary, all the marks of a most able pen. But they certainly have a strong likeness to the other *opere serie* of the time, which were all German and Italian, very much alike.

After a short stay in London, which apparently did not answer his expectations, Cherubini went to Paris in 1786, and there he remained for the rest of his life. There he played the piano to Marie Antoinette, and there he was director of the Conservatoire under Louis Philippe. He wrote hymns for

¹ The title of this remarkable catalogue, now become rare, is as follows:—“Notice des Manuscrits autographes de la musique composée par feu M. L. C. Z. S. Cherubini, Surintendant de la Musique du Roi, Directeur du Conservatoire de Musique, &c. &c. &c. Paris, 1843.” It was edited by M. Bottée de Toulmon, Librarian of the Conservatoire. Mozart, as is well known, kept an autograph thematic catalogue of his works during the latter part of his life, but that extends over only six years and a half, while Cherubini's catalogue embraces his whole career.—ED.

the *fêtes* of the Revolution, and a requiem for the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. He displeased Napoleon, and perhaps for that very reason was decorated by the Bourbons. He saw with his own eyes the triumphs of Grétry and Meyerbeer, Spontini and Rossini. On his arrival from Vienna in 1805 he introduced Hummel's works into Paris, and in 1830 showed such kindness to a pupil of Hummel's, then a young man, as he can never forget. But the political revolutions which agitated France during the long period of Cherubini's residence there, affected him only in his outward circumstances, or the musical demands made on him. He was probably too much of an Italian at heart to take any real interest in the struggles that were carried on around him; perhaps also he hesitated to push himself forward where he could do no good. He was too proud and too independent to attempt to succeed by other means than those which his heart and his genius permitted; indeed he treated the most powerful man of that century with a *brusque* straightforwardness for which he had to pay dearly.

Cherubini's life as a composer may be broadly divided into three epochs. In the first, he devoted himself to Italian opera; in the second, to French; and in the last almost exclusively to Church music. It must not be supposed that these periods succeeded one another with the definiteness of school lessons. For instance, his connection with an Italian opera house, established in Paris in 1789, obliged him to occupy himself a great deal with the works performed there, either in the way of satisfying the demands of the singers, or in introducing new songs into old operas to give them fresh attraction. Several thick volumes of Italian solos and choruses written for this purpose, are still in existence, and contain material enough for whole operas. But it was at this very time that the characteristics of his second style or period were ripening. In 1791, after *Demophon*—a first unsuccessful attempt at French opera—*Lodoiska* was produced at the

newly-erected Théâtre Favart, and laid the foundation of Cherubini's great name, and of an influence which remains to this day, though some of its results would hardly be satisfactory to their author. But it is the fate of great poets and artists that, sooner or later, their peculiarities of style become imitated and viciously exaggerated—a Nemesis from which even the very greatest cannot escape.

In the course of the next ten years *Lodoiska* was followed by other dramatic works, the most important and famous of which were *Medée* and *Les deux Journées*. Great as was their success in Paris, it has been more lasting in Germany.¹ The peculiar stamp of these operas is their grand construction, the freedom and boldness of the harmonies, the interesting and independent treatment of the orchestra, and the delicate characteristic and dramatic manner in which the individual instruments of the band are brought out.

At the time when Cherubini began to write, opera had attained a very important position both in France and Italy, though by different means. Paris was the birthplace of those clever, dramatic, exciting vaudevilles, full of melody, naïve and piquant, which became so widely popular on this side of the Alps. And of all the French composers who, knowing but little harmony or instrumentation, produced so much graceful and pleasing music, by their great originality of invention and their intuitive feeling for the stage, Grétry was the first. At the same time, in Italy, Paësiello and Cimarosa, and other less known Italians were enchanting the world by the charm of their vocal style. Composers and singers united in showing the enormous power which the human voice may exert on our feelings and senses when artistically cultivated and naturally used. Superior to the French in form and development, full of an inimitable *verve* in the *opera buffa*, and of

¹ In Germany *Les deux Journées* is known as *Der Wasserträger*. It was revived by Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane in 1872; but without success.—Ed.

tender, often almost passionate, feeling in more serious music, their treatment of the orchestra, though not without independence, was extraordinarily simple. Gluck's position was isolated, and his influence was confined to the Grand Opéra. His wonderful dramatic genius enabled him to combine French declamation with Italian *cantilène* to a remarkable degree, and by occasionally enriching these with German harmonies, he produced the grandest effects. But he was not an absolute master of his art in the same sense with the great German composers, and he wanted both power of development and grandeur of construction. Mozart united all the great qualities; but at the period of which we are speaking, he had hardly made his mark even in his own country—certainly was not fully estimated there—while outside of Germany he was scarcely known. Realize this state of things, and the scores of *Lodoiska* and *Medée* are truly astonishing. They contain a wealth of characteristic themes, varying with the sense of the words, the characters and the changes of situation; and yet, in spite of all this life and movement, they constitute a style of music which is almost *architectural* in the beauty and clearness of its outlines. The harmonies and modulations, even when most unusual, develop themselves with the natural logical sequence and ease which always distinguish a great master, and seem actually and necessarily to proceed from the independent life of the separate parts, as they did with the old composers of the strict polyphonic style. To Cherubini are chiefly owing a great number of those effects which have been so much employed by the romantic school of Germany, and so much abused by less gifted writers; I mean the long-sustained harmonies carrying rhythmical figures—the “pedal points,” so called, which keep the hearer in suspense, until the return of the keynote acts like a release; the single sustained notes on the horn or clarinet, so exciting to the imagination; the mysterious resonance of some weird melody in the veiled lower strings of the violas;

the frequent pauses, producing effects only possible in music of this class—and so on. Musical historians are fond of saying that Cherubini took the Germans for his teachers and examples. My conviction is that the Germans learned far more from him than he did from them. In his clear and transparent treatment of the orchestra he may owe much to Haydn; his vivacity he may have caught from Mozart, whose greatest works were written only a few years before Cherubini's best operas. But the undeniable elective affinity which has always been recognised between Cherubini and Beethoven can only have been *elective* on the part of the latter in so far as there was not a natural affinity between the minds of two other men. We must remember that at the beginning of the present century, years after the appearance of *Lodoiska* and *Medée* (1791-95), Beethoven was still a young composer, and though his first trios and sonatas had given him a great position, he had written nothing in the way of opera. It is evident that in the composition of *Fidelio* Beethoven often borrowed the manner¹ of the great Italian, and he himself has acknowledged the fact with a frankness which does him honour.

It may be said that there is a great want of vitality in Cherubini's operas as compared with *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, or *Freischütz*; and in many respects even with Gluck's, though as lyric dramas these last are far behind Cherubini's. This is no doubt true, and there are many reasons for it, the most important being the simplest—namely, that Cherubini did not possess a sufficient flow of independent beautiful melody. No one can say that his music is not melodious; it is more correct to say that everything in it sings. But there is a great gulf between that melodious element which is the essential of every true musician, and the creation of melodies which take pos-

¹ A curious corroboration of this remark is afforded by a portion of one of Beethoven's sketch-books in possession of Mr. Joachim, which contains a memorandum of a terzett from the *Deux Journées*, mixed up with sketches for *Fidelio*.—Ed.

session of the memory and the imagination. Cherubini's characters are full of expression. They are tender, vehement, passionate, dignified; but the music can rarely be separated from the character, as independent melody, beautiful in itself—it is singing, but there are no songs. The framework so cleverly supplied by the orchestra incloses a picture which, though fitting it satisfactorily, is often of secondary importance to the frame. Gluck's *Iphigénie* lives for ever in her noble song of lamentation. We can never call to mind any of the characters in Mozart's operas without, so to speak, hearing the melodies which belong to them. Agatha's piety, love, and happiness live in the shrine of our remembrance like costly pearls; but Lodoiska and *Medée* never call up similar memories. Fétis (to whom I am indebted for much of this sketch) will not admit this deficiency in his friend. He maintains that the fault lies in the *libretti*, which certainly are very poor. He quotes a number of scenes full of beautiful melody, and instances especially Cherubini's most popular opera, *Les deux Journées*. But this is proving too much. Nobody affirms that Cherubini was not tuneful, while on the other hand no one can deny that a want of concrete melodies forms his weak point.

In fact, this is exactly the want which is felt in the splendid opera just mentioned, though in France, and still more in Germany, it has long delighted both musicians and amateurs, and will always hold an important place in the *répertoire* of French *Opéra comique*. The *libretto* is full of national colouring, and abounds in thrilling situations, two circumstances pre-eminently suited to bring Cherubini's powers into the brightest light, and to throw his weak points into the background. A few expressive and serious airs give a stamp to the popular characters. But the larger part of the drama affords opportunities for admirable *ensemble* pieces—passionate outbursts of joy and grief, defiant rage, timid entreaties. There

is a constant alternation of anxious expectation, sudden surprises, fear and hope, but hardly any opportunities for displaying a broad or melodious style.

By these situations, the whole force of the composer's talents and peculiar power was brought out, and is displayed in constant variety of instrumentation, short passionate vocal phrases, changes of rhythm, striking modulations, artistic combinations of instruments and voices, characteristic musical effects in the numerous melodramatic situations, and lastly—in spite of all this restless variety—in that wonderful mastery by which his works are made to form independent structures of such strength and clearness. And yet in the part of Constance, where we naturally look for a broad stream of melody flowing from the inmost depths of the feelings and imagination, as the expression of the same self-sacrificing conjugal love which is so nobly embodied in *Fidelio*, a few impassioned phrases are all that we find. This may possibly, as Fétis says, be the fault of the librettist; but neither in Cherubini himself, nor in anything that we know of his life, is there evidence of any overmastering amount of feeling. Excellent and honourable in all his dealings, and at the bottom of his heart not without an almost naïve good nature, even his most friendly words and actions were tinged with bitterness. He evidently felt no anxiety that either his music or his person should *please*. Clear in intelligence, and calm in judgment, he never softened the harshness of his remarks by any charm of expression. Like the sweet chestnut, even his good nature had a prickly shell. True, he was an old man when I knew him, but even from his earliest friends and most devoted pupils I never could gather that he possessed the depth of feeling which we naturally associate with a great composer. Great energy, strong force of will, and constant freshness in the smallest details, he always showed; but he seldom rose to a fiery heat, and we might with justice compare

his soul to a fire, always burning, but not easily kindled into a blaze.¹ If, as it seems to me, these traits to a certain extent explain the character of his music, they illustrate still more some of his prominent qualities—for example, his intense love of order, and that partiality for combinations by which his imagination must have been strongly controlled. To the first we may attribute his dislike to leaving a piece of music until he had given it the very utmost finish, a habit by which he often weakened the interest of his work, especially in dramatic music. Everything fragmentary was repugnant to him, and thus he was a complete stranger to that episodic style by which Beethoven obtained such great effects. His subjects seem almost like persons, richly endowed with light and life, and all the conditions of being, but never stepping out of their characteristic attitudes.—But we must now follow the outward circumstances of the life of our composer.

At the time when Cherubini was at the zenith of his fame, and when the most distinguished of his colleagues, Méhul, Bertin, Lesueur, and even Grétry himself, though most widely differing from him, were doing their best to copy the grandeur and peculiarities of his style, General Buonaparte returned to Paris from his Italian campaign. Cherubini, as one of the directors of the new Conservatoire, was introduced to him, and on this occasion the General spoke with enthusiasm of Paësiello and Zingarelli. Cherubini did not dispute the merits of the former, but repeated the name of the latter with contempt. "*Passe pour Paësiello; mais Zingarelli!*" This was the first cause of the future Emperor's aversion, an aversion which was destined to lead to serious consequences for Cherubini.

Buonaparte was then living in the Rue Taitbout, where he received celebrities of all kinds in a simple and hospitable style. Cherubini was one

¹ "Cherubini," said Mendelssohn, in 1825, "is like an extinct volcano throwing out occasional flashes and sparks, but quite covered with cinders."—Ed.

day invited to dinner. The General had meanwhile heard his operas, and spoke of them, again praising his beloved Paësiello. "Your music is very fine," said he, "but the accompaniment is too prominent—*il y a trop d'accompagnement.*" "*Citoyen-Général,*" was the reply, "*vous aimez la musique qui vous laisse penser à vos affaires d'état.*" Meantime Buonaparte became Consul, and afterwards Emperor; but poor Cherubini, in spite of the success of his music, remained as he was. In 1805, therefore, he accepted an advantageous invitation to write for the Imperial Opera at Vienna. His beautiful young wife accompanied him, and his opera of *Faniska* was still incomplete when Napoleon arrived, after executing a somewhat noisy symphony at Austerlitz. He resided at Schönbrunn, and hearing that Cherubini was in Vienna, sent for him, and commissioned him to organize and conduct some State concerts at the Court. At the close of the music the Emperor would often remain with him and Crescentini talking about art and artists. (I had these details from the lips of Cherubini himself.) "Your last opera has had great success?" said Napoleon, one evening. "It would not please you, Sire," answered Cherubini. "Why not?" asked the Emperor. "*Il y a trop d'accompagnement,*" was the answer, and it was the last which Cherubini ever had the opportunity of making, for the Emperor never spoke to him again.

In the spring of 1806 *Faniska* was performed in Vienna; it excited the admiration of the musicians, and met with much sympathy from the public; but the echoes of the French artillery, so fatal to *Fuilelio* at its first performance, had a similar disturbing effect on Cherubini's opera. He broke off his engagement, and returned to Paris. His colleagues gave him a brilliant reception at the Conservatoire, and thereby perhaps helped to throw him into still greater disfavour with the Emperor. Napoleon loved to reward talent, but disliked seeing laurels bestowed where he had no wish to take

part in the gift. As if in pique, the great despot abandoned him to his fate, and offered Méhul the post of Imperial *maître de chapelle*. Méhul, being on intimate terms with Cherubini, who had dedicated the score of *Medée* to him, ventured to request that his friend might share the post with him; but upon this the Emperor withdrew his offer, and gave the place to Lesueur. Cherubini seems to have been deeply discouraged by this blow, and during several years hardly composed anything, but devoted himself to an occupation which was too characteristic not to be described. On entering his apartment a number of pictures of all sizes in frames might be observed hanging on the walls. Red and black spots were more or less prominent here and there, but a close examination was necessary to discover their connection. These pictures were the product of the strange gift for contrivance which at that time had become almost a mania with him. They contained the most fantastic figures, groups and scenes, made up of the hearts and diamonds on the cards, either whole or divided, as the case might be. There were dancers with red jackets, singers with red caps, buildings, landscapes with strange vegetation, the cards being used horizontally or perpendicularly, singly or collectively, with more or less of the spots erased. It was a pastime—perhaps even a waste of time. And yet this combination of invention and calculation, this satisfaction in self-imposed trammels was very curious, and it was impossible not to see in it a certain analogy with many of his musical combinations, where everything had to give way to some particular phrase, some long-sustained note or harmony. At that time he also greatly devoted himself to botany; and his wife has told me that for months he went to the *Jardin des Plantes* every day. Nature is the mother of mothers, and when her children are out of tune with themselves, they may always resort to her and find rest for their souls, and new courage for the battle of life.

A trifling circumstance led him back to his art. Being on a visit in the country to the Prince of Chimón, he was asked by the great people of the village to write some music to celebrate their saint's day. How gentle is the slumber of genius, and how slight a touch will arouse it! The result of this awakening was Cherubini's great Mass in F for three voices. Thus the internal spell was broken, and at the return of the Bourbons the external one also vanished. In the year 1816 Louis the Eighteenth placed him at the head of the Chapel Royal, and from that time dates the composition of those numerous sacred works which were to give him even more fame than his dramatic compositions had done. A new and empty style of Church music had at this time taken the place of the severe school of the old masters. The opera had introduced a great wealth of means of expression; the charm of vocal solos and orchestral accompaniments had become familiar and necessary. Moreover it was important that the great personages who paid for the music should not be bored during the time they thought proper to devote to God. On the other hand, composers were loth to break entirely with the artistic forms which were regarded as the peculiar property of sacred music. They thought it impossible to dispense altogether with fugues, as they considered them to be specially religious. They entirely forgot that in a sacred building the purest and deepest feelings should prevail. A certain comfortable, easy gaiety seems to have agreed very well with the services of the Church, as it does still, and this animated the style then in vogue. Thus the composers who adhered to the rules became dry, and those who wrote for effect almost frivolous. It is humiliating to think of the quantity of Church music written in the latter part of the last century and the first quarter of the present one, and consider how infinitely little of it remains above water. Mozart's *Requiem* is almost the only gem amongst a mass of trash. But from these musical rub-

bish-heaps, in which so many great masters are buried, Cherubini's works rise like the Pyramids. They show that he possessed all the requirements for artistic perfection, and could wield them as a second nature—individual inventive power, independent force, defiant will, comprehensive genius, and unmistakable cleverness. The severe studies to which he so steadily devoted himself in his youth now made themselves felt in every voice and every bar; while availing himself of all the modern licenses in harmony, the spirit of his music retained a certain severity, which, like leaven, imparted a wholesome bitterness to the composition. Even the necessity imposed upon him of keeping within certain limits was beneficial, by preventing him from yielding to his tendency to diffuseness. The want of that stream of melody which we regret in his dramatic works is hardly felt in those which he wrote for the Church, and for this reason, that a melody, when complete in itself, is peculiarly the utterance of an individual. When the situation demands that a *people* should give expression to its feelings, the prominent effect must be one of many voices; the individual must not be brought forward, the common feeling in its unity must be the product of the manifold source. A very evident feeling for higher things lay in Cherubini's nature; even if not always elevated, he is always dignified. He shows most feeling in pathetic situations, whilst in his vigorous force there is a sort of defiance, and in his happy moments he is sometimes almost too brilliant and showy. But the absence of anything commonplace and ordinary, the stamp of real genius which is everywhere imprinted, keeps the hearer in an elevated and intellectual sphere—if not always awed, yet deeply impressed. And therefore an objection can hardly be raised to the assertion that Cherubini is the greatest composer of sacred music in this century. Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* cannot be taken into consideration here. It is a dramatic-symphonic-oratorio of titanic structure, to which the words of

the mass serve as a sort of foundation; but its place is not in the church.

Besides his famous masses in F major and D minor, and the Coronation Mass for the consecration of Charles X., Cherubini wrote a large number of short sacred works. To shorten the service of the Chapel Royal, the priest generally said a silent mass, during which a *Gloria*, or *Kyrie*, with a *Credo* and a *Motet* were performed. An astonishing number of such pieces remain in the hands of Cherubini's family awaiting publication.

In speaking of Cherubini's sacred works, I must not forget one which may perhaps be called the most perfect of all—I mean his *Requiem* composed for the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. It is almost unique in music. Cherubini may not have attained to the unearthly beauty, or the depth of thought and feeling, which we find in some of the movements of Mozart's *Requiem*. But Mozart's was, as we know, not completed by its divine author; all its parts are not equally elevated, and the style is wanting in that perfect unity which gives even less happy ideas their due prominence. In Cherubini's work it seems as if everything, as far as the words permit, were developed out of the eternal human lament, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." What earnest supplication, what depth of lamentation, what fear of the Last Judgment! And how, at the close, life seems to dissolve in one long-drawn sigh! In the fugue on the words recalling the promise to Abraham and his seed, the daring contrapuntist awakes, and not only asserts his rights, but persistently demands them; and the episode was perhaps necessary, that the effect of the work might not be too crushing. This great composition is truly astonishing for the simplicity of the means employed, the colour in the orchestra, and the purely vocal treatment of the voices. Had Cherubini left nothing else, it alone would suffice to make every true musician look up to him as one of the most extraordinary and sublime of masters.

In the autumn of 1834 Bellini had been snatched away from his numerous friends, and in the following winter I one day found Cherubini at work on a large score. On my humbly inquiring what the contents of it were, the aged master replied: "After Bellini's death it was proposed to perform a requiem to him in the Madeleine, but the priests would admit no female singers, and thereby caused great annoyance. I do not wish the same thing to happen at my death, so I am writing a requiem for men's voices—and then they will not have occasion to quarrel on my account at least." The work was completed and published, and eight years later was performed according to the composer's intention. It ranks far beneath the first requiem, but considering that it is the work of a man of seventy-five it is impossible to read the score without astonishment.

Since the composition of the *Abencerrages* in 1813—when the opera was coldly received, though the overture has become popular in German and English concert-rooms—Cherubini had occasionally joined other composers in *pasticcio* operas for special occasions, but had virtually renounced the stage. But he was to be once more dragged from his peaceful retreat in the Conservatoire. Scribe had written a new *libretto* to the music of *Koukourgi*, an opera which Cherubini composed as early as 1793, but which had remained in his desk ever since. The librettist fancied that he had only to suit his new words to the old music; but Cherubini wrote an almost entirely fresh score, which, under the name of *Ali Baba*, was performed in the summer of 1833. It had, however, no success. This was during my stay in France, though I happened to be absent from Paris at the time. On my return Rossini spoke about it to me, and said: "Poor Cherubini, how they murdered his lovely score! how they cut it and mutilated it! his heart must have turned round in his body!" Thus terminated this branch of Cherubini's musical activity. In his twentieth year he brought out the first of his

thirty operas, in his seventy-third the last—and how many of them in vain!

Though Cherubini's orchestral works are not very numerous; and most of them connected with operas, they were of vast importance to the development of modern instrumental music. Where amongst the composers who preceded him do we find orchestral movements equal in power, passion, feeling, and rhythmical life to the overture and entr'actes to *Medée*? or an overture to be compared to that of *Les deux Journées*? Hauptmann has told us of the effect produced on him by the first part of this overture, and how much its mysterious harmonies, the bold attack of the basses, and the exciting *crescendo* which lead into the *allegro*, affected him. It has been copied and exaggerated a thousand times since, but is still full of freshness and vigour, like every really great and original work. In these works, Cherubini (to use a now favourite expression) is the forefather of Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, and Wagner. His other overtures hold their place in concert programmes, and are for the most part genuine cabinet-pieces, cleverly constructed on lively, interesting, and well-developed themes. But none of them have the melody and fire of the two just mentioned; and though to the musician they will always remain a fresh source of inspiration and instruction, on the general public they produce but a faint impression.¹

Cherubini's chamber music is not of great importance, but still it is worthy of himself, and the first of his string quartets—written at the age of fifty—contains much that is delicate and piquant. The *scherzo* has even a touch of Mendelssohn about it. It was composed in 1810, though not published till long after Mendelssohn's most characteristic works had appeared. When I left Paris in 1836 Cherubini

¹ An exception to this judgment should surely be made in favour of the overture to *Anacreon*, which in England is the greatest favourite of all; and perhaps not undeservedly so.—ED.

was writing a string quintet, and told me with perfect simplicity that he meant to write half a dozen more. Writing to me on November 22, 1837, he says, "I have just finished my sixth quartet, and a quintet. *Cela m'occupe et cela m'amuse, car je n'y mets pas la moindre prétention.*" The quintet was performed in his own house when he was seventy-eight, and greatly astonished the artists of Paris.

When I arrived in Paris as a youth of seventeen the thing I felt most eager about was to see Cherubini. I had a letter of introduction to him from my master Hummel, and imagined that I should be as greatly impressed by his appearance as I had been by his works. I was therefore a little disappointed on entering his study to find him a small lean man. But the disappointment was only momentary. There was a penetrating gleam in the old man's eye, white locks surrounded his comparatively lofty head, and his features, though somewhat impaired by age, still bore traces of almost regular beauty. His general appearance gave one more the impression of a distinguished statesman than of a musical composer. This may be seen in Ingres' noble portrait, which seems not so much painted as actually chiselled in colours, and which has preserved the face of Cherubini with remarkable truthfulness. His voice had a touch of dryness, and even when he was in the best humour sounded angry and even surly. Strangely enough though he had lived in Paris for fifty years his pronunciation of French had not lost certain Italian peculiarities. His conversation was full of vivacity, interspersed with short, cutting sentences, often thrown out in an ironical manner; his remarks were generally to the point, and he thoroughly understood the virtue of silence. At the time I speak of Cherubini was at the head of the Conservatoire, after having for a number of years been one of its inspectors and professors. His earnestness and conscientiousness gave a severity to his rule which is said to have been

very beneficial, the institution having before his time considerably deteriorated. He held tenaciously to the letter of the law, and his usual answer—*Ca ne se peut pas* ("that cannot be allowed") had almost become proverbial. Very early in our acquaintance, however, I had an opportunity of discovering that under this repellent manner he had a feeling heart. I had asked leave to take home a couple of volumes from the library of the Conservatoire, and received the answer—*Ca ne se peut pas; c'est défendu.* It was no use insisting, so I changed the conversation, but as I was taking leave he said: "What was it that you wanted to borrow from our library?" And when I answered that it was a volume of Palestrina's *Motets*, the old man replied in an almost confidential tone, "I shall send for them for myself, and then you shall have them."

When my dear mother afterwards removed to Paris and became a member of his whist-quartet, my relations with him and his family grew very intimate. A kindness which he showed me only a few hours before my departure from Paris, and more especially the manner in which he showed it, were too characteristic not to be mentioned. I had begged him to bequeath me one of his manuscripts. On my last Sunday in Paris he invited me to join his family dinner, and before we sat down he presented me with two scores, begging me to choose one. Without looking much into them I seized the thickest, and was about to pocket it, when the well-known *Ca ne se peut pas* sounded in my ears. It seems that these manuscripts had their appointed places, according to number and letter, in his library, and could not upon any condition be withdrawn. However, on the following Tuesday I received a copy of the score I had chosen (a beautiful *Agnus Dei*), which the indefatigable old man had accomplished in the two days, with a trembling hand, but the utmost clearness and neatness. Some letters which I afterwards received from

him are written in terms of such tender kindness that it is impossible to recognise in them the stern Director with his *Ça ne se peut pas*. I feel certain that he could not have brought himself to use such expressions except in writing.

An incident of his last illness shows a love of order so great as to be almost monomania. His handkerchiefs were marked with consecutive numbers, and he used them accordingly. As he lay on his deathbed, with the cold sweat on his brow, some one gave him a clean handkerchief, which unluckily did not happen to be the right one, and he at once refused it, and asked for number seven! He showed the same defiance to the king of terrors that he had manifested towards the Emperor, and cried out again and again, *Ze ne veut pas mourir*; but it was in vain; he died on the 15th March, 1842, in his eighty-second year.

Cherubini's manner of life at the time I knew him was extremely simple and regular. Every morning between nine and ten he entered the Conservatoire, which was only a few steps from his residence. He had a large room, with an anteroom separating him by double and triple doors from the noise of the fiddles, pianos, and horns of the pupils. There he sat the whole day at a table with writing materials and music paper, and generally his snuff-box, receiving every one who asked for him, and working whenever he was alone. Regularly every Saturday he attended the meeting of the musical section of the *Académie des Arts*. In the evening he usually played whist with characteristic earnestness and ardour. I do not think that he read much. He used to attend the first performances and even rehearsals of new operas, especially those of his friends or pupils; went regularly to all the Conservatoire concerts, and presided with the most patient endurance at the endless examinations of the students. Halévy, who had been one of his favourite pupils, became his most intimate friend. Cherubini treated him with marked kindness, which did not

prevent an occasional unpleasant home truth. On one occasion, for instance, at the first performance of a new opera of Halévy's, he remained perfectly dumb during more than one act, until at last Halévy burst out with, "But, *maestro*, have you nothing to say to me?" To which the answer was: "I say nothing to you because you say nothing to me." After I had been some weeks in Paris, and was still full of well-meant, conscientious, unjustifiable German exclusiveness, I one day saw Cherubini and Rossini, the musical antipodes, walking arm in arm on the Boulevards. I was simply stunned with surprise at an event which seemed to me so inconceivably unnatural and even fabulous. But the explanation was not far off, for the two famous composers lived on the most friendly terms, and Rossini afterwards boasted to me of having been the happy mediator in the marriage of Cherubini's younger daughter.

The mention of this beautiful and charming girl reminds me that I have said too little of Cherubini's family. His wife, a stately and wise matron, who bore unmistakable traces of former beauty, must have had more influence on him than appeared to be the case, at least in everything which concerned his domestic life. According to French custom she always spoke of him as "Monsieur Cherubini," but with the greatest tenderness. The eldest daughter, married to a French officer of the name of Turques, was a most lively and active woman, and had a lovely little daughter. She had many interesting details to tell about her father. "Here, in this room," she said to me one day, "papa wrote *Les deux Journées*. He sat at a little table in the window, and there in the corner by the wall I played with my companions. Beyond a certain fixed line we might not go, but within that space we might make as much noise as we liked." Thus it seems that all that Cherubini required in the way of quiet during his work was that nobody should come too near him! His only son Salvador, a handsome, agree-

able, and accomplished man, had been to Egypt when a boy and had assisted the famous Champollion in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics. He was devoted to his father. The youngest daughter married Professor Rossellini, the celebrated archæologist of Pisa, after which I had few opportunities of seeing her in the family circle in Paris, but I shall never forget witnessing the first performance of Rossini's *William Tell* in the same box with her.

Though active and occupied up to the very last, Cherubini seems always to have devoted his spare time at home to rest or distraction of some sort. On Sundays he collected his family and a few friends around him at dinner, and evidently enjoyed the meetings, though seldom expressing his feelings. His fatherly affection showed itself in the excellent education which he gave his children. Amongst his papers is a book in which he had kept an accurate account of all the expenses incurred for his children since their birth. There was a separate division for each child, and the whole book was kept with beautiful neatness. This painful precision extended to every detail connected with himself, his art, and his family. During his many years of office at the Conservatoire he wrote a number of solfeggi, figured basses, melodies, and movements in parts, for the lessons and examinations, which either in print or manuscript have become generally diffused. But this was the least part of his work as teacher, for in that capacity he holds a peculiar place in the history of music in France. He was the first to introduce into Paris the real serious science of composition, and the skill which so essentially distinguishes the French composers of this century from their predecessors is chiefly due to him. Even those who were not actually under his teaching (as for instance Boieldieu) learned much from him, and Spontini could hardly have managed to accomplish the instrumentation of the *Vestale* but for his help. The parts of it had been twice copied out, but still the opera would not

go, and at last the composer had to take refuge with Cherubini. The bill for so much copying amounted to a most unusual sum, and Napoleon, who always looked into everything, thought it so absurd, that he decreed that the cost of copying an opera was never to exceed a certain amount. Cherubini, who might always be believed, told me this himself.

Eleven years after the death of this good and great man, it was my good fortune to enjoy what seemed almost like a personal re-union with him. His widow allowed me to spend half-a-day in his study, where his manuscripts were preserved in the same order as during his lifetime. I wrote an article about my visit, at the time, for the Cologne paper, which has since been republished;¹ but I cannot resist recalling one or two of the circumstances. Amongst other things I found a number of thick volumes, containing copies in his own hand of Psalms by Clari, Lotti, and Marcello. He made these at the age of sixty, and when his wife objected to such labour, he answered, "What do you women know about it? As if one had not always to go on learning!" Then there was a little book, which in beauty of handwriting was like one of the most finished old manuscripts, and which contained a collection of sixty canons of his own composition. It is curiously characteristic that at the end of his scores for the Chapel Royal he should have carefully noted down with painful exactness, to *half, and even a quarter of a minute*, the time which they occupied! Then, again, there was a leaf in his own writing, belonging to, and completing, a collection of autographs dedicated to the French opera composers. The treasures collected in his library are so priceless, that it seems as if no one were capable of buying them. To the best of my belief they are still in the hands of his descendants, and yet they might adorn and enrich the greatest National Library. About ten years ago, the Florentines raised a splendid monument to their famous countryman, at Santa Croce, the Pantheon of Italy; and

¹ See "Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit."

Cherubini's name now shines near those of Dante, Michel Angelo, and Galileo. Whether during his lifetime a single note of his was ever performed¹ in that splendid city, is extremely doubtful. But the national pride which causes men to do honour to their fellow-countrymen after their death, or rather to themselves in their fellow-countrymen, has occasionally the good result of promoting the knowledge and understanding of their works. Let us hope that this may be the case here.

¹ I saw in Florence, in 1869, in the hands of Madame Loussot, a well-known musical enthusiast, a collection of canons by Cherubini, which, I think, must be those mentioned above.—ED.

After thus endeavouring to give a picture of a composer whom every cultivated musician must look up to with reverence, I feel overcome with the sense of the imperfect manner in which I have accomplished my task. The individuality of the great master is clear to my inner vision—I believe that I can follow the traces of his active, clear, sharp, and ingenious mind, and I can understand the varying pulsations of his inmost feelings, up to the secret recesses of creative fancy. But it is always difficult to express what is best and deepest—in music, especially, it is a sheer impossibility.

FERDINAND HILLER.

"ETON THIRTY YEARS AGO."

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article on "Eton Thirty Years Ago," by John Delaware Lewis, in your last number; but although my own experience only dates about twenty-three years since, perhaps you will allow me to make a few remarks, and also to correct a slight mistake in the narration of an incident in which, if I am not mistaken, I myself am personally, although not by name, alluded to. I should not have taken any notice of the anecdote, which in the main is tolerably correct, if I had not seen a so-called *corrected*, but in reality *garbled*, version of the tale in the weekly periodical the *World*, by a correspondent signing himself "Atlas," and which I here subjoin:—

"*Apropos* of a notice in the last number of the *World* of Mr. Lewis's objectionable article in *Macmillan* on Eton—the story which that gentleman tells of Dr. Goodford flogging a boy on the eve of his marriage is, unless my memory serves me strangely wrong, a total misrepresentation. The facts, I believe, were these: A lady lived in Windsor, with whose exceedingly handsome daughter an Eton boy—the names I suppress—fell, or fancied he fell, as schoolboys will, in love. The mamma promoted the attachment, or encouraged the delusion. In point of fact, the juvenile Etonian was virtually 'hooked.' It was clearly the duty of the head-master to hinder this. Whether he took the most advisable method of doing so may be open to question. The desired effect was produced; the boy was laughed at by his schoolmates for his folly, and quizzed for his flogging. As for the young lady, she married Marshal Canrobert, is now Madame la Maréchale Canrobert, and has probably thanked

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Dr. Goodford devoutly many times for the vapulatory check he administered to the passion of her girlhood's admirer.—*ATLAS*."—*The World, a Journal for Men and Women*, No. 45, Wednesday, May 12, 1875.

Seeing the above paragraph quoted in a Dublin daily paper, by accident, my attention was attracted by the present name of the young lady being very needlessly introduced, whilst the share which the mother of the said lady is ignorantly supposed by "Atlas" to have taken in the matter is also unwarrantably commented on.

Now as to the slight corrections to Mr. Lewis's narrative, which are only such as might be naturally expected in telling a tale second-hand from memory, although they do not in the slightest degree alter the moral of the incident.

The facts were as follows:—Nearly nineteen years ago a young Eton boy, of eighteen (not *twenty*) years, had set his boyish affections on a young lady resident in Windsor, the sister of a brother Etonian; but this boyish love had never been expressed, and therefore Mr. Lewis's informant, "the Fellow of King's and an Eton tutor," is mistaken in asserting that they, the boy and girl, were *engaged*. I have yet to learn that such juvenile passion, if it can be so called, is or was ever discreditable, or against the unwritten code of Eton laws.

The boy being invited to a dance at Old Windsor, to a house where he made certain of meeting the object of his devotions, tried in vain to obtain leave after *lock-up*, in order to assist at the evening's entertainment. Failing to obtain the requisite permission the adventurous and reckless boy, with his eyes wide

open to the punishment incurred if caught, resolved to attend, and did so; and, after thoroughly enjoying himself, he re-entered his *dame's* precincts with the aid of a friendly ladder obtained in the Mathematical School, and regained his room in fancied security. It is hardly necessary to add that "the father-in-law that was to be" did *not* undertake to explain matters to the authorities the next morning, for the very good reason that no such father-in-law existed.

Unfortunately for the delinquent, his presence at the ball had been notified to the tutor who had refused leave, and no choice remained but to atone for the breach of the school discipline by a most ordinary flogging, at noon, if I mistake not.

Another lad higher in the school was flogged at the same time or the same day, for a slight offence, if I mistake not; but nineteen years is apt to

make the most retentive mind slightly oblivious.

Of one thing I am certain, that the juvenile lover would have undergone several such floggings for one such evening's pleasure.

Mr. Lewis's informant, however, does "add" what is *incorrect*; for the young man within several years, not months, afterwards was *not* married.

Has Mr. Lewis heard of, and can he corroborate, a story which was rife in my days, of the then Marquis of Waterford, of "Spring-heel-Jack" renown, capturing the flogging "block" in the days of Hawtrey, and practically exhibiting the mode of punishment in some London Club on the person of one who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of "Tallow W——?" I could never learn the real truth or origin of this story.

Yours obediently,

"THE BOY WHO WAS FLOGGED,"

NOW A CAPT. R.A.

PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

ZANZIBAR A COMMERCIAL POWER.

ON a former occasion,¹ in tracing the political history of the Omâni Seyyids of Zanzibar, we described some of the steps which led to the re-establishment of an independent Arab power in Eastern Africa. We now propose to briefly note the process by which that coast promises once more to take its place among the most important regions of the commercial world.

We have already alluded to the ancient trade which was carried on by Phenicians, Arabs and Hindus with Eastern Africa, probably from times long before the joint expeditions which Hiram of Tyre and King Solomon sent from Ezion-Geber to those seas. Since Heeren wrote, much light has been thrown on the subject by a number of scattered facts, some of which will be found collected by Colonel Yule² in his invaluable notes on Marco Polo. Others are only too briefly alluded to in Dr. Mullens's most interesting description of Madagascar.³ But for a minute and faithful picture of East Africa as the early Portuguese found it, we cannot do better than refer to Lord Stanley of Alderley's "Three Voyages of Vasco da Gama."⁴

The Chronicle abounds in vivid and evidently truthful descriptions of the flourishing kingdoms and extensive long-established commerce which the Portuguese found. But no native power was

any match for the armoured warriors, well furnished with firearms and heavy artillery, who year by year left Portugal bent on eastern conquest. They speedily subdued the whole East African coast, and from the ruins still to be seen of strong forts and stately churches it is clear that at the outset they had imperial ideas of how to rule, and ample revenues; whilst the total disappearance of the Portuguese power from most parts, and the ruin and desolation of what remains, show how vicious and incapable must have been the rulers of later days.

For more than two centuries the Portuguese were little troubled by European rivals in their East African empire. Buccaneers might occasionally harass their commerce and threaten their settlements; but the regular traders and men-of-war, English or Dutch, passed on from the Cape of Good Hope to India and China, and if they took the "inner passage" up the Mozambique Channel, they made for the Comoro Islands and rested at Johanna, and then stood before the trade winds across to the Indian coast. The French often meditated the conquest of Madagascar, but made no efforts to obtain a footing on the mainland of Africa. Nor was the Portuguese dominion confined to Africa. For nearly a century and a half they had possession of Muscat and the Coast of Omân, and of some of the most valuable ports in the Persian Gulf. At Muscat the walls of the Portuguese cathedral are still standing as a warehouse; the Governor's palace, though roofless, bears testimony to the magnificence in which the Portuguese rulers lived, many parts of the forts around the town show by inscriptions and coats of arms that they were built by the Portuguese, and a small but beautiful chapel still crowns a tower at the top of a rock overlooking the landing-place in front of the Sultan's palace.

¹ Vide *Macmillan's Magazine*, June 1875, pp. 183 to 192.

² Marco Polo. Translated, with notes, by Colonel Yule. 2 vols. Second Edition. 1875. (Murray.)

³ *Twelve Months in Madagascar*. By J. Mullens, D.D. 1875, pp. 173 to 187.

⁴ *The Three Voyages of Vasco da Gama*. Translated, with notes, &c., from the *Lendas da India* of Gaspar Corvea. By the Hon. H. E. J. Stanley. (Hakluyt Society, 1869.) Whilst thanking the Hakluyt Society for having placed the work within reach of the English reader, we cannot but lament that a work of such varied interest should not be accessible to the general public.

We must refer to Dr. Badger's pages for the romantic details of the expulsion of the Portuguese from Muscat about A.D. 1651-2 (pp. xxvi. and xxvii.; 78-87.) How the love of Pereira, the Portuguese commandant, for the beautiful daughter of the chief Hindoo merchant, caused her father treacherously to aid the Arab besiegers. How they attacked the garrison on Sunday, when many of the defenders were "reeling drunk," and captured the impregnable forts despite the gallant resistance of "a famous warrior named Cabreta;" and how the victorious Imâm organized a *Jihad*, or holy war, against the "beardless Polytheists" in India, and for many years aided the Muslims of Guzerat and the Malabar coast in attacks on the Portuguese strongholds.

The war was doubtless extended to the coast of Eastern Africa, for we read that about A.D. 1698, Imâm Seif, surnamed from his severity "the Scourge," expelled the Portuguese from Mombassah, Pemba, Kilwa, and other places on the east coast. Seif is described as having possessed many ships, one of them carrying 80 guns, "each gun measuring three spans at the breech;" and it is clear, from the details given, that the Omâni Arabs were then and had long been a considerable naval power. Captain Alexander Hamilton, who travelled from 1688 to 1723, as quoted by Colonel Ross, says that "in anno 1715" the Imâm's fleet consisted of one ship of 74 guns, two of 60, one of 50, and eighteen of from 32 to 12 guns, besides rowing vessels of from 4 to 8 guns each. "They have often made descents on the Portuguese colonies on the coast of India, destroying their villages and farms, but spare the churches for better reasons than we can give for plundering them. They kill none in cold blood, but use their captives courteously." And he relates how in 1695 they plundered and burnt Barsalore and Mangalore "two of the best and richest towns" of "the Carnatick Rajah, a potent, princely lord."

In A.D. 1741 the Imâm of Omân

passed for the first time into the family of our present guest, the Sultan of Zanzibar, by the election of Ahmed-bin-Sa'id. He is described as a successful merchant, whose judicious and liberal policy had given him great influence, which he used to unite his countrymen against Persian intruders. His bravery and success in war led to his election as Imâm, and he soon distinguished himself by his wisdom in regulating the financial, judicial, and fiscal departments of the administration, and by his liberality to foreign traders. He was succeeded by two of his sons, of whom Sultân was the ablest, and ultimately acquired the power without the title of Imâm.

The first treaty made with the Seyyid Sultân as ruler of Omân by the English East India Company was in 1798. Its object was to secure his alliance against the French and Dutch, and to obtain leave to establish a British factory and garrison at Gambroon or Bunder-el-Abbâs. Two years later, on the 18th of January, 1800, Captain, afterwards Sir John Malcolm, executed a second treaty with Sultân, providing for the residence of an English agent at Muscat; and during the next two years the Wahhabis made their first great successful inroad into Omân, an event which will long be an era in Arab history.

The chapter of Dr. Badger's history which describes the compulsory visit of a learned Omâni to the Wahhâby capital, and his examination there by the Amîr and his fanatical theologian assessors, is worthy of perusal even after the vivid and picturesque descriptions of Mr. Gifford Palgrave, which have made these Muslim Puritan reformers and their tenets so well known to all modern readers of Arabian travel. It fully justifies the definition of Wahhabeeism as "a politico-religious confederation which legalizes the indiscriminate plunder and thralldom of all peoples, Muslim as well as unbelievers, beyond its own pale."

A second invasion of the Wahhabis had been repulsed by Sultân, and he was returning from a visit to Bussorah,

when he was killed, on the 20th of November, 1804, in an accidental encounter with pirates from Cape Mus-samdim, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf.

He was succeeded by his sons Sâlim and Sa'id, as joint regents. The two brothers acted together with a rare unanimity and fidelity to each other till the death of Sâlim in 1821, from which time till his own death in 1856 Sa'id, the father of our present visitor, ruled alone, in Muscat and Zanzibar. He was known to his subjects as "*the Seyyid* (or Lord) Sa'id," and to Europeans as the "Sultan" or "Imâm" of Muscat and Zanzibar, though he himself never assumed either title.

Throughout Seyyid Sa'id's long and chequered reign, the Wahhabis were a constant source of disquiet. Formidable for their numbers, their fanatical courage, and their belief in the paramount duty of propagating their faith by every resource of force or fraud, they were yet more dreaded for the insidious manner in which their tenets spread among the tribes bordering on Nedj. Twice during that time the military genius of Ibraheem Pacha and the disciplined prowess of his Egyptian troops gave quiet to Omân by a crushing defeat of the Wahhabis, and after the Egyptian occupation of their capital the Wahhabis for nearly twenty years ceased seriously to trouble their neighbours. Nevertheless, at the death of Sa'id they were as formidable as ever, and at this moment, whilst holding in check the Turkish forces on the north and west of Nedj, they threaten the peace of Omân more gravely than at the beginning of the century.

Sa'id's friendship with the English, and the favour and protection he extended to merchants of all nations, were conspicuous features of his as they had been of his father's policy. The main object of our first treaties with him was to secure the line of regular overland communication *via* Constantinople, Bagdad, and the Persian Gulf, which was so valuable to us during the whole of the French revolutionary wars. Not

less important was the suppression of piracy in the Arabian Seas.

The break-up of the Mogul power in India, the decay of the Turkish and Persian empires, and the total disappearance of their navies from Eastern waters, had led to a vast development of piracy on every coast from the Red Sea to Ceylon. The seafaring people of the East have always been more or less addicted to sea roving. Early travellers tell of many quaint customs which mark oriental piracy, as being like the Greek and Norse piracy of old, much more of a regular recognized profession than it has been in modern days in the West.

The large fleets, which in regular order and with concerted signals along an extended line of vessels, swept the seas; the immunity granted to merchants sailing to or from the pirate port; the discrimination and discipline which allowed the sea robbers to take cargo, but not the ship's tackling, and forbade the personal ill-treatment of both shipmen and merchants who had surrendered, grounding the favour shown on the assurance that "if not disabled by ill-usage the merchantman would be again captured in some future year, and reward their captors with more booty;" the religious thanksgiving for a rich capture; the regular division of prizes between the ships engaged, and the allotment of fixed shares to the ruler and magistrates of the pirate port, and to shrines and religious bodies near the sea rovers' home; these and many other similar customs indicate that piracy was, at least in popular estimation, neither disreputable nor illegal, and that the belief that "Providence sent merchantmen, as shoals of fish were sent, to reward honest toilers on the sea," was not confined to the descendant of Arrian's Ichthyophagi, who, when fishing was slack, or not in season, took a turn at sea roving.

But this sort of theory could be put in practice only when the merchants were unwarlike Hindoos committing their ventures to vessels which sought to elude the pirates rather than fight

them. When the traders appeared in large square-rigged vessels amply furnished with large ordnance and crowded with well-armed stout sailors, Portuguese or French, Dutchmen or English, the eastern pirates found that they had a very different kind of customers to deal with, and not unfrequently the tables were turned, and the Christian strangers not only defended successfully their own trade, but retaliated with piracy and buccaneering on their own account, showing little remorse or discrimination as long as the sufferers were unbelievers or idolaters.

As the English power became paramount in India, somewhat more of law and order was introduced, and the safety of the seas became a matter of public concern to the Government. A well armed fighting marine was organized with its head-quarters at Bombay, and for nearly a century—as the “Bombay Marine,” subsequently called the “Indian Navy”—did excellent, and often brilliant, service both in the Arabian waters and among the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In the former seas community of interest gave the English useful allies in the Omâni navy. The Imâms protected trade, and the Indian merchants trading between India, Arabia, and Africa had ever found safe refuge and favour in the sea-ports of Omân.

The task of suppressing piracy would have been easier but for the support which the pirates received from the Wahhabis. The southern shores of the Persian Gulf have always been the great stronghold of Arab piracy. The coast is most intricate and dangerous to approach, owing to numerous coral reefs, the channels between which offer no safe access save to the most experienced of local pilots. The inhabitants of the coast, separated into many independent tribes, divided their time between fighting and fishing, pearl-diving in its season and piracy, combining whenever they could all these occupations and uniting only for distant enterprises of sea roving, or to repel any stranger that might meddle with them.

Inland from this coast lay Nedj, the home and stronghold of Wahhabeeism, the most notable revival of Islam in the last and present century. The practical doctrine of the Muslim reformer—that the persons and goods of all unbelievers were the divinely-appointed lawful spoil of the faithful, and that all who had lapsed from the primitive purity of the faith—Sunnis, or Shîaâhs, and Ibâdiyah alike, all, in fact, except true Wâhhabis—were worse than infidels, and were to be slaughtered, enslaved, and plundered as a religious duty—this teaching found willing disciples on what is emphatically called the “pirate coast,” and its effects were speedily visible in the increased ferocity with which the pirates fought and which they displayed in their treatment of the unhappy captives who fell into their hands. Instigated by the Wahhabis, the Joâsmees, or people of El Kawâsim, a tribe on the south coast of the Persian Gulf, had been most daring in their piracies on the western coast of India. An expedition was sent by the English Government from Bombay to co-operate with Seyyid Sa’id in punishing them. The town of Ras-el-Khaimar was bombarded on the 12th November, 1809, stormed the next day, the chief made prisoner, a large number of piratical vessels burnt, and much booty carried off. This was the first instance of armed intervention by the British in the affairs of Omân. The combined forces were equally successful in the following month in recapturing the fort of Shinas, north of Muscat, which had fallen to the Wahhabis.

After this the English force was recalled. The Supreme Government of India, we are told, was unwilling to be committed to an indefinite contest with the Wahhabis. Seyyid Sa’id appealed in vain for further aid, and was obliged to buy off the invaders with “a present” of 40,000 dollars, and would probably have suffered further at their hands had not the operations of the Egyptian troops in their campaigns against the Wahhabis in 1813 to 1819, the occupation and destruction of their

capital, and the execution of their Amir Abdallah at Constantinople, given for the time an effectual check to the aggressions of the fanatics of Nedj.

A second expedition against the piratical tribes in the Persian Gulf was however, organised by the Government of India in 1819. Seyyid Sa'id heartily co-operated with the force sent from Bombay under General Keir, and contributed to the success of the expedition, which, after reducing several piratical strongholds, forced the chiefs of all the maritime tribes to conclude treaties, in 1820, binding them to a perpetual maritime truce among themselves, to abstain from piracy, and to accept the arbitration of the British agent in the Gulf in case of intertribal disputes. A prompt and steady enforcement of the provisions of these treaties has almost put an end to piracy during the last half century.

Less success attended a joint expedition which was sent in the next year to coerce the tribes of Benu-Abi-Hasan, and Benu-'Abi-'Aly inland from Sur and Ras-el-Hadd, and about a hundred miles S.E. of Muscat. These tribes had abjured the Ibâdhiyah creed and their allegiance to Omân, adopted Wahhabeeism, and plundered vessels under the English flag which had been wrecked in their neighbourhood. The expedition was commanded by Seyyid Sa'id in person, but the rebels defended themselves with such desperation that the allies were routed and forced to retreat, though Sa'id displayed great personal courage and was severely wounded in saving a British artilleryman.

It was deemed of so much importance to wipe out the effects of this repulse, that a second and much stronger expedition was immediately sent from Bombay under command of Sir Lionel Smith. They were joined by Seyyid Sa'id with his Arab forces, and soon completely retrieved the check received by their predecessors, storming the rebels' formidable position on the 2nd March, 1821, and killing or making prisoners nearly the whole of the rebel force. The Arab chronicler notes with great

approval the excellent treatment of the prisoners sent to Bombay, and their release two years afterwards with money sufficient to rebuild their homes, on condition of fealty to Seyyid Sa'id, who, at the request of the English, forgave their rebellion, and received their submission to his authority.

After some unsuccessful attempts to annex Bahrein, the Seyyid turned his attention to consolidating his possessions on the African coast, and devoted to that object nearly fifteen years, from 1829 to 1844.

He made Zanzibar his principal residence, and in a series of expeditions, in some of which he received important assistance from the English, he gradually occupied almost every seaport of importance, and all the islands off the coast, from near Brava to Cape Delgado. He had a considerable fleet of ships fairly manned and armed after the English fashion. One of these he sent to England and presented to King William the Fourth, and she was long on the navy list as H.M.S. *Imâm*, a serviceable teak-built frigate. In his operations on the African coast he relied mainly on his naval resources, which enabled him to concentrate at any point a force of well-armed Arabs sufficient to capture the forts which had been everywhere built by the former Portuguese conquerors in positions commanding the trade of the coast, and to overcome any opposition from the native African chiefs. When he had secured such a point he appointed a trusty and experienced soldier as *wali*, or governor, leaving the general administration in civil matters to the chiefs of tribes, many of them of Arab or mixed descent, or to the municipal councils which had grown up in most large towns for the management of local affairs. Trade was everywhere fostered, and wherever the Seyyid's red flag was hoisted the Indian traders, or banians of four or five principal castes, who had from the earliest days been trading on that coast till driven away by Portuguese exactions, would flock back, and the Seyyid himself would often take a part in a venture,

or allow his men-of-war to carry cargo, when not engaged in a military expedition. His chief fellow-tribesmen and followers were encouraged to settle wherever they found good land; and plantations of cocoa-nut, sugar cane, and cloves grew up wherever protection was given to the labourers, bond or free, to clear the forest. Under his rule Zanzibar became an important emporium. Indian merchants were followed by German, French, American, and English houses, consulates were established by all four nations, and treaties of commerce were executed, in which the Seyyid's wish to promote trade and to induce his foreign allies to settle was often expressed in terms which have since seriously fettered the action and limited the fiscal resources of the ruler of the State; for each treaty, besides limiting his demand for customs to a very light scale of duties, and binding him to abstain from monopolizing articles of trade, contained a "most favoured nation" clause, so that any treaty power is enabled to demand for its own subjects any privileges or exemptions which might be granted to the subjects of any other power. As a natural consequence all native traders who could do so enrolled themselves as subjects of one or other of the treaty powers. The foreign consuls were rarely inclined to diminish, even in appearance, the importance of privileges secured to subjects of their own government, so that the Seyyid's power to tax trade for fiscal purposes was limited to those few traders who could claim no protection from a foreign consul; and even in their case only in regard to bargains and articles in which no trader under foreign protection could claim any interest. It is no small credit to the Seyyid and his successors that under such disadvantages they have extended and fairly maintained their authority, and found means for carrying on the general administration. But it is of course vain, under such a system, to expect a strong Government, or any facilities for trade which would cause expense to its Treasury.

The English, who alone of all four powers had actively and directly aided the Seyyid in establishing his authority, and who, as governing the countries which were the home of the Indian trader, had greater special interest in local commerce than any other nation, did not lessen his immediate difficulties by their determination to put down the growing slave trade. As the market for slaves in the West Indies, in South America and the Southern Indian Ocean declined, the trade northwards to supply the slave-markets of Egypt, Turkey, Arabia and Persia increased, in spite of the efforts somewhat spasmodically made by the English Government to stop it by sea. Of course it was easy for our consuls to prove by argument that in the long run such a drain of the local labour market was not only inhuman but impolitic. The Seyyid, however, and his followers and advisers caring less for humanity than for their own immediate profit, and still less for the future policy of their successors, were by no means willing to give up or restrict a traffic which insured them a cheap and abundant supply of slave labour, and afforded an article of export more profitable and easy of transport than elephants' teeth.

Nevertheless, at the repeated solicitations of his English allies the Seyyid executed more than one treaty for the suppression of the slave traffic. The provisions of these engagements were not always very effectual for the object we had in view, but they enabled a succession of active and independent consuls, aided by energetic naval officers, employed on the coast to prove the possibility of putting an end to the traffic by sea.

Such are the enormous natural resources of the East African coast, that with every drawback, the Seyyid was enabled to remit large sums to aid his administration in Arabia. But subsidies to friendly chiefs and tribes, or large "presents" to his Wahhabi neighbours did not compensate for the repeated absence of the brave and sagacious head of the state at his distant possessions in Africa, nor could his

occasional presence in Omân always restore affairs to their former footing. The Wahhabi influence steadily increased till the "presents" from Omân assumed an uncomfortable resemblance to regular tribute, and the Egyptian successes in Nedj gave only temporary relief.

Nor could the Seyyid always rely on the fidelity of his own kinsfolk and tribesmen. He had frequently to choose between condoning rebellion and invoking the dangerous aid of his powerful Wahhabi neighbours, and attempts to revive the Imâmate in the person of rival pretenders showed that the Seyyid's tried capacity for rule did not render it easy even for him to dispense with the shadowy authority of the traditional dignity.

The Seyyid in fact added one more to the many instances afforded by history, that no personal ability will enable a conqueror to bequeath power to those who succeed him unless circumstances allow him to mould the growth of something like a constitution, supplementing from within the external forces which keep nations together and perpetuate dynasties.

His closing years were little better than a series of disappointments partly owing to intestine broils, resulting from the want of a recognized law of succession, partly to the growing power of the Wahhabis, and partly, it must be confessed, to the vacillating policy of the Indian government. The Persians, intent on dreams of eastern conquest, had commenced a systematic series of aggressions, on the Omâni possessions on the northern or Persian shore of the Gulf, and took Bunder-el-Abbâs. Some of these ports had been farmed by the Persian government to the rulers of Omân for nearly a century. They commanded a thriving trade with the eastern provinces of Persia, the same trade which the natural features of the country have always directed to Ormus and its neighbourhood. The Omânis had more than half a century before granted unusual privileges of trade to their English allies, and these privileges doubtless formed an additional inducement to the Persians to attempt

the ejection of the Omânis; for the policy of the Persian Court was then, and continued to be till the end of our war with Persia in 1856, directed by influences distinctly hostile to the British. Confident of our support, Seyyid Sa'id despatched an expedition under his son Thuwainy to recapture Bunder-el-Abbâs; but as the Arab reinforcements "were prevented from joining him by an arbitrary abuse of the interdict placed by the British Government upon all armed movements by sea on the part of the petty chiefs occupying the littoral of the Persian Gulf, the Seyyid was obliged to give way and make the best terms he could with the victors." They were very humiliating, and reduced the Seyyid's representative to the position of a dependant on the caprice of the Persian Governors of Fars or Kirman, fixing at the same time a term of twenty years for the termination of the Omâni possession on that coast.

"With a deep sense of humiliation," we are told, "preying on his mind, the Seyyid Sa'id embarked once more for Zanzibar; but 'the decree of fate' overtook him in the Sea of Sayebelles. He died on board his frigate, the *Victoria*, on the 19th of October, 1856, at the age of sixty-five, after a reign of fifty-two years."

He left behind him a great reputation as an able and wise ruler, and on all the coasts of the Arabian and Indian seas, from Madagascar round to Cape Comorin, is popularly classed with his great contemporaries—better known to English readers, but not more highly esteemed by the Seyyid's countrymen and neighbours—Runjeet Sing, Dost Mohammed, and Mehmet Ali, to one or other of whom he is pretty sure to be likened by any Omâni who talks of him in an Eastern Bazaar.

We have referred to historical evidence that an extensive commerce between Western Asia and Eastern Africa has always been carried on; but even if history were silent on the subject, the natural features and phenomena of winds and currents on the coast would render it almost impossible for a sea-

faring people, however cautious as navigators, to avoid being drawn into commerce between two rich and populous countries. There is in Africa, south of the Straits of Babelmandeb, no Sahara such as cut off the Mauritians and Numidians from the populous negro coast south of the Niger; and the natural configuration of the Arabian, African, and Indian ocean-coasts is such, and the course and force of the prevailing trade-winds are so ordered, that without much aid from the shipmen the most helpless barque would be drifted and blown, according to the season, from the African to the Arabian coast, or *vice versâ* from Asia to Africa.

These physical causes would have led to commercial intercourse between Western Asia and Eastern Africa, even had the southern and eastern shores of Arabia been peopled by races less adventurous and less addicted to naval enterprize than the Arabs. Except when interrupted by the Portuguese domination, the process has probably in all ages been much the same as that by which, during Seyyid Sa'id's reign, Omâni colonies occupied the coast where the Portuguese power had withered and decayed.

Every year brought its quota of armed adventurers from Muscat, Sohar, and other ports of Arabia, sometimes in considerable fleets of those swift, white winged, latteen-rigged vessels which from the earliest ages seem to have carried on the commerce between Arabia and India on the one hand and Africa on the other. As soon as the south-west summer monsoon was fairly over the mariners were busy in every port on the shores of the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea; their vessels, which for months had rested in creeks or on sandy beaches drawn high above springtide highwater mark, and propped up with timbers, to dry them and give access to caulkers and careeners, were repaired, painted with fresh coats of shark oil and lime to keep off worms, floated, and equipped; the huge, square water tanks and four-fluked anchors were hoisted on board; provisions,* and a

cargo of dates, salt fish, grain, hardware and cottons, plain or indigo-dyed, were stowed, and as soon as the autumn calms were over and the north-east winds began to blow steadily and strongly, the vessels were hauled out into the roads, the masts stepped, the great white sails were bent to the taper yards as they lay along projecting far beyond the stern and stem, the passengers crowded on board each with his arms and sundry bundles of clothes, provisions and merchandize, the shipmen hoisted their huge triangular sail with much shouting, screaming, and clapping of hands in chorus, and amid the firing of guns and hoisting of flags the vessel skimmed out to sea and was soon ploughing the waves for the offing, hardly distinguishable, except in size, from the white sea birds which followed in her wake.

Arrived on the African coast, wherever the effete Portuguese power was weakest the Arab adventurers would resort. They traded, they fought fiercely and successfully, combining as one man to attack some half-deserted port or dilapidated fortress, and then quarrelling among themselves over their prey. When they had secured a rich alluvial shore or fertile island and abundance of negro slaves, they settled, and built houses—not huts of reeds or mud, like the Africans, but substantial masonry buildings of coral-rag and lime mortar, such as fringe the shores of an Arabian, Moorish, or Spanish port—great square, white, flat-roofed mansions, proof against assault from any foe unprovided with artillery, with few external windows save such as could be used for musketry defence; the rooms opening on to arched galleries overlooking an interior court, and massive timber doors giving access to narrow dark staircases with many angles, where a single determined man with his dagger could keep at bay a host of assailants even should they force the door.

Here the Arab Seigneur lived much as his forefathers have lived for ages in many a conquered country from India to Spain. With his clansmen and the

few trusty slaves who alone were admitted into the house and allowed to bear arms, he could hold his own against anything short of a regular siege. It is no more than justice to them to add that if the Arab conquerors showed little scruple in acquiring power and territory, and little sense of moral obligation in using what they acquired, the net results of the acquisition were usually favourable to settled government and civilization. There was some sort of law and freedom in the land, where the cruel and short-sighted policy of the early Portuguese had extinguished both. The Arab slave-master was less harsh than the nominal Christian, and wherever the Arabs settled the negroes gathered round. Jungle was cleared and clove orchards and sugar-cane fields were planted where, during the Portuguese domination, the forest had reasserted its ancient sway. The Arabs have always a keen eye for commerce, and wherever they gained a footing in a port or harbour the Indian traders soon reappeared. These were the "Moors" and "Banians" of various castes in whose hands Vasco da Gama found all the functions of brokers and agents intermediary between the foreign merchant and the local pedlar. They had been almost driven away from the coast by the jealous commercial impolicy and bigotry of the Portuguese, but they returned wherever the Arabs established themselves and supplied to the more enterprising of their leaders the means of organizing expeditions down the coast and into the far interior, which were intended to serve as occasion offered, for commerce, for slave-hunting, for conquest, or for settlement.

But let us go back for a moment to the ships and the shipmen who had brought these Arab immigrants from Arabia to Africa. When they had discharged their passengers and disposed of their merchandize they prepared for their return voyage. A cargo was collected of gums—copal and Arabic—ebony from Madagascar, hides, oil seeds, dyeing drugs and cloves, rhinoceros' horns, elephants' teeth and hippopotamus' tusks, and with the ivory, as of old,

in the days of King Solomon, "apes and peacocks,"¹ if we understand by the latter, as some commentators tell us we might, the parrots of various kinds always to be found on board an Arab or Indian vessel homeward bound from Africa.

With these were always some "persons of men,"² slaves of the various negro races, kidnapped or bought in the interior, and brought down in chain gangs to the slave markets on the coast, with many a murder and act of revolting brutality on the way. The best that can be said for the Arab slave-drover is that he is not quite so cruel or brutal as the Portuguese half-caste, and forty years ago the Arab demand for slaves was not what it has since become. There was then less money than there is now in Arabia and Egypt, and none but great men could afford negro slaves. The Arabs did little directly to supply the sugar islands in the East and West Indies and Brazil, which were then the great slave markets of the world; but some slaves were always to be found in every Arab dhow returning from Africa as sailors and passengers' servants, though not, as in later years, crowded by scores till the boat could hold no more, to be sold like cattle in the slave bazaars of Turkey, Persia, and Arabia.

When the return cargo and passengers, free and servile, were on board, and the shipmen were assured that the south-west monsoon had fairly and steadily set in, the dhow once more set forth and shaped a north-easterly course on her homeward voyage to Arabia, and perhaps onwards to India.

With her great spread of cotton sails before a steady south-west trade wind, a large Arab dhow will lead the swiftest frigate in her Majesty's service a long chase, and frequently run her pursuer out of sight, if no unforeseen chance compels her to shorten sail or alter her course. Ten days of such running would bring her near her port. The seasons of trade wind are so regular, and the customs of merchants and shipmasters

¹ 1 Kings x. 22.

² Ezekiel xxvii. 13.

so dependent on the seasons and so little variable in other respects, that the homeward return of the voyagers may be reckoned to within a few days; and for some time before the day calculated on, at every Arab port engaged in the African trade look-out groups assemble in daily-increasing numbers on the terraced roofs of the houses overlooking the sea, or wherever the shore affords points of vantage for scanning the horizon. Great is the excitement when a sail appears, too large for a fishing craft, and making direct for the port. "It is Khoja Mahomed's, or Lalljee's." "No; it is only some Indian vessel coming in for water." At length all uncertainty is dispelled by her hoisting flags and firing guns as she still holds on her course. The news soon spreads through the Bazar, and the whole population crowds to the beach to welcome the returned voyagers. Great and universal is the rejoicing, as friends meet and exchange news. The supercargo walks off with the shipowner and merchants to tell of the cargo and prices, and hastily to calculate gains or losses. The Rais, with a few of the chief passengers, goes to the Sultan's or *Wali's* house, to kiss his hand and give him the news. "Salim has died of dysentery, and Abdulla was killed in a skirmish with the negro wildmen on his road to the lake country. Your kinsman Khalid, who was always so troublesome, and inclined to Wahabeeism, has borrowed two thousand dollars from a Hindu merchant, and is building a house and laying out a clove orchard in Pemba. His brother, Ahmed, with a score of ragamuffins from his own and other tribes, has gone southward, intending to establish himself on an island near the Portuguese border. He prays you to send him some more good stout fellows who are willing to go inland; but above all a little money or letters of credit on the Banians. He will pay you without fail next season in ivory and copal, which he hopes to find cheap where he has gone," &c. &c. And so the talk in the little court goes on, mingled with schemes for next season's

adventure on a larger scale, and frequent interruptions as visitors drop in to congratulate the voyagers and hear the news. Everywhere in the town is rejoicing—even the negro slaves are glad. The voyage is over, with its many terrors, its scanty fare, and its short allowance of brackish water. If they may now resign all hope of ever again seeing the dark forests of their native land, they need no longer dread the kidnapper lurking in every bush, or shudder at the horrors of the chain-gang. They will have food and protection for the day, and if they look to the future, as negroes rarely can, they may see possibilities of favour and future freedom in return for present loss of liberty. It is true that probably ten lives have been sacrificed, and many a home made desolate in Africa, before one slave attains even this amount of negative freedom from care; but such considerations do not weigh heavily on the slave who has just escaped from the long sea voyage. Nine-tenths of them are children, to whom the change has the charm of novelty, and on whom the loss of friends, or even parents, makes but little permanent impression.

Such was the kind of process, repeated year after year, by which the Arabs took the place of the Portuguese on the East Coast of Africa, during the last half of the past and first half of the present century.

We have noted a few of the principal articles of East African trade. The list might be greatly extended, for there are few products of the tropical or sub-tropical zones, and many of more temperate climates, which may not be had, so to speak, "for the asking." That is to say, they are produced, or might be produced, within commercial reach of the East African trader, and might speedily be in the market, if a demand for them were established. Whilst, as regards the imports by which the African could be paid for his produce, there are few articles in common use by the people of Arabia, India, and the East generally, which might not in time find a ready sale in East Africa.

Space does not admit of more than a passing reference to those authorities who have written on the subject of East African trade. The consular reports of General Rigby, Sir Lewis Pelly, Colonel Playfair, Mr. Churchill, Captain Priedeaux, and especially Dr. Kirk and his assistants, Captain Elton and Mr. Holmwood, contain much valuable information; but it is scattered through formidable blue-books, many of them quite inaccessible to the general reader. Almost every chapter of Dr. Livingstone's works contains some notices or suggestions on the commercial capabilities of the country, and the scrupulous accuracy of the most keen-sighted of observers gives especial value to his remarks. Valuable notices on commercial, as on most other matters of interest to the traveller, are to be found in the volumes of Burton, and some in Mr. Stanley's narrative. The commercial capabilities of Madagascar are barely touched on even in the most recent works, and Mr. M'Leod's full and accurate notices of the products of the Portuguese African possessions refer to a period when the country was less accessible and less known than it is now.

But nowhere can the "merchant adventurer" find in print such information as would be of much use to him in arranging "an African venture." We trust that Dr. Kirk and his able assistants will one day furnish us with a commercial hand-book such as may give to those interested some definite idea of the capabilities and wants of two thousand miles of coast, which till lately was almost blank in the commercial map of the world, but which is better situated than almost any other coast of similar extent for carrying on a great and varied commerce.

A comparison of the prominent features of the Eastern and Western African coasts will show that this is no exaggerated estimate of the resources of the former region.

Both coasts can boast a great extent of soil of extraordinary fertility; both have a great length of seaboard, afford-

ing many facilities for an extended foreign trade; but whilst the West coast has few but bar-harbours at the mouths of rivers, the East coast abounds in well sheltered natural harbours, well adapted for carrying on a great sea-borne trade in vessels of the largest size used in modern commerce. In the fleets of dhows annually trading between her ports and Asia, East Africa has a large merchant marine, for coasting purposes, far superior to anything of the kind on the West coast.

Both coasts have vast resources of abundant and cheap, but ill-directed, labour. Both are cursed with forms of slavery which greatly limit the value of that labour; but the slavery of the East coast is, with all its horrors, less barbarous and degrading, and less destructive to human life than that of the West. Slave life is too often wasted on the East coast, but the human sacrifices and the wholesale massacres, in mere wantonness of superstition, which are such horrible features of the slavery of the West coast, seem almost unknown on the East. Under Muslim rulers the slave, however degraded and practically ill-treated, has at least a recognized legal status; and both the written law and the customs of the Ibâdhiyah sect which prevail in Zanzibar are notably more favourable to the slave than those of most other sections of Islâm. It follows that the whole social and political organization on the East coast is of a far higher type than on the West. This is partly due to the large admixture on the East coast of various foreign races more advanced in civilization than the negroes; but still more to the Arab rulers, of whom our guest, the Sultan of Zanzibar, is the most considerable. The difference will be appreciated if we contrast the worst of Arab *walis*, or local governors, with the best of such pure negro sovereigns as the rulers of Ashantee and Dahomey.

Even in the far interior, where the Arab slave-hunter is removed from many of the civilizing and restraining influences felt on the coast, whilst we are constantly shocked by the horrible

scenes described by Livingstone and Schweinfurth, they are not unrelieved by occasional evidence that even the brutalizing effects of the slave-hunter's occupation have not entirely destroyed the better instincts of the more civilized race, nor wholly obscured all the teachings of a comparatively purer and higher morality.

Let it not be supposed for a moment that we would offer excuses for *any* form of slavery, or subscribe to the doctrine that in its mildest forms it is not more hateful or more injurious to lord as well as servant, than the worst forms of voluntary servitude. But there are varying shades of darkness in even the blackest night; and if the condition of the slave in Egypt is not to be envied by the poorest freeborn peasant in Europe, it is beyond doubt far better than that of slaves elsewhere in Africa; and the slave in Zanzibar, if not so well off as his brother in Egypt, is better off than the slave of the West coast.

Let us, however, never forget that slavery at its best can only be maintained and fed by a system of perpetual kidnapping; and if any man doubts what the results must be on the commercial and industrial capabilities of the country whence the supply of slaves is drawn, let him imagine it applied to our own rural population. We have reason to hope that the lessons to be learnt from the sight of free labour everywhere around him in Europe will not be lost on the Sultan of Zanzibar and his attendants.

The last great advantage which we would notice, as possessed by the East African Coast, is the presence of more than one class of professional local traders superior in civilization and intelligence to the natives of the country, but not so superior as to prevent their living contentedly among them, whilst they are every way qualified to act as local agents to the European and American merchants.

The "Banians," as they are generically termed, are all of Indian or Arab origin, and belong to more than one of the Indian castes, whose hereditary

profession is trade. Some of them are Muhamadans by creed, belonging to sects which split off from the main stock early in the history of Islâm; and one of them, the Khojahs, are able to trace an undoubted pedigree to the disciples of the "Old Man of the Mountain," the formidable chief of the Assassins, in the days of the Crusaders. Their pedigree was conclusively established by a celebrated trial in the High Court of Bombay a few years ago; but the present representatives of the tribe are scattered as diligent traders, everywhere respected, in all the ports of Arabia and Western India. One of the principal members of the sect in Zanzibar, Tara Topun, so eulogized by Mr. Stanley for his effectual aid in enabling the American traveller to reach Livingstone, is now in England in the suite of the Sultan.

Of the Hindoo "Banians," the most important class in East Africa belong to the Bhattia caste. They too have had their history and tenets thoroughly sifted in a celebrated judicial trial in Bombay, and the result is in its way quite as curious as in the case of the Khojahs. But the Hindu Bhattias proved to be an off-shoot from one of the great Hindu sects which has reduced epicureanism to an actual rule of life, and carried to its extreme practical results the doctrine that the high priest is the incarnation of the Divinity. The possibility of combining the highest commercial skill and its result, enormous wealth, with the blindest ignorance in other matters; the most refined luxury and perfect epicureanism, with the most slavish subjection to spiritual tyrants, leading scandalously immoral lives, was an evil vision revealed by a patient matter-of-fact trial before English judges and lawyers. The trial was full of interest to the moralist and political philosopher, but ill fitted for discussion elsewhere. It was a satisfactory result that our law upheld the cause of truth and purity against a marvellous combination of wealth and caste power.

Muslim and Hindu, however, what-

ever their origin or religious belief, are, and have been for ages, the keenest of traders; and they who know best the commercial deficiencies of the West Coast, can appreciate the value of such a class as intermediaries between the foreign and local trader on the East.

Commercial affairs in East Africa are at present passing through a revolution for which two principal causes may be assigned. The great hurricane in 1872 was an unexpected and ruinous, though temporary calamity; but the prohibition of the public sale of slaves, and the stoppage of the sea-borne slave traffic in 1873, affected all commerce as much as the stoppage of the trade in opium affected the commerce of China. Slaves were in many places an important part of the local currency, and were everywhere a considerable portion of the general exports; and few were the East African traders who, if they had traced their bargains to their ultimate results, would not have found their gains more or less influenced by the current price of human flesh. The partial stoppage of the slave trade will doubtless in the long run immensely benefit every branch of commerce and industry, but the immediate results must cause much temporary derangement of trade. This was foreseen by the Sultan and his advisers, and Seyyid Burgash deserves all the more credit for the good faith with which he has carried out the pledges, not by any means willingly given, to comply with the requisitions of his philanthropic ally.

The second cause of a revolution in the course of trade may be found in the opening of the Suez Canal and the concurrent development of steam traffic on the coast. Ten years ago the great bulk of the trade between Europe and East Africa went round the Cape, and for the most part passed through marts in India or Arabia. Almost every article of East African import or export rested for a while in the warehouses of traders living in Bombay, Surat, Cutch, Mandavie, Muscat, or other ports of the Arabian Sea, whence generally after changing hands they found their

way to the Banian correspondents, who during the present century had resumed the old positions whence their ancestors had been driven by the early Portuguese conquerors. The delays and expenses incident to such a circuitous course of trade greatly restricted its development.

The French, the Germans, and Americans seem to have taken the lead of the English in renewing direct trade with Eastern Africa, and the German merchants were the first to send steamers direct to the coast. But the exigencies of a lucrative private trade prevented the first steamers from being available to the public for the conveyance of mails. There was no postal communication except by chance vessels from Bombay, Mauritius, or other distant forts; and the residents of Zanzibar were sometimes five months, and occasionally longer, without news from Europe.

The opening of the Suez Canal was the commencement of a revolution in the course of trade. Steamers touching at Aden landed or took in cargo for Zanzibar, and occasionally a steamer ran on direct. But the East African Coast might long have been without direct postal steamers had it not been for the enterprise and public spirit of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which, after pushing out its steamer lines along every part of the Indian coast from Java to the Euphrates, has now extended them to Mozambique. The Directors of the Company, at the instance of their philanthropic chairman, Mr. William Mackinnon, ran their first steamer to meet the wants of the Special Mission to the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1872, and, whilst the Mission for the abolition of the Slave Trade was on the coast, doubled the number of voyages stipulated for in the postal contract, so as to ensure the early and punctual receipt of the despatches connected with the negotiations. This act of liberality must have cost the Company a large sum, and by materially abbreviating the stay of the Mission on the coast saved the English Treasury many months of heavy expenditure;

but the service was rendered entirely gratuitously, and no compensation was asked for by the Company or offered by the Government.

There can be no doubt of the great impulse which steamer traffic will give, and has indeed already given, to commerce in general on this coast. The native merchants of Zanzibar now deal direct with Europe, and though individual interests in Zanzibar, India, and Arabia may suffer, the general result must be highly favourable to the development of every branch of trade.

As bearing on such prospects we must not forget the valuable coal fields which extend for at least 1,000 miles from the frontiers of the Cape Colony to the north of the Rovuma. Wherever the great river-valleys intersect the mountain ranges, which run north and south throughout this region, some traces of coal-bearing strata have been found; and at various points inland from Delagoa Bay, and again on the Zambesi and Rovuma rivers, thick coal-beds have been found in workable positions close to the surface.

There appear now grounds for hoping that, at no distant period, this portion at least of Africa may cease to merit the name of "the Lost Continent," which has hitherto not inaptly described its condition as almost a blank in the commercial map of the world.

It is clear that any Government which could ensure protection of life and property in such a position, and allow capitalists to attract the abundant labour of the continent by freedom and fair wages, might aspire to a great position among nations.

Our South African colonies possess some of the elements of such a dominion. All are in abundance at the command of the Portuguese, if, as we may hope

from present appearances, something of the old Lusitanian fire could be rekindled in the cold ashes of her African colonies; and further north it is in our power to aid our present guest to bequeath to the children of Shem an empire wider and richer than any of those kingdoms which Marco Polo described, or Vasco da Gama and his followers destroyed.

The Sultan of Zanzibar doubtless needs support, or rather the considerate friendship of the great European powers, to enable him to maintain and consolidate the possessions he has inherited. Himself a just, tolerant, and frugal ruler, a leader of tribes which in their days of deepest depression have never sunk into barbarism, and which have shown in three continents their power to subdue and civilize inferior races—closely connected, as he is, with some of the great trading communities of the East, and ruling over a region of unsurpassed natural capabilities, he may reasonably hope for a great destiny awaiting his race in Eastern Africa. Something has been done, though it be but one step of many, to emancipate labour in his dominions. Christian Missions, directed by noble-minded and devoted men, are at work to civilize as well as to baptize the negro races, and receive from the Seyyid quite as much favour and protection as our own missions received from our own government in India forty years ago. All who feel for the deep degradation of equatorial Africa in every age of her history, must bid such a ruler "God-speed" in any undertaking which, like his journey to Europe, tends to bring him more intimately within the pale of civilized nations.

H. B. E. FRERE.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1875.

THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARISH.

THE parish of Brentburn lies in the very heart of the leafy county of Berks. It is curiously situated on the borders of the forest, which is rich as Arden on one side, and on the edge of a moorland country abounding in pines and heather on the other; so that in the course of a moderate walk the wayfarer can pass from leafy glades and luxuriant breadth of shadow, great wealthy oaks and beeches, and stately chestnuts such as clothe Italian hill-sides, to the columned fir-trees of a Scotch wood, all aromatic with wild fragrant odours of the moor and peat-moss. On one hand, the eye and the imagination lose themselves in soft woods where Orlando might hang his verses, and heavenly Rosalind flout her lover. On the other, knee-deep in rustling heather and prickly billows of the gorse, the spectator looks over dark undulations of pines, standing up in countless regiments, each line and rank marked against the sky, and an Ossianic breeze making wild music through them. At the corner, where these two landscapes, so strangely different, approach each other most closely, stand the church and rectory of Brentburn. The church, I am sorry to say, is new spick-and-span nineteenth century Gothic, much more painfully correct than if it had been built in the fourteenth century, as it would fain, but for its newness, make believe to be. The rectory is still less engaging

than the church. It is of red brick, and the last rector, so long as he lived in it, tried hard to make his friends believe that it was of Queen Anne's time—that last distinctive age of domestic architecture; but he knew very well all the while that it was only an ugly Georgian house, built at the end of the last century. It had a carriage entrance with the ordinary round "sweep" and clump of laurels, and it was a good-sized house, and comfortable enough in a steady, ugly, respectable way. The other side, however, which looked upon a large garden older far than itself, where mossed apple-trees stood among the vegetable beds in the distant corners, and a delicious green velvet lawn, soft with immemorial turf, spread before the windows, was pleasanter than the front view. There was a large mulberry-tree in the middle of the grass, which is as a patent of nobility to any lawn; and a few other trees were scattered about—a gnarled old thorn for one, which made the whole world sweet in its season, and an apple-tree and a cherry at the further corners, which had, of course, no business to be there. The high walls were clothed with fruit trees, a green wavy lining, to their very top—or in spring rather a mystic, wonderful drapery of white and pink which dazzled all beholders. This, I am sorry to say, at the time my story begins, was more lovely than profitable; for, indeed so large a garden would have

required two gardeners to keep it in perfect order, while all it had was the chance attentions of a boy of all work. A door cut in this living wall of blossoms led straight out to the common, which was scarcely less sweet in spring; and a little way above, on a higher elevation, was the church surrounded by its graves. Beyond this, towards the south, towards the forest, the wealthy, warm English side, there were perhaps a dozen houses, an untidy shop, and the post-office called Little Brentburn, to distinguish it from the larger village, which was at some distance. The cottages were almost all old, but this hamlet was not pretty. Its central feature was a duck-pond, its ways were muddy, its appearance squalid. There was no squire in the parish to keep it in order, no benevolent rich proprietor, no wealthy clergyman; and this brings us at once to the inhabitants of the rectory, with whom we have most concern.

The rector had not resided in the parish for a long time—between fifteen and twenty years. It was a college living, of the value of four hundred and fifty pounds a year, and it had been conferred upon the Rev. Reginald Chester, who was a fellow of the college, as long ago as the time I mention. Mr. Chester was a very good scholar, and a man of very refined tastes. He had lived in his rooms at Oxford, and in various choice regions of the world, specially in France and Italy, up to the age of forty, indulging all his favourite (and quite virtuous) tastes, and living a very pleasant if not a very useful life. He had a little fortune of his own, and he had his fellowship, and was able to keep up congenial society, and to indulge himself in almost all the indulgences he liked. Why he should have accepted the living of Brentburn it would be hard to say; I suppose there is always an attraction, even to the most philosophical, in a few additional hundreds a year. He took it, keeping out poor Arlington who had the next claim, and who wanted to marry, and longed for a country parish. Mr. Chester did

not want to marry, and hated everything parochial; but he took the living all the same. He came to live at Brentburn in the beginning of summer, furnishing the house substantially, with Turkey carpets, and huge mountains of mahogany—for the science of furniture had scarcely been developed in those days; and for the first few months, having brought an excellent cook with him, and finding his friends in town quite willing to spend a day or two by times in the country, and being within an hour's journey of London, he got on tolerably well. But the winter was a very different matter. His friends no longer cared to come. There was good hunting to be sure, but Mr. Chester's friends in general were not hunting men, and the country was damp and rheumatic, and the society more agricultural than intellectual. Then his cook, still more important, mutinied. She had never been used to it, and her kitchen was damp, and she had no means of improving herself "in this hole," as she irreverently called the rectory of Brentburn. Heroically, in spite of this, in spite of the filthy roads, the complaints of the poor, an indifferent cook, and next to no society, Mr. Chester held out for two long years. The damp crept on him, into his very bones. He got incipient rheumatism, and he had a sharp attack of bronchitis. This was in spring, the most dangerous season when your lungs are weak; and in Mr. Chester's family there had at one time been a girl who died of consumption. He was just at the age when men are most careful of their lives, when, awaking out of the confidence of youth, they begin to realize that they are mortal, and one day or other must die. He took fright; he consulted a kind physician, who was quite ready to certify that his health required Mentone or Spitzbergen, whichever the patient wished; and then Mr. Chester advertised for a curate. The parish was so small that up to this moment he had not had any occasion for such an article. He got a most superior person, the Rev. Cecil St.

John, who was very ready and happy to undertake all the duties for less than half of the stipend. Mr. Chester was a liberal man in his way. He let Mr. St. John have the rectory to live in, and the use of all his furniture, except his best Turkey carpets, which it must be allowed were too good for a curate; and then, with heart relieved, he took his way into the south and the sunshine. What a relief it was! He soon got better at Mentone, and went on to more amusing and attractive places; but as it was on account of his health that he had got rid of his parish, consistency required that he should continue to be "delicate." Nothing is more easy than to manage this when one has money enough and nothing to do. He bought a small villa near Naples, with the best possible aspect, sheltered from the east wind. He became a great authority on the antiquities of the neighbourhood, and in this way had a constant change and variety of the very best society. He took great care of himself; was never out at sunset, avoided the sirocco, and took great precautions against fever. He even began to plan a book about Pompeii. And thus the years glided by quite peacefully in the most refined of occupations, and he had almost forgotten that he ever was rector of Brentburn. Young fellows of his college recollected it from time to time, and asked querulously if he never meant to die. "You may be sure he will never die if he can help it," the Provost of that learned community replied, chuckling, for he knew his man. And meantime Mr. St. John, who was the curate in charge, settled down and made himself comfortable, and forgot that he was not there in his own right. It is natural a man should feel so who has been priest of a parish for nearly twenty years.

This Mr. St. John was a man of great tranquillity of mind, and with little energy of disposition. Where he was set down there he remained, taking all that Providence sent him very dutifully, without any effort to change what might be objectionable or amend

what was faulty; nobody could be more accomplished than he was in the art of "putting up with" whatsoever befell him. When once he had been established anywhere, only something from without could move him—never any impulse from within. He took what happened to him, as the birds took the crumbs he threw out to them, without question or preference. The only thing in which he ever took an initiative was in kindness. He could not bear to hurt any one's feelings, to make any one unhappy, and by dint of his submissiveness of mind he was scarcely ever unhappy himself. The poor people all loved him; he never could refuse them anything, and his reproofs were balms which broke no man's head. He was indeed, but for his sympathy, more like an object in nature—a serene soft hill-side touched by the lights and shadows of changeable skies, yet never really affected by them except for the moment—than a suffering and rejoicing human creature.

"On a fair landscape some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the fleeting time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away."

This was the effect Mr. St. John produced upon his friends and the parish; change seemed impossible to him—and that he could die, or disappear, or be anything different from what he was, was as hard to conceive as it was to realize that distinct geological moment when the hills were all in fusion and there was not a tree in the forest. That this should be the case in respect to the curate in charge, whose position was on sufferance, and whom any accident happening to another old man in Italy, or any caprice of that old man's fancy, could sweep away out of the place as if he had never been, gave additional quaintness yet power to the universal impression. Nobody could imagine what Brentburn would be like without Mr. St. John, and he himself was of the same mind.

At the period when this story commences the curate was a widower with "two families." He had been so impru-

dent as to marry twice; he had two daughters grown up, who were coming to him but had not arrived, and he had two little baby boys, whose mother had recently died. But how this mother and these boys came about, to Mr. St. John's great surprise—and who the daughters were who were coming to take charge of him—I must tell before I go on any further. The whole episode of his second marriage was quite accidental in the curate's life.

CHAPTER II.

THE PREVIOUS HISTORY OF MR. ST. JOHN.

THE Reverend Cecil St. John started in life, not so much under a false impression himself, as conveying one right and left wherever he moved. With such a name it seemed certain that he must be a man of good family, well-connected to the highest level of good connections; but he was not. I cannot tell how this happened, or where he got his name. When he was questioned about his family he declared himself to have no relations at all. He was his father's only child, and his father had been some one else's only child; and the result was that he had nobody belonging to him. The people at Weston-on-Weir, which was his first curacy, had a tradition that his grandfather had been disowned and disinherited by his family on account of a romantic marriage; but this, I fear, was pure fable invented by some parish authority with a lively imagination. All the years he spent at Weston nobody, except an old pupil, ever asked for him; he possessed no family possessions, not even an old seal, or bit of china. His father had been a curate before him, and was dead and gone, leaving no ties in the world to his only boy. This had happened so long ago that Mr. St. John had long ceased to be sad about it before he came to Weston, and though the ladies there were very sorry for his loneliness, I am not sure that it occurred to himself to

be sorry. He was used to it. He had stayed in Oxford for some years after he took his degree, working with pupils; so that he was about five-and-thirty when he took his first curacy, moved, I suppose, by some sense of the monotony of an unprogressive life. At five-and-thirty one has ceased to feel certain that everything must go well with one, and probably it occurred to him that the Church would bring repose and quiet, which he loved, and possibly some quiet promotion. Therefore he accepted the curacy of Weston-on-Weir, and got lodgings in Mrs. Joyce's, and settled there. The parish was somewhat excited about his coming, and many people at first entertained the notion that his proper title was Honourable and Reverend. But alas! that turned out, as I have said, a delusion. Still, without the honourable, such a name as that of Cecil St. John was enough to flutter a parish, and did so. Even the sight of him did not dissipate the charm, for he was handsome, very tall, slight, serious, and interesting. "Like a young widower," some of the ladies thought; others, more romantic, felt that he must have a history, must have sustained a blight; but if he had, he never said anything about it, and settled down to his duties in a calm matter-of-fact sort of way, as if his name had been John Smith.

Everybody who knows Weston-on-Weir is aware that Mrs. Joyce's cottage is very near the vicarage. The vicar, Mr. Maydew, was an old man, and all but incapable of work, which was the reason why he kept a curate. He was a popular vicar, but a selfish man, whose family had always been swayed despotically by his will, though scarcely any of them were aware of it, for his iron hand was hidden in the velvetest of gloves, and all the Maydews were devoted to their father. He had sent one son to India, where he died, and another to Australia, where he been lost for years. His eldest daughter had married a wealthy person in Manchester, but had died too, at an early age, for none of them were strong; thus his youngest

daughter, Hester, was the only one left to him. Her he could not spare; almost from her cradle he had seen that this was the one to be his companion in his old age, and inexorably he had guarded her for this fate. No man had ever been allowed to approach Hester, in whose eyes any gleam of admiration or kindness for her had appeared. It had been tacitly understood all along that she was never to leave her father, and as he was very kind in manner, Hester accepted the lot with enthusiasm, and thought it was her own choice, and that nothing could ever tempt her to abandon him. What was to become of her when her father had left her, Hester never asked herself, and neither did the old man, who was less innocent in his thoughtlessness. "Something will turn up for Hester," he said in his cheerful moods, and "the Lord will provide for so good a daughter," he said in his solemn ones. But he acted as if it were no concern of his, and so, firm in doing the duty that lay nearest her hand, did she, which was less wonderful. Hester had lived to be thirty when Mr. St. John came to Weston. She was already called an old maid by the young and gay, and even by the elder people about. She was almost pretty in a quiet way, though many people thought her *quite* plain. She had a transparent soft complexion, not brilliant, but pure; soft brown eyes, very kind and tender; fine silky brown hair, and a trim figure; but no features to speak of, and no style, and lived contented in the old rotten tumble-down vicarage, doing the same thing every day at the same hour year after year, serving her father and the parish, attending all the church services, visiting the schools and the sick people. I hope good women who live in this dutiful routine get to like it, and find a happiness in the thought of so much humble handmaiden's work performed so steadily; but to the profane and the busy it seems hard thus to wear away a life.

When Mr. St. John came to the parish it was avowedly to relieve old Mr. Maydew of the duty, not to help him in it. Now and then the old vicar

would show on a fine day, and preach one of his old sermons; but, except for this, everything was left to Mr. St. John. He was not, however, allowed on that account to rule the parish. He had to go and come constantly to the vicarage to receive directions, or advice which was as imperative; and many a day walked to church or into the village with Miss Hester, whom nobody ever called Miss Maydew, though she had for years had a right to the name. The result, which some people thought very natural, and some people quite absurd, soon followed. Quietly, gradually, the two fell in love with each other. There were people in the parish who were quite philanthropically indignant when they heard of it, and very anxious that Mr. St. John should be undeceived, if any idea of Hester Maydew having money was in his thoughts. But they might have spared themselves the trouble. Mr. St. John was not thinking of money. He was not even thinking of marriage. It never occurred to him to make any violent opposition, when Hester informed him, timidly, fearing I know not what demonstration of lover-like impatience, of her promise never to leave her father. He was willing to wait. To spend every evening in the vicarage, to see her two or three times a day, going and coming; to consult her on everything, and inform her of everything that happened to him, was quite enough for the curate. He used to tell her so; while Hester's heart, wrung with pleasure and pain together, half stood still with wonder, not knowing how a man could bear it, yet glad he should. How much there is in the hearts of such good women which never can come into words! She had in her still soul a whole world of ideal people—the ideal man as well as the ideal woman—and her ideal man would not have been content. Yet *he* was, and she was glad; or rather I should say thankful, which is a different feeling. And thus they went on for ten years. Ten years! an eternity to look forward to—a lifetime to look back upon; yet

slipping away so softly, day upon day, that Mr. St. John at least never realized the passage of time. He was a very good clergyman, very kind to the poor people and to the children, very ready to be of service to any one who wanted his services, seeking no diversion or ease except to go down to the vicarage in the evening by that path which his patient feet had made, to play backgammon with the vicar and talk to Hester. I cannot see, for my part, why they should not have married, and occupied the vicarage together; but such an arrangement would not have suited Mr. Maydew, and Hester was well aware of the impossibility of serving two masters. So year came after year, and hour after hour, as if there were no changes in human existence, but everything was as steady and immovable as the surface of that tranquil rural world.

When Mr. Maydew died at last it was quite a shock to the curate; and then it was evident that something must be done. They hoped for a little while that Lord Weston might have given the living to Mr. St. John, who was so much beloved in the parish; but it had been promised years before to his old tutor, and there was an end of that expectation. I think Hester had almost come to doubt whether her curate had energy to marry her when she was thus set free; but there she did him injustice. Though he had not a notion how they were to live, he would have married her on the spot had decorum permitted. It was some time, however, before he heard of anything which would justify them in marrying. He had little interest out of the parish, and was shy of asking anything from the few people he did know. When they were told of Brentburn, and the rector's bad health, they both felt it a special providence that Mr. Chester's lungs should be weak. There was the rectory to live in, and two hundred pounds a year, which seemed a fortune to them both; and they married upon it with as much confidence as if it had been two thousand. They were almost

old people when they set off from the little church at Weston bride and bridegroom; yet very young in the tranquillity of their souls. Mr. St. John was thoroughly happy—not much more happy indeed than when he had walked down across the grass to the vicarage—but not less so; and if Hester felt a thrill of disappointment deep down in her heart at his calm, she loved him all the same, and knew his goodness, and was happy too. She was a woman of genius in her way—not poetical or literary genius—but that which is as good, perhaps better. She managed to live upon her two hundred a year as few of us can do upon three or four times the sum. Waste was impossible to her; and want appeared as impossible. She guided her house as—well, as only genius can—without any pitiful economies, without any undue sparing, making a kind, warm, beneficent, living house of it, and yet keeping within her income. I don't pretend to know how she did it, any more than I can tell you how Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*. It was quite easy to him—and to her; but if one knew how, one would be as great a poet as he was, as great an economist as she. Mr. St. John was perfectly happy; perhaps even a little more happy than when he used to walk nightly to her father's vicarage. The thought that he was only curate in charge, and that his rector might get better and come back, or get worse and die, never troubled his peace. Why should not life always go as it was doing? why should anything ever happen? Now and then he would speak of the vicissitudes of mortal existence in his placid little sermons; but he knew nothing of them, and believed still less. It seemed to him as if this soft tranquillity, this sober happiness was fixed like the pillars of the earth, and would never come to an end.

Nor is it possible to tell how it was, that to this quiet pair two such restless atoms of humanity as the two girls whose story is to be told here should have been born. Hester's old nurse, indeed, had often been heard to tell fabulous stories of the energy and animation of

her young mistress in the days of her youth, but these had always been believed in Weston to be apocryphal. The appearance of her children, however, gave some semblance of truth to the tale. They were the most living creatures in all the parish of Brentburn. These two children, from the time they were born, were ready for anything—nothing daunted them or stilled them—they did not know what fear was. Sometimes there passed through the mind of their mother a regret that they were not boys: but then she would think of her husband and the regret was never expressed. Their very vitality and activity made them easy to train, and she taught them, poor soul, and spent her strength upon them as if she knew what was coming. She taught them her own household ways, and her economy as far as children could learn it, and to read and write, and their notes on the old piano. This was all she had time for. She died when Cicely was twelve and Mab eleven. God help us! what it must be when a woman has to consent to die and leave her little children to fight their own way through this hard world, who can venture to tell? For my part I cannot so much as think of it. Something comes choking in one's throat, climbing like Lear's *hysterica passio*. Ah, God help us indeed! to think of it is terrible, to do it——. Poor Hester had to accept this lot and cover her face and go away, leaving those two to make what they could of their life. Her death stupefied Mr. St. John. He could not believe it, could not understand it. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, incredible, impossible; yet, to be sure, he had to put up with it like other men. And so tranquil was his soul that by and by he quite learned to put up with it, and grew calm again, and made himself a path across the common to the churchyard gate which led to her grave, just as he had made himself a path to her father's door. Everything passes away except human character and individuality, which outlive all convulsions. The parish of

Brentburn, which like him was stupefied for the moment, could not contain its admiration when it was seen how beautifully he bore it—"Like a true Christian," the people said—like himself I think; and he was a good Christian, besides being so placid a man.

The two children got over it too in the course of nature; they had passions of childish anguish, unspeakable dumb longings which no words could utter; and then were hushed and stilled, and after a while were happy again; life must defend itself with this natural insensibility or it could not be life at all. And Mr. St. John's friends and parishioners were very kind to him, especially in the matter of advice, of which he stood much in need. His "plans" and what he should do were debated in every house in the parish before poor Hester was cold in her grave; and the general conclusion which was almost unanimously arrived at was—a governess. A governess was the right thing for him, a respectable, middle-aged person who would have no scheme for marrying in her head—not a person of great pretensions, but one who would take entire charge of the girls (whom their mother, poor soul, had left too much to themselves), and would not object to give an eye to the house-keeping—of ladylike manners, yet perhaps not *quite* a lady either, lest she might object to the homelier offices cast upon her. Mrs. Ascott, of the Heath, happened to know exactly the right person, the very thing for poor Mr. St. John and his girls. And Mr. St. John accepted the advice of the ladies of the parish with gratitude, confessing piteously that he did not at all know what to do. So Miss Brown arrived six months after Mrs. St. John's death. She was not too much of a lady. She was neither old nor young, she was subject to neuralgia; her complexion and her eyes were grey, like her dress, and she had no pretensions to good looks. But with these little drawbacks, which in her position everybody argued were no drawbacks at all but rather advantages, she was a good woman, and though she did not understand them, she

was kind to the girls. Miss Brown, however, was not in any respect a woman of genius, and even had she been so her gifts would have been neutralized by the fact that she was not the mistress of the house, but only the governess. The maid who had worked so well under Hester set up pretensions to be housekeeper too, and called herself the cook, and assumed airs which Miss Brown got the better of with great difficulty; and the aspect of the house changed. Now and then indeed a crisis arrived which troubled Mr. St. John's peace of mind very much, when he was appealed to one side or the other. But yet the life of the household had been so well organized that it went on *tant bien que mal* for several years. And the two girls grew healthy, and handsome, and strong. Miss Brown did her very best for them. She kept them down as much as she could, which she thought was her duty, and as what she could do in this way was but small, the control she attained to was an unmixed advantage to them. Poor Hester had called her eldest child Cecil, after her father, with a touch of tender sentiment; but use and fondness, and perhaps a sense that the more romantic appellation sounded somewhat weak-minded had long ago improved it into Cicely. Mabel got her name from a similar motive, because it was pretty. It was the period when names of this class came into fashion, throwing the old-fashioned Janes and Elizabeths into temporary eclipse; but as the girls grew up and it came to be impossible to connect her with any two-syllabled or dignified word, the name lent itself to abbreviation and she became Mab. They were both pretty girls. Cicely had her mother's softness, Mab her father's more regular beauty. They spent their lives in the pure air, in the woods, which were so close at hand, in the old-fashioned garden which they partly cultivated, or, when they could get so far, on those bleaker commons and pine forests, where the breezes went to their young heads like wine. Miss Brown's friends in the parish "felt for

her" with two such wild creatures to manage; and she occasionally "felt for" herself, and sighed with a gentle complacency to think of the "good work" she was doing. But I don't think she found her task so hard as she said. The girls did not look up to her, but they looked very kindly down upon her, which came to much the same thing, taking care with youthful generosity not to let her see how much insight they had, or how they laughed between themselves at her mild little affectations. Children are terribly shortsighted, and see through these innocent pretences better than we ourselves do. They took care of her often when she thought she was taking care of them; and yet they learned the simple lessons she gave them with something like pleasure; for their natures were so vigorous and wholesome that even the little tedium was agreeable as a change. And for their father they entertained a kind of half-contemptuous—nay, the word is too hard—a kind of condescending worship. He was a god to them, but a god who was very helpless, who could do little for himself, who was inferior to them in all practical things, though more good, more kind, more handsome, more elevated than any other mortal. This was, on the whole, rather safe ground for two such active-minded young persons. They were prepared to see him do foolish things now and then. It was "papa's way," which they accepted without criticism, smiling to one another, but in their minds he was enveloped in a sort of feeble divinity, a being in whom certain weaknesses were understood, but whose pedestal of superiority no other human creature could approach. Thus things went on till Cicely was fifteen, when important changes took place in their lives, and still more especially in their father's life.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT JANE.

THE St. Johns had one relative, and only one, so far as they knew. This was Miss Jane Maydew, who lived in London,

the aunt of their mother, a lady who possessed in her own right—but, alas, only in the form of an annuity—the magnificent income of two hundred and fifty pounds a year. To think that this old lady, with only herself to think of, should have fifty pounds more yearly than a clergyman with a family, and all the parish looking to him! More than once this idea had crossed even Hester's mind, though she was very reasonable and could make her pounds go further than most people. Miss Maydew was not very much older than her niece, but yet she was an old lady, sixty-five, or thereabouts. She liked her little comforts as well as most people, yet she had laid by fifty pounds of her income for the last twenty years, with the utmost regularity. A thousand pounds is a pretty little sum of money, but it does not seem much to account for twenty years of savings. A stockbroker might make it easily in a morning by a mere transfer from one hand to another; and to think how much wear and tear of humanity can be in it on the other hand! It is discouraging to poor economists to feel how little they can do, labour as they may; but I don't think Miss Maydew had anything of this feeling. She was on the contrary very proud of her thousand pounds. It was her own creation, she had made it out of nothing; and the name of it, a thousand pounds! was as a strain of music in her ears, like the name of a favourite child. Perhaps it was the completion of this beautiful sum, rounded and finished like a poem, which gave her something of that satisfaction and wish for repose which follows the completion of every great work; and this brought about her visit to Brentburn, and all that directly and indirectly followed it. She had not seen the St. Johns since Hester's death, though they were her nearest relatives, the natural heirs of the fortune she had accumulated. And the summer was warming into June, and everything spoke of the country. Miss Maydew lived in Great Coram Street, Russell Square. She had two charming large rooms, her bedroom at the back,

her sitting-room at the front, the two drawing rooms in better days of the comfortable Bloomsbury mansion. But even when your rooms are airy and cool it is hard to fight against that sense of summer which drops into a London street in the warm long days, waking recollections of all kinds, making eyelids drowsy, and the imagination work. Even the cries in the street, the "flowers a blowing and a growing" of the costermongers, the first vegetables, the "groundsel for your birds," and the very sight of the greengrocer opposite with his groves of young cabbages and baskets of young potatoes awoke this sensation of summer in the heart of the solitary woman at her window. Her youth, which was so full of summer, stirred in her once more, and old scenes all framed in waving foliage of trees and soft enclosures of greensward, came before her closed eyes as she dozed through the long long sunny afternoon. A frugal old maiden, lodging in two rooms in a noisy Bloomsbury street, and saving fifty pounds a year, is as little safe as any poet from such visitations. As she sat there musing in that strange confusion of mind which makes one wonder sometimes whether the things one recollects ever were, or were merely a dream, Hester and Hester's children came into Miss Maydew's mind. She had not seen them since her niece's death, and what might have become of the poor children left with that incapable father? This thought simmered in her fancy for a whole week, then suddenly one morning when it was finer than ever, and the very canaries sang wildly in their cages, and the costermonger's cries lost all their hoarseness in the golden air, she took the decided step of going off to the railway and taking a ticket for Brentburn. It was not very far, an hour's journey only, and there was no need to take any luggage with her as she could return the same night; so the excursion was both cheap and easy, as mild an extravagance as heart could desire.

The air was full of the wild sweet freshness of the pines as she landed on

the edge of the common ; the seed pods on the gorse bushes were crackling in the heat, the ragged hedges on the roadside hung out long pennons of straggling branches, blossomed to the very tips with wild roses delicately sweet. Miss Maydew was not long in encountering the objects of her interest. As she went along to the rectory carrying her large brown sunshade open in one hand, and her large white pocket-handkerchief to fan herself in the other, her ears and her eyes were alike attracted by a little group, under the shadow of a great tree just where the gorse and the pines ended. There were two tall girls in print frocks of [the] simplest character, and large hats of coarse straw ; and seated on the root of the tree slightly raised above them, a plain little woman in a brown gown. Some well worn volumes were lying on the grass, but the book which one of the girls held in her hand standing up in an attitude of indignant remonstrance, was a square slim book of a different aspect. The other held a huge pencil, one of those weapons red at one end and blue at the other which schoolboys love, which she twirled in her fingers with some excitement. Miss Maydew divined at once who they were, and walking slowly, listened. Their voices were by no means low, and they were quite unconscious of auditors and indifferent who might hear.

"What does 'nice' mean?" cried the elder, flourishing the book. "Why is it not ladylike? If one is clever, and has a gift, is one not to use it? Not *nice*? I want to know what *nice* means?"

"My dear," said the governess, "I wish you would not always be asking what everything means. A great many things are understood without explanation in good society—"

"But we don't know anything about good society, nor society at all. Why is it not nice for Mab to draw? Why is it unladylike?" cried the girl, her eyes sparkling. As for the other one, she shrugged her shoulders, and twirled her pencil, while Miss Brown looked at them with a feeble protestation, clasping her hands in despair.

"Oh, Cicely! never anything but why?—why?" she said, with lofty yet pitying disapproval. "You may be sure it is so when I say it." Then leaving this high position for the more dangerous exercise of reason. "Besides, the more one thinks of it, the more improper it seems. There are drawings of *gentlemen* in that book. Is that nice, do you suppose? Gentlemen! Put it away; and Mabel, I desire you never to do anything so very unladylike again."

"But, Miss Brown!" said the younger; "there are a great many gentlemen in the world. I can't help seeing them, can I?"

"A young lady who respects herself, and who has been brought up as she ought, never looks at gentlemen. No, you can't help seeing them; but to draw them you must *look* at them; you must study them. Oh!" said Miss Brown with horror, putting up her hands before her eyes; "never let me hear of such a thing again. Give me the book, Cicely. It is too dreadful. I ought to burn it; but at least I must lock it away."

"Don't be afraid, Mab, she sha'n't have the book," said Cicely, with flashing eyes, stepping back, and holding the volume behind her in her clasped hands.

Just then Miss Maydew touched her on the sleeve. "I can't be mistaken," said the old lady; "you are so like your poor mother. Are you not Mr. St. John's daughter? I suppose you don't remember me?"

"It is Aunt Jane," whispered Mab in Cicely's ear, getting up with a blush, more conscious of the interruption than her sister was. The artist had the quickest eye.

"Yes, it is Aunt Jane; I am glad you recollect," said Miss Maydew. "I have come all the way from town to pay you a visit, and that is not a small matter on such a hot day."

"Papa will be very glad to see you," said Cicely, looking up shy but pleased, with a flood of colour rushing over her face under the shade of her big hat. She was doubtful whether she should put up her pretty cheek to kiss the stranger, or wait for that salutation.

She put out her hand, which seemed an intermediate measure. "I am Cicely," she said, "and this is Mab; we are very glad to see you, Aunt Jane."

Miss Brown got up hastily from under the tree, and made the stranger a curtsy. She gave a troubled glance at the girls' frocks, which were not so fresh as they might have been. "You will excuse their schoolroom dresses," she said, "we were not expecting any one; and it was so fine this morning that I indulged the young ladies, and let them do their work here. Ask your aunt, my dears, to come in."

"Work!" said Miss Maydew, somewhat crossly, "I heard nothing but talk. Yes, I should like to go in, if you please. It is a long walk from the station—and so hot. Why, it is hotter here than in London, for all you talk about the country. There you can always get shade on one side of the street. This is like a furnace. I don't know how you can live in such a blazing place;" and the old lady fanned herself with her large white handkerchief, a sight which brought gleams of mischief into Mab's brown eyes. The red and blue pencil twirled more rapidly round than ever in her fingers, and she cast a longing glance at the sketch-book in Cicely's hand. The girls were quite cool, and at their ease under the great beech-tree, which threw broken shadows far over the grass,—shadows which waved about as the big boughs did, and refreshed the mind with soft visionary fanning. Their big hats shadowed two faces, fresh and cool like flowers, with that downy bloom upon them which is the privilege of extreme youth. Miss Brown, who was concerned about their frocks, saw nothing but the creases in their pink and white garments; but what Miss Maydew saw was (she herself said) "a picture;" two fair slim things in white, with touches of pink, in soft shade, with bright patches of sunshine flitting about them, and the green background of the common rolled back in soft undulations behind. Poor lady! she was a great contrast to this picture; her cheeks

flushed with the heat, her bonnet-strings loosed, fanning herself with her handkerchief. And this was what woke up those gleams of fun in Mab's saucy eyes.

"But it is not hot," said Mab. "How can you speak of a street when you are on the common? Don't you smell the pines, Aunt Jane, and the honey in the gorse? Come under the tree near to us; it is not the least hot here."

"You are a conceited little person," said Aunt Jane.

"Oh, no! she is not conceited—she is only decided in her opinions," said Cicely. "You see *we* are not hot in the shade. But come in this way, the back way, through the garden, which is always cool. Sit down here in the summer-house, Aunt Jane, and rest. I'll run and get you some strawberries. They are just beginning to get ripe."

"You are a nice little person," said Miss Maydew, sitting down with a sigh of relief. "I don't want any strawberries, but you can come and kiss me. You are very like your poor mother. As for that thing, I don't know who she is like—not our family, I am sure."

"She is like the St. Johns," said Cicely solemnly; "she is like papa."

Mab only laughed. She did not mind what people said. "I'll kiss you, too," she said, "Aunt Jane, if you like; though you don't like me."

"I never said I didn't like you. I am not so very fond of my family as that. One can see you are a pickle, though I don't so much mind that either; but I like to look at this one, because she is like your poor mother. Dear, dear! Hester's very eyes, and her cheeks like two roses, and her nice brown wavy hair!"

The girls drew near with eager interest, and Mab took up in her artist's fingers a great handful of the hair which lay upon her sister's shoulders. "Was mamma's like that?" she said in awe and wonder; and Cicely, too, fixed her eyes upon her own bright locks reverentially. It gave them a new strange feeling for their mother to think that

she had once been a girl like themselves. Strangest thought for a child's mind to grasp; stranger even than the kindred thought, that one day those crisp half-curling locks, full of threads of gold, would be blanched like the soft braids under Mrs. St. John's cap. "Poor mamma!" they said simultaneously under their breath.

"Brighter than that!" said Miss Maydew, seeing across the mists of years a glorified vision of youth, more lovely than Hester had ever been. "Ah, well!" she added with a sigh, "time goes very quickly, girls. Before you know, you will be old, too, and tell the young ones how pretty you were long ago. Yes, Miss Audacity! you mayn't believe it, but I was pretty, too."

"Oh, yes, I believe it!" cried Mab, relieved from the momentary gravity which had subdued her. "You have a handsome nose still, and not nearly so bad a mouth as most people. I should like to draw you, just as you stood under the beech-tree; that was beautiful!" she cried, clapping her hands. Miss Maydew was pleased. She recollected how she had admired the two young creatures under that far-spreading shade; and it did not seem at all unnatural that they should in their turn have admired her.

"Mabel! Mabel!" said Miss Brown, who knew better, lifting a warning finger. Miss Maydew took up the sketch-book which Cicely had laid on the rough table in the summer-house. "Is this what you were all talking about?" she said. But at this moment the governess withdrew and followed Cicely into the house. She walked through the garden towards the rectory in a very dignified way. She could not stand by and laugh faintly at caricatures of herself as some high-minded people are capable of doing. "I hope Miss Maydew will say what she thinks very plainly," she said to Cicely, who flew past her in a great hurry with a fresh clean white napkin out of the linen-press. But Cicely was much too busy to reply. As for Mab, I think she

would have escaped too, had she been able; but as that was impossible, she stood up very demurely while her old aunt turned over the book, which was a note-book ruled with blue lines, and intended for a more virtuous purpose than that to which it had been appropriated; and it was not until Miss Maydew burst into a short but hearty laugh over a caricature of Miss Brown that Mab ventured to breathe.

"You wicked little thing! Are these yours?" said Miss Maydew; "and how dared you let that poor woman see them? Why she is there to the life!"

"Oh! Aunt Jane, give me the book! She has never seen them: only a few innocent ones at the beginning. Oh! *please* give me the book! I don't want her to see them?" cried Mab.

"You hate her, I suppose?"

"Oh! no, no! give me the book, Aunt Jane! We don't hate her at all; we like her rather. Oh! please give it me before she comes back!"

"Why do you make caricatures of her, then?" said Miss Maydew, fixing her eyes severely on the girl's face.

"Because she is such fun!" cried Mab; "because it is such fun. I don't mean any harm, but if people will look funny, how can I help it? Give me the book, Aunt Jane!"

"I suppose I looked funny too," said Miss Maydew, "under the beech-tree, fanning myself with my pocket-handkerchief. I thought I heard you giggle. Go away, you wicked little thing! Here is your sister coming. I like her a great deal better than you!"

"So she is, a great deal better than me," said Mab picking up her book. She stole away, giving herself a serious lecture, as Cicely tripped into the summer-house carrying a tray. "I must not do it again," she said to herself. "It is silly of me. It is always getting me into scrapes; even papa, when I showed him that one of himself!" Here Mab paused to laugh, for it had been very funny—and then blushed violently; for certainly it was wrong, very wrong to caricature one's papa. "At all events," she said

under her breath, "I'll get a book with a lock and key as soon as ever I have any money, and show them only to Cicely; but oh! I must, I must, just this once, do Aunt Jane!"

Cicely meanwhile came into the summer-house carrying the tray. "It is not the right time for it I know," she said, "but I felt sure you would like a cup of tea. Doesn't it smell nice—like the hay-fields? Tea is always nice, is it not, Aunt Jane?"

"My darling, you are the very image of your poor mother!" said Miss Maydew with tears in her eyes. "She was always one who took the trouble to think what her friends would like best. And what good tea it is, and how nicely served! Was the kettle boiling? Ah! I recognise your dear mother in that. It used always to be a saying with us at home that the kettle should always be boiling in a well-regulated house."

Then the old lady began to ask cunning questions about the household: whether Cicely was in the habit of making tea and carrying trays about, as she did this so nicely; and other close and delicate cross-examinations, by which she found out a great deal about the qualities of the servant and the governess. Miss Maydew was too clever to tell Cicely what she thought at the conclusion of her inquiry, but she went in thoughtfully to the house, and was somewhat silent as the girls took her all over it—to the best room to take off her bonnet, to their room to see what a pretty view they had, and into all the empty chambers. The comments she made as she followed them were few but significant. "It was rather extravagant of your papa to furnish it all; he never could have wanted so large a house," she said.

"Oh! but the furniture is the Rector's, it is not papa's," cried her conductors, both in a breath.

"I shouldn't like, if I were him, to have the charge of other people's furniture," Miss Maydew replied; and it seemed to the girls that she was rather disposed to find fault with all poor papa's arrangements, though she was so

kind to them. Mr. St. John was "in the parish," and did not come back till it was time for the early dinner; and it was late in the afternoon when Miss Maydew, knocking at his study door, went in alone to "have a talk" with him, with the intention of "giving him her mind" on several subjects, written fully in her face. The study was a well-sized room looking out upon the garden, and furnished with heavy book-shelves and bureaux in old dark coloured mahogany. The carpet was worn, but those mournful pieces of furniture defied the action of time. She looked round upon them with a slightly supercilious critical glance.

"The room is very well furnished," she said, "Mr. St. John; exceedingly well furnished; to rub it up and keep it in order must give your servant a great deal of work."

"It is not my furniture, but Mr. Chester's, my rector," said the curate; "we never had very much of our own."

"It must give the maid a deal of work all the same, and that's why the girls have so much housemaiding to do, I suppose," said Miss Maydew sharply. "To tell the truth, that was what I came to speak of. I am not at all satisfied, Mr. St. John, about the girls."

"The girls? They are quite well, I think, quite well," said Mr. St. John meekly. He was not accustomed to be spoken to in this abrupt tone.

"I was not thinking of their health; of course they are well, how could they help being well with so much fresh air, and a cow, I suppose, and all that? I don't like the way they are managed. They are nice girls, but that Miss Brown knows just about as much how to manage them as you—as that table does, Mr. St. John. It is ridiculous. She has no control over them. Now I'll tell you what is my opinion. They ought to be sent to school."

"To school!" he said, startled. "I thought girls were not sent to school."

"Ah, that is when they have a nice mother to look after them—a woman like poor Hester; but what are those

two doing? You don't look after them yourself, Mr. St. John?"

"I suppose it can't be said that I do," he said, with hesitation: "perhaps it is wrong, but what do I know of girls' education? and then they all said I should have Miss Brown."

"Who are 'they all?'" You should have asked me. I should never have said Miss Brown. Not that I've anything against her. She is a good, silly creature enough—but pay attention to me, please, Mr. St. John. I say the girls should go to school."

"It is very likely you may be right," said Mr. St. John, who always yielded to impetuosity, "but what should I do with Miss Brown?"

"Send her away—nothing could be more easy—tell her that you shall not want her services any longer. You must give her a month's notice, unless she was engaged in some particular way."

"I don't know," said the curate in trepidation. "Bless me, it will be very unpleasant. What will she do? What do you think she would say? Don't you think, on the whole, we get on very well as we are? I have always been told that it was bad to send girls to school; and besides it costs a great deal of money," he added after a pause. "I don't know if I could afford it; that is a thing which must be thought of," he said, with a sense of relief.

"I have thought of that," said Miss Maydew triumphantly: "the girls interest me, and I will send them to school. Oh, don't say anything. I don't do it for thanks. To me their improving will be my recompense. Put all anxiety out of your mind; I will undertake the whole——"

"But, Miss Maydew!"

"There are no buts in the matter," said Aunt Jane, rising; "I have quite settled it. I have saved a nice little sum, which will go to them eventually, and I should like to see them in a position to do me credit. Don't say anything, Mr. St. John. Hester's girls!—poor Hester!—no one in the world can have so great a claim upon me; and no one

can tell so well as I what they lost in poor Hester, Mr. St. John—and what you lost as well."

The curate bowed his head. Though he was so tranquil and resigned, the name of his Hester went to his heart, with a dull pang, perhaps—for he was growing old, and had a calm unimpassioned spirit—but still with a pang, and no easy words of mourning would come to his lip.

"Yes, indeed," said Aunt Jane, "I don't know that I ever knew anyone like her; and her girls shall have justice, they shall have justice, Mr. St. John. I mean to make it my business to find them a school—but till you have heard from me finally," she added, turning back after she had reached the door, "it will be as well not to say anything to Miss Brown."

"Oh, no," said the curate eagerly, "it will be much best to say nothing to Miss Brown."

Miss Maydew nodded at him confidentially as she went away, and left him in all the despair of an unexpected crisis. *He* say anything to Miss Brown! What should he say? That he had no further occasion for her services? But how could he say so to a lady? Had he not always gone upon the amiable ground that she had done him the greatest favour in coming there to teach his daughters, and now to dismiss her—to *dismiss* her! Mr. St. John's heart sunk down, down to the very heels of his boots. It was all very easy for Aunt Jane, who had not got it to do; but he, *he!* how was he ever to summon his courage and say anything like this to Miss Brown?

CHAPTER IV.

MISS BROWN.

MR. ST. JOHN'S mind was very much moved by this conversation. It threw a shadow over his harmless life. He could not say good night or good morning to Miss Brown without feeling in his very soul the horror of the moment when he should have to say to her that he had no further need for

her services. To say it to Hannah in the kitchen would have been dreadful enough, but in that case he could at least have employed Miss Brown, or even Cicely, to do it for him, whereas now he could employ no one. Sometimes, from the mere attraction of horror, he would rehearse it under his breath when he sat up late, and knew that no one was up in the rectory, or when he was alone on some quiet road at the other extremity of the parish. "I shall have no further need for your services." Terrible formula! the mere thought of which froze the blood in his veins. This horror made him less sociable than he had ever been. He took no more of those evening walks which he had once liked in his quiet way,—when, the two girls speeding on before, with their restless feet, he would saunter along the twilight road after them, at ease and quiet, with his hands under his coat-tails; while little Miss Brown, generally a step or two behind, came trotting after him with her small steps, propounding little theological questions or moral doubts upon which she would like to have his opinion. The evening stillness, the shadowy, soft gloom about, the mild, grey mist of imperfect vision that made everything dreamy and vague, suited him better than the light and colour of the day. As he wandered on, in perfect repose and ease, with the two fitting figures before him, darting from side to side of the road, and from bush to bush of the common, their voices sounding like broken links of music; notwithstanding all that he had had in his life to wear him down, the curate was happy. Very often at the conclusion of these walks he would go through the churchyard and stand for a moment at the white cross over his wife's grave. But this act did not change his mood; he went there as he might have gone had Hester been ill in bed, to say softly, "Good night, my dear," through the closed curtains. She made him no reply; but she was well off and happy, dear soul! and why should not he be so too? And when he went in to supper after,

he was always very cheerful; it was with him the friendliest moment of the day.

But this was all over since Miss Maydew's visit; the thought of the moment, no doubt approaching when he would have to say, "I shall have no further need for your services," overwhelmed him. He had almost said it over like a parrot on several occasions, so poisoned was his mind by the horror that was to come. And Miss Maydew, I need not say, did not let any grass grow under her feet in the matter. She was so convinced of Miss Brown's incapacity, and so eager in following out her own plan, and so much interested in the occupation it gave her, that her tranquil life was quite revolutionized by it. She went to call upon all her friends, and consulted them anxiously about the young ladies' schools they knew. "It must not be too expensive, but it must be very good," she told all her acquaintances, who were, like most other people, struck with respect by the name of St. John. Almost an excitement arose in that quiet, respectable neighbourhood, penetrating even into those stately houses in Russell Square, at two or three of which Miss Maydew visited. "Two very sweet girls, the daughters of a clergyman, the sort of girls whom it would be an advantage to any establishment to receive," Miss Maydew's friends said; and the conclusion was, that the old lady found "vacancies" for her nieces in the most unexpected way in a school of very high pretensions indeed, which gladly accepted, on lower terms than usual, girls so well recommended, and with so well-sounding a name. She wrote with triumph in her heart to their father as soon as she had arrived at this summit of her wishes, and, "I need not say, carried despair to his. But even after he had received two or three warnings, Mr. St. John could not screw his courage to the sticking point for the terrible step that was required of him; and it was only a letter from Miss Maydew, announcing her speedy arrival to escort

the girls to their school, and her desire that their clothes should be got ready, that forced him into action. A more miserable man was not in all the country than, when thus compelled by fate, the curate was. He had not been able to sleep all night for thinking of this dreadful task before him. He was not able to eat any breakfast, and the girls were consulting together what could be the matter with papa when he suddenly came into the schoolroom, where Miss Brown sat placidly at the large deal table, setting copies in her neat little hand. All his movements were so quiet and gentle that the abruptness of his despair filled the girls with surprise and dismay.

"Papa came flouncing in," Mab said, who was partly touched and partly indignant—indignant at being sent off to school, touched by the sight of his evident emotion. The girls believed that this emotion was called forth by the idea of parting with them; they did not know that it was in reality a mixture of fright and horror as to how he was to make that terrible announcement to Miss Brown.

"My dears," he said, faltering, "I have got a letter from your aunt Jane. I am afraid it will take you by surprise as—as it has done me. She wants you to—go—to school."

"To school!" they cried both together, in unfeigned horror and alarm. Miss Brown, who had been ruling her copybooks very nicely, acknowledging Mr. St. John's entrance only by a smile, let the pencil drop out of her hand.

"It is—very sudden," he said, trembling—"very sudden. Your poor aunt is that kind of woman. She means to be very kind to you, my dears; and she has made up her mind that you must be educated—"

"Educated! Are we not being educated now? Miss Brown teaches us everything—everything we require to know," said Cicely, her colour rising, planting herself in front of the governess; as she had sprung up to defend her sister, when Miss Maydew saw her first. At that age Cicely was easily

moved to indignation, and started forward perhaps too indiscriminately in behalf of any one who might be assailed. She was ready to put Miss Brown upon the highest pedestal, whenever a word was said in her disfavour.

"So I think, my dear; so I think," said the frightened curate. "I made that very remark to your aunt; but it is very difficult to struggle against the impetuosity of a lady, and—perhaps being taken by surprise, I—acquiesced more easily than I ought."

"But we won't go—we can't go," cried Mab. "I shall die, and Cicely will die, if we are sent away from home."

"My dears!" said poor Mr. St. John—this impetuosity was terrible to him—"you must not say so; indeed you must not say so. What could I say to your aunt? She means to give you all she has, and how could I oppose her? She means it for the best. I am sure she means it for the best."

"And did you really consent," said Cicely, seriously, looking him straight in the eyes, "without ever saying a word to us, or to Miss Brown? Oh, papa, I could not have believed it of you! I hate Aunt Jane! Miss Brown, dear!" cried the girl, throwing her arms suddenly round the little governess, "it is not Mab's fault nor mine!"

Then it was Miss Brown's turn to fall upon the unhappy curate and slay him. "My dear love," she said, "how could I suppose it was your fault or Mab's? Except a little levity now and then, which was to be expected at your age, you have been very good, very good children. There is no fault at all in the matter," she continued, turning with that magnanimity of the aggrieved which is so terrible to an offender, to Mr. St. John. "Perhaps it is a little sudden; perhaps a person so fond of the girls as I am might have been expected to be consulted as to the best school; for there is a great difference in schools. But Miss Maydew is very impetuous, and I don't blame your dear papa. When do you wish me to leave,

sir?" she said, looking at him with a smile, which tortured the curate, upon her lips.

"Miss Brown, I hope you will not think badly of me," he said. "You can't think how hard all this is upon me."

The little woman rose up, and waved her hand with dignity. "We must not enter into such questions," she said; "if you will be so very kind as to tell me when you would like me to go."

I don't know what incoherent words the curate stammered forth: that she should stay as long as she liked; that she must make her arrangements entirely to suit herself; that he had never thought of wishing her to go. This was what he said in much disturbance and agitation of mind instead of the other formula he had rehearsed about having no further need for her services. All this Miss Brown received with the pale smiling of the injured and magnanimous; while the girls looked fiercely on their father, leaving him alone and undefended. When he got away he was so exhausted that he did not feel able to go out into the parish, but withdrew to his study, where he lurked, half paralyzed, all the rest of the day, like the criminal abandoned by woman and by man, which he felt himself to be.

And I will not attempt to describe the commotion which this announcement raised in the rest of the house. Miss Brown kept up that smile of magnanimous meekness all day. She would not give in. "No, my dears," she said, "there is nothing to be said except that it is a little sudden. I think your papa is quite right, and that you are getting beyond me."

"It is not papa," said Cicely; "it is that horrible Aunt Jane."

"And she was quite right," said the magnanimous governess; "quite right. She saw that I was not strong enough. It is a little sudden, that is all; and we must not make mountains out of mole-hills, my dears." But she too retired to her room early, where, sitting forlorn at the window, she had a good cry, poor

soul; for she had begun to grow fond of this rude solitude, and she had no home.

As for the girls, after their first dismay and wrath the tide turned with them. They were going out into the unknown, words which sound so differently to different ears—so miserable to some, so exciting to others. To Cicely and Mab they were exciting only. A new world, new faces, new people to know, new places to see, new things to hear; gradually they forgot their wrath alike and their emotion at this thought. A thrill of awe, of fear, of delicious curiosity and wonder ran through them. This checked upon their very lips those reproaches which they had been pouring forth, addressed to their father and to Aunt Jane. Would they be miserable after all? should not they, rather, on the whole, *like* it, if it was not wrong to say so? This first silenced, then insinuated into their lips little broken words, questions and wonderings which betrayed to each the other's feelings. "It might be—fun, perhaps," Mab said at last; then looked up frightened at Cicely, wondering if her sister would metaphorically kill her for saying so. But then a gleam in Cicely's eyes looked as if she thought so too.

Miss Brown set about very bravely next morning to get their things in order. She was very brave and determined to be magnanimous, but I cannot say that she was cheerful. It is true that she kept smiling all day long, like Malvolio, though with the better motive of concealing her disappointment and pain and unjust feeling; but the effect of this smile was depressing. She was determined, whatever might happen, to do her duty to the last: and then, what did it matter what should follow? With this valiant resolution she faced the crisis and nobly took up all its duties. She bought I don't know how many dozens of yards of nice "long-cloth," and cut out and made up, chiefly with the sewing-machine, garments which she discreetly called "under-clothing" for the girls; for her delicacy shunned the familiar names of those indispensable

articles. She found it needful that they should have new Sunday frocks, and engaged the parish dressmaker for a week, and went herself to town to buy the stuff, after the girls and she had spent an anxious yet not unpleasant afternoon in looking over patterns. All this she did, and never a word of murmur escaped her lips. She was a heroic woman. And the busy days pursued each other so rapidly that the awful morning came, and the girls weeping, yet not uncheerful, were swept away by the "fly" from the station—where Miss Maydew, red and excited, met them, and carried them off remorseless on their further way—before any one had time to breathe, much less to think. Mr. St. John went to the station with his daughters, and coming back alone and rather sad, for the first time forgot Miss Brown; so that when he heard a low sound of the piano in the schoolroom he was half frightened, and, without thinking, went straight to the forsaken room to see what it was. Poor curate!—unfortunate Mr. St. John! and not less unfortunate Miss Brown. The music had ceased before he reached the door, and when he went in nothing was audible but a melancholy little sound of sobbing and crying. Miss Brown was sitting before the old piano with her head bowed down in her hands. Her little sniffs and sobs were pitiful to hear. When he spoke she gave a great start, and got up trembling, wiping her tears hastily away with her handkerchief. "Did you speak, sir?" she said, with her usual attempt at cheerfulness. "I hope I did not disturb you; I was—amusing myself a little, until it is time for my train. My th-things are all packed and r-ready," said the poor little woman, making a deplorable effort at a smile. The sobs in her voice struck poor Mr. St. John to the very heart.

"I have never had time," he said in the tone of a self-condemned criminal, "to ask where you are going, Miss Brown."

"Oh yes, I have a pl-place to go to," she said. "I have written to the Govern-nesses' Institution, Mr. St. John, and

very fo-fortunately they have a vacant room."

"The Governesses' Institution! Is that the only place you have to go to?" he said.

"Indeed, it is a very nice place," said Miss Brown; "very quiet and lady-like, and not d-dear. I have, excuse me, I have got so fo-fond of them. I never meant to cry. It is in Harley Street, Mr. St. John, very nice and respectable, and a great b-blessing to have such a place, when one has no h-home."

Mr. St. John walked to the other end of the room, and then back again, twice over. How conscience-stricken he was! While poor Miss Brown bit her lips and winked her eyelids to keep the tears away. Oh, why couldn't he go away, and let her have her cry out? But he did not do that. He stopped short at the table where she had set so many sums and cut out so much underclothing, and half turning his back upon her said, faltering, "Would it not be better to stay here, Miss Brown?"

The little governess blushed from head to foot, I am sure, if any one could have seen; she felt thrills of confusion run all over her at such a suggestion. "Oh, no, no," she cried, "you are very kind, Mr. St. John, but I have nobody but myself to take care of now, and I could not stay here, a day, not now the girls are gone."

The poor curate did not move. He took off the lid of the big inkstand and examined it as if that were what he was thinking of. The Governesses' Institution sounded miserable to him, and what could he do? "Miss Brown," he said in a troubled voice, "if you think you would like to marry me, I have no objection; and then you know you could stay."

"Mr. St. John!"

"Yes; that is the only thing I can think of," he said, with a sigh. "After being here for years, how can you go to a Governesses' Institution? Therefore, if you think you would like it, Miss Brown—"

How can I relate what followed?

"Oh, Mr. St. John, you are speaking out of pity, only pity!" said the little woman, with a sudden romantic gleam of certainty that he must have been a victim of despairing love for her all this time, and that the school-going of the girls was but a device for bringing out his passion. But Mr. St. John did not deny this charge, as she expected he would. "I don't know about pity," he said, confused, "but I am very sorry, and—and I don't see any other way."

This was how it happened that three weeks after the girls went to school Mr. St. John married Miss Brown. She went to the Governesses' Institution after all, resolute in her propriety, until the needful interval had passed, and then she came back as Mrs. St. John, to her own great surprise, and to the still greater surprise and consternation of the curate himself, and of the parish, who could not believe their ears. I need not say that Miss Maydew was absolutely furious, or that it was a great shock to Cicely and Mab when they were told what had happened. They did not trust themselves to say much to each other on the subject. It was the only subject, indeed, which they did not discuss between themselves;

but by and by even they got used to it, as people do to everything, and they were quite friendly, though distant, to Mrs. St. John.

Only one other important event occurred to that poor little woman in her life. A year after her marriage she had twin boys, to the still greater consternation of the curate; and three years after this she died. Thus the unfortunate man was left once more with two helpless children on his hands, as helpless himself as either of them, and again subject as before to the advice of all the parish. They counselled him this time "a good nurse," not a governess; but fortunately other actors appeared on the scene before he had time to see the excellent creature whom Mrs. Brockmill, of Fir Tree House, knew of. While he listened hopelessly, a poor man of sixty-five, casting piteous looks at the two babies whom he had no right, he knew, to have helped into the world, Cicely and Mab, with bright faces and flying feet, were already on the way to his rescue; and here, dear reader, though you may think you already know something of it, this true story really begins.

To be continued.

A CHAPTER OF UNIVERSITY HISTORY.

PART II.

A UNIVERSITY is the organ of the intellectual life of the nation; it is the school of learning, the nursery of the liberal arts, the academy of the sciences, the home of letters, the retreat of the studious and the contemplative.

Wherever and whenever this ideal may have been realized in history, it was not in that chapter of the history of Oxford which we have open at present—viz., the epoch of the Restoration.

Anthony Wood's *Diary*, which is scanty for the period of the civil war, becomes more full for the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Our diarist, as has been already explained, has no intention of presenting us with a picture of Oxford—its pursuits, politics, studies, fashions, personages; he notes down only such occurrences as he himself was personally concerned in. Yet, from his memoranda we can collect a better idea of the state of things in Oxford during this period than we have the means of forming for any part of the time which has elapsed from Anthony Wood's death down to our own age. I confine myself on the present occasion to the relations between the University of Oxford and the government of the country. It will be seen that, while the intellectual influence of Oxford upon the nation was *nil*, its social influence was great, and its political importance considerable. Indeed, it was because of the social influence which it possessed, because its roots were struck deep and wide in the soil of England, that it became of consequence to government to get possession of it, and to manipulate the influence of the university in the service of the crown.

That portion of the English people which in the Restoration period constituted public opinion was animated

by two principal sentiments, by which it judged of all public questions, and of the conduct of its government. These sentiments were sentiments not of affection, but of aversion. The nation was not so much animated by loyal attachment to the hereditary prince, as it was urged by the dread of republicanism and military tyranny. It was not so much devoted to the church of England, as it loathed and abominated presbyterianism and popery. Ill-informed of foreign affairs, ignorant of the secret intrigues of diplomacy, and destitute of political experience, the public creed of these classes was summed up in two articles—the support of the crown, the maintenance of the church of England. When, then, in the person of James II., a catholic sovereign mounted the throne, and when the sovereign began without disguise to manifest his intention of making his own religion the dominant religion, the monarchical party—i.e., the great bulk of the nation—was placed in a new and puzzling dilemma. The two sentiments which had hitherto made up their whole politics were rudely torn asunder. Without being themselves changed, they found their position altered for them. The crown and the government seemed to have gone round to their enemies, and they themselves to be occupying the place of the despised Nonconformists and Papists, upon whose necks they had for twenty years past been treading. This dilemma was now brought home to the members of the university in the most urgent and personal form. Their professions of absolute obedience to their prince had been public and repeated, and James, who was without a spark of generous feeling, was determined to exact performance.

In 1687 the two parties—the king, and his devoted adherents, “the chancellor, master, and scholars” of Oxford—

were brought face to face. For in the summer of that year it was resolved that the court should make a progress in the provinces.

Of the old life of the kings of England one of the habitual features was a 'progress.' These progresses took place every year. They were not merely summer excursions for health or pleasure, they were, like fox-hunting, political institutions of public utility. Though of the 2,000, or more, domain estates of the Norman kings, the greater part was at farm, many were still, as we should say, in hand. To consume the produce it was far easier for the court to go to the spot, than to transport the provisions to the court. On progress the sovereign became acquainted with the country of which he personally conducted the government. He learned not only its physical features, and its commercial capacities, but the temper and disposition of the various districts. Local feeling was much more deeply marked, and had a much more decided preponderance over national feeling, then than now. And even now, under the reign of the daily paper, the local opinion of Wales, of Lancashire, of Devonshire, is only to be gauged by being upon the spot. The practice of progress, interrupted during the civil war, had not been in favour with Charles II., for whom country life had no attractions, and who preferred, like Louis XIV., to have the nobles come round his court in the capital to visiting them in their castles. But in 1687 it was determined, in view of the gathering discontent, to regain popularity, and to reconcile the people to the court policy by resuming the disused progress.

The expedient was not unsuccessful. So far as outward demonstrations of loyalty and respect went, it was evident that a king of England, though he professed a hated religion, had still a powerful hold on the hearts of the people. There was, as yet, no reaction against royalty. This people, whose fathers had cut off the head of their king, and set up a republic, had conceived such an abhorrence of republicanism, that they

were eager to welcome a prince whom they knew to be cruel, tyrannical, bigoted, without generosity, without patriotism, a tool of the great anti-national party in Europe.

It was settled that James was to take Oxford on his way back. In this sanctuary of unspotted loyalty the catholic policy of the court had stirred a very uneasy feeling. But now it was not only general measures which created apprehension. Incredible advances had been made towards introducing romanism into the college foundations. The heads of Christ Church and of University were not only catholics, but catholic converts, which was worse. Besides Massey, Dean of Christ Church, and Obadiah Walker, Master of University, two fellows of University College and one fellow of Brasenose had a license to absent themselves from chapel and to decline the oaths of supremacy, &c. As for the Magdalen case, the situation at the moment of the king's visit was that Sunderland had sent from Bath, under date 21st August, a peremptory letter commanding the fellows to admit the Bishop of Oxford president of the college, the election of Hough having been pronounced null and void by sentence of the ecclesiastical commission. These measures, following upon the declaration of indulgence, were little less than a declaration of war against the established church and the university. Yet such was the deep-rooted Tory feeling of the place, that no doubt was entertained that the person of the sovereign would meet with a respectful reception by the authorities, whatever opinion of his policy they might cherish in the secrecy of their bosoms. The time was September, the depth of our long vacation. But in the seventeenth century September saw not only the doctors and masters, but many of the undergraduates already back in their chambers. It so happened that our Anthony Wood was absent on one of his visits to London at the time. But on his return his first care was to institute inquiry after all the particulars of the visit, and to commit them to

paper with his usual scrupulous minuteness. His narrative is so precise and detailed, that even had he been present he could hardly have told us more. The royal cavalcade was to enter from Woodstock, on Saturday, 3rd September. The whole university assembled at 3 p.m. at the Vice-Chancellor's. Fell was now dead, so Ironside, the Warden of Wadham, had at length become Vice-Chancellor. Having received notice by their messenger that the king's party was at hand, the authorities all got on horseback at Wadham gate—why on horseback I cannot tell, seeing they proposed to go no further than the top of St. Giles's. Twenty-three doctors in scarlet, the proctors in their formalities, nineteen M.A.'s, the esquire bedels with their golden chains about their necks—all with their foot-cloths and lackeys. The posts and rails before the houses in St. Giles's had been removed, the ditches filled up, and the street made level. The north gate, commonly called Bocardo, by which the procession was to enter the city, had been beautified by being whitewashed, the arms over the gate new painted. The city were also on foot in their companies—the glovers, the cordwainers, the tailors, the mercers—each company with its ensign bearing the arms of the guild; the common councilmen, the bailiffs, the city sergeants, the town-clerk, the recorder, and the mayor with his mace-bearer, are not forgotten in Anthony Wood's enumeration. At the top of St. Giles's they met the procession. The Vice-Chancellor began his Latin address on his knees, while the great bells of St. Mary's and of Carfax were sounding. The king bid him *stand* and speak; and when he had done the king raised his hat—"an old French coarse hat not worth a groat." The ceremony of delivering up the bedels' staves, and of returning them, was not forgotten, and the cavalcade, the Vice-Chancellor, and the bedels having been got on horseback again, not without difficulty, moved down North-gate Street, now called Cornmarket, and down Fish Street, now called St. Aldates, to Christ Church great gate. The way was lined,

though it was the 4th September, with gownsmen—undergraduates on one side, M.A.'s on the other—and such doctors as had not ridden out stood with the dean and canons at Christ Church gate, Tom-gate—then quite new, it had been finished by Sir C. Wren in 1682. The waits or band of wind instruments belonging to the city and university saluted the king as he passed Carfax; and the conduit, Nicholson's conduit, which then stood in the centre of the cross, and is now in Nuneham Park, ran with claret for the vulgar. The king was housed in the dean's lodgings. At supper the dean and canons stood round the king's chair, and he conversed freely with them, telling them he was senior to most of them, that he had been entered on the books of Christ Church after Edgehill in 1642. The next day was Sunday, and there was the usual Anglican sermon at St. Mary's. But it was not honoured by the presence of royalty or of the dean of Christ Church. The king was at Dean Massey's private chapel in Canterbury quadrangle to hear mass, and a sermon by a secular priest called William Hall, which was applauded and admired by all in the chapel, which was very full. The king's religion was unpopular in the university, but the pure detestation of popery which had reigned in the time of Elizabeth and James was no longer known. It was no longer sinful to witness the mass or to listen to a catholic sermon. After dinner the fellows of Magdalen, twenty-one in number, waited on him by order. They fell on their knees and presented their petition. He refused to receive it, and he rated them, still kneeling, in a tone and in words the vulgar insolence of which passed unheeded amid the flagrant illegality of the orders to which he was exacting obedience. In the afternoon he paid a visit—the only college he deigned to visit—to University College, and in it the only thing which interested him was Walker's private chapel. His mind, like that of all converts, was wholly engaged with the interests of the church

he had attached himself to. One being presented to him as Mr. Clark of All Souls, the king, hearing the name of All Souls, inquired, "Are not you bound by statute to pray for the dead?" When Dr. Plot, the celebrated naturalist, was presented to him, the inquiry which was thought appropriate to be addressed to him was what he thought of the holy-well in Flintshire. At six on the Sunday afternoon the Vice-Chancellor and doctors waited on the king to present him with a Bible printed at the Theatre and a pair of gloves, and to ask him to accept of a collation in the Selden Library in the morning. Anthony Wood gives us a *menu* of the entertainment, if entertainment it could be called, where the king ate alone at the bountifully-spread board. He invited no one to sit and eat, and etiquette forbade their seating themselves unbidden. Accordingly the slice of shoulder of mutton, and of partridge, which formed the king's meal, cost the university 160*l.*,=700*l.* of the present day. The abundance of dishes which had been provided were scrambled for by the courtiers, who pelted each other with sweetmeats, which were thrown about the books and the ladies' dresses, and in the face of Dr. Denham, of Magdalen Hall. The king took his leave of the Vice-Chancellor at the great gate behind the Theatre, leading into the continuation of Broad Street, which was then known as Canditch. As he stepped into his coach he delivered himself of some parting advice. Wood has recorded the words. They are noticeable, as being in the same key as the declaration of indulgence. James's mind was one which held only one idea at a time. The idea which was possessing him at present was that which was embodied in the declaration, viz., the introduction of his own religion under the guise of 'toleration,' a new principle which had been set agoing by the philosophers and latitudinarians. 'Then the king, going to the great door behind the Theatre in Canditch to take coach, turned aside to the Vice-Chancellor and doctors, and said: "I must commend unto ye again

love and charity, that there be a right understanding among you. I must tell you that in the king my father's time the church of England's men and the catholics loved each other, and were, as 'twere, all one; but now there is gotten a spirit which is quite contrary, and what the reason is I cannot tell. There are some among you that are the occasion of those things, but I know them, and I shall take notice of them for the future.'"

It was not only to the personal presence of the monarch that this homage was rendered. The creed of the university, the private conviction of its individual members, went in the direction of personal government, beyond what any Tory lawyer would have affirmed to be law—beyond anything which James himself would have ventured to claim. Only four years before James's visit, in July 1683, and it so happened on the same day on which Lord Russell was put to death, the convocation of the university had passed a decree which embodied a confession of faith. In form it mimicked the damnatory style of the Roman curia, or of the Sorbonne. In this 'judgment and decree' twenty-seven propositions, extracted from various books, were condemned as "damnable doctrines, destructive to the sacred persons of princes, their state and government, and of all human society." The books from which these propositions were extracted—a whole library of authors, including the names of Hobbes, Baxter, Milton, Knox, Bellarmine, the Solemn League and Covenant—were ordered to be burnt by the hands of our marshal, in the court of our schools. Who it was that committed the university to this presumptuous piece of folly, or who extracted the propositions, I do not know. Perhaps it was Bishop Fell, as nothing of importance was done by the university without his approval. And we know that Fell had an animosity against Hobbes. It was into the account of Hobbes, which Anthony Wood had written with laudable impartiality, that Fell intruded some of his most audacious interpolations. He

made Wood say, *e.g.*, of the *Leviathan*, that it was a 'monstrous' book "librum monstrosissimum, qui nunc non solum in Anglia, sed in vicinis gentibus publico damno notissimus est." Wood wrote on the occasion an apologetic letter to Hobbes, to which Hobbes replied with the magnanimity that might have been expected. As for the bishop's invectives, he only says "it would indeed have hurt me much, if the man were either a competent judge of abstract matters, or were a man of note for learning either at home or abroad." Public burning of books is a silly game at which two can play. Thirty years later the Whig corporation of the city of London retaliated upon the Tory university, and the Oxford decree of 1683 was burnt by the hands of the common hangman before the Royal Exchange in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

If it was Fell who procured the passing of the decree of 1683, it was done in the name of the university. Another scandalous transaction in the following year, 1684, was not the act of the university, but was carried out by himself as head of Christ Church. As at once bishop of the diocese and head of Christ Church—he held deanery and bishopric of the same see—Fell exercised a commanding influence in the place, such as has never since been in the hands of any individual. As holding those places, and wielding that power, and being in 1684 sixty years of age, desire of preferment could have counted for little among Fell's motives for compliance with the illegal requirements of the court. He was besides a man of enlarged liberality and public spirit, an open-handed benefactor of his college. Though not a man of learning in a special degree (as Hobbes intimates), he had edited Cyprian, and was a munificent patron of learning, and an encourager of study among the young gownsmen. Having the command of the university press, it was his custom to print every year some book, commonly a classical author, for distribution on

new-year's day among the members of his house. His natural strength of character and energy dominated all his compeers. As one instance of his ascendancy in the university, it is affirmed by Wood that Gilbert Ironside, Warden of Wadham, could not be nominated Vice-Chancellor in Dr. Fell's lifetime, because Dr. Fell did not think him fit for the office. Though Fell was not the university, yet we may say that the will and intelligence of the university were embodied in his person. Yet this is the answer which this eminent man sends to the court in the matter of Locke. John Locke held in 1684 a studentship at Christ Church which he had enjoyed ever since 1651. Residence was not required of a student of Christ Church, and Locke had committed no breach of the statutes of his college. But he had been secretary, and intimately trusted by the late Lord Shaftesbury, and it was determined by the court to inflict some penalty upon a prominent Whig. Sunderland sent a short note to the Dean of Christ Church, intimating the king's pleasure to have Locke removed from his studentship. A fellowship, or studentship, is a place the tenure of which is for life, subject to the observance of certain conditions laid down by the statutes of the foundation. Locke had fulfilled all these conditions, and his studentship was not voidable. The Dean had no statutable power to deprive a student. And though the crown was, or claimed to be, Visitor of Christ Church, yet a visitor has no power to deprive except for offences to which the penalty of deprivation is by statute annexed, and after hearing the parties. The answer returned by Fell to Sunderland's letter was as follows:—

"Rt. honble,—I have received the honour of your lordship's letter, wherein you are pleased to inquire concerning Mr. Locke's being a student of this house, of which I have this account to render, that he being, as your lordship is truly informed, a person who was

much trusted by the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and who is suspected to be ill-affected to the government, I have for divers years had an eye upon him; but so close has his guard been on himself, that after several strict inquiries, I may confidently affirm there is not any man in the college who has heard him speak a word against, or so much as concerning, the government; and although very frequently, both in public and private, discourses have been purposely introduced to the disparagement of the Earl of Shaftesbury, he could never be provoked to take any notice, or discover in word or look the least concern. So that I believe there is not a man in the world so much master of taciturnity and passion. He has here a physician's place, which frees him from the obligation which others have to residence; and he is now abroad for want of health; but, notwithstanding this, I have summoned him to return home, which is done with this prospect, that if he comes not back, he will be liable to expulsion for contumacy; and if he does, he will be answerable to the law for that which he shall be found to have done amiss; it being probable, that though he may have been thus cautious here, where he knew himself suspected, he has laid himself more open in London, where a general liberty of speaking was used. . . . If he doesn't return by the 1st of January, I shall be able to proceed against him to expulsion. But if this method seems not effectual or speedy enough, and his majesty, our founder and visitor, shall please to command his immediate

remove, upon the receipt thereof, directed to the dean and chapter, it shall accordingly be executed by your lordship's, &c. &c.,

“JOHN FELL.”

To this epistle Sunderland replies by sending the king's “commands for the immediate expulsion of Mr. Locke.” Fell's reply was as follows:—

“Right honourable,—I hold myself bound to signify to your lordship that his majesty's command for the expulsion of Mr. Locke from this college is fully executed.”

The deprivation of Locke is excused by Lord Grenville on the ground that it was the act, not of the dean and chapter, but of the crown, and that the college authorities merely registered a mandate which they were bound to obey. But the dean and chapter did more than register it; they, to use their own words, “put it in execution.” If they had not executed it, there would have been great difficulty in enforcing it. Nor can the legality of the mandate have been clear even to them. At least, four years later, when the fellows of Magdalen were expelled by the prerogative of the crown, exercised by commission, after the parties were heard, which Locke was not, no doubt was entertained in the university of the illegality of the proceeding. Yet the Magdalen College case was conducted with some show of the forms of justice, which were not attempted to be preserved in the case of a Whig and a friend of Shaftesbury.

MARK PATTISON.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN RUSSIA.

TRAVELLERS in the interesting borderland between France and Germany may have noticed, in the inns and farm-houses of Alsace, a series of antiquated pictures, representing what the artist took to be the seven chief class-figures of society, and explaining how each managed to live. The emperor finds ample means of subsistence in the tribute which he levies everywhere, except on the lands of the nobility; for the nobleman at once comes forward, and pleads that he has "a free estate." As for the priest, he enjoys a tribute of his own, inasmuch as he "takes tithes." The Jew, mere trader that he is, makes known the disgraceful fact that he "lives by his profits." The soldier, seeing that he dates from the time of the Thirty Years' War, understates his case when he remarks, in language which need not be disavowed by the soldier of the present day, that he "pays for nothing." The honest beggar says that he "has nothing;" upon which the overburdened peasant exclaims: "Lord have mercy upon me, for these six other men have all to be supported by me!" Everything, according to this view, comes out of the land: taxes, rent, tithes, the profits of the Jew, the rations of the soldier, and even the alms extorted by the beggar. The only man unable to get a living out of it is the unfortunate peasant by whom it is tilled; while, without counting the mysterious and profit-seeking "Jew," three orders of men live well by it: the sovereign; the nobility, followed by the soldiers, who "pay for nothing;" and the clergy, with the beggars in their train who "have nothing." Until very lately, the peasant of Russia was at least as badly off as the highly self-conscious peasant of Alsace in the ancient days when Alsace had not yet become French. Besides tithes to the priest, he still pays taxes

to the emperor, which are not demanded of the nobleman with his "free estate;" and though, apart from military duty, he can no longer be required to render personal service to any one, he continues to pay for the right of cultivating his land either with rent, or with commuted rent in the form of a terminable annuity. He is free from Jews, except in Little Russia, and the provinces which at one time were either in union with Poland or formed an integral part of that country; but he must submit to the mortification of having "profits" made out of him by traders of his own race and creed. Soldiers, too, on the march or in the season of manœuvres, may be quartered upon him; but if they still, in accordance with traditional habit, "pay for nothing," the cost of their maintenance is evenly distributed over the entire commune, or, in towns, over the municipality. With beggars, the Russian peasant has seldom been troubled; and in Russia the country beggar, whatever else he might pretend, could scarcely, under any circumstances, maintain that he "had nothing," since every peasant would be sure to have the use of from eight to ten acres of land.

Although serfdom in some shape existed less than a century ago in Alsace, and in France generally, and though it existed less than thirty years ago in many parts of Germany, and almost everywhere in the Austrian Empire, we should have to go back several centuries to find in Western Europe peasantry situated as badly as were the peasantry of Russia some fifty or sixty years since. Theoretically they were not only "attached to the soil," but were irremovable from it. Practically, however, they were sold like cattle; and as recently as the reign of Alexander I. advertisements appeared in the *Journal of the Academy*, to the effect that

peasants, apart from land, would on stated days be put up to auction. Their position was unfortunate enough as fixed by law. But, in addition to that, they were illegally treated. On many estates, long after the Emperor Paul had restricted the peasants' task-work to three days in the week, they were compelled to labour six, and even seven days, for the sole benefit of the proprietor. Alexander's numerous edicts in favour of the serf were disregarded, and sometimes (as in the case above referred to of sales by auction) disregarded quite openly. The Emperor Nicholas's law against the breaking up of peasants' families when inheritances were to be divided, or when estates for other reasons changed hands, was equally set at naught; and all sorts of abuses existed as a natural consequence of the fact that the administration of justice on estates was exercised in small matters by the proprietors as such, in matters of importance by judges chosen by the proprietors from among those of their body who would consent to fill an office to which no honour was attached, and which only repaid the holder by the opportunity it afforded him of receiving bribes. No amelioration, indeed, of the position of the Russian peasants would have been of much avail, had it not been accompanied by a complete reform of the Russian judicial system.

But leaving aside all questions of injustice, the legal position of the Russian peasant, up to the period of his emancipation fourteen years ago, or rather up to the publication of the anticipatory law on the subject, was strikingly like that of a slave. Though recruitment was effected as a rule by lot, a proprietor could send to the army any peasant he chose to select. Without assigning the least reason, he had only to inform the Government of his wish to despatch a peasant to Siberia, and further to supply an outfit, and a small sum of money for travelling expenses, in order to get the unfortunate man exiled for the rest of his life. A proprietor could, moreover, impose a particular marriage on a serf, or prevent his getting married.

He could make the serf work without wages; and he could subject him to arbitrary punishments for any sort of offence, or for no offence at all.

If a history of serf emancipation in Russia should some day be published, it will be seen that so long ago as 1844 the first steps were taken, as if unconsciously, towards that important measure. The proprietors of Lithuania had for the most part joined in the Polish insurrection of 1830. Their peasants had for the most part abstained from doing so; and the Russian Government, determined to watch over the interests of the peasants, and to let them understand where their friends were to be found, required that the proprietors should guarantee them certain rights, and should do this, moreover, in a formal manner. After much delay, it was ordered that a system of "inventories" should be prepared, showing on each estate what duties, as in the shape of task-work, the peasants had to perform, and what extent of land they were in return to hold for their own use. Committees were appointed to draw up the inventories. But many difficulties presented themselves. Perhaps, too, the proprietors objected to the formally prescribed relations which, by the inventory system, would exist between themselves and their peasantry, with, in case of disagreement, a friendly Government for the latter to refer to. The proprietors in any case showed themselves in favour of a total cessation of relations with the peasantry. In other words, they recommended the liberation of the peasant; and it is said that the Emperor Nicholas had serious thoughts of undertaking some such measure, when the revolutions of 1848 broke out, and at once threw him back on the reactionary policy which he had followed consistently enough for three-and-twenty years, but which for a moment, he had seemed inclined to depart from. The Crimean war, however, and the inability of Russia to meet the strain which was then put upon her, convinced the despotic Nicholas that he must yield; and in his last instructions to his son,

the present emperor, he enjoined him above all things to emancipate the peasantry.

The first signs after the accession of Alexander II., that emancipation was at least contemplated, were to be found in the permission given to the partly-emancipated press to enlarge on the evils of serfdom. At first the subject was dealt with in tales and memoirs, rather than in directly critical essays. Then the question of emancipation was brought forward at the provincial meetings of landed proprietors, or "assemblies of the nobility;" and the Emperor Alexander had only been a few years on the throne when the nobility of Grodno (Lithuania) made a formal proposition, in the shape of a petition, for liberating the peasantry. Several of the Russian nobiliary assemblies, among others those of St. Petersburg, Tver, and Tula, followed suit. But the proprietors in all these provinces or "governments" were in favour, not of liberating the peasant with his land, but of liberating him from his land; of giving him the freedom of the birds, and taking his land for themselves. To this the Government could not possibly consent. However just the claim of the proprietor might seem in the abstract, there was the history of the abolition of serfdom in neighbouring countries, the history of the gradual diminution of the serf's burden in Russia itself, to show that, although the serf might be called upon to redeem his land before he could call it absolutely his own, yet he could not, under any circumstances, be deprived of it. Much controversy took place at the time between Russian publicists as to whether the land cultivated by the peasants, and reserved from generation to generation for their use, ought in a just scheme of emancipation to be regarded as their absolute property. The question fairly considered was never a very difficult one; and it was certain from the first that the Russian Government would adopt, in principle, the solution arrived at by the Prussian Government in Posen (as previously in Prussia generally), and by

the Austrian Government in Hungary and Galicia. But the question was a dangerous one while it lasted, from the opportunity which it afforded to the revolutionary party of asserting the peasant's absolute right to the land he cultivated for his own use, and of representing the task-work, or the rent in lieu of task-work required from him, as so much money or labour extorted from the long-suffering peasant by a cruel proprietor whose days were now numbered. The peasant's traditional remark to his master, "I belong to you, but the land belongs to me," used to be much quoted at the time, as though the paradoxical saying admitted of no answer. The master might, by way of repartee, have sent his too ingenious serf to Siberia or to the army, which would at once have shown him, not only that the land did not belong to him, but that he did not even belong to the land, from which he could so promptly be separated. In all good faith, too, he could have replied to his peasantry, as a body, that although by tradition their land belonged to them, yet equally by tradition their labour, within limits, or money in lieu of it, belonged to him.

The following, in the majority of cases, and in the middle regions of Russia, where the land is of average fertility, was the situation of peasants with regard to the proprietor. About one-third of the estate was kept by the proprietor, and had to be cultivated for his benefit by the peasants, who kept for their own use the remaining two-thirds. Thus the peasants paid for their holdings in labour. On some estates, however, in lieu of labour they gave money, so that the land they called their own did not, in either case, belong to them unconditionally. In the Law of Emancipation—an elaborate document of which the abridged edition would fill about two volumes of an ordinary novel or book of travels—particulars are incidentally given of the position of every kind of serf in the Russian Empire at the moment of publication: whether a domestic, an operative, or an agricultural serf; whether a member of a commune, or the holder

of an individual allotment; whether a serf of the Western Provinces (detached at the end of the last century from Poland), or of Great Russia, or of Little Russia; whether a cultivator of the first zone without black soil, or of the second zone with black soil, or of the third zone—region of the steppes—with whatever soil he could manage to get; whether on the system of *barshtchina* or task-work, or of *obrok* or rent.

But in order to keep within bounds, and to avoid becoming unintelligible through the introduction of a multiplicity of details, it will be better to speak only of agricultural peasants forming communes, and cultivating land of ordinary fertility in Russia proper. It has been said that the peasants retained for their own use two-thirds of the estate to which they belonged. This gave as a rule to each member of the commune, or in other words to each male adult, about eight or nine acres of fields; in addition to which each head of a family had a cottage, a stable, and a garden. When in place of three days' labour each week, the peasant paid an annual rent, the amount was usually fixed at eight or nine roubles a year; so that in Great Russia the rent-paying peasant may be said to have held his land at the rate of about a rouble an acre.

The first object of the Government in preparing the emancipation of the peasant was to fix by law his relations to the proprietor during a period of transition extending from 1863 to 1870. The proprietors of estates were required to make out charts, showing what land was cultivated for their own use and what for the use of the peasants. The peasants' land was in no case to be diminished; but portions of it might be exchanged to suit the convenience of the proprietor under fair conditions, and with the consent of magistrates, appointed under the name of "peace-arbiters," to settle such differences between peasants and proprietors as were sure to arise. During the transition period the rent or *obrok* of peasants who lived under that system could not be raised; and peasants—not

individually, but in communes—were empowered, with or without the consent of proprietors, to pass from the task-work to the rent-paying system at a rate fixed beforehand, in accordance with the rates prevailing in the locality. If the peasants wished to redeem their land, or if the proprietor wished them to redeem it, the Government would in either case advance redemption-money in the form of bills bearing interest at 5 per cent, which were to be exchanged at intervals and in order determinable by lottery, for bank-notes. If the peasants proposed to redeem their holdings, the proprietor was to receive the full estimated value of the land; of which the peasants themselves were to contribute 20 per cent, while the Government gave bills for the remainder. If, on the other hand, the demand for redemption came from the proprietor, he had to submit to a loss of 20 per cent, but, as in the other case, received bills for 80 per cent from the Government.

The estimated value of the land to be redeemed was the fixed rent or *obrok* multiplied by 16 $\frac{2}{3}$, or, in other words, capitalized at 6 per cent. But as the proprietor had generally mortgaged his estate to the Government, he had, in that case, to content himself with bills for the estimated value of the land redeemed minus his debt.

In calculating the amount received by the proprietors, it is necessary to bear in mind that the bank-notes by which the Government bills were to be replaced were not worth more than 80 per cent of their nominal value. After deducting the amount of the proprietor's outstanding debt, the Government gave him 20 per cent less than the estimated value of the land he ceded, in paper replaceable by notes worth 20 per cent less than the sums they represented. Thus in the end, apart from all question of debt, he received only 64 per cent—or four-fifths of 80—on the estimated value of the land. If this was somewhat of a deception to him, he, on his part, may be said to have deceived the Government,

which had imagined that the sums it handed over to the proprietors would be spent in the improvement of their estates, and not in entertainments at St. Petersburg and in foreign tours. Yet, bearing all this in mind, one can safely say that the proprietors have gained even in a pecuniary point of view, by the emancipation. The new railways through the corn-growing districts have doubtless had something to do with it. The value of land has, in any case, gone up immensely during the last few years, both in Central and in Southern Russia.

The effect, however, of the emancipation act has been far more satisfactory for the peasants and for serfs of all kinds. Serfs without land, hiring themselves out as operatives, artisans, or as domestic servants, or perhaps keeping shops, used to pay so many roubles a year to their proprietors for the privilege of earning their own living. All right to levy this *obrok*, which here assumed the form of a personal tax, ceased on March 3, 1863, two years after the publication of the Emancipation Act. As for the agricultural serfs, with whose position and organization we are chiefly concerned, they have found themselves, in constantly increasing numbers, placed towards the Government in almost the same economical relation which formerly they held towards their proprietors, but with these two points in their favour: that they pay less money to the Government, and that their annual payments are counted not as rent, but as instalments in extinction of a debt which, with the interest upon it, will be paid off in forty-nine years from the date of its being contracted. In these cases the peasants have absolutely no relations with their former proprietors except those of neighbours. Nor has the paternal rule of the proprietors, with the abuses to which it was liable, been replaced by that of the Government. On the contrary, the peasants are encouraged and enabled to govern themselves, which they do absolutely in regard to their own village affairs; while they

moreover take part in the local government of those groups of villages which the French would call *cantons*, of those larger divisions of a province which may be called "districts," and of the province itself.

The Russian peasant has been much idealized. "This slave, this drunkard," cried Alexander Herzen—degrading him a little, in order soon afterwards to elevate him a great deal; "this slave, this drunkard, in his smoky hut, with his pine-wood candle, has solved the social problem so puzzling to the philosophers of Western Europe." The Russian peasantry are often, in fact, said to have discovered, or at least to have preserved, the secret of holding and cultivating landed property in common. As a matter of fact, they hold their land in common, but they do not so cultivate it; neither, as a natural consequence, do they share its produce. Their communism resolves itself, indeed, merely into this: that, apart from the garden or inclosure belonging to each house, which remains individual property, the fields and meadows of a village community are parcelled out at the beginning of each agricultural year among the various male adults composing it. In a perfect system of communism the industrious man would work for the idle one. But in a Russian commune the hard-working peasant, even in a condition of serfdom, got much from his land, and became rich; whereas the lazy peasant got but little, and sometimes at sowing-time found himself without seed, or the means of procuring it. Thus rich and poor are found together in Russian communes, as everywhere else in the world. But even the poorest member of a Russian commune is not destitute. He may till his land carelessly, or he may neglect to till it. He cannot in any case be deprived of it. Each new year will give him once more his piece of land, which will be greater or less, not according to his industry or capabilities, but according as the numbers of the commune have diminished or increased in number since the previous year. Political economists

deplore this condition of things, which is indeed incompatible with the progress of agriculture towards that great good, the maximum of production. In any rational community where property existed as a reality, the idle, or, it might be, feeble or awkward peasant would soon be parted from his land, which would fall into the hands of the strong, rich, and industrious peasant; and the village would in due time produce at least one capitalist and many paupers. The Russian communal system is bad for agriculture as an art, but it prevents the formation of a class of proletarians. It renders it difficult for a well-to-do peasant to become a prosperous farmer; though, if he saves money, a peasant may, independently of his communal portion, rent or purchase land for himself inalienably. But it saves the ne'er-do-well peasant from starvation.

Next, to the question of the peasant's right to the land he had been in the habit of cultivating for his own use, no question was more warmly discussed, in connection with emancipation, than that of the propriety of maintaining the commune.

"The first thing to do," said some writers whom their opponents called "Conservatives"—though on this point they were progressive enough—"the first thing to do is to dissolve the commune, and develop among the peasants notions of individual property to which they are comparatively strangers."

"If you touch the commune," said the stationary Liberals—not from love of antiquity, but rather from a passion for modern socialism—"you destroy the one thoroughly Russian institution we possess, and the germ of that democratic Russia of the future in which every man will have his own plot of land, renewable from year to year."

The so-called Conservatives, who would have placed the peasants in the position of rent-paying farmers, each with his own individual, purchasable, and vendable portion of land, pointed out that the commune had nothing peculiarly Russian in it, that it

had existed everywhere in primitive times, and that in Russia the Government had maintained it simply for fiscal purposes, and because it was easier to collect money from villages regarded as units, with one chief or "elder" responsible for the whole community, than from millions of individuals. To this it was replied, that whatever the commune might have been in its origin, it had ceased to exist in every part of Europe except Russia; and that, for whatever reasons it might have been kept up in Russia, it suited the country; and, considering the abundance of land, might still be maintained, and even extended, to the great advantage of the Russian people.

The Russian communal system, in short, renders pauperism impossible, which is, after all, the main object of West-European communism; "the religion of poverty," as some one has called it.

The Russian Government can never for a moment have thought of abolishing the commune. Apart from the taxation difficulty, one organic change at a time would naturally be deemed enough. There were many points in the Emancipation Law which the peasants might possibly misunderstand; and it would have been most imprudent to introduce unnecessary complications, such as a fundamental change in the communal system must inevitably have brought about. The Government, too, may well have determined for state reasons, apart from all considerations of political economy, to preserve an institution which postponed indefinitely the plague of pauperism, and guaranteed the country, except in times of famine, against the formation of hungry mobs.

The village communities of Russia, forced to act collectively and to deal collectively through an elected chief, both with the Government and with the proprietor, had, of old, been accustomed to deliberate on their own affairs, and in some measure to regulate them. But it depended on the proprietor, whether effect should be given to their decisions or not; and the peasantry were

also, in respect to numerous matters, at the mercy of the local police. At present, neither proprietor nor police can say a word to them. They keep order and administer justice in their own village, and form rural guards for protecting it against the attacks of robbers and the incursions of wild beasts. They not only apportion the taxes payable to the crown, which they were equally called upon to do in their former condition, but are empowered to raise money from among themselves for village improvements and for the establishment of village schools.

They even possess a privilege which by a small party is still coveted in vain for parishes in England; that, namely, of deciding by a majority of votes whether or not public-houses shall be kept open. But if they are their own licensing magistrates, it is to be feared that they look with too kindly an eye on the tavern-keepers who come before them to ask for renewals. The advocates of female suffrage will be interested to hear, that were the decision of the question left to the women of the commune it would certainly be given against the publican. Indeed, though legally the women have no voice in the government of the village, they sometimes take upon themselves to protest against the resolutions passed by their husbands in favour of keeping open the spirit-shops; and an address in this sense was quite recently agreed to by the women of Olkhovo, a village of Novgorod, and duly forwarded to the governor of that province. "Whereas," said the unhappy women (their petition was published in the *Golos, or Voice*, of St. Petersburg)—"whereas our husbands have empowered Karnila Lushin to keep open a public-house during the year 1875, we hereby certify that Karnila Lushin first made them drunk with brandy. Consequently our children have no bread, we have sometimes no cattle, no homes, and for a long time we have paid no *obrok* to our landlords. Our husbands are intoxicated not only on holidays, but all the week through.

At the same time, we and our children, who can work, have no rest for gaining our bread. We are reduced to the necessity of electing our peasant-wife Matriona Savelieva as a deputy to the highest authorities, that she may ask them to do us the benefit to cancel this act of our husbands."

In other parts of Russia the women have shown a similar disposition to take affairs into their own hands, and, sometimes, on similar provocation. In the province of Kalouga, however, as stated by the local *Gazette*, so many men are absent from the villages, that if their wives and mothers who remain at home were not to take part in the communal assemblies, nothing could be done. It would even be impossible to form the legal quorum of thirteen, which in one village was composed of five men and eight women. According to this authority, the presence of a majority of women in the assembly has an excellent effect. "The women," says the *Kalouga Gazette*, "do not drink, like the men, and cannot, like them, be corrupted by liquor." At a village in the district of Taross, a man, "presumably unfitted for the office of churchwarden," to which he aspired, gave drink to the male peasants, and gained their votes. But the women of the village didn't drink, and seeing what sort of a man he was, rejected him. The writer further affirms that a retired soldier, arriving at the district town of Taross to draw his pension, and having to present a certificate of identity from the assembly of his village, produced one on which the signatures were for the most part those of women.

Village assemblies, however, are at the bottom of the scale of self-governing organizations; and whatever good may be done by women at these communal meetings, they would not be admitted to the assemblies of *volosts*, or groups of villages, at which the village communities are represented by deputies.

Next above the assemblies of *volosts*, or cantons, are the district assemblies, which are composed of members elected from among the landed proprietors of

the district, who form one-half of the assembly; members elected by the district town; and members elected by the peasantry. Peasants, townspeople, and proprietors sit together, deliberate, and vote on all matters connected with local taxation, the raising of certain taxes payable to the State, the making and repairing of roads, the establishment and maintenance of hospitals, sanitary matters of all kinds, and the formation and direction of schools. It is worthy of observation, that the first training-school established in Russia was formed, not by the Government, but by one of the district assemblies of Novgorod. The Government, however, was not long in profiting by the example.

Some functions of the district assembly are obligatory. Thus, it is bound to keep up the roads of the district. As regards its voluntary action, all decisions come to by the assembly must be submitted to the governor of the province. Some of these may be put into execution without the governor's consent. But others, before they can be acted upon, must receive his final approval; and in case of this being refused, the matter is referred to the Senate (a sort of High Court of Appeal), which has hitherto almost invariably supported the assembly.

For the construction of roads and railways, the assemblies are empowered to raise money, either by taxation, or by loan secured on the rateable property of the district. The guarantee of the assembly, resting as it does on a very solid basis, is asked for by contractors in preference to that of the Government, which, however, must sanction the assembly's guarantee to make it perfectly valid.

In the various district assemblies are elected members of a central assembly, representing the whole province. Both provincial assemblies and assemblies of districts appoint executive committees, which sit permanently; and it is hoped that some day the provincial assemblies may be allowed to send deputies to form a consultative, if not a legislative assembly, at St. Petersburg. The nearest

approach yet made towards this desired end is to be seen in the fact that the Government already, from time to time, communicates to the district assemblies its intention to pass a law on such and such a basis; so that instances have occurred of the same governmental project being discussed by 300 or 400 different assemblies. The Government in no way binds itself to act upon the views expressed by the assemblies, or even to attach weight to them. But it cannot but find in these representative bodies a convenient means of ascertaining the opinions and feelings of the country; and a short time since, when it had formed the project of imposing a house-tax in lieu of the personal tax now levied, the idea was found to be so unpopular in the assemblies that it was thought advisable to abandon it.

That the peasants are not yet equal to the duties required from them is sufficiently evident; and of the four orders of assemblies, the least satisfactory is the lowest, or village assembly, in which we have seen that the members are sometimes¹ bribed with drink, and being drunk, vote incontinently that

¹ A friend well acquainted with Russian country life, assures me that in some villages the peasants have closed the tavern. The hard-working members of the commune know that the idle and vicious members will be unable, if the spirit-shop is kept open, to contribute their share of the rent or of the annual instalments in reduction of the debt for redemption money to the Crown, which are claimed, not from each peasant individually, but from the village as a whole. They therefore endeavour, and in some cases have done so with success, to secure a majority of votes against the unestimable persons who apply annually to the Communal Assembly for spirit licenses. Thus the system of collective responsibility has certain moral advantages. It obliges the prudent to watch over the imprudent to the benefit of both. The temperate peasant has possibly no abstract horror of intemperance; but he dislikes having to pay dues for the intemperate man. If it could be shown that the existence of public-houses in England had a considerable effect in increasing the Poor Rate, that would furnish at least an argument for considering the licensing laws in force among the newly-emancipated serfs of Russia, from whom Mr. Herzen was right in thinking there is yet something to be learned.

the drinking-shops shall be kept open. But in the superior peasant-assembly of the *volost*, or group of villages, things are already much better; and I learn from the *Moscow Gazette* that certain qualifications are now necessary on the part of peasants wishing to be elected to the assembly of the *volost*. They must, for instance, be twenty-five years of age, of good conduct, and free from debt; while, at a later period, it is to be further required of them that they shall have finished their education at a village school.

One would think that the newly liberated peasant could scarcely prove a good jurymen; though apart from a fixed determination not to return a verdict of guilty against persons who are only accused of not having their passports in order, his behaviour in the box is said to have been most commendable. The Russian jury is formed of men of all classes. But an attempt is now being made to exclude the peasantry, on the ground that jurymen are often required to travel considerable distances, that it would be unbecoming to compensate them for the expense they are thus forced to incur, and that without such compensation the functions of jurymen must be beyond the peasant's resources. The liberals are in favour of repaying to jurymen their necessary disbursements. But the Minister of Justice proposes that a list should be drawn up of men qualified and able by their pecuniary position to serve; which, it is objected, might easily have the effect of placing a number of picked jurymen at the service of the Government. Civil cases, however, are tried without juries. So also are political cases in which, without having been tried as criminals, the convicted are quite liable to be punished as such.

With the sole exception of political cases, which may or may not be heard with closed doors, all trials and legal proceedings in Russia are public. The courts, too, are open in which rural justice is administered; an innovation which, like the whole reform of the Russian judicial system, dates from soon

after the emancipation of the serfs, of which it is the necessary accompaniment. To understand what the Russian judicial system was before the emancipation, the reader should turn to Schtchedrin's *Provincial Sketches*, which have been translated into English; or to Prosper Mérimée's French translation of Gogol's admirable comedy of *Revisor*; the "revisor" being a Government inspector whose business it was to watch the working of the administrative machine, and, if possible, not to accept bribes from the persons interested when he found—as he was sure everywhere to do—that it was going wrong.

The first independent judges appointed in Russia were the so-called "Peace-arbiters," whose duty it was, during the "transition period," to settle disputes between peasants and proprietors. The peace-arbiters were selected by the governor from lists of names presented by the proprietors in each province; and the best educated men in the country were glad to accept this, not lucrative but honourable and, in Russia, quite novel position. The governor of the province of Kaluga, in making his selection, passed over all who had not been educated at a university; and for following this rule, of his own devising, received the thanks of the Emperor. Under the old system the judges were as ignorant as they were venal. Gogol's judge in *Revisor* turns his court into a dog-kennel, and, whip in hand, sells his decisions to the highest bidder; and a Russian friend assures me that he knew a judge who could only prepare his reports for the Minister of Justice by going over with a pen what his clerk had previously written in pencil.

The Peace-arbiters were entirely independent of the administration, and, as a rule, the only charge brought against them was that of being inclined, in arranging differences, to take part with the peasants.

Rural justice is now administered by "Peace-judges," who must be owners of property in Russia, and must have finished their education—must have passed, that is to say, what the Germans

call the "abiturient," or parting examination—at a gymnasium or military school. They are elected by the assemblies for a term of three years; and the educational condition can only be waived in case of their being elected unanimously. They receive about 200*l.* a year in small towns, and as much as 800*l.* a year in large ones; and are assisted by "honorary judges" equally elected, whose duties are not more arduous than those of our county magistrates. In each district sits at fixed intervals a court of appeal, composed of the peace-judges of the whole district, from whose decisions there is no further appeal, except, on a question of form or on a point of law, to the Senate.

Without political liberty, without even the slightest guarantee for personal freedom—every one in Russia being liable to secret arrest on a mere order of the administration—the Russians, nevertheless, possess a very complete system of local self-government. It must be admitted that when, not many months ago, an ex-minister was visited with an administrative order, in obedience to which he retired to his estate, the fact was soon afterwards notified to the world through the columns of the official journal. The publicity given

to the act deprived it of what at first seemed to be its worst feature. It remains true all the same that the Russian government is, in principle, perfectly despotic; that it occasionally exhibits this principle in practice; and that it allows neither the Russian people nor the Russian nobility, nor any class or order of Russians, the least share in the government of the country. On the other hand, it has in the course of the last fifteen years made a great many bold and uniformly successful experiments in the direction of liberty; and though there can be no question in Russia of liberty "broadening down"—since it is precisely in the highest regions that the absence of liberty is most observable—yet it may in time "narrow up," as self-government really has done, from the village assemblies of peasants to the district assemblies in which all classes are represented; and from the district assemblies to the more important assemblies of entire provinces.

It is obvious in what manner the unfinished edifice of self-government may some day be crowned. But of the formation of a Central Imperial Assembly, composed of deputies elected by the provincial assemblies, there is as yet neither promise nor direct sign.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS IN 1875.

THE burden of great names and of a noble past seems to sit lightly on the modern Greeks. Were we to propose the resuscitation of the Olympic games in the Panathenaic stadium at Athens, we should be in anxious dread of comparisons with the victors of Pindar's day, and the splendid chariots of Alcibiades. Nay, we should fear an accusation of absurdity in transferring Olympia to Athens, and should have more modestly called our sports a Panathenaic Festival. But the modern Greeks seem no ways daunted by these sentimental difficulties. An old gentleman called Zapa has left a considerable bequest for the holding of these games at regular Olympiad intervals in the stadium of Herodes Atticus, and has further directed a large gymnasium to be erected in connection with them. As all Athens is perfectly satisfied, all the old nomenclature of Greek games has been raked up; the judges who appear on the course in tail coats and white ties and gloves are entitled *Hellenodicaí*, fellows who climb up poles are called *Olympionikæ*, though they have practised not in gymnasia, but more probably in orchards; and all the world of Athens collected on a Sunday afternoon at five o'clock, *θαιμάζοντες καὶ θαιμαζόμενοι*, as the daily papers said. The stadium itself is very convenient for spectators, but hardly so for competitors. It is an oval only 665 feet long, so excavated that (with the exception of the open west end) the sides rise up in a steep slope of about 100 feet, like a huge oblong stewpan, thus offering an admirable sort of amphitheatre, in which people sitting on the ground are well raised one above another. But this advantage was coupled with some risk, for when quarrels arose, as was inevitable, when ten or eleven thousand people of all classes are gathered together, the combatants rolled over, and coming down

upon their neighbours produced a sort of avalanche of human beings, and clouds of dust, which were with difficulty allayed by the police, who drew bright swords and pretended to slash about with them, while all parties screamed and objurgated with much gesticulation.

All Athens came out in Sunday dress, so that the stranger had ample opportunity of studying faces and costumes, and forming an opinion as to the appearance of the nation. My former impressions were thoroughly confirmed, and result in this, that if any one desires to see beauty at Athens, he must wander through the bazaars and markets, and the lowest parts of the town, where he will find among the children remarkable beauty, especially in the form of the head; and though age tells upon them very rapidly, there is even among grown men and women a fine and interesting type, very often fair, with blue or grey eyes. But among the richer classes (they can hardly be called upper, as all Greeks profess to be equal) there is no beauty at all. The prevalence of white and red in the men's dresses partly atoned for this, and made the sight of the great crowd curious and very gay. A few rude wooden benches, one of which broke down with its occupants were erected round the upper end of the stadium, and here the *élite* took their places for a fee of 3 drachmas each. When I thought of the two obols in old days to hear several plays of Æschylus and Aristophanes and their compeers, it seemed to me that the price of things had risen at Athens. For the course seemed not in the condition to be expected from the greatness of the occasion. Part of it near the entrance, was in ridges like a potato-field; farther up there was a straight pole about thirty feet high, and near it a green pool of

stagnant water some seven or eight feet wide, for the purpose of long jumping with a pole. There was also an oblique pole (*ιστός ὁ κεκλιμένος*) for climbing with the hands like the ladders in our gymnasia; this completed the arrangements. As for the keeping of the course nothing could be more ridiculous. The whole circuit of the stadium was pompously lined with soldiers, but the crowd pushed through them, and formed rings in the middle of the course, as the excitement increased, nor was any one disturbed except by some very mild expostulation. People walked about as they pleased, and some accidents were narrowly avoided.

And then the dogs were a very leading feature. Greece is a wonderful place for dogs. They are in every house, in every room, in every boat. They bark in the streets all night. They are present at all public ceremonies. They are like spoiled children, always in the way, and never kept in the least discipline.

The sports opened with a flat race of about 200 yards up the stadium. Four competitors started. This was a good entry, as the whole number of competitors was not above twenty-five. They were all dressed in grey check shirts, fashionable fitting grey trousers, and tight well-blackened spring-sided boots. Good time could hardly be expected in such a costume. But in the middle of the race, they overtook a very fat old lady with two cur-dogs walking up the course before them, and with whose right of doing so no one dreamt of interfering. So the runners had to thread their way between the old lady and the curs. After some time they approached the gentleman in the tail-coat and white tie, who had added to his costume a blue silk sash, and who held in his hand a flag. This the winner seized, and danced about waving it to the multitude, who cheered him vigorously. Then all the dogs began to bark, and the band began to play, and everybody looked very much pleased.

Next came the climbing of the straight pole. Here again four presented them-

selves, and here as in every case they were walked up to a table where a man in a tail-coat and white tie took down their names, and I suppose their parents' names and ages and addresses also, for he was tediously long about it. After they had stood in military posture during the process, they marched off to the contest. One of them really showed great quickness in going up the pole, and would certainly prove a dangerous neighbour to an orchard. This performance was the best in the whole meeting. It was consequently not at all so amusing as the succeeding contest of jumping the stagnant pool with the pole. Most of the athletes with difficulty rose into the air, by holding the middle of the pole, and then climbed up in order to fall out as far as possible on the opposite bank. And fall they did, into the deep dust, especially one little man, who alighted twice in a violent sitting posture, but the third time got the pole between his legs, and seemed certain to meet with a dangerous accident. But luck seemed ever in his favour, for in a subsequent trial he planted the pole against the opposite bank, so that it snapped when he rose, and ought to have killed him, whereas he only alighted with a great splash in the pool, and defiled the spotless dresses of the superintending judges.

This incident created, of course, great laughter. Also, strange to say, though there were dozens of dogs about the course, if any one of them looked the least puzzled, and was in search of his owner, some 5,000 people began to whistle to him. Still, this was seldom the case. The dogs knew perfectly where they were, and it had a most curious effect to see a large under-bred pointer coiled up fast asleep right under the oblique pole, during the contest in climbing (*ἀνάβασις ἐπὶ τὸν κεκλιμένον ιστόν*). Had any of the competitors let go his hold, the animal's life would probably have been sacrificed. Another ran a more imminent danger from one of the darts thrown at a target, which missed its aim, and nearly slew the dog.

The mention of this dart-throwing

leads me to notice the two features in which the new Olympic games seemed strictly a parody on ancient manners. In our sports we never throw the discus or the dart, and perhaps the quoit is the only remains we have of the former once highly admired exercise. But the modern Greeks could not dispense with such things at Olympic games. So they set to work with an ordinary broomstick to dart at a target, which was like our archery targets, but with the gold cut out. The object was to send the broomstick through the hollow centre. The distance seemed to be from eight to ten yards, but though many essayed only one succeeded, and that by overrunning his "trig" about two yards. None of them seemed to have any idea of balancing their stick, but held it quite far back, so that it generally turned over before reaching the target.

Then as to the discus, it was no longer the solid mass of iron or other metal which was heaved by the old heroes, as we can see by our copies of Myron's *Discobolus*, but an ordinary wooden platter, like a bread plate, and perhaps one pound weight. This some of them managed to put across the stadium, that is to say, about thirty yards. After each contest was over, the names of the successful candidates, and indeed those of many unsuccessful ones too, were proclaimed at the table by the herald or *κήρυξ*, and then the young men came up on the stand to be rewarded by the vice-president. The band played some equivalent to our "See, the conquering hero comes," and the first was presented with a great clumsy garland or crown of olive branches, which was put on his head, and hung down on the back of his neck. The second got a straight leafy branch of olive, the third a branch of oleander in flower. These emblems of victory were exhibited on a small table, which was especially covered with a coffee-stained table-cloth when they were put upon it, and were quite close to my seat. The Greek papers had it differently. Ἐλαμβανον παρ' αὐτοῦ (the vice-president) ὑπὸ τοὺς ἤχους τῆς μουσι-

κῆς ὁ μὲν πρῶτος στέφανον δάφνης, ὁ δεύτερος κλάδον μύρτου, καὶ ὁ τρίτος κλάδον ἐλαίας. A more substantial bonus of 150 drachmæ to the first, and fifty to the second prizeman was also distributed afterwards. There were horse races (*μονόζογοι, καὶ δίζυγοι*) also announced, but had to be postponed to another day, as the sports did not begin till five o'clock on account of the heat, and "night closed round the conqueror's way." I could not make out whether there was a fixed number of prizes for each competition or not, but this is certain, that several who broke down got their sprig of oleander, and were proclaimed victors by the herald, and in the next morning's newspapers. The comments of the press were almost as amusing as the contest itself. In the first place they were in high delight and admiration of this their third festival. They admitted that the first contests (eight years ago) were *σχέδον γελοῖοι, almost ridiculous*—an observation which made one very sorry indeed not to have seen them. For the present meeting was, in contrast, considered as suggesting ancient days, and had the number of competitors only been larger, was quite glorious enough for the greatest of national athletic feasts. This was the tone of the papers which I examined, and certainly the Greek press speaks out its mind with more license than even Irish national papers. Accordingly in a day or two came many complaints. The king's absence was pointedly regretted. The decisions of the judges were questioned, and it was especially mentioned that one of them had made mistakes, in spite of the remonstrances of the other two. Of course all were mentioned by name. Then the claims of several candidates who had not obtained second prizes were advocated, and it was openly declared, that had the judges acted properly, the awards must have been different. With regard to the horse race (which unfortunately I did not see) I saw a letter from the owner of a horse, *ὃν νομίζω ικανώτατον*, he says, but which the authority appointed refused to enter in the first class.

Whatever the man meant, the editor coincided with him in gravely censuring the monstrous nature of the objection.

I could observe no ring and no betting, though the games seemed so completely games of chance as to offer an excellent occasion to the gambler, but all the public were very orderly, and were dispersing in the evening, when I left, in the most respectable and sedate manner. There seemed, also, to be no strong parties of friends about the course in favour of special candidates, nor was there any personal enthusiasm manifested. The competitors were kept concealed in the cave beside the stadium till the contest opened, and then came out *εὐφημούμενοι* as the papers said, but

without any escort of backers or amateur coaches, like the young men at our meetings. They seemed to have got what training they had from some single master at Athens, who was congratulated by some of the papers on his excellent method of instruction and its results. Of course he has the great old models of historic Greece before him, so that it may seem absurd for him to look to our wretched moderns for light in such matters ; still, we could not help wishing that some slight flavour of English system and form had been known to him, and indeed, to the national authorities which conducted the proceedings.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

SPACE FOR THE PEOPLE.

THERE is perhaps no need of the poor of London which more prominently forces itself on the notice of any one working among them than that of space.

When I am in their rooms, I feel often how much even a foot or two would be worth, if the room were only large enough to let the wife open the window without climbing on the bed, or if she could get further away from the hot fire on a June day, or if every one who came in wasn't forced to brush against the wall so that a great black mark quickly showed itself on the newly distempered surface.

I go into the back yards, and how I long to pull down the flat blank wall darkening the small rooms, or to push it back and leave a little space for drying clothes, for a small wash-house, for the barrow to stand; and when I look at the unused bits of ground around a farm or cottage, I sometimes think what they would be worth at the back of a London house.

But even in the front of their houses in a London court are the poor much better off? I go sometimes on a hot summer evening into a narrow paved court, with houses on each side. The sun has heated them all day, till it has driven nearly every inmate out of doors. Those who are not at the public house are standing or sitting on their doorsteps, quarrelsome, hot, dirty; the children are crawling or sitting on the hard hot stones till every corner of the place looks alive, and it seems as if I must step on them, do what I would, if I am to walk up the court at all. Every one looks in every one else's way, the place echoes with words not of the gentlest. In fact it is on such evenings that the drinking is wildest, the fighting fiercest, and the language most violent.

A friend of mine at the East of London once said to me, "The winter does not try us half as much as the summer; in the summer the people drink more, live more in public, and there is more vice." Sometimes on such a hot summer evening in such a court when I am trying to calm excited women shouting their execrable language at one another, I have looked up suddenly and seen one of those bright gleams of light the summer sun sends out just before he sets, catching the top of a red chimney-pot, and beautiful there, though too directly above their heads for the crowd below to notice it much. But to me it brings sad thought of the fair and quiet places far away, where it is falling softly on tree, and hill, and cloud, and I feel as if that quiet, that beauty, that space, would be more powerful to calm the wild excess about me than all my frantic striving with it—Lowell's words come into my mind,

"God's *passionless* reformers—
Influences that purify, and heal, and are not
seen."

The words reproach my own passionate efforts at reform, and set me asking myself whether we cannot find remedies more thorough, and supply in some measure the healing gift of space.

It is strange to think it must be a gift recovered for Londoners with such difficulty. To most men it is an inheritance to which they are born, and which they accept straight from God as they do the earth they tread on, and light and air its companion gifts. In one way this fact makes the problem easier to deal with. This space it seems is a common gift to man, a thing he is not specially bound to provide for himself and his family; where it is not easily inherited it seems to me it may

be given by the state, the city, the millionaire, without danger of destroying the individual's power and habit of energetic self-help. The house is an individual possession, and should be worked for, but the park or the common which a man shares with his neighbours, which descends as a common inheritance from generation to generation, surely this may be given without pauperising.

How can it be best given? And what is it precisely which should be given? I think we want four things. Places to sit in, places to play in, places to stroll in, and places to spend a day in. As to the last named, I will not dwell on it here. The preservation of Wimbledon and Epping shows that the need is increasingly recognised. But a visit to Wimbledon, Epping or Windsor means for the workman not only the cost of the journey but the loss of a whole day's wages; we want, besides, places where the long summer evenings or the Saturday afternoon may be enjoyed without effort or expense.

First, then, as to places to sit in. These should be very near the homes of the poor, and might be really very small, so that they were pretty and bright, but they ought to be well distributed and abundant. The most easily available places would be our disused churchyards. I have myself no fear that the holy dead, or those who love them, would mind the living sharing in some small degree their quiet. There is a small, square, green churchyard in Drury Lane, and even the sight of its fresh bright verdure through the railings is a blessing; but if the gates could be opened on a hot summer evening, and seats placed there for the people, I am sure the dwellers about Drury Lane would be all the better for it. Again, round St. Giles's Church there is space for many seats under the trees. The number of people to be seen in Leicester Square (since the garden was thrown open to the public) show how glad people are of a seat in the open air. But Leicester Square shows us also another thing: such places must

be made bright, pretty and neat—a *small* place which is not so becomes painfully dreary, and it is quite curious to notice how little one feels shut in when the barriers are lovely, or contain beautiful things which the eye can rest on. The small inclosed leads which too often bound the view of a back dining-room in London oppress one like the walls of a prison; but a tiny cloistered court of the same size will give a sense of repose; and colour introduced into such inclosed spaces will give them such beauty as shall prevent one from fretting against the boundaries. Strange and beautiful instance this of how—if we recognize the limitations appointed for us, accept them, and deal well with what is given—the passionate longing for more is taken away and a great peace hallows all. Let, then, our small open places look well cared for. If they are not large enough to be opened to the public without limit, open them under restrictions, lend the key to district-visitors, to the schoolmistress, to the clergyman, to the biblewoman, let them take in small companies of the poorest by turns. But make the most of what small spaces you have, do not close them wholly because you cannot open them wholly.

Secondly, the children want playgrounds. I am glad the Board Schools are providing these, and I wish they would arrange to have them rendered available after school hours, and on the Saturday holiday. So far as I know, this is not done. If it were, children would not be obliged to play in alleys and in the street, learning their lessons of evil, in great danger of accident, and without proper space or appliances for games. Such playgrounds, however, must be supervised. Mr. Ruskin provided one nine years ago in one of the courts of which I have charge, and we found then, and have found since, that it was necessary to have some one to keep order, and that it was a great gain to have ladies who would teach the children to play at games; but the whole subject is so

admirably explained in the *Sanitary Record* for July 25th, 1874, that I need do no more than refer to it here ; but it may be useful to add that supervision need not be costly. If a man of respectable character, too old to compete with younger workmen, were employed to take care of such a playground, it would be a double charity, such as many a kind donor might be willing to grant.

And, thirdly, we come to the places to stroll in. We could not have a better instance than the Embankment. What a boon it has been to London ! Of course the parks come under this head ; and to what thousands of people they give pleasure ! But beyond these thousands are many who never find their way to these open spaces. Many notice the numbers who go to them ; a few of us know of the numbers who do *not* go. Brought up in dirt, close quarters, and the excitement of the street tragedies ; ashamed of their neglected clothes ; shy of a neatly-dressed public, they burrow in courts and alleys out of sight, when they might avail themselves of park and embankment. What the Ladies' Sanitary Association did by their park parties for the children, ought to be done for them also. They must be invited to come out in little companies for a walk, taken out again, and again, and again during the summer. In one of the worst courts under my care we have a small institute for the women and elder girls, where they have classes, and a common sitting-room, and entertainments in winter ; but I do believe one of the best things the Institute has done has been to arrange expeditions every Saturday during the summer, to park, or field, or common. The members pay all expenses themselves, and therefore they want places which they can reach by walking, or for a *very* cheap fare. I only refer to this as a specimen of the kind of thing that will become more and more frequent because it meets a great want—that of happy out-door amusement, within short distance of their homes, for those who have no

gardens, no back yards—rarely a second room.

There are a few fields just north of this parish of Marylebone which indeed first put it into my head to write this article, though the thoughts contained in it have long been before me. These fields have been our constant resort for years ; they are within an easy walk for most of us, and a twopenny train takes the less vigorous within a few yards of the little white gate by which they are entered. They are the nearest fields on our side of London ; and there on a summer Sunday or Saturday evening you might see hundreds of working people, who have walked up there from the populous and very poor neighbourhood of Lisson Grove and Portland Town. Fathers, with a little girl by each hand, the mother with the baby, sturdy little boys, and merry little girls—as they entered the small, white gate, you might see them spread over the green open space like a stream that has just escaped from between rocks. They sit down on the grass ; the baby grabs at the daisies, the tiny children toddle about, or tumble on the soft grass, the mother's arms are rested, and there she sits till it is time to return ; or perhaps they go on up to Hampstead Heath, to which these fields lead, which many could not reach, if these acres were covered with villas, instead of affording a welcome rest. Acres of villas ! Yes, at last, the fields will be built over, if they cannot be saved. They are now like a green hilly peninsula or headland, stretching out into the sea of houses ; the nearest fields I know to London anywhere ; certainly the nearest on our side. The houses have crept round their feet, and left them till now for us. I knew them many years ago, when I used to walk out of London alone ; and since then I have been there, as I say, with dozens of parties of the poor. There the May still grows ; there thousands of buttercups crown the slope with gold ; there, best of all, as you ascend, the hill lifts you out of London, and will always lift you out of it, even

when houses are built all round ; for far away the view stretches over blue distances to the ridge where Windsor stands. As you come home—yes, as your children's children come home—if you will save the fields from being built over now, will be seen from them the great sun going down, with all his clouds about him, or the fair space of cloudless summer sky, London lying hushed below you—even London hushed for you for a few minutes, so far it lies beneath—though you will be in it in a short ten minutes.

These fields may be bought now, or they may be built over : which is it to be ? The owner has given those who would like to keep the fields open time to see if they can raise the money to purchase them for the people for ever. He offers liberal terms, but they will still cost a great deal. Necessarily, fields near London *must* cost much. The question is, are they worth buying ? To my mind they are even now worth very much ; but they will be more and more valuable every year—valuable in the deepest sense of the word ; health-giving, joy-inspiring, peace-bringing. But they will not be bought without considerable effort. Hampstead, which is on their north, cares comparatively little for them, having the heath on the further countryward side, though such fields between her and London must be a gain. No doubt Hampstead will do something ; St. John's Wood will probably do more, because these fields are to her, as to us, the nearest country walk. Marylebone ought, I think, to help a great deal, if she realises what a blessing those fields are ; but I doubt if all three districts can or should do all. I feel myself as if the question ought, in a measure, to be taken up by the large London landowners. They can, even when they try most, give their tenants so small a portion of space—the value of land in any central position being so enormous—that if they were asked for a few yards they would pause ; if for large open spaces, they

would say, "It is impossible." The squares they have let to the rich, who will not now in some cases even lend them one Saturday afternoon at the end of the season to the poor of their own district for a flower-show, though if the grass were trampled quite brown, which is the only harm that could be done, another week would find the rich residents in the country among almost measureless green fields and glades. Some of these evils are perhaps unavoidable, but the possession of the land is a very great responsibility, and if there be so *very* little land on their own estates which they can dedicate to the service of the poor, surely they might feel it incumbent on them to do the next best thing, that is, to secure and throw open such fields as lie nearest to London on any side. The same duty appears to me to lie before the Corporation and the City Companies, and the more because the poor, having been a good deal driven out, the funds left for their benefit from the City, which these bodies have inherited, might well be applied to such an object as this. The Metropolitan Board of Works has I understand done a good deal in keeping and buying open spaces, but yet more is needed, I believe, and perhaps they may see their way to help.

It is a bad thing trying to see other people's duties : they alone can judge what they are. I can only hope that various people will take the question into consideration. I don't know absolutely that the fields of which I have written are the cheapest to be had, nor that there may not be others nearer to dense centres of population. I happen to know the special beauties of these, and their value to our side of London, and to be personally very fond of them, which somewhat disqualifies me from judging of their *relative* value. I would not, therefore, plead for *these* fields in contradistinction to others, though they have their special beauty. What I wish to urge—and I have only introduced a practical example now vividly in my own mind as most strongly

bringing home the fact—is, the immense value to the education and reformation of our poorest people of some space near their homes, or within reasonable distance of them. We all need space; unless we have it we cannot reach that sense of quiet in which whispers of better things come to us gently. Our lives in London are overcrowded, over-excited, over-strained. This is true of all classes; we all want quiet; we all want beauty for the refreshment of our souls. Sometimes we think of it as a luxury, but when God made the world, He made it very beautiful, and meant that we should live amongst its beauties, and that they

should speak peace to us in our daily lives.

P.S.—Since the above was written my hope has grown that these Swiss Cottage fields may be secured for the public. Influential people have taken up the scheme, and several thousand pounds have already been subscribed. But many thousands more are wanted, and I hope that some of those who read this paper may see their way to helping forward a plan which to my mind promises a large and lasting benefit to our London poor.

OCTAVIA HILL.

LINDUM COLONIA.¹

THE last time that I was called on to speak to a gathering of this kind on a matter of local history, it was in a part of England far away from that in which we are now met. When the Archaeological Institute held its meeting two years back in the city of Exeter, it fell to my lot to speak of the place of that city in the general history of England. I am now bidden to deal in somewhat the same way with the shire in which I now stand, and with the famous city which is its capital. Let no one grudge, if, in dealing with such a subject, I find more to say about the capital than about the shire at large. Let me not be thought to disparage a land which fills so great a place in our history, and whose records in the great Survey are so full of legal information and of personal interest. I will readily believe that Henry of Huntingdon, or the poet whom he quotes, spoke of the shire at large, and not of the city only when he said :—

“*Testis Lincolnæ gens infinita decore.*”

As he makes the shire a partaker in the glories of the city and its bishopric, as he speaks of the seven provinces which are subject to the province whose head is Lincoln, I trust that no part of the shire will look on itself as being wholly shut out from anything that I may say of the city itself. The history of the shire and of its capital cannot be separated ; the shire is a body of which the capital is the head. But to me who have studied Lincoln city carefully through its whole length—breadth is in this case a matter of less importance—but who have studied no other part of the shire with the same attention, and to whom large parts of it are alto-

gether unknown, the city itself cannot fail to be the foremost object in dealing with such a theme.

Forgive me then, if, while I stand in Grantham for the first time, my heart is still in Lincoln, where I have lately been tarrying, not for the first time. The city too gives me the one thread which enables me to carry back my tale to the earliest days of recorded history, and even to days before recorded history. With Celtic Coritani you, Angles and Danes of Lindesey, Kesteven, and Holland, have nothing in common save the possession of the soil which your forefathers wrested from them. But the city has kept up its continuous being through Roman, English, Danish, and Norman conquests. Lincoln still in its name proclaims itself one with Roman Lindum ; in its ending it proclaims the rank which Lindum held among Roman cities ; that ending, unique in English geography, would be enough to tell us, if the geographer of Ravenna had failed to set it down in writing,² that Lindum was a colony of Rome, no less than the greater city by the Rhine, the colony of Agrippina. Köln and Lincoln are cities kindred in origin and name ; only, while the city by the Rhine has lost her earlier name and proclaims herself simply as the Roman Colonia, the city by the Witham keeps her earlier name as well as the title of her Roman rank, and proclaims herself

² I believe that the title of “Colonia” is not added to the name of Lindum anywhere but by the Ravenna Geographer, v. 31, p. 430, of Pinder and Parthey’s edition. The right of the city to the rank of colony has therefore been called in question ; but it seems to me that the name of the city and the statement of the Geographer form two independent pieces of evidence which cannot be got over. The other Lindum, which will be found in p. 104 of the Geographer, is not in Lindesey, but in Kilikia.

¹ Read before the Lincoln Architectural Society at Grantham, June 16th, 1875.

through the whole of her long history as the Colony of Lindum.

Coming, as by some license of speech I may be said to have come, from Exeter to Lincoln, it comes naturally to me to point out some points of likeness and unlikeness between the history of the two cities and the two shires of which they were the heads. In the history of the shires there is little to be pointed out but the broadest contrasts; in the history of the cities, among many contrasts there are many striking points of likeness. The names of the shires and the cities tell their own story. The name of Lincoln is purely Roman; it has ever been so thoroughly the Colony that no one has ever ventured to add to it any of the common endings of the name of an English town. London herself, the Augusta by the Thames, appears as *Lundenwic* and *Lundenburh*, but Lindum never put on any such ending as *wic* or *burh*, or even *caster*. *Caerlotochoit* might well have become *Linchester*, but the name of the Colony stood its ground. But the western capital, *Caerwisc*, *Isca Damnoniorum*, passed, when it became an English city, into *Exanceaster* or *Exeter*. The name of Exeter, in short, follows the rule, while that of Lincoln is an exception. The only explanation of the difference that I can think of is that Lincoln became English in an early stage of English conquest, while Roman memories were still fresh, and when Lindum was still remembered as the Colony. We see the same feeling, though in an opposite shape, in the process by which the other colony of Camalodunum has received its English name of Colchester. But Exeter did not become English till a later time; it did not become purely English till a far later time; its Roman memories had died away under the rule of independent Damnonian kings; it was, like every other Roman site throughout the land, a *chester*; but there was nothing, as there was at Lindum and Camalodunum, to mark it out from a crowd of other *chesters*. The one was the conquest of heathen Englishmen in days when

Britain had hardly ceased to be Roman; the other was the conquest of Christian Englishmen after the Briton had fallen back upon his own tongue and his own national being.

If we turn to the names of the two shires, we learn the same lesson in another shape. Damnonia has never ceased to be Damnonia. The land still keeps its name under the slightly corrupted form of *Defnascir*, *Devonshire*; its people long kept their name as the *Defnsætas*; the district once had the privilege, shared only by kingdoms or by districts whose special character is very strongly marked, of forming a gentile adjective. As we speak of English, Scottish, Irish, Kentish, Cornish, but never of *Lincolnish*,¹ so we once spoke of *Devenish*. I am not ready at this moment with an instance of its current use; but the form exists as a surname, and that is enough. But, while the Damnonii still keep their being, we shall seek in vain for the Coritani. They have left no trace in the name either of the shire as a whole, or of any of its ridings. I trust no one will start at the word *riding*, as if I were using a word here which is in place only on the other side of the Humber. Every one who knows his Domesday must know that the name *trithing*, corruptedly *riding*, belongs to the three divisions of Lincolnshire, as much as to the three divisions of Yorkshire.² But neither shire nor riding keeps any sign of the Briton. The later name of the shire comes straight from the English name of the city. The name which once belonged to the whole shire, but now belongs only to its north riding,³

¹ Our older tongue was less scrupulous. The Chroniclers (1035) speak of "*Ælgyfa þære Hamtunisca*."

² The counties of Tipperary and Cork also have *ridings*, but they are of modern date; and, in beautiful unconsciousness of the meaning of the word, there are only two to each shire.

³ In Domesday "*Lincolscire*" and "*Lindesig*" seem to be alternative names for the whole shire. Lindsey in the narrower sense seems to be "*Nortreding*," and Holland "*Sudtreding*," "*Chetsteven*" alone has a local name. But I have not gone nar-

comes independently from the Roman name; *Lindesey*, I need not say, is the island of Lindum. The name of the south riding speaks for itself; Holland, *Hollandia cismarina*, is so called for exactly the same reason as *Hollandia transmarina*, the land alike in name and nature beyond the sea. Of Kesteven I can say nothing; I shall be glad of a local interpreter. But he must be a daring etymologist who can see in it either the Coritani or any other class of Welshmen. The utter vanishing of the British names is a sign of the utter vanishing of the British people. The British names of districts, as a rule, live on only where a large British element in the people has lived on. The exceptions are such as prove the rule. The Jutish island of Wight, Vectis, kept its name, because it was a mere island, much as rivers and great cities kept their name. Kent too, the greater Jutish realm, kept its name. And why? Kent was the first conquest. If we accept the tale which makes the English Conquest to be immediately caused by the invitation of a British prince, the invaders had had dealings with the land of Kent before their actual settlement in it. They must have been familiar with the name of the Cantii in a way in which the invaders of this part of England are not likely to have been with the name of the Coritani. And, more than this, Kent is not merely the name of a people, but the name of a district. There is the land of Cantium as well as the people of the Cantii. But, though there were Coritani, we hear nothing of any land of Coritania. The Damnonian name then lived on, because the Damnonian people were not wholly swept away. The Cantii were swept away, but they had so thoroughly given their name to the land that from the land it passed to a new race of Kentishmen, the *Cant-waru* of our own blood. The Coritani were swept away also, and their name perished with them.

rowly enough into the matter to know whether the Domesday boundaries of the divisions exactly agree with the modern ones.

The exact date of the English conquest of this district it is hopeless to try to fix. Of the process by which central Britain, the lands which went to make up the later Mercian kingdom, came into the hands of the Teutonic invaders we know next to nothing. Legend indeed has something to say about the matter. One of the stories preserved by Henry of Huntingdon makes Teutonic warriors, still in the service of the British prince, overthrow the Picts and Scots in a fight at Stamford, before they turned their arms against their employers and settled themselves in Kent. Another tale, preserved by the so-called Nennius, makes Lindum the burial-place of the British Vortemir, slain, as it would seem, in some of the Kentish battles. Of tales like these we can say nothing. Nor can we trace the course of Anglian settlement in this part of Britain so clearly as we can trace the course of Jutish and Saxon settlement further south. The Northumbrian, Mercian, and East-Anglian kingdoms have no personal founders like Hengest, Ælle, and Cerdic. Each of them grew up by the union of a number of older and smaller Anglian settlements. Among these we can discern a kingdom of the Southumbrians, which would seem, even as late as the beginning of the eighth century, to have been sometimes ruled by a separate under-king. In 702 Coenred, afterwards head king of the Mercians,¹ became king of the Southumbrians, and his dominions are carefully marked out by the French poet Geoffrey Gaimar, who, here as elsewhere, seems to have written from lost records or traditions:—

“Kenret regna sur Suthumbreis :
Oo est Lindeseye e Holmedene,
Kesteven e Hoiland e Hestdene;
Del Humbre tresk en Roteland
Dourout cel regne, è plus avant.”

And within the Southumbrian border we can discern several ancient tribe-names, some of which have still left their traces in modern nomenclature.

¹ See the Chronicles in anno.

There were the Gyrwas, North and South, who appear more than once in Bæda, and whose name is also preserved in that remarkable list of the oldest divisions of England which has been printed by Spelman and Kemble.¹ In this last list we find also the name of *Spaldas*, which still lives in the town of Spalding, famous both in the real and in the legendary history of the shire. The Gainas, among whom Ælfred found a wife, have left their name to the town of Gainsborough, where Saint Edmund of East-Anglia took his vengeance on the tyrant Swegen. But above all, we are ever meeting, in general as well as in local history, with the greater name of the *Lindesfaras*, the men of Lindesey, of whom I do not take upon myself to pronounce how often their name takes in the whole shire and how often its northern riding only. This is the most important name of all. It is not only the name that fills the greatest place in history, but it is the one name which forms a tie between the earlier and later state of things. The English tribe took for themselves, and for their land, the name of the Roman city. The British inhabitants of the district vanished, name and thing; but, name and thing, the Roman city lived on. Its conquerors called themselves the men of Lindum, and their land the isle of Lindum. I doubt if there is another example in England of an English tribe and its district so directly taking its name from a Roman city. The southern Dorchester of the Dorsætas is the nearest case that I can think of; and even here we have not, as in the case of Lindesey and the *Lindesfaras*, a distinct name for the land and for its people. It is plain that there was no Roman town in Britain whose strength and majesty made a deeper impression than the Colony of Lindum. We have no record, such as we have of Anderida, of Bath and Gloucester and Cirencester, of the time or the way by which the city passed into English hands. We know not whether it at once became the dwelling-place of

the conquerors, or whether, like Bath and Chester, it lay for a while ruined and forsaken. But even in ruin the city set on a hill could not have been hid. Its walls, which the Roman, forsaking the earlier site of the Briton, had placed on the very brow of its promontory, if they ever did stand utterly desolate, must, as they rose over the plain like the ghost of the fallen Empire, have set their mark even more deeply on the minds of the men whose swords had left them without inhabitants. The Norman minster, the Norman castle, the mighty mounds and dykes, the work of our own people, which bear up the castles of the stranger, had as yet no being, and even no forerunners. But the gateway—still, after so many ages, the New Port—was already there, and the walls of which fragments yet live, walls speaking of the last days of Roman power, when Theodosius and Stilicho were guarding the land against inroads from the independent Celtic North, and against the more dangerous invaders of the Saxon shore. Within those walls we may call up at pleasure the works of Roman skill, such as the researches of our own day have brought to light beneath the mould of Silchester. We may call up the forum, the basilica, changed perhaps from the heathen hall of judgement into the place of Christian worship, and the temples of Roman or British Gods, either standing desolate or themselves consecrated to Christian uses. We may call up the suburb spreading itself from the southern gate of the city down the slope to the river at its foot. And we may people the land around with some traces at least of those scattered dwellings, rich with the art of bygone times, which the Roman conqueror loved to spread over the face of the conquered land. All this, at Lindum as elsewhere, must have been swept away in the first storm of heathen conquest. We have no song of the taking of Lindum, as we have, in a foreign garb at least, some fragments of the song of the taking of Anderida. But I have sometimes pleased myself with the guess that in the name of the suburb beyond the

¹ *Saxons in England*, i. 81.

river, the Wigford, the Ford of Battle, we may see an abiding memory of the day of strife which made the colony of Lindum English.¹

Whatever was the fate of the city in the first moment of English conquest, it is certain that, if Lindum ever ceased to be a dwelling-place of man, its time of utter ruin was not long. While Chester lay forsaken for the three hundred years between Æthelfrith of Northumberland and Æthelflæd of Mercia, Lincoln, if ever forsaken, was again inhabited within a few years after the fall of Chester. Our first historical mention of Lindesey and the *Lindesaras* sets Lincoln before us as an inhabited spot, an English and an heathen city. The first recorded fact in the history of shire and city is its conversion to Christianity. Paulinus, the Apostle of the Northumbrians, was the Apostle of the kindred Southumbrians also. Bæda tells us how the Præfect, as he calls him, of the city, Blecca his name or nickname, was the first to embrace the new faith. The words used, "præfectus Lindocolinæ civitatis," connecting him in such a marked way with the city, would hardly be used of the Ealdorman of the whole tribe. Are we to see in Blecca simply the king's reeve in the town? or may we venture to think that Lincoln had already made some steps towards that municipal independence of which it enjoyed so high a degree in later times? At all events, Lincoln now became a Christian city. A church of stone—materials had not been lacking among the ruins of the colony—was built, its site in the north-western square of the *chester* being doubtless marked by that most unworthy successor which still bears the name of its founder in a corrupt form. Either now or later, a church of Saint Mary arose, the forerunner of the mighty minster of Remigius and Saint Hugh.² The district followed

the city: Lindesey became a Christian land, and crowds of its people were baptized by Paulinus in the waters of Trent in the presence of the Bretwalda Eadwine.

I dwell on these details, familiar as they must be to all in the narrative of Bæda, because they have an important bearing on the later ecclesiastical and even political history. In the final settlement of English kingdoms and English bishopricks, Lindesey became part of the kingdom of Mercia and of the province of Canterbury. But north of the Humber it was never forgotten that Lindesey had been won to the faith by a Northumbrian Bishop under the auspices of a Northumbrian King. Long after, in the days of Thomas of Bayeux, the claim of York to spiritual jurisdiction over Lindesey was strongly put forward, once at the very moment when the minster of Remigius stood ready for its hallowing. The Primate of Northumberland did not dispute the right of the Bishop of Dorchester to dwell where he would, and build what he pleased, in the far away parts of his vast diocese. But Lindesey was part of the spiritual conquest of Paulinus; if there was to be a Bishop of Lincoln, he, the Primate of York, claimed him as one of the suffragans of his province. Nor was it always by spiritual arms only that the Northern Angles strove to make good their claim to the kindred Southumbrian land. No tale better brings home to us the identity of the Church and the nation in early times, the identity of the ecclesiastical and civil divisions, than the tale of the momentary conquest of Lindesey by Ecgrith of Northumberland. The conqueror had won a new province; in his eyes a new province meant a new diocese. He at once founds a bishoprick of Lindesey, and nominates a Bishop, whom Archbishop Theodore consecrates without scruple. In the very next year the land is won back to Mercia by the arms of Æthelred. The newly founded bishoprick lives on; but its Northumbrian Bishop at once, seemingly as a matter of course, goes

¹ I hope I am right in connecting the name Wigford with *Wig* = battle, but I tremble a little when I find that Roger of Howden (i. 216) spells it *Wikeford*.

² Domesday 336. "Sancta Maria de Lincolia, in qua nunc est episcopatus." This proves the existence of an earlier church of the name.

back to his own land, to receive a North-humbrian see from his own sovereign. Æthelred appoints a Mercian successor, and the line of Mercian Bishops of Lindesey begins.¹

This brings us to a point of instructive likeness between the history of Lincoln and that of Exeter. Up to this stage the history of the two cities has been richer in contrast than in likeness. There never was at Exeter such a time of heathen English rule as there was at Lincoln. Exeter did not come into English hands till the English were already Christian. There is nothing in the history of the capital of Damnonia which answers to the preaching of Paulinus and the conversion of Blecca in the history of the capital of Lindesey. But there is one point in which the two cities are strikingly alike, and which strikingly illustrates a characteristic feature of English ecclesiastical history. Exeter and Lincoln were among the greatest cities in England; each was beyond all rivalry the secular head of its own district. In Gaul or Spain or Italy each of them would have been a Bishop's see from the days of the first preaching of Christianity within their walls. Here in England it was not so. According to a custom in which we differed from continental churches and strangely agreed with our Celtic neighbours, a custom on which I have had more than once to enlarge elsewhere, the temporal capital was not in early times the seat of the bishopstool. When bishopricks were planted in Lindesey and in Damnonia, the seat of the Bishop was placed, not at Lincoln and Exeter, but at Sidnaceaster and Crediton. A later arrangement made Lincoln spiritually subject to the distant Dorchester by the Thames. It was only at a much later stage, in the days just before and just after the Norman Conquest, that England began systematically to conform in this matter to the practice of other lands. The chairs of the Bishops of what Norman writers scornfully called the villages of Crediton and Dorchester were then translated

to the walled cities of Exeter and Lincoln. There is a wide difference between cities like Lincoln and Exeter, which were chosen as the seats of bishopricks because they were already great and flourishing towns, and cities like Wells and Lichfield, which owe their whole importance to their ecclesiastical foundations, and where the town simply grew up under the shadow of the minster. In a city like Lincoln we are now tempted to look, first at the minster, secondly at the castle; and, when we have seen the minster and the castle, we are tempted to think that we have seen pretty well all that the city has to show us. In so doing, we pass by something older and greater than minster or castle, namely, the city itself. Either at Exeter or at Lincoln, the fact that a minster and a castle were in after days planted in each of them is simply a witness to the greatness of the city in days before the minster or the castle was thought of. Lincoln now suggests to us mainly the minster with its memories of Bishops, the castle with its memories of Kings and Earls; but the cause why Lincoln ever came to have Bishops or Earls, is because Lincoln had become great in a day when it had neither. Lincoln had played its part in history—it had risen to importance municipal and military—it had fallen into the hands of the stranger—it had its deliverance recorded in national songs—it had come to be counted as the fourth among the cities and boroughs of England²—before the Conqueror chose the Roman colony as the site of a Norman castle. It was because Lincoln was already great that Remigius of Fécamp, seeking to move his see to the greatest town of his diocese, forsook the spot where such relics as the barbarism of our own times may still have spared of the Roman dykes of Dorchester look up across the winding Thames to the British fort on Sinodun, and fixed his home on the spot

² De Inventionē Sanctę Crucis, 22. "Quatuor civitatum Anglię quas pręcipuas dicimus, Londiñ, Eborac, Winton et Lincolñ." See *Norman Conquest*, ii. 508.

¹ Bæda, iv. 12.

where the works of all ages and races, from the rude earth-work of the Briton to the newly-rising castle of the Norman, were already gathered together on the brow of the promontory of Lincoln.¹

I shall not here go through the ecclesiastical history of the district at any length. The seat of the separate Bishops of Lindsey, the Bishops whose chair was at Sidnaceaster, is, as you all know, commonly placed in the venerable church of Stow-in-Lindsey. There are however others who assert the contending rights of Kirton. At Stow I see nothing which I am at all tempted to assign to the days of its independent Bishops; but we can at least see work which reminds us of Stow in its second stage, the church which was reared by Eadnoth, and was enriched, like so many other churches throughout the land, by the bounty of Leofric and Godgifu. Bardney again stands out as one of the oldest religious houses of the shire, the place of the monastic profession and of the burial of the son of the fierce heathen Penda, of that Æthelred who won back Lindsey from the Northumbrian conqueror.² And to look back again to the first days of all, to step once more within the walls of the Colony, the church of Paulinus at Lincoln, already roofless in the days of Bæda, had, before it fell into that premature ruin, beheld the consecration at the hands of its founder, of the southern Primate Honorius.³

Once more on the height, we can look forth, as it were, on the course of those great events in our early history of which the height of Lincoln was the centre. When the storm of the great Danish invasion of the ninth century burst upon England, Lindsey was one of the districts where the Scandinavian invader really found himself a home. While Damnonia saw the Dane merely as a passing ravager, while Exeter knew him, sometimes as a successful, sometimes as an unsuccessful, besieger,

Lindsey became largely a Danish land, and Lincoln became preeminently a Danish city. We find the first instalment of what was to come when we read in the Chronicles, under the year 838, how many men in different parts of England were slain by the heathen host. Lindsey, East-Anglia, and Kent, a large part of the eastern coast of the island, are then specially mentioned. This was only a passing storm; forty years later comes the time of real Scandinavian settlement. In 874 the heathen men took their *winter-settle* in Lindsey at Torkesey. The next year, just a thousand years ago, we read how they passed from Lindsey to Repton, and took *winter-settle* there—how they drove out King Burhred and, much as Alaric gave the Roman purple to Attalos, they gave the Mercian crown to the unwise King's thegn Ceolwulf—how in 876 Halfdene divided the land of the Northumbrians, and how the next year the host came again into the Mercian land and divided some and gave some to Ceolwulf. Here we have the record of that Danish settlement which gave new lords to so large a part of England, and new names to so many of its towns and villages. Lindsey was among the parts of Mercia which the invaders *dealed* or divided among them. The name of many a Lincolnshire parish bears witness, in the Danish ending *by*, to the presence of the new conquerors, and it often preserves the personal name of the new lord to whom it passed in the division. Osbernby, Hacconby, Asgarby, Thoresby, Grimsby, Hemingby, Ormsby, Ulceby—in which two last we may see the names of men called after the worm and the wolf, the monsters of Northern legend—all live to tell us in how sweeping a way it was that the northern invaders *dealed* out the land among themselves, and how truly, as in elder days, they called the lands after their own names. Yet it was not in Lindsey as it was in two other shires, where, not mere lordships and villages, but towns of note, a local capital and a famous monastery, had to take new names from the new comers. *Northweorthing*

¹ "Stow sub promontorio Lincolnæ," says Henry of Huntingdon, M.H.B. 760.

² See the Chronicles under 716.

³ Bæda, ii. 136.

became *Deoraby* and *Streoneshalh* became *Whitby*; but the city on the hill remained as unchanged in Danish as it had remained in Anglian hands. The Colony of Lindum was the Colony of Lindum still. In Danish hands, the city kept up its greatness in a new form, a form rich in political instruction, the form of an aristocratic commonwealth bound together with others of its fellows by a federal tie. "Five boroughs, Leicester and Lincoln and Nottingham, swilk Stamford eke and Derby, were to the Danes erewhile, under Northmen." So sings the poet of their deliverance by Eadmund the Magnificent;¹ but the work had been already begun by his father. In the long and thrilling tale of English victory, when our annals tell us, year by year, how Eadward the Unconquered and his glorious sister went forth year after year, winning back some portion of English ground and fortifying some new stronghold against the enemy, one only of the Lincolnshire boroughs, the frontier town of Stamford, is spoken of. In 921 Eadward fortified Towcester, and received the submission of Northampton and all the land to the Welland. One quarter of Stamford lies on the Northamptonshire side of the river; this was now his. The next year he went and fortified his new conquest, the borough on the south side of the river. Then we read how all the folk in the northern borough bowed to him and sought him to lord. The same year he won Nottingham; Leicester and Derby had already been among the conquests of the Lady of the Mercians. Of Lincoln only we hear nothing. Yet we cannot believe that, when all the rest of England and of all Britain had bowed to the West-Saxon King, even the proud colony could have stood apart from the rest of the island. Yet nineteen years later the poet of Eadmund's victory sings how he, the dear doer of deeds, released the Five Boroughs when they were bowed low in heathen chains. We must believe that Eadward simply received the submission of the Confederate

towns and secured their obedience by fortresses, without meddling with their internal constitutions—that, in short, he dealt with the Confederacy as he dealt with the Northumbrian, Scottish, and Welsh princes. Most likely the boroughs joined in the Northumbrian revolt on the death of Æthelstan, and now Eadmund more thoroughly incorporated them with the English kingdom, and seemingly delivered their English inhabitants from the Danish supremacy. Yet the *Pentapolis* still went on with more or less of Federal connexion; the Five Boroughs are spoken of as submitting to Swegen in 1013, and in 1015 Sigefrith and Morkere, the victims of Eadric, are spoken of as the eldest Thegns of the Seven Boroughs. The two new members of the body have been thought to be York and Chester, a theory which I can neither affirm nor deny. But, whether five or seven, they could not have been spoken of in this way if they had not kept up some strong bond of union among themselves. In this way, the history of Lincoln, and of the Confederation of which it formed a member, gives us, just as Exeter does, one of the most important of political lessons. We see that the same elements, both of disunion and of partial union, were busily at work in our own land, which were at work in France, and in the Imperial Kingdoms. The tendency of London, Lincoln, Exeter, and the great cities of England generally, was towards the same more than municipal independence which the cities of France but feebly aimed at, which the cities of Southern Gaul won for a shorter, and those of Italy for a longer and more brilliant, season, which some of the cities of Germany have kept down to our own days. Nay, more, their tendency was, not only to a more than municipal independence, but to a distinct system of Federal union. The Danish *Pentapolis* was older than the Lombard League; it is far older than the first existing document which records the union of the Three Lands. Had these tendencies been followed

¹ See the song in the *Chronicles* under 941.

unchecked, the history of England might have been as the history of Germany or of Italy. But other tendencies were everywhere at work—tendencies which within the Empire proved the weaker, but which in England proved the stronger. As I said at Exeter, so I say now, whatever was, as compared with an Italian or German city, taken from the greatness of Exeter or Lincoln was added to the greatness of England. The stronger power of the Crown, the stronger feeling of national unity, which grew alike by every victory and by every overthrow, hindered the cities of England from ever rivaling the greatness of the cities of the Empire. Egberht, Ælfred, Eadward the elder, Cnut, and William, all had their share in the work. The destiny of England forbade that the twelve Lawmen of Lincoln, with their common land and their hereditary jurisdiction, should ever be as their brethren of Rome and Sparta, of Bern and Venice.

I have thus come to a time which I have dealt with in detail in another shape. In dealing with the history of England in the tenth and eleventh centuries, in tracing the steps, first of Danish, and then of Norman Conquest, I have gone on the principle that the history of the whole is largely made up of the history of the parts, that the general history of England cannot be kept apart from the history of the shires and cities of England. And in tracing out the local, alongside of the general history, I have found Lincoln and Lindesey holding no unimportant place in my story. What I have once told in detail, I will not tell in detail again. I will only remind you of the part which Lindesey plays in the history of the wars of Swegen and Cnut, of the fate of the tyrant at Gainsborough, and of the one warlike exploit of Æthelred against the tyrant's nobler son. I would remind you of the career of the local chief, Godwine the Ealdorman of Lindesey, how he redeemed the weakness of his earlier day by dying a hero's death by the side of Ulfcytel at Assandun. I need not

go again over the picture which I have already striven to draw of Lincoln and Lincolnshire at the time of the coming of the Conqueror, of the foundation of the castle and of the bishoprick. The shire, as a whole, and its chief boroughs of Lincoln and Stamford, suffered indeed much of change and confiscation at the hands of the Conqueror; but they suffered little indeed as compared with the fate of other shires and other cities and boroughs. The witness of Domesday shows us that in no city and shire of England did so many Englishmen, by whatever means, contrive to keep large estates and high offices as they did in Lincoln and Lincolnshire. The line of the Lawmen went on all but untouched, and several Englishmen kept a much higher place than was common in other districts among the landowners of the shire. It is for local inquirers, not for me, to know whether the blood of any of these men can be traced among the living inhabitants of shire or city. That such should be the case is perfectly possible; only if it is to be proved, it must be proved by the undesigned evidence of genuine documents, not by the fables of a family tree. And remember too that, though it is quite possible that descendants of Harthacnut the Lawman, of Ulfkill who sold the ship to William, of Colegrim and Northman and Coleswegen, or of the married priests Leofwine and Siward, may be among my hearers to-day, yet, as none of those worthies bore hereditary surnames, they cannot have left any hereditary surnames to their descendants. As I suppose that none of us wish to be Normans, Frenchmen, or Bretons, we may hope that the forefathers of all of us were "here when the Conqueror came." Here and there some of us may be able to trace our descent to forefathers living at that time. Here and there a still smaller number may possibly be able to show that they hold the same lands, or live in the same place, as their forefathers. Only let no man flatter himself that, however old and worthy his surname, be it the primæval Teutonic

Smith itself, he will find forefathers bearing that surname in the pages of Domesday. But there is one among the Lincolnshire landowners in Domesday, of whose name and works I have already said my say in its proper place, but whose works have such a special interest, alike in the history of architecture and in the history of England, that, even at the risk of telling a thrice-told tale, I cannot hurry through the age to which they belong, without stopping to pay them yet again a passing tribute. High above all the other buildings of shire and city, in deep and thrilling interest, speaking to the hearts of Englishmen, stand the churches of Coleswegen, the churches of the lower town of Lincoln. Not the varied beauties of the churches of Holland—not the soaring spires of Louth and Grant-ham and the mighty octagon of Boston—not the works of Remigius and Alexander and Saint Hugh, and the Angel's choir itself—not the venerable remains of earlier days at Barton-on-Humber and Stow-in-Lindesey—none of these can compare with the special charm of those towers of Saint Mary's and Saint Peter's—towers whose forms would be as much at home by the banks of the Adige as by the banks of the Witham—towers which, even in the days of bondage, rose under the hands of Englishmen, in the ancient style of Englishmen, while minster and castle, the works of strangers, were rising above their heads in the newer style which strangers had brought with them from beyond the sea. There they stand, witnesses of the days of England's ancient freedom, even more precious than if they had themselves been built in the days of freedom. While Remigius built his minster on the height in the new style of his own Normandy, Coleswegen still built his towers in the ancient style of England—the style once common to England with all Western Christendom—the style which meets us in all lands from the Tyne to the Tiber, which is at home alike on the plains of Lincolnshire and in the passes of the Alps and

Pyrenees—the style which, when our own land adopted the novel forms of Normandy, still lived on for another hundred years in the kindred mainland. The towers of Coleswegen, begun after William entered Lincoln, finished before the great Survey was taken, still belonged to the same class which Britain and Gaul and Germany all learned from their Italian masters. They are, on their lowlier scale, the fellows of St. Zeno at Verona and of All Hallows at Schaffhausen. What clearer evidence can we need that Englishmen had an independent Romanesque style before the Norman came, than the fact that Englishmen still went on building in their national style, while they had but to cast up their eyes and see the great works of the Norman ecclesiastical and military of the foreign style rising on the hill above them?¹

These churches were built by Coleswegen for his tenants in the lower town of Lincoln which arose on his lands when so many of the inhabitants of the elder city had to leave their homes on the height to make way for the minster and the castle. Let us add, however, in justice to all men, that the new Bishop from Fécamp paid for the land which he took for the building of his church.² How Coleswegen came so highly to enjoy the favour of the Conqueror as to keep his lands and largely to increase them, and to have men with Norman names as his tenants, is nowhere recorded; but I think that I have lighted on some incidental evidence which shows that he was nearly connected with several persons of note both in England and in Normandy.

¹ That Coleswegen's towers show signs of Norman influence, that they are clearly the work of men who had seen Norman detail, only heightens their interest. They show us the old style slightly touched by the new. A little further on at Bracebridge the tower is a yet more distinct example of transition from Primitive to Norman Romanesque. See *Norman Conquest*, iv. 218.

² "*Mercatis prædiis*," says Henry of Huntingdon (*Scriptt.* p. Bed, 113) in describing the building of the minster of Remigius.

Coleswegen himself, Ælfred of Lincoln, Alan of Lincoln, the Sheriff Thorold, the Countess Lucy, William Malet, and Ivo Taillebois are all brought together in a strange fashion. I know better than to trouble you here, not I trust with fables, but certainly with endless genealogies; I have said what I have to say about the kindred and affinity of all these people in a fresh note to the new edition of my third volume. Of the Lincolnshire Domesday in general I may say that the body of the Survey is, to those who have no local knowledge of most of the places, less interesting than the Survey of many other shires. The way in which the Survey was done in different districts differs widely, and the account of some shires is much richer in personal detail than that of others. In Lincolnshire the body of the report consists of little but dry statistics; the interest gathers round the minute and life-like account of the city at one end, and round the *clamores* at the other. These last, the reports of cases when men claimed lands which were in the actual possession of others, are full of curious personal matter and of illustrations of points of law. Among other things, it is from them that we get a large part of our small amount of knowledge of one of the heroes of Lincolnshire and of England. I assume that I need not, at this time of day, go again through the evidence which parts off the real and the legendary history of Hereward. As there are still a few people who believe that the earth is flat, so there may be here and there a novel-reader or a local antiquary who takes the false Ingulf and the *Gesta Herwardi Saxonis* for true histories, and who fancies that Hereward was the son of Earl Leofric, the uncle of Eadwine and Morkere. With such I cannot argue. I can only say that, little as we really know of the hero of the Isle of Ely, that little is enough to make us wish to know much more. I may perhaps be allowed to sum up his story in the words in which I have summed it up elsewhere. "He

defended the last shelter of English freedom against the might of William. His heart failed not when the hearts of the noblest of the land quaked within them. Our most patriotic Latin annalist adorns his name with the standing epithet with which he adorns the name of Harold, and our native Chronicler records his deeds in words which seem borrowed from the earlier record of the deeds of Ælfred."

I may here say a word or two of the town in which we are now met. Grantham does not fill a place in history like Lincoln and Stamford and Torkesey; but, like other places, it has its record in the great Survey.¹ It had not as yet any municipal constitution; it had no Lawmen, like Lincoln Stamford and Cambridge; we hear not of its single Alderman of after days; but it was already a town with burgesses, one hundred in number. The town had been in King Eadward's day a possession of the Lady Eadgyth; on her death it had of course passed to the crown, and was still held by King William. Of exceptional jurisdictions, of landowners or householders holding *sac* and *soc*—those private judicial rights which, under the Norman rule, grew into the innovation of manors and gradually swallowed up the popular tribunals of earlier days—there were many in Lincoln; there was only one in Grantham. This exceptional privilege had, oddly enough, belonged to a nun, Ealhswyth by name, who had given it over to the abbey of Peterborough. There would seem to have been some common land, as it is specially mentioned that there was no arable land outside the town. The Lady had a hall, which, with her other possessions, had passed to the King. With the exact figures I will neither cumber myself nor trouble you. But at Grantham as at other places, the royal revenues had not failed to grow. Of the church, one of the churches so capriciously noticed in Domesday, the nominal revenue had risen, but the Commissioners notice that the real

¹ See Domesday, 337, b.

income had fallen. Oddly enough, the Bishop of Durham is found laying claim to certain possessions in Grantham, and we find the hundred bearing witness that his claim was good, while they were actually held by an English owner. This owner was a priest named Earnwine, whose life seems to have been an eventful one, and whose ups and downs of fortune are more than once alluded to, but only alluded to, in the Lincolnshire Survey. This is just the kind of subject on which local research is wanted. Let some one who knows Lincolnshire well put together the curious scattered notices of Earnwine, and of the places in the shire with which his name is connected. To one who knows each place well they cannot fail to speak with far more meaning than they can to a stranger. They cannot fail to bring out points of interest in the history of Lincolnshire, perhaps even in the history of England.

So much for Grantham itself. Its later connexion with Edward the First and his Queen belongs to times rather later than those with which I am dealing. I am called back to the city on the hill. I will go on to note a few cases in which Lincoln comes incidentally into notice in times which are more specially my own. I speak mainly of the city and its citizens; of its Bishops and Earls there is much to tell; but my own thoughts dwell rather with every mention which brings into life the abiding greatness of the Roman colony, of the Danish confederate borough. We must remember that Lincoln was, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, one of the greatest trading towns of England, rich with the commerce of foreign lands, lying open for special intercourse with the kindred land of Denmark. I have told elsewhere the tale of the escape of the hostage Turgot—on Lincolnshire soil let us rather call him Thurgod—the hostage who escaped from the fortress of Lincoln to become, among endless other characters in his own and other lands, the spiritual guide of a Norwegian King, and both the guide and the biographer of the sainted Scottish Queen. The

citizens of Lincoln indeed seem to have had a special gift of winning the confidence of foreign princes. When, in the later days of William Rufus, the great fleet of Magnus Barefoot drew near to the coast of Anglesey, with Harold the son of our own Harold in his train, in the graphic tale which tells us of the death of Hugh of Shrewsbury we light incidentally on the fact that the treasure of the Norwegian King was entrusted to the keeping of a citizen of Lincoln.¹ A few years later another citizen of Lincoln is found filling higher functions in the service of a sovereign of higher rank, though hardly of greater power. When the Cæsar of the East, the famous Alexios, sent an embassy to our Henry and Matilda, the representative of Imperial majesty was not one of the great ones of the New Rome, but an Englishman born, bearing an English name, Wulfric, a man born in Lincoln city. Had he or his father fled from the Norman rule to take service in the armies of Augustus, in the ranks of the English axemen who met the Norman as manfully at Dyrrhachion as they had done on Senlac? It is a piece of the irony of history that questions like these we cannot answer; that we should never have heard of Wulfric or his embassy, striking as that embassy is both in general and local history, had not the local historian of Abingdon deemed it worthy of record, because Wulfric brought with him an arm of Saint John Chrysostom as an offering to his own monastery.² Later on in the century, in the latter days of Henry the Second, we come across a notice of quite another kind of an inhabitant, I can hardly say a citizen, of Lincoln. In 1187, as the King was crossing to Normandy, part of his train

¹ See Orderic, 812, c. "Quidam locuples Lincolnæ civis thesaurum Magni Regis servabat, eique ornamenta, et vasa, vel arma, vel utensilia, vel alia regalibus ministeriis necessaria suppedibat."

² I get this from the History of Abingdon, ii. 46. "Ipsa legatione Wifricus, genere Anglus, Lincolnæ urbis natus, (ut tantæ dignitatis directorem decuerat) magna cum pompa functus est."

was wrecked and drowned, and along with them was lost a great part of the treasure of the deceased Jew, Aaron of Lincoln.¹ The wealth of Aaron was clearly such as to make a palpable difference to the royal exchequer. He bears a name in local history, as the reputed builder, not of the famous Jews' House, but of the other house of the same style higher up the hill, which, had it not been so much worse treated, might have preserved as much of graceful detail. Here again is a subject for the local antiquary. What notices are there of the Jews of Lincoln besides those which meet us on the surface of English history? I assume that it is no news to any one here that the Jews of Lincoln suffered in the same way, and had the same charges brought against them, as the Jews of other places. When men were setting forth with King Richard for the crusade, the pious and valiant youth of England thought at once to add to their stock of good works and to provide themselves with treasures for their voyage, by slaying and plundering the Jews throughout the towns of England. The fact is known to every reader of English history; but we see in it a matter of special local interest, capable, no doubt, of special local illustration, that, besides York and Lynn, Lincoln and Stamford are recorded as special seats of massacre.² Then, again, in Lincoln, as in other places, we have the ever-recurring tale of the Christian child crucified by the Jews; Saint Hugh of Lincoln, little Saint Hugh, as distinguished from the great Burgundian Bishop, fills the same place in the annals of the thirteenth century which Saint William of Norwich plays in the twelfth.³ I pass by fires and other accidents common to Lincoln with the rest of the world, specially common in days when

houses were mainly of wood, and when some have thought that houses of stone were marks of the superior wealth of the outcast Hebrew. But in the wars of the eleventh and twelfth centuries there are several times when Lincoln stands out as the scene of great and stirring events, events all of which have a special significance in general history, some of which may be looked on as actual turning-points in the history of the kingdom. Take the great fight in the days of Stephen, which stands forth in all its vividness in the pages of Henry of Huntingdon and John of Hexham, and which is the last great event on English soil which was recorded in his distant Norman monastery by the pen of Orderic the Englishman. Read the tale for yourselves, as it was written down by men to whom the news that the King was taken captive was the last news of those stirring and evil days. Read in Orderic the tale of the stratagem of the two countesses, loyal to their husbands if disloyal to their King, in days when every other form of good faith seem to have vanished from the earth, but when every wife was still a zealous champion of her husband. Read, not in the monk of far Saint Evroul, but in Henry the Archdeacon, an archdeacon of Lincoln diocese, the speeches, real or imaginary, in which the leaders on both sides, in their exhortations to their soldiers, are made to rake up all the fashionable scandal of the time. But, as a matter of personal and picturesque narrative, the interest of that day of battle gathers round the King, perjured perhaps in his own person, but not the less the choice of England, who lacked indeed the voice of the orator, and bade another speak in his name, but who on that day at least wielded his weapons well, and withal wielded the weapons of Englishmen. We seem to be carried back to earlier days and a nobler warfare, when we see the King of the English, forsaken by his foreign mercenaries, trusting to no Norman tactics of lance and *destrier*, but standing, in old Teutonic guise, on the soil of his own kingdom, wielding, each in turn,

¹ Benedictus Abbas ii. 5. Magna pars de familia regis * * * * submersa est in mari cum magna parte thesauri Aaronis Judæi Lincolnensis defuncti."

² See William of Newburgh, lib. iv. cap. 8, 9.

³ Compare the story in the Burton Annals, 340, with Earle's Parallel Chronicle, p. 371.

the weapons of ancient English warfare; first dealing death around him with the sword of Eadmund, and then, when its blade is broken by many blows, receiving in its stead, from the hands of a citizen of Lincoln, the mightier weapon of Cnut and Harold, the Danish axe which was plied so well in English hands, alike in defence of the colony of Lindum and in defence of the New Rome herself.¹ We see him at last overpowered by numbers, smitten down with a huge stone, like Hektôr by the hand of Aias, seized as the most precious plunder of the day, and brought in as a prisoner within the walls of the loyal city, to see it given up to such a pitiless harrying as neither Exeter nor Lincoln had ever suffered at the hands of the great William. Six years later the tide has turned; the king is again at liberty, he is again within the walls of Lincoln. It was deemed in those days that it was unlucky for any King to set foot within those walls, and Stephen, of all Kings, had every reason to put faith in such a warning. But it is set down as a sign of Stephen's stoutness of heart, that he scorned all such warnings, that he kept his Christmas feast in the recovered city, and there wore his crown, as Kings did before him at Westminster, Winchester, and Gloucester. Nor was his trust misplaced; the traitor Randolph of Chester comes again for a second siege; but this time his hopes are blasted, the captain of his host, whose name is not told us, but who is spoken of as one who had never before known defeat, lay dead before the Roman gate, while the Earl and the rest of his host were driven to flight, and the rescued citizens, spared from a second harrying, hastened to pay their thanks for their deliverance in the minster of our Lady.² A few years later another King wears his crown in Lincoln, but this time not in the minster on the height. The fear

which Stephen had scorned was not scorned by his greater successor, and Henry the Second deemed it wiser not to set foot within the city walls. He kept his feast in the lower suburb, not in the prouder Saint Mary's which had arisen at the bidding of Remigius, but in the lower Saint Mary's of Coleswegen.³ The place was well chosen for such a rite. England was rejoicing that the days of strife and of foreign rule were over, that the reign had come again under the rule of a King who sprang, by the spindle side at least, of the blood of Ælfred, Cerdic, and Woden. Henry, as much and as little English as he was Norman, the King in whom the green tree had come back to its place, and had borne its kingly fruit—Henry, the son of Matilda the Empress, the daughter of Matilda the Queen the daughter of Margaret, the daughter of Eadward, the son of Eadmund, the son of Æthelred, the son of Eadgar, the son of the earlier Eadmund⁴—fitly kept his feast in the suburb of the city which Eadmund had won back for England and for Christendom, perhaps on the spot where earlier English warriors had first won Lindesey for England and for heathendom. The King in whom Englishman and Norman rejoiced to see contending races united, could hold his feast in no fitter spot than in one of the churches of Coleswegen, in a church reared for Englishmen, in English guise, by an Englishman who, by whatever means, had learned to hold his own under the rule of the Norman.

With such a day of union we might well end our survey; yet there are later events still which may pass as links of the same chain. The siege of the city by William of Longchamp, Bishop and Chancellor, during the days of Richard's

¹ Henry of Huntingdon and John of Hexham differ as to the order in which Stephen used the two weapons. I have followed John.

² See the description in Henry of Huntingdon, 225—6.

³ This fact is recorded by William of Newburgh, Lib. ii. cap. 9, who says that Henry was crowned "Apud Lincolniam * * * non quidem intra mœnia * * * sed in vico suburbano." Roger of Howden (ii. 216) is more definite, "fecit se coronari apud Lincolniam, extra muros civitatis in Wikeford."

⁴ I take only the lower steps of the pedigree addressed to Henry himself by Æthelred of Rievaulx X. Script. 350.

absence, may pass as a mere piece of military history, save that one is tempted to rejoice as one sees the man who did such despite to England and Englishmen driven back even by John Lackland himself.¹ And once again, another fight of Lincoln, the Fair of Lincoln, as men called it, ruled that the heir of the French crown was not to reign in England. We can understand how, while John yet lived, Englishmen, whether of English or of Norman descent, may, in their despair, have deemed that the Frenchman was no worse than the Angevin, that Lewis would at least make a better king than John. But, when the tyrant was dead, when his crown had passed to a son guiltless of his crimes, our feelings change; in the partizans of Henry we see the true sons of England; in the partizans of Lewis we see her enemies. In the Fair of Lincoln we may see one stage in that long strife between France and England which stretches from the fight of Noyon to the fight of Waterloo. It was a day when nobles and commons went forth with the cross upon their breasts to drive the French out of England, wishing rather to have a King of their own land than a stranger.² And it is a day the more to be remembered, along with the day when the fleet of Norman Robert was beaten back by Englishmen from the shore of Pevensey, as the last fight on any threatening scale which Englishmen have had to wage against the southern enemy within their own four seas.

My tale is now told; I have but one comment now to make. Local patriotism must sometimes have read with indignation how King Henry the Eighth spoke of the men of Lincolnshire as "the rude commons of one shire, and that the most brute and beastly in the whole realm."³ Mind it is Henry the Eighth who speaks, and nobody but Mr. Froude is bound to believe him. I at least venture to think that King

Henry was wrong. I cannot believe that that shire was brute and beastly above all shires which made such a contribution as part of Lincolnshire certainly made to the language and literature of England. In the history of every tongue some one dialect comes to the front; it sets the standard; it becomes the written language, and the dialects which once were its equal fellows sink into forms of speech which are merely local and unwritten. Then foolish people begin to look with scorn on these less lucky dialects, to fancy that they are corruptions of the lucky one, and to call them bad English or bad French. Every one knows that what we call Spanish is Castilian, doubtless—for I do not understand Spanish—some local form of Castilian; every one knows that what we call Italian is *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*. It is not so commonly known that what we call French is the speech of Touraine; still less is it commonly known what the tongue which we call English is. Written English, "Standard English" in the phrase of Mr. Oliphant, is certainly neither the Northumbrian of York nor the Saxon of Winchester. It is the intermediate Anglian speech of Eastern Mercia.⁴ It is the speech of a district the exact bounds of which I will not take on me to define, but within which one riding of Lincolnshire and part of another is certainly taken in. We might not be going very far wrong if we ruled that modern English is the language of the Gyrwas. Perhaps there is some one here from Bourne eager to complain that I have robbed him of Hereward. I would bid the Bourne man enlarge his patriotism so as to take in the whole shire, for, if I have taken away Hereward from Bourne, I have certainly not taken him away from Lincolnshire. And, even if I have robbed the Bourne man of one worthy, I have another to give him back instead. It was a Lincolnshire man, a Bourne man, who gave the English language its present shape. I could have been

¹ Benedictus Abbas, ii. 207.

² I translate the words of the Waverley Annals, Ann. Mon. ii. 287.

³ See Froude, iii. 115.

⁴ See Oliphant, *Standard English*, 182.

better pleased if Dan Michel of Canterbury had been the patriarch of our tongue, if we had still spoken the living Saxon of the *Ayenbite of Inwytt*. But so it was not to be. Standard English is the speech of the Gyrwas, thrown into a literary form by Robert Manning of Bourne. Winchester, York, London, have been content to adopt the tongue of Holland and the neighbouring lands. That may be comfort enough, either for my fancied opponent from Bourne, or for any man from any part of the shire whose soul is vexed at

the rude language of King Harry. That shire can hardly be brute and beastly which all England has taken as its mistress. We do not speak the tongue of Ælfred; we do not speak the tongue of Waltheof; but we do speak the tongue of Hereward, the tongue in which the Chronicler of Peterborough kept on our native annals, till the pen dropped from his hand as he recorded the coming to the soil of Holland of the King who wore his crown in Coleswegen's church of Wigford.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

CUCKOO SONG.

I.

SHE heard it first, and it was first of May,
 May in the morning and the south wind blew,
 All the land in blossom, all the leaves at play,
 Young love must blossom too.

Fain, fain, would he—
 Shyly lookt at her who shyly lookt away,
 "Hark, hark," quoth she—
 "Cuckoo !"

II.

A little wood in June, and full of song ;
 Daytime deliciousness and deep "who-who"
 Of nightingales ; and blackbirds' proud and strong
 "Io, Io," when they woo ;
 And "Marguerite,
 Marguerite," of constant thrush in love so long ;
 And clear and sweet,
 "Cuckoo !"

III.

Then heart to heart the happy lovers heard
 Only their joy in all the blithe ado ;
 Dumb joy that every loud triumphant bird
 And low-voiced ringdove knew :
 And for its sake
 An elfin dance of light and shadow stirr'd,
 And of it spake
 "Cuckoo."

IV.

First of July, and fading last of days
 That rose-like live, and fade, but not renew ;
 Then heart to heart they heard the dusking ways
 Break out and sob adieu :
 "Cuckoo, cuckoo,"
 Adieu, "cuckoo," I go, joy goes, hope stays,
 "Cuckoo," adieu,
 "Cuckoo."

MARY BROTHERTON.

EDUCATION OF PAUPER CHILDREN.

THE question of the best method of educating pauper children involves a variety of considerations not obvious to a superficial observer, and is hence a dangerous one for amateurs to dogmatise upon. A person unacquainted with the peculiarities of these children usually falls into the error of supposing that ordinary schooling, such as suffices for other classes, will answer for paupers. But the conditions under which this class is brought before us are quite different from those which appertain to other classes, and an enumeration of these conditions will show what are the circumstances to be attended to in managing pauper children, and which of the several schemes that have been broached is best fitted to attain the end in view—of raising them above the degradation of pauperism.

The characteristics of town and country pauper children are by no means identical. The former are far the most difficult to deal with, and my remarks will refer chiefly to the children of large cities, and especially to those of London. These children are almost invariably stunted in growth, the well-known effect of hereditary taint, bad and insufficient food and gin-drinking. They are generally, whatever be their ages, perfectly ignorant, dirty in their habits, accustomed to use the vilest language, one half scrofulous and a large proportion afflicted with ophthalmia and skin diseases. The chief ground for the advocacy of the boarding-out system for orphans, is that being mostly respectable and free from vice, it is cruel to associate them with such as I have described. Now the chaplains of the Pauper Schools, whose daily intercourse with the children makes them unimpeachable witnesses in this matter, are unanimous in stating that there is no difference between the orphans and other children on their entrance to the schools. Undoubtedly after a time the orphans show

a marked improvement over the other children, not because they are orphans, but because they are permanent residents in the schools, their improvement being thus a testimony to the excellent management of these institutions. But, it may be asked, do not respectable people die and leave their children destitute? Certainly they do, but it is remarkable how very few children of respectable origin enter these establishments, and the reason of the absence of this class is patent to all who will take the trouble to inquire. When the children of respectable parents are left destitute, a strong feeling in their favour is aroused among their friends, and every effort is made to prevent their descending to the degradation of pauperism. These efforts are usually directed to procuring their admission into one of the numerous Orphan Asylums, such as the National Orphan Home on Ham Common, or the Alexandra Orphanage at Hornsey, both of which flourish under royal patronage and contain several hundred children.

I may add a collateral proof of the smallness of the number of the offspring of respectable parents who enter these schools. I printed in a Parliamentary Report in 1857 a table showing the mental condition of all the children above the age of seven, who entered the eight largest London Pauper Schools in one year. The number was 2,062, and of these 65 per cent were quite uneducated and only 10 per cent could read fairly. The average age of these children was nine years eight months, and surely their neglected state is a manifest proof that they could not come from a reputable origin. However, a few well-born respectable children do enter these schools. Their superior blood quickly shows itself in their conduct and progress, and from this class are selected the pupil teachers, who on appointment are taken off the

pauper list, have a superior dress, a weekly payment, and a separate table, and at the age of eighteen usually get first class Queen's scholarships, and then enter Training Colleges, where they are not inferior to the best of the other students.

I am acquainted with several benefited clergymen, whom I recollect as orphans in District Schools, who have risen to their high positions by being appointed pupil teachers. There are sixty-eight pupil teachers at present in the London Pauper Schools; of course no boarded-out child could be appointed to such an office, as a pupil teacher must be thirteen and is usually fourteen when appointed, at which age pauper children, whether boarded-out or in school, are always disposed of in service, and it would be illegal to keep a boarded-out child on the rates to the age of eighteen. The pupil teachers in District Schools are not considered paupers, but immediately on appointment pass into the grade of independent officers. Thus boarding-out completely cuts off a child from this method of advancement. The South Metropolitan District School alone has sent out eighteen female pupil teachers in the last ten years, all of whom (one excepted mentally afflicted) after two years at Training Colleges, obtained good appointments as certificated teachers with salaries varying from £50 to £75 per annum.

It is noteworthy how a want of education leads to pauperism. I once tested the mental condition of 1,050 adults in twelve Kentish Workhouses, when it appeared that only four could read and write well, and 474 could neither read nor write. A similar inquiry into the condition of 1,674 adults in twenty-seven Unions of Norfolk and Suffolk brought out that only ten could read and write well, while 928 could neither read nor write. Now the instruction in District Schools is universally allowed to be first-rate, while I have known several instances of a boarded-out child being much neglected in its education owing to its attending an inefficient school. In one case, a girl, who left a

District School to be boarded out, was returned to the school knowing less than she did two years and a half before, and her morals were deteriorated as much as her learning. A boarded-out boy writes thus when in service to his Workhouse schoolmaster:—"I was boarded out at L——, and went to the National School three years and two months, and I must say you learnt me more than all I got there. I learnt more in one year in your Workhouse School than in L—— School all the time I was there. I was glad enough to get back to the Union, for I knew I was not doing any good where I was. I did not like it at all." I am far from favourable to Workhouse education, but in this case, and indeed generally, Workhouse education is far superior to what is usually attainable in village schools. The chief reason for this superiority is the strictly compulsory attendance in District and Workhouse Schools, which exceeds what it is possible to enforce by the strictest regulations of School Boards. The Newcastle Education Commission bore strong testimony to this view. The Bishop of Manchester, who worked under that Commission, says "it struck me that the condition of the Workhouse Schools very nearly approached the ideal of what elementary education in this country ought to be;" and the Rev. Thomas Headly in reporting to the same Commission, says, "of all the schools I examined, the Workhouse Schools seemed to me much the best." This praise, however, must be taken as chiefly referable to intellectual training. The children in these schools can mostly pass an excellent examination in elementary matters, but their industrial training is often lamentably deficient. The Eton Workhouse School beat in a public competition every school in the archdeaconry, and yet it was rightly suppressed owing to the absence in it of appropriate industrial training.

The District Schools fail neither in intellectual nor industrial training, as the teachers are all certificated; special teachers are engaged for each sort of industry, while the attendance is strictly

compulsory. What cooking could be taught to a boarded-out child in a peasant's cottage comparable to what is given in the Central London District Schools, where a room has been built with seven ordinary kitchen ranges, such as are met with in a small tradesman's home, in which twelve girls are daily placed to cook, under the superintendence of a professed cook, dinners for the sixty officers in the school, all the scullery business being also performed by them? Or as respects boys, how except in institutions of this description could they be taught to play in military bands, and thus fitted for what is found to be the best method of disposing of them—sending them as musicians to the army and navy? Both these services are now almost entirely supplied with musicians from the large pauper schools; and the Inspector-General of recruits, in his yearly Parliamentary Reports, has always spoken in the highest of terms of the excellent musical instruction of these boys, and the satisfaction they give their commanding officers. Many of them, owing to their thorough intellectual instruction have been promoted to the grade of non-commissioned officers, and a few to that of bandmasters. One advantage of sending boys to the army or navy is that they can always be traced, and thus the most favourable reports have been constantly received of their characters and musical capacity. I have only discovered one instance of a band-boy reverting to pauperism, and that was attributable to illness, while nearly two hundred are disposed of yearly in this way. I need not say how utterly impossible it is to train boys for the army or navy on the boarding-out system.

Instruction in drilling under a resident drillmaster is another distinctive peculiarity of the District Schools. The excellence of the drilling of the boys has been displayed publicly in three successive years at the Crystal Palace and the Horticultural Gardens. The last time, in 1872, upwards of 4,000 boys thus marched before the Prince

of Wales, each school having previously been examined in their drill by the Prince of Saxe Weimar. The necessity of drilling the girls has been strongly urged, and at the last review, the Central London District School offered to send four companies of girls to march with the boys; this was however declined on the ground that such a public display of girls was unfeminine.

As the sewing machine is extensively used in these schools, several girls have been taught to use it, and hence sometimes a deformed girl who would be quite unable to gain a living as servant, has been taught a trade, at which she has been able to earn twenty shillings weekly. This industry is, of course, quite beyond the reach of a boarded-out girl, and in truth in many village schools the industry of the girls is much neglected, frequently consisting only of a single hour's daily instruction in sewing, the motive for this neglect being that intellectual training pays best in securing a good government grant. Besides, it is well known that there is often considerable difficulty in procuring appropriate needlework in day schools. No such difficulty can ever be felt in a pauper school, as all the clothes must be made in the school, and hence there is always plenty of industrial employment. In the largest District School, that at Sutton, 25,036 articles of clothing were made by about 250 girls in the last two years, besides a large number of sheets, pillow-cases, towels, table-cloths, &c. The boys also made 6,846 articles of upper clothing for themselves, besides shoes, made and baked all the bread required for 1,600 mouths, cultivated sixty acres, and did all the carpentry, bricklaying, and painting required. Eight boys are also trained as engineers, by attending on the steam-engine, which is constantly at work.

Now, the importance of bringing up all pauper children in industrious habits can hardly be overrated. It was ascertained by the constabulary commissioners that one of the chief causes of juvenile crime was that being unaccustomed to hard physical exertion, con-

tinuous labour was a sort of torture to children on first entering service. They run away from their places and resort to criminal courses, which are well known to consist chiefly of idleness, simply to escape the pain of hard work. Hence the necessity of half-time schools for pauper children. Schools of this sort are almost unknown in country villages, and consequently I have known several of these boarded-out children, who have been dismissed from their first situations, and sent to the workhouse, solely on account of their deficiency in industrial habits.

Now, the established principle in all pauper schools is that they be worked on the half-time system. Every child old enough to do anything is required to be engaged at least half the day in some industrial occupation, and I would point attention to the varied industries described above as practised in a District School, and ask what boarded-out child in a peasant's cottage could have a tenth of the opportunities thus presented of fitting his or her hands for a life of labour? I think this fact alone proves the great superiority of the District-School system.

Of course, all systems of instruction are to be judged by the final result. How do the children brought up in the District Schools comport themselves when launched into the world? Do they become paupers, as certainly two-thirds of them did under the old town workhouse system?

As respects the girls, their case is a hard one, as it is very rarely that they get into good places at first. Wealthy people who keep many servants have often visited these schools with me, and observing the excellent industrial training of the girls, have proposed to take one into their service. I have always dissuaded them from doing so, knowing from experience that such a girl will probably get so snubbed by the upper servants as a "workus girl" that she will be made perfectly miserable. They generally get at first into small tradesmen's families, where often

not more than one servant is kept, and being sometimes required in no polite terms to be at once cook, nurse, housemaid, and parlourmaid, it is no wonder that they often fail to give satisfaction. But it is utterly unfair to judge of the conduct of these girls by simply taking the evidence of their mistresses. The attempt reminds me of Miss Nightingale's admirable *Notes on Nursing*, where she says (I quote from memory): "We know well enough the mistresses' opinion of servant girls—the greatest plagues of life; it would be a great advantage if we could get the servant-girl view of the mistresses." In fact, from several facts that have come to my knowledge, I believe the fault is quite as often on the part of the employers as the employed, and that good mistresses make good servants.

However, there is one method of arriving at a tolerably accurate opinion as to the success of these schools in enabling those reared in them to gain an independent and respectable livelihood. And this method is especially applicable to girls, who, being less able to rough it than boys, are almost certain to be met with in the workhouses, if in any way they come to grief after being placed in situations from the schools.

Under the former system of workhouse education it is well known that the workhouses were crowded with those unfortunate women who bore the character of being the most deprived of the inmates, and the most difficult to manage. If persons of this sort apply for relief, they are certain to be sent to the workhouse; consequently, here is a ready test whether the bane of the old Poor-Law system, hereditary pauperism, has or has not been stopped by the education given in district and separate schools.

I have no means of making an authoritative inquiry in all the workhouses belonging to the parishes which send their children to district or separate schools, but I have been able to obtain accurate information in a few of them, and the result is far more favourable to

the efficiency of the education imparted in these schools than I could have anticipated. The parish of Chelsea has usually about 150 children in the North Surrey District School. At present there is one woman in the workhouse who had been three years in the school, and was seduced under promise of marriage. As her father died a lunatic, there is some doubt whether her mental faculties are sound. There are two girls, uncorrupted, but inmates on the ground of imbecility. There is also one boy of good character, who lost his place from some quarrel with his employer, and will probably be in service again in a few days. Thus not one of these cases can be attributed to any fault in the school that educated them; and even allowing these to be failures, the number is infinitesimal in a parish of 72,000 inhabitants.

Shoreditch is one of the poorest parishes in the East of London. Its workhouse contained, at my last inquiry, two young men brought up in the school, one being imbecile, the other scrofulous; and five women, one deaf, one imbecile, two epileptic, and one ill from scrofula. None of these can be deemed failures attributable to their schooling in the separate school at Brentwood; and in a parish of 130,000 souls this is surely a very creditable outcome.

The Bethnal Green Workhouse contains three young women brought up in the school, one of whom is epileptic, one imbecile, and one a cripple, besides two boys both epileptics. This, again, is a satisfactory return from a very poor parish with a population of 120,000.

In the Marylebone Workhouse there is a young woman brought up in the school, who had been seduced. She had a very bad mother, who removed her from a situation in the country, where she was well conducted, and was thus the cause of her fall. There is also a girl of nineteen, of perfectly good character, but dying of consumption. This, again, is an exceedingly creditable result in a parish of 160,000, which

was once noted for the number of prostitutes supplied by its Workhouse School, who were continually entering the workhouse diseased, where their riotous behaviour became a subject of public notoriety. None such can be met with since the separate school at Southall came into operation.

Portsmouth supports a large separate school of 450 children, managed precisely like the London District Schools. Like all seaport towns, it is a very demoralised place, and hence it might be expected that the workhouse would contain a large number of inmates reared in the school. It contains three men who have been in the school, all incapable of earning their living from illness; and four women, one a cripple, one in hospital from heart disease, one imbecile, and the fourth seduced under promise of marriage, and who had a bad drunken mother, and a sister a prostitute. It would not be fair to attribute any of these results to their school training.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and the enforcement of this virtue is another peculiarity of the district and separate schools. The children are regularly bathed, sometimes three times a week, and all the District Schools are supplied with baths large enough to swim in, which are warmed during the greater part of the year with the waste steam from the steam-engine. In this way many of the children are taught to swim, and I need hardly remark that these means of cleanliness and instruction in the useful art of swimming are unattainable by a boarded-out child.

The prevalence of ophthalmia in these schools has been alleged as a reason against them. The elaborate investigations by competent medical authorities under the Local Government Board has, however, clearly shown that this disease is not generated in the schools, that it exists abundantly amongst the class of London children that supply the pauper schools, and that it is thus introduced into the schools. It has been a great error not to enforce a strict quarantine

on all who enter these institutions ; but, in truth, the nature of this disease, and its extreme contagiousness, was hardly understood by medical men previous to this investigation. It has been completely stamped out in the North Surrey District School, and measures have been adopted similar to those that have been so successful in that establishment in all the other metropolitan schools.

An important report, published in the *Society of Arts Journal* of June 28th, contains this sentence : "As a rule, in sanitary science, the death-rates of children are considered the most important tests of general local sanitary conditions," and nothing can be more triumphant than the result of applying this test to the Pauper Schools.

In the South Metropolitan School the death-rate for two successive years, among an average of 1,400 children, was at the extraordinary low rate of 3·5 per 1,000 per annum. Now, it appears by Dr. Farr's *English Life Tables* that the annual mortality of children of similar ages to those in these schools, *i.e.*, from four to fifteen, is 8·4 per 1,000. In other words, while thirty-five children die in the District School, eighty-four children die amongst children of similar ages in England generally ; and considerably more than eighty-four children would die among those boarded-out, as pauper children are of the lowest physical stamina, and the comparison of 8·4 per 1,000 includes children of all classes, *i.e.*, the healthiest classes. Other incidental facts corroborate the conclusion of the extraordinary low death-rate in District Schools. Thus, in the Central London School, it happened, four years ago, that only two deaths occurred in thirteen months amongst an average of 1,100 children from two to fourteen, and in the South Metropolitan School it once happened, between June, 1859, and March, 1861, a period of twenty-one months, that only one death took place among an average of 1,000 children from the age of four

to fourteen. The journal above quoted also mentions that in the Stepney Pauper School the deaths were four in 1,000, about one-third of that of the children of the general population of the same neighbourhood. If it is considered that these death-rates are amongst children of the lowest physical stamina, every medical man will acknowledge that they indicate an extraordinary degree of healthiness and good management.

I may observe that the above comparisons do injustice to the Pauper Schools, as the children are not only of the lowest type, but there is a continual fluctuation among them, by which healthy children leave and sick are admitted. The comparison would be more favourable to them could it be made with children not continually changed from healthy to unhealthy, and of a similar low type.

There are three unanswerable objections to the boarding-out system ; first, that it simply takes notice of the best conditioned children—the orphans—and wholly neglects the casuals, from whom alone the real difficulty of pauper education arises, and who are seriously injured by the removal of the best behaved. In short, it may be accurately described as offering a remedy where there is no disease, and materially aggravating the disease which exists.

Secondly, it sanctions what Lord Henniker calls, in a speech in the House of Lords, in June, "the iniquitous practice of non-resident relief," and which is stigmatised by the Poor-Law Commissioners, in their Eighth Report, "by common consent of all experienced persons as vicious in principle and in practice."

The third objection is urged by Mr. Fawcett and Lord Lyttelton, and is thus forcibly put by the latter : "No system has ever been devised more directly opposed to the old principle of directly encouraging independence, industry, and thrift among the labouring class, and directly discouraging their opposites. It expressly inverts it."

I will conclude this paper with an extract from a letter sent to me by a clergyman, who was for five years chaplain of a District School, and who has been for some years in a country parish where several boarding-out children are located. He is consequently practically acquainted with the rival systems, and is the manager of two Boarding Schools for boys and girls, who are barely removed above pauperism :—

“It so happens in the country parish where I live, there are some boarded-out children, not pauper children, except in one case, but the children of widows in service. In one cottage, which is also a beer-shop, there are three—not sisters. The man is a gardener, and earns sixteen shillings a week, besides the profits of the beer-shop. He and his wife have no children of their own, and receive five shillings a week for each boarded child. They can afford to, and I believe do, treat these children liberally in the way of food. In another cottage there are five children, three girls and two boys. Here the woman receives three shillings a week only with each child, and I have ascertained that their dinners consist of a piece of fat pork, cooked on Sundays, and served up cold for as many days after as it will last, with, of course, potatoes or other vegetables ; for the rest of the week, bread and cheese and potatoes, and sometimes what is called ‘hard pudding.’ In another cottage there is the daughter of a gentleman’s cook, who lives near. The mother pays four shillings a week for this child, and the diet is much the same as the last. In another cottage there resides a youth, who has been there ever since he was four years old. He was left an entire orphan at that age, and the daughter of a local magistrate, who visits the Union Workhouse, induced the guardians to board him out in this cottage. They paid four shillings a week for him till he could earn something for himself, and he now works for his foster parent as a cowherd. He is now over sixteen, and, though rosy-cheeked enough, is

remarkably stunted in growth. He is just four inches under the average height of boys in my school who are approaching sixteen. Similarly the other children boarded in these cottages are remarkably small. I know it in this way : I am frequently importuned by the parents, when they come down to see their children, to induce the governors of my school to admit them, and so save them the expense of their board. But as we train boys for the navy, we are obliged to have a standard of height on admission. We require four feet seven inches at thirteen years of age. Now, it is a fact that, though I have sometimes been anxious to help the mothers, I have never been able to get a boy out of these cottages up to our standard. And what is still more remarkable, whilst I find that the average increase in my boys is two inches in height per annum, two inches in width of chest, and about twelve pounds in weight, rather more than less, the growth of the cottage boys is so slow as to be almost imperceptible to common observation. As our dietary is about the same as in the District Schools, I think the comparison between cottage and school children has an important bearing on the boarding-out question. The boarded-out children are of course to live precisely as the cottagers do. And how often will they get butcher’s meat? Never, except perhaps at harvest-times. I wish it were not so. I wish my friend Hodge—good, honest, industrious, obliging fellow—had a better acquaintance, experimentally, with the nutritive qualities of fresh animal food. He is not to be blamed for taking steps to obtain a higher price for his labour ; but, though I do not believe all that Mr. Arch has told us about his abject condition, I am constrained to think that his board is not so liberally provided as to make it desirable that little Mary Lackparents should share it ; and though I wish he was better off, I do not wish him to become so by making a profit out of the said Mary.

“Moreover the agricultural labourer's cottage accommodation is already insufficient for his own wants. This parish may be taken as a typical English parish. It is thirty miles from London, and the wages are neither exceptionally high nor exceptionally low, the average for an ordinary labourer about thirteen shillings a week. I have mentioned three cottages where there are boarded-out children: but I do not believe there is one other where an extraneous child could be received. I know one case where there was a temporary and extraordinary pressure for lodgings, when twelve people slept in a three-roomed cottage! I have made inquiries in the four surrounding parishes with the following results. North parish, a town and therefore unsuitable. South Parish, possibly two, but in an out-of-the-way hamlet two miles from the Village School. East parish, not one—much under cottaged. West parish; the Squire here has lately come into possession of his estate, and he told me that he was perfectly horrified at the state of his cottages. ‘They are not fit,’¹ said he, ‘for my dogs.’ In truth the cottage question is the strongest point, and the justest too, in Mr. Arch's harangues. The labourer has seldom more than two bedrooms, very frequently only one, and his domestic arrangements are often scarcely compatible with decency. And in this state of things we are asked to believe that it will be perfectly easy to find model cottages and model foster-parents for 5000 orphan children from the Metropolitan district.

“But supposing the model cottages found, what about the industrial training and sanitary arrangements and the after situations for these children? It is surprising that Mrs. Senior, in her report to the Local Government Board,

does not see that nearly all the defects she observes in District Schools would be much more rife under the boarding-out system. She rightly observes, ‘A girl is decidedly better fitted for the duties she will be called upon to perform in life, if she knows how to wash and tend a child, cook simple food well, and thoroughly clean a house. To do these duties really well, needs not only intelligence but special training.’ Well, this special training she may and does receive in a District School, or if she does not, it is the fault of the officials. But in a cottage, she would receive no industrial training at all worthy the name. The District Schools are half-time schools, the village schools are not; and if there were simple food besides potatoes to be cooked, the process of cooking would be carried on in Mary's absence, for it is part of the system that the boarded-out children are to attend the Parish School. As to tending little children, there are plenty of them in the District Schools, and Mrs. Senior herself suggests that the elder girls be employed in helping to nurse them. Babies, it is true, are not scarce articles in country parishes; but the more babies the less room for boarders, and the best persons who would probably apply for boarders would be childless people.

“There is a serious loss that would accrue to the orphan class if boarded out. In all District Schools there are pupil teachers. These are invariably selected from the permanent children, and they remain until they are old enough to gain Queen's scholarships, with which they proceed to the Training Colleges, and thence pass into the profession of elementary teachers, obtaining excellent salaries. Mr. Tufnell mentions the case of one whom he recollects a friendless pauper boy, now receiving £1000 a year as a beneficed clergyman. I know another, who rose from the same lowly position, now a clergyman at the head of an important educational institution in the colonies. Of such opportunities of rising in the

¹ This is corroborative of the Bishop of Manchester's Report to the Commission on the Employment of Children in Agriculture, where he states that out of 300 parishes examined by him in several counties he only found two adequately cottaged.

world, the orphans would be entirely deprived by the boarding-out system, and though upon the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, this consideration would not be allowed to weigh against the system, if its adoption should be deemed generally expedient, yet a loss to a certain number, and a very great one too, there certainly would be. Similarly the orphan boys would be deprived of their bands, and the army closed against them as musicians."

E. CARLETON TUFNELL

[Mr. Tufnell appears to have avoided the main question, viz., whether it is better to bring up pauper children in huge masses in an artificial and unnatural manner, but with certain alleged advantages as to industrial training, or whether it is better to bring them up in a healthy natural manner, but without all those appliances. We think the latter is the preferable plan, provided it be carried out in strict accordance with the Boarding-out order issued by the Local Government Board.

The letter of the ex-chaplain quoted by Mr. Tufnell is surely beside the question, as it describes the results of boarding-out, not by the Local Government Board, but by private persons, without any of the safeguards that would surround pauper children.

We have before us a letter of Mrs. N. Senior's to the President of the Local Government Board upon Pauper

Schools, called for by Mr. Stansfeld in the House of Commons, and printed in April last, and in it we find Mr. Tufnell's assertions with regard to pupil teachers, industrial training, and the separation of the permanents from the casuals, to say the least, very fully met. (See Pages 13 and 15). And with regard to the alleged smallness of the death-rate at the District Schools as compared with that generally prevailing among children, Mr. Tufnell's assertions seem to be contradicted by Mr. Greig, Poor Inspector for the city parish of Edinburgh, who states (see Mrs. N. Senior's letter) that the death-rate among the children boarded out from that parish has been less than two per 1,000 during the last ten years. It would therefore appear that until such an inquiry has been made into the subject as is sketched out in Mrs. N. Senior's letter (p. 17), no sound conclusion can be arrived at.

There is one other point to be noticed. Mr. Tufnell points out how seldom children educated at the Metropolitan Pauper Schools return to the workhouses. Now, it is hard to reconcile this with a passage in Mrs. Senior's letter (p. 9), as follows:—"Within nine months, in one only of the six unions whose children are educated at this school [one of the largest District Schools], there were five girls who had fallen." On the whole, therefore, we think further discussion of the question is undesirable for the present.—EDITOR OF *MACMILLAN*].

A DEAD MAN.

It was just before the opening of the railway from Taganrog to Kharkof in 1869, and I was driving those dreary distances in autumn. For the first two days and nights the weather was lovely, but on the third morning, soon after sunrise, the sky became covered with heavy, torn and jagged clouds, a northerly wind arose, and with thunder, lightning, cold gale, and snow, the winter burst on us as it yearly breaks on Southern Russia. In half an hour the rich, black, rolling plains had become an ocean of inky mud, and we reached the post station of Donski only to find the order—"Impossible to proceed."

I called for tea, and the samovar was brought in by a fine, upright, grey-bearded man, whom, from his black velvet tunic and slashed sleeves, I took to be the post-master himself. He was followed into the room by a noble-looking Cossack woman of his own age, who said, "Little husband, why don't you ask the lord if he will eat a part-ridge and a bit of bread? The kurupatka is plump, and the day will be long before his troika can be harnessed to face the storm." She smiled sweetly as she spoke—he smiled lovingly upon her; then she left us, looking lingeringly back.

"Your wife's in love with you still, and you with her, post-master," I said. "You must have beaten her well when she was young for her to love you so. How long is it since you were married?" "I am sixty," he replied; "I was married at twenty-five, thirty-five years ago; *five years before I died.*" "What?" said I. "Five years before my death. Is it possible that you don't know my story? You must have come from a long way off, for I have heard that it is told even upon the Azof."

And throwing his legs across a chair, without more ado, he spoke thus:

"I was born in 1809, and can remember the return from Paris of my father and uncle—Cossacks of the Don. Those were grand days, when every Cossack was an officer by birth, and when the Hetman Platof was king of Europe, conqueror of the Turks and of the French, and friend and equal of the white tsar. Now, this Petersburg tsar says that we're no better than his Great-Russian slaves, and for years my sabre and long pistol have hung upon the wall unused; and when I have worn my red-banded cap and my red-striped breeches I've always hid as much as I could of the stripe in my boots, for I'm ashamed of it now; and they're even going to take away our privilege of the supply of salt.

"In 1834, as a young post-master, for my father was dead, with a good place and a handsome beard, I was the best match in the two-church villages round. I could pick my wife, and I chose Olga, that you saw just now."

"There," said I.

"Ah, wait and see! Wait, little lord. Don't be impatient. Olga was as lovely as she was good. You have seen her in her sixtieth year; her goodness is what it was, and, though I may be an unsafe judge, her beauty, I think, is not yet gone."

He looked at me. I nodded.

"We were happy at first, but I was young. I felt the chain. I was faithful to her as far as women went, but not kind. We had no children. One day in '39 she was in low spirits about me, and flung her arms upon a sudden about my neck, with 'Do you *really* love me, little John?' 'You know I do.' 'But not as I love you.' At that very moment, lord, the devil must have been unchained from hell. To tell you what thoughts flashed in an instant through my mad mind would be impossible. That what she said was true! That

while I did love her in a kind of way, I was bound to her for life whether I would or no. In a fit of wild rage I struck her one short, sharp blow. She looked at me with despair in her eyes, and walked slowly into our other room. I ran into the stable yard. 'Harness a troïka,' said I to the starosta. 'I leave at once for Kharkof with despatches that the courier dropped and that I've found upon the floor. Quick! quick! the best courier horses.' In an instant they were ready. Merrily jingled the bells in the crisp air. Paul took the reins, and off I whirled. In twenty hours I was at Kharkof. To my friend the starosta at the great Kharkof station, who was equal in rank and pay to most post-masters themselves, I said: 'Do me a service, little friend, as I would do one for you. I am going to leave my wife, to whom I have been unkind, and am going to enlist in the guards. But I wish her to forget me, and she must think me dead. Write to her in a week and tell her that I was taken with the cholera and died. Beg her to forgive me for my unkindness; say that I was grateful for her love, and that it was my last wish that she should marry again some lad more worthy of her than myself. Make interest to have the station continued to her as post-mistress. She was a priest's daughter and can write.' We crossed ourselves; he swore; we bowed to the image in the corner of the stable, we kissed, and in five minutes I was gone. At the recruiting office I enlisted for the empress's regiment of cuirassiers of the guard, as a fourteen years' volunteer, and in a false name. I'd of course no papers, but they asked no questions, for I was a fine recruit. My beard was shaved, my hair was cut, and when I got to Petersburg and was fitted with my uniform and eagle-crowned helmet no one would have known me. I rose to be sergeant and second riding-master. From your padarojna I see that you are English. Now, in '53, when I had served my time there were rumours of war in Turkey against you, and tempting offers were made to me to stop and drill

the new recruits. But I was wretched, and home-sickness drove me south, though if I found my wife dead or married again I intended to kill myself. Petersburg is not a place for Cosacks either. By brooding over the past I had become madly in love with my wife. It was no use for me to tell myself that I had left her well off; that she was married again and happy; that she was forty-four and fat; or else, perhaps, a scarecrow. I was madly in love. I got my discharge and pension papers, and started south. At Kharkof my friend was 'dead.' What if she too were dead? 'Who keeps the Donski post-station now?' I murmured, crossing myself the while under my long cloak. 'The widow.' 'A widow that has kept it fourteen years?' 'The same.' In eighteen hours I was there. I recognised two of the old men, but they not me. I rushed into the house. She was at her day-book writing, not changed. Only graver, and with silver in her black hair. 'My own little Olga,' in the best style of old days. She did not turn to look at me, but threw up her arms and fell forward on the table. I rushed to her and felt her heart, with mine too, all but ceasing to beat. In a moment she came to herself—our lips fast glued together. That was in '53. This is '69. Sixteen years gone like a day. We have made up for the past, little lord.

"But, would you believe it? That wretched government at Petersburg insists that I am dead, and that the Donski station is kept by my widow. Or else they say the cuirassier riding-master must be dead, and with him his pension. My widow accepts the situation with a smile, for our neighbours all know better than to believe the government, but she keeps the books, signs the receipts, and pays the taxes. I draw my pension in my cuirassier name. A great Petersburg noble who was passing here last week told me that he didn't believe a word of my story, but that the post-mistress and I were 'quite in the fashion.' What did he mean?"

THE ARABS IN PALESTINE.

THE labours of numerous explorers, and especially of the Palestine Exploration Fund, have thrown much light on Biblical archæology and topography, and many memorials and souvenirs have been found which help to make us in some degree familiar with the old world of Bible times; but of the country and its inhabitants, as they are at present, it is not too much to say, that but very little is known, especially as regards the light that may be thrown by them upon the past. It is to this modern Palestine—the Palestine of the Arab, as it may be called—that the following observations refer, and they have been made in the hope of showing how the attentive study of it may serve to light up and explain many a dim and misty page in the history of the Palestine of old.

The Biblical texts have been worked at by successive generations of commentators, until all that could be got from them has been extracted, and the periodical return of certain exegetical combinations shows that the series is complete, and the question, so far as they are concerned, exhausted. Next to the important facts which may result from future excavations, there are, in my opinion, two things required to lift Biblical archæology out of the vicious circle in which it has a tendency to turn, and to give it new life, viz., a thorough investigation of the writings of the various Mohammedan authors in the original Arabic text, and an exhaustive study of the manners, customs, and traditions of the sedentary fellaheen of Judæa. For both, a knowledge not only of literary Arabic, but also of the vulgar tongue, is absolutely necessary.

Up to the present time very little information as regards Palestine has been derived from Arabic historians and geographers; with the exception of four or five, and those not the most useful

for our purpose, they have been almost entirely neglected. This is a mistake, for they contain a whole mine of valuable indications which may put us on the path of great discoveries, especially of the topographical kind, by adding to the chain of traditions the link, so difficult to seize, which connects the actual names with the latest evidence of the authors of antiquity. An example taken from my own experience illustrates this, and affords a striking confirmation of one of my recent discoveries of this nature.

Biblical students have long been familiar with the name of Gezer, the city whose Canaanite king Horam was defeated by Joshua, and which became the western limit of the territory of Ephraim. Assigned with its suburbs to the Levites of the family of Kohath, it had the rank of a priestly city, and its primitive inhabitants, though spared by the Israelites, were massacred by one of the Pharaohs, who took the place and gave it in dowry to his daughter, King Solomon's queen. The Hebrew monarch reconstructed Gezer, which was certainly a place of great strategic importance, as is shown by the considerable part it played during the struggles of the Maccabees.

Much information as to the position of the city exists. We learn from many sources—the Hebrew books, the Apocrypha, Josephus, Eusebius, Jerome—that it was situated not far from Beth-horon, in the region of Jabneh and Jaffa, on the confines of the territory of Azotus, about four Roman miles from Emmaus, the site of which has been satisfactorily fixed at the modern Amwas. It is rare to find such precise indications of the position of any Palestine city, and yet the identification of Gezer remained up to 1870 one of the stumbling-blocks of commentators, and one of the *lacunæ* of Biblical topography,

the more to be deplored, since in addition to the interest of the place itself, the discovery of its site would give the key to the junction of the territories of Dan, Judah, and Ephraim. Many conjectures have been hazarded. Most commentators in despair, and supported by a superficial resemblance of names—a *mirage* which too often deceives explorers not familiar with Semitic tongues—placed Gezer at the village of Yazoor, west of Jaffa, and quite close to it: and though both philology and history were agreed that this identification could not be sustained, it was virtually accepted, no examination of the country producing any better solution of the problem. It was my privilege, however, to succeed where others had failed, and that too without ever having seen the place.

As an astronomer finds in space the position of an unseen planet, I marked on the map the exact spot where Gezer would be found, and a subsequent visit only confirmed the previous conclusion. Nor was this result due to exceptional penetration or sudden inspiration. It occurred in the most natural way in the world; and was an application of the method just indicated.

In reading the Arab chronicler, Mejr ed Deen, a writer known chiefly through certain very incorrect extracts given by M. du Hammer Purgstall, I lighted on an incident which took place in Palestine in the year 900 of the Hegira. The chronicler is speaking of a skirmish between a party of Bedaween brigands and a governor of Jerusalem named Jan Boolât, in the district of Ramleh; and in the course of the narrative he says—and this was the point that arrested my attention—that the cries of the combatants reached as far as the village of Khulda (now well known), and were distinctly heard at another village called Tell el Jezer—the Hill or Mound of Jezer. Now the word Jezer corresponds exactly with the Hebrew Gezer, especially if the initial letter is pronounced soft as in Egypt; and the tract of country was just the one in which to look for the lost site. But unfortunately, all the maps that I con-

sulted were silent on the place, whose existence was nevertheless thus positively asserted, and corroborated by an Arab geographer of the thirteenth century of our era, Yakut, who speaks of Tell el Jezer as a strong place in the district of Falestin, i.e., Ramleh. On consideration, it was clear that Tell el Jezer, being within hearing of Khulda, could not be very far from that place; even allowing the Bedaween a more than ordinary power of lungs. I therefore set to work within a limited radius, and after some search discovered my Gezer at less than three miles from Khulda, close to a village figuring in the map as Abou Shusheh. Here I found the site of a large town presenting all the characters of a stronghold, and answering to every one of the required conditions. But it was not without trouble that the accuracy of my calculations was thoroughly established; for the name of Tell el Jezer, though familiar to the inhabitants of Abou Shusheh, of which village the *tell* forms a part, was quite unknown to the people of Khulda, their neighbours, to whom I at first addressed myself. But just as I began to despair of success, an old peasant woman told me that it was at Abou Shusheh that I must look for Tell el Jezer.

This, as I may almost call it, accidental discovery, which I announced at the time to the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, and which was received with some incredulity, met with the most unexpected confirmation four years afterwards, viz., in 1874, when, on re-visiting the spot in the service of the Palestine Exploration Fund, I discovered at Abou Shusheh, in the exact locality I had fixed upon as the site of Gezer, bilingual inscriptions in Greek and Hebrew deeply carved upon the rock, with the *Biblical name of Gezer written in full, and repeated twice*, and marking without doubt the priestly limit, or Sabbatical zone, which surrounded the place.

It is needless to insist upon the inappreciable value of these inscriptions, the correct reading of which is now agreed on by the leading savants both

of England and France, and which constitute undoubtedly one of the principal monuments of Jewish history. It will be sufficient to mention the principal gains they furnish to Biblical knowledge. They enable us, first, to know exactly what was the Sabbath-day's journey of the New Testament; secondly, to establish in a decisive manner the position of the city which was the dowry of Pharaoh's daughter; and thirdly, to fix the boundaries of Dan, Ephraim, and Judah. And, more than this, they justify in a most unexpected manner the use of the inductive method hitherto pursued in Biblical topography, and supply a written authoritative testimony which may serve to throw great light on other identifications obtained by the same method.

This one example is enough to show how far a single line of a third-rate Arabic writer may lead us.

But it is not Arabic texts only that must be consulted in order to advance the study of the Bible, it is even more important to examine the traditions preserved by the resident fellaheen. I do not mean by this a few questions put to stupid and suspicious peasants as to the name of village, ruin, or valley, but close, minute, methodical observations of the manners, customs, legends, and superstitions of these peasants. Interrogation is in Palestine the worst of all possible means for getting at the truth. The art of questioning Arabs consists in knowing when to shut your mouth and keep your eyes and ears open—listening so as to draw them on to tell stories, and thus gradually extracting information, while carefully abstaining from asking questions calculated to suggest ideas to minds so credulous and so easily influenced.

The illustrious Robinson and his successors often made the happiest use of oral traditions for topographical purposes. We must, however, bear in mind that this fount of information, abundant as it is, if drawn upon daily will in time diminish; and, what is more serious, that its purity is often troubled by the suggestions of imprudent travel-

lers, which a new-comer, inexperienced in the character of the natives, is liable to consider as so many spontaneous recollections and genuine traditions. If to this source of error, which reminds one of Antony's mystification by Cleopatra when he caught a salt-water fish in the fresh waters of the Nile, we add the want of philological knowledge in the questioner, of which many a pleasant instance might be cited, it is easy to understand that unlimited and exclusive credit must not be accorded to information acquired by a method which needs peculiarly delicate handling. There is something else to be got out of the fellaheen besides a mere list of names; and it is to this point that I would invite the attention of travellers.

Few countries are more travelled in than Palestine; and in few are the manners and customs of the people less known. We may truly say that the population of Oceania, of the extreme East, of Central Asia, of India, of Egypt, and even of the Bedaween tribes beyond the Jordan, are now more familiar to us than that of this little corner of the earth, so often trodden by European travellers. Tourists, pilgrims, and savants pour into the country, but all, nearly without exception, for different reasons neglect to notice, and to render any account of, the only thing which is entirely fresh and untouched—the natives of the place. The reason of this may chiefly be found in the mode of travelling to which the European is condemned in Palestine. Nearly invariably he has to hand himself over to the mercy of the inevitable dragoman, an obstructive animal, peculiar to the social fauna of the Levant, and combining the functions of interpreter, *maître d'hôtel*, guide, and courier, whose acquaintance he has probably already made in Egypt. There, however, it mattered little, for not even a dragoman can spoil the effect produced by the splendour and magnificence of the temples and tombs of the Pharaohs. But while on the banks of the Nile he is kept in his place as a servant, in Syria he becomes a master and a despot.

An amusing picture might be drawn of the misfortunes of those who have become the prey of these gentry, but I will merely mention the great drawback to their presence, viz. :—that it hinders all direct contact with the peasants, and has the effect of a scare-crow on the suspicious people whose confidence is of supreme value to the investigator.

The Frank traveller passes through Palestine, along the beaten track, with an indifferent glance at the characteristic mien of the men, and a more approving one at the dignified bearing of the women as they walk light and erect beneath their heavy loads. He notices, too, perhaps, the picturesqueness of the costumes : and, when he has learnt from his dragoman that these are fellaheen Arabs, he is charmingly satisfied with the completeness of his information. Little does he suspect that he is in daily companionship with a race which, rude and rough as it is, affords the historian a study of the very highest interest.

The peasants of Judæa are commonly said to be Arabs ; and I am willing to admit that they are so in the sense that they speak Arabic. But we must understand what is meant by this vague and deceptive term which is applied to so many distinct races and the heterogeneous remains of so many peoples. Since the predominance of Islam, the whole system of Semitic nationalities has followed the irresistible tendency to unity resulting from the pressure of linguistic conformity and political necessity ; and all its numerous divisions, small and great, have poured their waters into this Arab lake, and have converted it into an ocean, in which every confluent loses its name. Looking at this immense Arab sheet, which extends beyond our sight over Asia and Africa, we may well say, "It is a sea." But it is the duty of science to inquire into the origin of this collective reservoir ; and to track to its source, if need be along its dry bed, each one of its tributary streams.

The race which occupies Judæa,

especially its mountainous part, a sedentary and not a nomadic one, with customs of its own, and a language full of peculiarities, is not, as I have before had occasion to state, that of the nomad hordes who came from Arabia with the Caliph Omar, and who are for the most part settled in the towns. The odd popular prejudice which obstinately believes that the Mussulman Arabs, who became masters of Syria after the defeat of the Greek troops, took altogether the place of the original inhabitants of the country, and are, in fact, the people whom we find there now, cannot be too strongly combated. No such change resulted from the Mussulman conquest ; and it is important to insist on this point because it throws a remarkable light, at an interval of more than 2,000 years, on the conquest of Canaan by the *Bene Israel*, or 'Children of Israel,' as they are called in Deuteronomy.

The Mussulman Arabs, who founded their empire on the ruins of the Byzantine and Persian kingdoms, intentionally left untouched the civilization which they found already installed and in use. They only added one thing—a dogma—or, to use a less positive term, a religious enthusiasm : and while strong enough to take everything, were at the same time wise enough to destroy nothing. Conquest was to them a means of gaining easily at the point of the sword the power of sharing in the enjoyment of wealth and prosperity which if left to themselves they could have made no use of. They carefully abstained from meddling with the complex institutions of the Lower Empire. Masters of the marvellous, and to them incomprehensible, mechanism whose fascinations had excited their envy, these historically recent races and their successors declined to touch a spring which they were incapable of regulating, and thus the great pendulum set in motion by the impulses of Rome and Byzantium peacefully continued its oscillations under the Caliphate, and still continues them, marking with gradually diminishing force the

already numbered hours of the Empire of the East.

Arab civilization is a mere deception—it no more exists than the horrors of Arab conquest. It is but the last gleam of Greek and Roman civilization gradually dying out in the powerless but respectful hands of Islam. A civilization, be it remembered, cannot be produced spontaneously, or improvised, any more than can a patrimony; it is the hereditary accumulation of living forces—a treasure formed by the hoarding of ages, which a robber may take in a moment and dissipate in a day, but which his whole life would be insufficient to create. But the Arab conquerors, *parvenus* though they were, without a history and without a past, respected everything—administration, science, and arts—only turning everything to their own profit. They even went so far as occasionally to grant the privileged holders of this intellectual monopoly a concession, which, to the army, enlightened only by the flame of fanaticism, must have cost much, viz., a truly admirable religious liberty.

The basis of all finance being the revenue of the soil, it is the first business of a conqueror to reassure the vanquished by allowing those who have always cultivated the ground to continue doing so. And this the Mussulman conquerors, who, as regards agriculture, knew no soil but the sand of the desert, and no tools but the point of the lance, with rare good sense did. They retained in Syria the cultivators of the land in the same way that they retained the cultivators of arts and of knowledge. This arrangement was acquiesced in more readily by the peasantry than by the townspeople, though the latter made but a faint show of resistance. In fact, the whole population accepted by a large majority, not only the language of their conquerors, which was somewhat akin to their own Semitic dialect, but also their religion, in which they saw a slight but attractive resemblance to their own vague Christianity.

Of this phenomenon, however, a still

earlier example may be cited in the history of Palestine. For who were the peasants whom the Mussulmans found on their entrance into Judæa, and who have become the fellahs of our days? Were they Jews? The wars of extermination waged by Vespasian, Titus, Trajan, and Hadrian, and the persecutions of the Christian emperors, left not one stone upon another of either political or ethnic Judaism; they made it a *tabula rasa*, and cast the *débris* to the four winds of heaven. Jewish tradition, properly so called, is for ever lost in Palestine; and all the Jews now found there have, without exception, come to the country at a comparatively recent date. Were they Greeks? We know for certain that, during the period that elapsed between the dispersion of the Jews and the appearance of the Arabs, the villages of Judæa were occupied by a population speaking a Semitic dialect. If, then, these peasants were neither Jews nor Greeks, what were they? I answer that their origin may be traced to a far earlier period, and that if we examine into the question, we shall find very strong proof that the Mohammedan conquest was almost the literal repetition of the more ancient invasion of Joshua. The analogy between the two events is very striking; in both we have a people conquered and enslaved by masses pouring in from nearly the same regions, and impelled by the same necessities.

Nomads like the first Mussulmans, and imbued like them with the irresistible force of religious conviction, the Israelites burst over the Promised Land, attracted by its natural wealth and by a civilization, the existence of which may be inferred from the Biblical writings. In some parts of the country they speedily obtained a footing, though in others they encountered a more obstinate resistance than the Mussulmans did, the federative system of the Canaanites lending itself better to a prolongation of the strife, and the political conditions being different.

The problem of the permanent

occupation of the country received the same solution as in the later invasion; the chief thing in both cases being to secure the proper cultivation of the ground. This fact has led to the remark, in itself a just one, that the Mosaic legislation was founded on agriculture. But shepherds could not have transformed themselves in a single day into agriculturists; they must at first have made those who understood it produce for them the fruits of the land which they had divided into tribe territories and family fiefs. It is true that they expelled from the country certain turbulent clans who, notwithstanding their forced submission, for a long time exercised on the intruders a pressure not unsalutary; and who finally, with characteristic elasticity, came back after the disappearance of the Jews to the places whence they had been driven. But the new occupants were obliged, whether they wished it or not, to allow the bulk of the primitive inhabitants to remain in the country; and the precautions of all sorts taken by the Jewish lawgiver to prevent the vanquished and the conquerors from mixing, lest the religious belief of the Jew should suffer by the contact, is itself a proof that they lived together side by side. That the aborigines, after troubling the religion of Israel a long time by their pagan superstitions, should end by adopting it, and by being mingled though not confounded with their conquerors, was natural enough; and opinions are still divided as to which of these two races, allied in speech, abandoned its own dialect and adopted that of the other.

The union was, nevertheless, not so complete as to prevent the Assyrians from easily picking out for deportation the families of pure Israelite race; and thus depriving the country of its foreign aristocracy, while they left on the soil the serfs by whose labour it could be made to render tribute. For great empires did not carry on war for the barren pleasure of destruction (a pleasure insufficient even for barbarians), but to augment their wealth; and it is evi-

dent that such partial colonization as that of Samaria would have been insufficient to repeople Palestine.

The unstable amalgam of races which, on the return from exile, endeavoured to reconstitute itself into a nation and even acquired some cohesion under the energetic rule of the Hasmoneans, could not escape falling to pieces when brought into contact with Greek influences. The Hellenizing spirit against which those who were Jews by descent and conviction had to contend, and which found partisans even among them, marks the commencement of this dissociation. It made continual progress under the Herods, and was completed when the very name of Jew was struck out of the book of nations by the hand of Rome. Græco-Roman paganism had only to show itself in Syria to be accepted and loved. Endowed with a plastic tolerance which embraced with astonishing ease the religious forms of other nations, sometimes pouring itself into their moulds, sometimes melting down their monstrous idols and remaking them after its own images, this paganism—this extra-biblical monotheism of antiquity—brought with it, to those who welcomed it with rapturous submission, but one reforming element, that of æsthetics; exacted but one sacrifice, that of ugliness; imposed but one discipline, that of pleasure, and one dogma, that of taste; and introduced but one revelation, that of the beautiful. Full of consideration for the religions which accepted its seductions, it exercised no violence except upon those which resisted them. The ancient Syrophœnician divinities, to adopt the term used in the Gospels, willingly consented to inhabit temples of exquisite architecture, where the only conditions of entrance were a Greek costume, and the assumption of one of the many names and attributes in the rich pantheon. Then it was that, under the stimulating action of the breeze from Greece and Italy, the dried-up *flora* of Semitic mythology burst into a thousand new perfumes and colours. Palestine had a large share

in this re-awakening, and from Dan to Beersheba regenerated polytheism soon obscured the very recollection of the austere law of Jehovah.

The political triumph of Christianity crushed this growth. The land where the seed of the Crucified Sower had so marvellously fructified; where grew the first ear of that corn which was to be multiplied infinitely, and to furnish the religious needs of the world for centuries with the bread of the Spirit; the nursery of a creed whose cradle was a tomb, and whose flag a gibbet—this little land became the object of a special adoration, a kind of topolatry, when the Church mounted with Constantine the throne of the Cæsars, and assumed the imperial diadem, after having worn so long the martyr's crown.

So great was this love of holy places, and so passionate the desire to expiate the cruel mysteries of which they had been the theatre, that during the whole Byzantine period Judæa was overrun by monks, and transformed into one vast convent. Everywhere local paganism had to give way to Christ returning as a master to the land of His birth; but, as a final protest against the persecution to which they submitted, the pagans, driven out from their temples, now transformed into churches, took refuge in the schisms and heresies of which Syria was always the grand manufacturer.

At this troubled period, while the country was agitated by the conflict between the new propaganda and the old beliefs, a new element appeared on the scene. Islam is in fact a form of Christianity, most schismatic, most heretical, if you will, but still Christianity, for many a sect of so-called Christians differs more than Mohammedanism does from certain established axioms of Christianity. The new dogma, Christian in doctrine, Jewish in ritual, made up of laws and regulations suited to the wants of wandering Arab tribes, owed its escape from the ignominious extinction which befell similar sectarian creeds, to certain political causes. The secret of

its wonderful success was that it placed itself in opposition to Byzantium, and became the heart and soul of the struggle against official Christianity. This it was that gave it strength and life, and enabled it to rally to its side those populations who had only renounced paganism and accepted Christianity under compulsion, and who welcomed the Mussulman conquest, and the supremacy of the faith of Islam, as a means of protesting against the politico-religious tyranny from which they had suffered.

These *Kooffars*—an appellation derived from their living in *Kefrs*, the Arabic for villages, just as the similar term *pagani* is derived from the Latin *pagi*—would have returned to their old heathen creeds when once withdrawn from the Christian yoke; but on this point the Mussulmans were inflexible; they tolerated the Christians and the Jews as being their own spiritual forefathers, but they had inherited against the pagans the implacable hatred which animated Christianity, and which utter extermination could alone satisfy.

Resigned Mussulmans under the Mussulman rule, bad Christians under the Christian rule, after having been fervent pagans and mediocre Jews, the land-tilling mountaineers of Judæa, sons of the soil and the rock, are ready to become afresh whatever their masters of to-morrow may demand, if only they are allowed to remain on the land. It is this extraordinary attachment to the soil which has made and still makes them willing to endure everything rather than leave it.

If this race has thus been able to resist, or rather to survive conquest; if this stratum of humanity has been unchanged by the other strata which have been laid upon it, *a fortiori* has it been little affected by the many ephemeral invasions, the human deluges, which have overrun Palestine from time to time. The wave swept away everything that tried to stop it, but could make no impression on this impermeable stratum over which it ran foaming, and which emerged intact as soon as it

had passed. The invasion which most resembled a conquest, and at one moment threatened to reverse the destinies of Palestine, was the occupation of the Crusaders; but it was too short-lived to have any effect on the Arab ways of thought and feeling already impressed upon the people. It merely left here and there what may be called an anthropological trace of its passage; and the yellow hair and blue eyes which sometimes even at the present day the astonished traveller may see beneath a Bedaween kefeeyeh or a fellah turban, are the sole legacy of the Crusader to the people of Syria.

We have, therefore, arrived at the conclusion that the fellaheen of Palestine, taken as a whole, are the modern representatives of those old tribes which the Israelites found settled in the country, such as the Canaanites, Hittites, Jebusites, Amorites, Philistines, Edomites, &c. In what proportion these various tribes are now represented, and whether they were preceded by a still older autochthonous population—Ankim, Horites, &c., are questions which, in the existing state of science, it would be useless to enter into. But though this race, or rather conglomeration of races, which may be designated, for want of a better, by the vague title of pre-Israelite, still survives beneath its Mohammedan exterior, it has not remained uninfluenced during the lapse of centuries by the many events and circumstances that have happened in Palestine. Each successive change in the social and political condition of the country has more or less affected it in various ways; and we must not be surprised, when studying the fellaheen, at finding Jewish, Hellenic, Rabbinic, Christian, and Mussulman reminiscences mingled pell-mell and in the quaintest combinations, with traits which bring us back to the most remote and obscure periods of pre-Israelite existence.

It is very difficult to sift this farrago, and determine to what epoch each part belongs; the more so because chronology, the perspective of history, is as entirely

ignored and even hated by the popular mind, as was ordinary perspective by the primitive artists, and the difficulty is increased by the fact that the same tradition has often—like those re-stamped coins which are at once the joy and the despair of numismatists—received impress after impress from the successive coiners who have left their effigies on Palestine.

Although criticism is at present unable thoroughly to analyse these complex products, we must not cease collecting them, remembering that all the changes in a tradition are in themselves the surest proof of its antiquity and of its spontaneous development. It may be that in ascertaining the difference between the written story and the legend we may be able some day to calculate, by a sort of ideal triangulation, how far they are both from the truth. Meanwhile science is fortunate in having ascertained the fact that there still exist in Palestine, not only some remains of the old Semitic polytheism—as I urged six years ago in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*, and which no one will deny now—but also that there are relics, still to be recognised, of Biblical tradition, just as in our fairy tales are found fragments of the Aryan mythology.

The astonishing way in which the peasants have preserved the names of places is a good instance of this, and is also a proof in favour of the argument [that they themselves are unchanged]. It is worthy of remark in passing that the *ethnic* name, that is, the name by which the *inhabitants* are known, and which is derived from the locality, is very often more archaic in form than the name of the *place* itself. There are many examples of this interesting fact which may prove very useful in testing the accuracy of proposed identifications.

The tenacity with which old religious customs have been kept up is another remarkable circumstance. Not only have the fellaheen, as Robinson conjectured, preserved by the erection of their Mussulman *kubbehs*, and their fetishism

for certain large isolated trees, the site and the souvenir of the hill sanctuaries and shady groves, which were marked out for the execration of the Israelites on their entry into the Promised Land; but they pay them almost the same veneration as did the Canaanite *kooffars*, whose descendants they are. These *makams*, as Deuteronomy calls them, which Manasseh rebuilt, and against which the prophets in vain exhausted their invectives, are word for word, thing for thing, the Arabic *makams*, whose little white-topped cupolas are dotted so picturesquely over the mountain horizon of central Judæa.

In order to conceal their suspicious origin, these fellah sanctuaries have been placed under the protection of the purest Mohammedan orthodoxy, by becoming the tombs or shrines of *sheykhs*, *welys*, and *nebys*—elders, saints, or prophets—deceased in the odour of sanctity. But there are numerous indications of their true origin beneath this simple disguise. For instance, the name given to them is often the same as that of the locality, and is not merely a simple name, but a personification, or deification, if I may say so, of the place itself; for many legends show that, in the eyes of the peasants, the *neby* or prophet has given his own name to the place.

This close connection of names and places is found in the Phœnician and Canaanite mythology, which is remarkable for the number of its local divinities, and it helps to explain why Moses, not content with ordering the destruction of the pagan sanctuaries, insisted upon the abolition of the names. A methodical search for these *makams* is, therefore, of the greatest importance, because their names will enable us to fix the site of cities of which not only the ruins, but the very remembrance has disappeared.

Another point of religious resemblance is the worship of female divinities which we know was common among the Canaanites, and is still practised, many modern *kubbehs* being consecrated to women. In certain cases there is duality: the *wely*, or the *neby*, being

venerated in conjunction with a woman, who passes generally for his sister or his daughter. This relationship, originally conjugal, which has been changed by the Mussulmans into one of consanguinity, offers an equivalent of the sexual symmetry of those Phœnician couples so clearly brought to light by M. de Vogüé.

Many of these sacred places are open to the sky, and nearly surrounded by a wall of stone—a veritable *haram*. Others are in natural or artificial caverns. One evening, for instance, I was most positively refused permission to stable my horse in a grotto consecrated to Sheykh Madkur, because the wely would infallibly have shown his displeasure by killing the beast. The Abou N'sair venerate, not far from Mar Saba, a great stone—Hajar ed Dawâère—which they say was once metamorphosed into a camel in order to carry across the desert the father of their race. This practice of worshipping an animated stone—the *betyle*—is confirmed by certain modern practices analogous to those formerly in use, e.g., the liturgic unction which is still performed with henna over the porch of a *kubbeh*, the fellaheen touching the lintel respectfully, and asking the wely for *destoor*—i.e., permission to enter. Some even avoid profaning the threshold by stepping over instead of on it, like the worshippers of Dagon when entering his temple.

These rustic sanctuaries are crowded with rude *ex-voto* offerings; and the sacred trees, loaded with rags tied to their branches by pious hands, are familiar to every traveller in Palestine. In the *kubbehs* are placed lighted lamps, a practice alluded to in the sixth chapter of the Book of Baruch: while the various points on the surrounding hills whence the *makam* is visible are marked by *meshâhids*, small pyramids of stone which are the *mergamas* (acervi Mercurii) of Proverbs.

The fellaheen attribute to these local divinities a supernatural power of working miracles altogether contrary to the principles of Islam. Not only do they adore but they dread these holy per-

sonages, and have for them that *horror sacer* which is the mark of true religious adoration. A *makam* is a place of inviolable sanctity. No one would dare to touch a thing or person on its sacred soil. An infidel may sleep there in perfect safety, provided he does not break through any of the required religious observances. I have often, when travelling, for the sake of economy, without tent or baggage, taken advantage of this prerogative, and experienced, after a long and fatiguing day, the delicious sensation—from an archæologist's point of view—of passing the night on the bare but holy floor of one of these Arab sanctuaries, haunted and guarded by the shades of the Canaanite Baals and Ashtoreths.

But the best proof of the religious character of this feeling, and of the deep hold it has upon the fellaheen is to be found in the oaths most commonly used by them. The word *Allah* (God) is for ever on their lips, and the formula "*wa haïat Allah*," based upon the Hebrew *hai Elohim*, is used to attest truth or falsehood without the slightest hesitation. They swear fluently, and perjure themselves without scruple, by the light, by the life of their souls, by their heads, by the heads of their companions, by the Temple of Jerusalem (*Haram esh Shereef*), by the *Sakhra*, or sacred rock on which stood the altar, &c.; oaths which were lavished with equal prodigality by the Jews, and bitterly censured by our Lord. But, and this is the remarkable point, if we wish to bind them by a serious oath, it is sufficient to make them take it on their local sanctuary, and then it is extremely rare to find them faithless or bearing false witness.

Many other significant facts might be brought forward; such as the propitiatory sacrifices made by the fellaheen, the ceremonies attending which seem borrowed from the Phœnician ritual; their superstitions about the moon; the amulets, magical hands, and eyes of Osiris in Hebron enamel, made after the method of the Phœnician glass-workers; their fêtes, their parables, their tales, their old

songs in strange Arabic, the peculiarities of their dialect, in which the vocalisation strangely resembles the Masoretic punctuation of Hebrew, &c. But I will pass on, without dwelling upon these, to one or two examples of what may be called veritable echoes of the Bible.

Here is the history of Samson as it is told to-day at Sar'a, Ain Shemés, and Artoof, that is to say, on the very scene of the exploits of that hero:—Aboo Meizar, called by some Abool Azem, but known to all under the name Shamshoun el Jebbar, originally of Sara, and brother of a certain Neby Samet, whose monument is shown in those parts, was purblind. In the Rumeyleh, the old name of a part of the city of Ain Shemés, stood a church. Aboo Meizar said to his compatriots, "What will you give me if I destroy the church and kill the Christians?" "The quarter of the revenue of the country," they replied. Upon this Aboo Meizar went down to the Rumeyleh, entered the church where the Christians were assembled at prayer, and crying, "Ya Rabb!" (O Lord!) gave a great kick to the column which supported the edifice. Down it fell, burying beneath its ruins Aboo Meizar and the Christians. The inhabitants of Sara came to look for his body, and easily recognised it because, as he had told them would be the case, he was stretched on his back, while all the Christians lay face downwards. His *makam* stands on the very spot at Sara where they buried him; and the Sheyhk attached to its service, who resides at Beit Atab, still receives a quarter of all the olives grown between Deir Eban and Ain Shemés—indeed a fellah who once refused to pay these additional dues is reported to have pressed blood instead of oil from his olives:—while it is even now a common saying among the old people of the village that "between Sar'a and Bayt el Jemal was killed Shamshoun el Jebbar." It may be remarked, in passing, that this saying, if compared with the verse in the Book of Judges which places the

tomb of Samson between Zorah and Eshtaol, would tend to fix the site of the latter city, hitherto undiscovered, at Bayt el Jemal. Another fragment of this same legend has lighted on the head of a certain Neby Hosha, venerated at Eshou, not far from Sar'a. This neby, born at Bayt Nabala, being one day pursued by a troop of his foes the Kooffars, took refuge at Eshou, and crying, "It is here that I am doomed to die," sat down, threw his *ihram* over his shoulder and expired. A wooden sabre, with which he is said to have slain his enemies, is still shown at the *makam* at Eshou. This story may be compared with an incident in the travels of a Jewish pilgrim of the middle ages, Isaac Chelo, who saw at Sar'a the tomb of Samson, where they still preserved the ass's jawbone with which he killed the Philistines.

Turn next to the modern legend in which are embodied confused but undoubted traces of the taking of Jericho by Joshua, and the standing still of the sun. It varies in many curious ways from the Bible-story; but the following is the pith of it as told to me in the plain of Jericho:—Not far from the site of the City of Palms are the ruins of the *City of Brass*, so called because it was once surrounded by seven walls of brass; and a little farther off is the *makam* of the Imam Ali, son of Abou Taleb, a sanctuary open to the sky, and the object of extraordinary veneration, in the surrounding country. This city, then belonging to the Kooffars, was besieged by the Imam Abou Taleb. Mounted on his horse Meimoon, he made the round of the city and overthrew the seven walls of brass one after another by blowing upon them. Then began a terrific combat, and as the day was drawing to a close, and the infidels were about to profit by the darkness in order to escape, the Imam Ali cried out to the sun, "Return upon thy steps, O thou blessed one!" Immediately, with the permission of the Most High, the sun, which was about to set behind the mountain came back to the east; whereupon the Imam Ali ordered

his servant Eblal, who at that moment was on the opposite mountain, at the foot of which is now situated the *makam*, to sound the call for the morning prayer, and proceeded to complete the rout of the pagans with great carnage, and to utterly destroy their city; those who escaped the slaughter being annihilated by wasps. Since that time the two mountains which figure in the story bear respectively the names of the Mountain of the Return, and the Mountain of Eblal the Muezzin.

Lastly, listen to the tragic history of the Levite of Ephraim and his wife at Gibeah. This is how it was told me by an old fellah on the very place itself, which is still called Jabá:—A Christian of Bethlehem was on his way with his wife or his daughter to Tayyibeh, and stopped, as night was beginning to fall, to sleep at Jabá. While they slept certain men of the town came to the house and violated the woman, who was found dead in the morning. The Christian cut the corpse into two pieces, and sent one to Tayyibeh, and the other to Mukhmas, to the people of his own religion. These rose immediately. One band came from the east, the other from the west. The first, pretending to fly, drew the people of Jabá out of their town; and thus caught between the two hosts, they were all slaughtered. The massacre took place in the plain called El Merj fil Moonká, between Jabá and the commencement of the Wady Bab esh Shab. To this day the wheat grows to a great height on this accursed spot, but produces no grain.

These examples of what may be called phantoms of the past are enough to show how much the peasant of Palestine, in preserving his own identity, has done for the past history of his race and nation. But living side by side with this obstinately conservative peasant, there is, paradoxical as it may appear, a class yet more conservative who defend even more vigilantly, and guard with greater attachment the ancient forms and beliefs—I mean the women. This curious circumstance has often been remarked in other

countries, but nowhere is it more strongly marked than in Palestine. There the women have continued to be the depositaries of old memories which you would vainly seek for among the men. They are indeed behind their husbands by several centuries: and the disdain with which a fellah, if you speak to him of certain curious customs among the women, replies, with a shrug of his shoulders, "*Shoughl nisouán!*" (women's affairs), is itself enough to show how true this is.

It would be extremely interesting to examine closely these daughters of Canaan, to study their special customs, their funeral dances, their marriage and mourning songs, their prejudices, their peculiar legends, their habitual forms of expression, and a variety of other matters, down to the details of their toilet, which Isaiah denounces as the arsenal of idolatry. Besides, it is among the women—in the often charming patterns with which they tattoo themselves; in the simple paintings with which their pious hands love to decorate the walls of the sacred monuments; in the marvellous embroidery of their veils and robes; in their elegant, shield-shaped dishes, made of coloured and twisted straw; in the forms of the vessels for water and grain, the fabrication of which has remained their monopoly; in the patterns of their jewels and their painted boxes, which they have perpetuated religiously in the bazaars by refusing to buy any other kind—that we shall find what artistic traces yet remain of a people who never really possessed any art but of the most rudimentary kind.

Ample indeed is the harvest which one might hope to reap upon this feminine soil. But unfortunately the explorer has to encounter the almost insurmountable obstacle of sex. Nothing is more difficult for a European than to associate in the slightest degree with the fellah woman, although they do not, like the women of the towns, cover their faces with a veil, but merely draw their long blue sleeve over the mouth. It is no question of modesty or morality; these are sentiments which have always been, and are still, but little known in

the East. It is rather an instinctive feeling of mistrust towards a stranger, than any shyness of him as a man. And yet they do not seem to avoid him designedly; they will often readily render him small services, and address him as "my brother," and will willingly enter into conversation in certain cases; but let him make the slightest attempt to put any question, or betray ever so discreet an inclination to get behind the scenes, they take fright at once at a curiosity which they do not understand, and their confidence, gained for a moment, takes wing like a frightened bird. It requires a woman to approach this wild flock; and a European woman¹ prepared to penetrate, without the aid of an interpreter, into the—what shall I say?—the harem of their ideas and their traditions, would carry off a load of scientific plunder far more precious than anything to be found in the uninteresting seraglios of Constantinople and Cairo.

There are in certain corners of the globe races which have had the unenviable privilege of undergoing no change, not even for the better. These the historian would like to preserve for his own purposes, in their archaic integrity, as fields of study, if not of experiment, and as a kind of laboratory in which he could observe at leisure the phenomena of human evolution. But, unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, such day-dreams are always destined to be upset by the progress of civilization, which everywhere, sooner or later, sweeps away the ruins of the past to make room for the future. Palestine, so long spared, is already undergoing the common lot. A strong current of immigration from central Europe has for some time set in upon it, and a few years will do what centuries have not been able to effect.

There is no time to be lost. Already the first note of menace has been sounded, and a projected railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, warns us to make

¹ This has been already done to a certain extent by our countrywomen Miss Rogers and Mrs. Finn.—Ed.

haste and accomplish the laborious task of exploration, and perfect a complete inventory of the historic and scientific treasures of this unique country, before it has been deprived of every relic and memorial of the past. It will be too late when, on the spot where the cry of

Rachel mourning for her children still lingers, we hear in mocking echo the shrill scream of the railway whistle, and the loud shout of "*Bethléhem ! Dix minutes d'arrêt ! Les voyageurs pour la Mer Morte changent de voiture !*"

C. CLERMONT-GANNEAU.

HAUNTING EYES.

(*For Music.*)

IN the hour I first beheld thee,
 Soft thy kindly glances fell,
 And my heart bowed down before thee,
 As beneath a magic spell.
 Since that time, like some sweet phantom,
 In my home thy form doth rise,
 And where'er my sad gaze wanders,
 There I meet thy haunting eyes !

Oh, those eyes ! their lovely shadow
 Stole the light of life away,
 And my heart, in languid dreaming,
 Idly pines from day to day.
 Vain the evening's dewy coolness,
 Vain the calm of midnight skies ;
 Even with darkness closing round me,
 Still I see those haunting eyes !

CAROLINE NORTON.

INDIAN NOTES.—II. INDIAN CITIES AND STATIONS

AN Anglo-Indian station is not unlike the settlement, in a new colony, of a large well-to-do family, ever sending out fresh shoots to cluster round the parent stem. It would be too much to say that the members of a station have their goods in common, but it is quite within the fact to say that there is little of what can be termed property, movable or immovable, which is not virtually held in common in these little communities, and to which every man who is "received in the society" of the station, is not welcome according to his need. The social gatherings, which centre as a rule in the civil officer, are held on some well-understood plan; the breakfast table, tiffin table, dinner table, are open to all comers. The latest new book goes through the station, nobody's property in particular, pay for it who might. The newspaper is handed from house to house. A new choice fruit or flower or shrub is soon in every garden after it has once found a place in one. I was at a station in Beerbhoom where the magistrate sent round his watch every Sunday morning, at once as an invitation to church and to regulate the station time. A stranger arriving with an introduction to anyone, is generally considered the guest of all—the effort to make his stay agreeable is the duty and pleasure of all, and if there are no feuds astir, he may be as happy as the climate and the mosquitos will permit him to be, with every door open and every hand stretched forth with a hearty welcome. In old times, old Indians say, this fact was more marked, but at all events it is still marked enough for anyone who is satisfied with a rare order and degree of courtesy and kindness. Be the station large or small, the rule is the same from year to year.

The magistrate, if genial and active, is the centre of the community in

one sense, the chaplain or missionary, if there is one, is so in another, while the doctor is an entity whom neither rich nor poor care to disregard; the three or two, as the case may be, form the executive ministry of the place, with the wife of one of the ministry as lady patroness, general adviser, the standard of taste, the referee in cases too knotty for the masculine intellect. If a fancy ball is in view, the lady patroness decides its scope and character, the place, the time, and often even the dresses. It is chivalry—Burke's "unbought grace of life"—in India. I was amused and interested at Cawnpore by hearing a group of young men discussing the style of their dresses for that great institution of Anglo-India, a cotton ball, to be held at the United Service Club at Lucknow an evening or two later. "What is your character?" "Not quite sure yet—I am to see Mrs. So-and-so to-morrow morning—what's yours?" Oh, mine's the so-and-so; Mrs. So-and-so is to choose the colours;" thus the pleasant genial chatter ran. A cotton ball is in itself worth a few words of description. First, it is essentially a fancy ball, no one must be there "out of costume," unless as a special favour. Secondly, every dress must be of calico, which the native tailors make up with wonderful taste and skill. The Station pays a compliment to Manchester in the cotton, secures very pretty dresses for one night, and avoids getting into debt, as it certainly would not if the scene were transferred to May Fair. I was courteously invited to join the little party from Cawnpore, without paying attention to the calico rule, and I gladly accepted the invitation, with the intention, besides seeing the festive meeting, of wandering once again over scenes which never can be lost from human history. Strange thoughts arise as one is carried—I had

almost said "whirled," but the word would scarcely apply to a train whose speed is only fifteen miles an hour—over the sacred river, from Cawnpore in the north-west provinces, to Lucknow, city of palaces and capital of Oude. You can drive over the river now on a bridge of boats, for a rupee; we had once a very different price to pay for the crossing. That thought comes uppermost I should say, in most minds, unless habit, the monotony of the scene, and the enervating influence of a climate which is powerful enough to make sad havoc of sentiment, have driven all thought of the past and the future away. We had gay stories. One gentleman told of the train having been stopped on this line to catch a native who had thrown a stone at one of the carriages; how the delinquent stared, motionless, as he saw the engine "backing," then how at last he ran, with the angry but amused sahibs after him, like hounds after a hare, and finally how he was captured and taken to prison. In such manner the time was spent; but then, as afterwards on the return journey, at every stoppage the younger gentlemen left their carriages as on a common impulse, to look to the ladies, young or otherwise. "Did the ladies want anything?—lemonade, soda, sandwiches, leg of Indian fowl, dish of English tin meat?" Such is the freemasonry of Anglo-Indian life. Some of the passengers were military, some belonged to the Civil Service, some were merchants, some planters, some gentlemen with no occupation in particular. All seemed merry; but a company I had been in a short time previously would have convinced even a sceptic that Anglo-Indian life is often saddest when the laugh is loud. It might be, as I remember, a company of eighteen, more or less; there was not one person present who had met all his or her brothers and sisters for ten, for fifteen, for twenty years, as the case might be—none within ten years. We had husbands so long absent from their wives as scarcely to know them again, fathers, whose children last seen as boys and girls, were

now men and women. These remarks were made hurriedly, sadly; then the conversation was turned, by common consent, to "Dave Carson's" (a comic singer's) last jokes, to horses, dogs, *prima donnas*, anything but partings and meetings and homes broken up never to be homes again. There were about 300 persons at the calico ball. One gentleman, in gown and wig represented a barrister—he was taken for Dr. Kenealy, and possibly was flattered. Another, a Bengalee baboo, eschewed dancing, looked grave, critical, mockingly, and but for a certain twinkle in the corner of his eye, which seemed scarcely Bengalee, I should have asked his Hindoo opinion of the ball. At length he said—"None of my friends know me." "Then you are English?" "Of course. I am; what do you take me for?" Here was a gentleman dressed a little too well for his own satisfaction. We had, in pretty and graceful attire, ladies as Britannia, Columbia, a French peasant, the Colleen Bawn, the White Cat, the Queen of Hearts, the Witch, a Sicilian Peasant, &c.; young men representing periods long before Cottonopolis had discovered that cotton is king, and then assisted to prove, with a great kindred nation in the convulsion of a civil war, that cotton, after all, is not yet quite king, even of the Anglo-Saxon race. Such is an Anglo-Indian cotton ball—dancing till four in the morning, some perhaps till six; then back to the everlasting routine of the Indian wheel.

I have no wish to retell any part of the fearful story of Lucknow and Cawnpore. History does enough when it gives bare facts—pictures it cannot give—of that terrible time when both places, and the drear and now weird highway to and over the river that divides them, took a niche from which many centuries will not displace them in the records of the life and death, the sorrows and sufferings, of men. The Well at Cawnpore; the Residency at Lucknow, where Henry Lawrence fought and died; the fearful plot of ground, the "Secundra Bagh" (garden),

where 2,000 rebel Sepoys were cooped up and cut to pieces (one of the fearfullest scenes ever known); the grave of Havelock far away from European residents, but never in the least desecrated by native of India, tell, as no pen ever can tell, their own tale of horror and heroism.

Like the Coliseum at Rome, or the ruins of Pompeii, these are spots whereon to sit and think—to dream, it may be—rather than to take notes or point morals. Every stone in that ruined Residency; every shrub round Havelock's quiet grave; every sod in that wide waste once known as the beautiful Secundra Bagh, speaks eloquently to Englishmen, and may possibly speak eloquently to some other ruling race when our raj has passed away. Of Lucknow you may still say that it is a city of palaces and baghs; but the beauty of palace and bagh are little to any one of our race, impressed with a sense of what, within human memory, was done there. It is difficult to persuade one's-self that amid those scenes over which the green foliage now waves so luxuriantly, and over which the monotonous sea of human life flows so incessantly from morning till night, deeds of daring and devotion unsurpassed in human history were so recently done.

I think the fancy ball, to which reference is made above, was on a Monday; at all events it was early in the week. On the previous Sunday I had been at a service which I thought, and think still, would have surprised some who suppose that the Church of England has now no hold on the affection of Englishmen. The choir was composed of soldiers and their little boys. Every one in the Church seemed to "respond," and to bow low at the name of our Lord. The hymn, "Abide with me," came from every lip—congregational worship in the truest sense. It was impossible to look upon the faces of the ladies and children—in many cases remarkably sweet, and fresh as an English rose in spring—without thinking of other ladies and children who had been there before them, and who now

lie silent in the Sacred Well. The sermon, chaste and solemn, was from a text which has given consolation to many ages of men, and which some believe will give consolation to ages yet to come, while time endures: "When ye pray, say, 'Our Father.'" The preacher, the military chaplain, had no sectarian or unkind word for any one. Gently he pointed to the Christian's rock and refuge, and the words appeared to fall like the music of that sweet hymn of Mr. Lyte's, on every ear. Christian services are often very solemn in India; and certainly those of the Church of England are second to none in solemnity, in earnestness, in that humility which affects neither devotion nor self-righteousness. It is not that there is revivalism or display, but rather that there is peace, as when the Master stilled the waves, and there was a calm. Many an Englishman and Englishwoman in India attend their Church, as Charles Lamb found himself strolling into a Friends' Meeting House long after the cord that once bound him to Quakerism had been broken, for an hour of rest from the world and all its affairs. In Cawnpore the feeling is intensified, for the place and its history never can be kept out of mind; the beautiful face over the Well tells us in enduring marble, as every true preacher of the Gospel of Christ tells us in words that more easily pass away, to forget and forgive, and above all, not even in thought, to identify the innocent with the guilty—tells us also that if we have much to forgive we have also much that needs forgiving. All veritable statesmen teach, and must, as statesmen, teach the same lesson.

Few things are more suggestive in Cawnpore, Lucknow, and other notable places during the Mutiny, than the varied accounts now given there of the same facts. I noticed this on a first visit, but still more so on a second, made at a time when men of mark and responsibility believed that we had at last caught the real Nana. I lived for a time on the very site of the massacre, in full view of the Memorial Gardens;

yet even there I found a dozen different stories as to the tragic places close at hand. People gravely tell you, too, that Europeans rarely saw the Nana, in the days of his splendour, of his profuse entertainments of "the Station;" that he had a budmash (substitute) dressed up to resemble him and deceive the Sahibs and the Meme Sahibs, who thought they were the guest of a chief, while in reality they were entertained by some obscure person. Scarcely two stories are alike. In going through the Memorial Gardens, with a well-informed gentleman, I was surprised to find that he was unable to say where ran the path, or no-path, along which the bodies of our poor countrywomen, and of their dear little children, were taken to the fearful Well. It was no idle or morbid curiosity that caused me to put the question. I was simply interested in knowing how completely the native gift of silence had beaten us. What was then moorland is now an exquisite garden of several acres, with groves and flowers, to which Bishop Heber's "balmy" would indeed apply, and with graves and tombstones, here and there, to which an Englishman involuntarily raises his hat. You need no prompter, no knowledge of exact locality, to induce reverence. At the entrance to the Garden, however, your horse must be put on slow paces, as at a funeral. Such is the proper rule. Everything is restrained, solemn. The very children know that they are on more than ordinarily sacred ground; they never romp as in an English cemetery or churchyard. Assuredly there must be in Cawnpore many men who know every incident of those dark days; men who could throw light on much that is hidden; yet the chances are that that light never will be thrown. A couple of years or so ago I met in Cawnpore an Englishman of average intelligence, an old resident, who could not even tell me which of the Ghauts was the one where Wheeler's brave band died; where one of the noblest struggles of Anglo-Saxon history was brought to a close. It was no

affectation; he did not know; never had wished to probe the story below the surface. Directly opposite to where I took these notes, but on the other side of the Gardens, there is a road along which, while I wrote, on a calm still evening, the band of an English regiment passed playing "God bless the Prince of Wales." It was a trifling incident, no doubt; but it did not seem trifling there. It sounded over the Memorial Gardens of Cawnpore like an assertion of Empire, and I thought of Empire which may some day mean prosperity and peace to India. Of course I refer merely to the air, played by a military band. "Rule Britannia" would have been equally suggestive.

One other note only I care to transcribe as illustrative of this memorable place, and of the station life of India. I went out one morning very early, on the courteous invitation of the manager in Cawnpore of the Bank of Bengal, Mr. Carr, to visit the native cotton-market, to which that gentleman's banking relations led him. Covent Garden is curious to look upon in the early morning, but here the scene is far more curious. First we came to the vegetable and grain markets, immense stores for transmission to all parts of India. Hundreds of bullock carts, donkeys, camels, &c., were there, and there was, of course, a babel of sounds only to be heard in the East. The scene was not unlike those at the great depots of grain during the Bengal famine. Next we arrived at a square so large and in such an array of disorder that having left a carriage on one side we had great difficulty in finding it again amid the wilderness of life and of vehicles of every kind and name. All round the inclosure are those low Indian warehouses called go-downs, forming the complete square, and one of the great cotton-markets of India. The gentleman who accompanied me seemed to have the right of entry to every go-down, to dip his hand into this or that bale, and to question every one he met, rights of which he liberally availed himself, with the most perfect and frank concurrence of

the merchants. In many single go-downs we found as many as two or three hundred bales of cotton for sale, although the market was not what is counted a full one, nor the season sufficiently advanced for the most eager trade, and the new crop was not an average one. We were a little too early in the morning for the great merchants, but the sales were going on briskly, and the property changing hands after the manner of the East, with apparent slowness (higgling, chaffering, and so forth), but with real rapidity looking to the general effect. The warehouses are the property of native merchants, many of them men of great wealth, some millionaires, but the wealthiest hardly distinguishable in the street from the poorest men one met. Many of the sellers were also cultivators brought together from all parts of India by the attraction of trade, silent or voluble at the right time, skilled hereditary traders. The market has the appearance of a great mystery. Often the purchases are made, without a word, by some extraordinary manipulation of terms with the hands, behind the backs of seller and buyer, no bystander knowing in the least what is transpiring. Like everything else in India the charm of secrecy underlies and pervades all business transactions. As one instance of this love for what is secret, freemasons may be pleased to know that when other buildings in Cawnpore were pillaged or destroyed during the Mutiny, the masonic lodge was spared. It was secret, and hence holy. A man's daily muntra, or prayer, his especial god, his books, his sacred language, his occupation, his household, the name of his wife, are secret. The young Brahmin has his especial teacher, a father confessor who goes to the very marrow of the young man's life, under a veil which no power of man can lift. So is it even in trade.

Passing for the present some other stations, it may be useful to glance at Scindia's country, his great fort at Gwalior, and his new palace at Lushkur, referred to in the former of these papers.

The entire district is one memorable in the Mutiny. There was a time indeed when the balance seemed to rest here, and when defeat, or unfaithfulness on the part of our allies, would have meant at least extreme danger to British rule. The *Times* of the period said :—

When the mutinies broke out, Scindia and Holkar, whose territories are continuous and closely adjacent to the disturbed districts, remained faithful to our cause, and the former, who was by far the most powerful of the two, displayed considerable judgment as well as loyalty in the policy he pursued. In virtue of the arrangements subsisting between himself and the British Government, he maintained from the revenues of his Principality a compact and well-disciplined force of more than 5,000 men, as a 'Contingent' available in aid of the Bengal Army. This force, now so notorious under the name of the Gwalior Contingent, was organized and officered exactly like our own Sepoy Regiments, and proved true to its model in all respects by joining in the mutiny at a very early period. Scindia's measures were taken with great ability. Like other Native Princes in his position he retained in his pay, and under his independent control, a certain military force over and above the contingent due to the Bengal establishment, and this force he played off against the mutineers.

And again, a little later :—

Holkar, also, like Scindia, though in a less conspicuous degree, has been our steady ally, and the Rajah of Puttialla rendered us services of such critical importance that it would be hard to exaggerate them. Delhi, the scene of our life-and-death grapple, stands midway between Puttialla and Gwalior, and while Scindia was neutralizing the treason of the Contingent, the Puttialla chief, on the other side, was contributing his utmost to the sustenance and reinforcement of Sir Archdale Wilson's army. It is to this Rajah, and others in the same district, that we are indebted for our supplies during the siege, and for the facilities of communication which enabled the requisite succours to come down from the Punjab. To remunerate these chieftains with becoming munificence would be an act not only of justice but of prudence, for they have shown themselves able not only to appreciate British rule, but to support it sagaciously and courageously in times of peril.

In June 1858 the Commander-in-Chief notified in a general order his "high gratification" that the town and fort of Gwalior had been conquered by Major-General Sir Hugh Rose, on the 19th inst., after a general action, in which the rebels, who had usurped the authority of Maharajah Scindia were totally defeated. On the 20th of June, the Maha-

rajah Scindia, attended by the Governor-general's Agent for Central India, and Sir Hugh Rose, and escorted by British troops, was restored to the palace of his ancestors, and was welcomed by his subjects with every mark of loyalty and attachment. It was on June 1 that the rebels, aided by the treachery of some of Maharajah Scindia's troops, seized the capital of his Highness's kingdom, and hoped to establish a new Government under a pretender in his Highness's territory. Eighteen days had not elapsed before they were compelled to evacuate the town and fort of Gwalior, and to relinquish the authority which they had endeavoured to usurp.

It would be easy to quote at great length tributes to the loyalty, bravery, and in many cases, high capacity of chiefs friendly to our rule in the Mutiny, but these extracts may be taken as fair and ample specimens of the tone and drift of English public opinion at the time. It is worth repeating, with all possible emphasis, that neither chiefs nor people think that the national word has been fairly kept with respect to the loyalty and good faith manifested to us in our need. Happily the Political Resident at Morar, Colonel Willoughby Osborne, with whom the Maharajah Scindia comes chiefly into contact, is not merely a distinguished officer, but is also considerate and judicious in his dealings with the chief, and able by the mere force of character to smooth away many difficulties which a man of less tact and judgment would render insuperable. I saw a little of their intercourse at Morar, and noted its frankness on both sides. A drive of about six miles from Morar, over a straight road, shaded from end to end with fine trees, brings you to the Mah-ratta city of Lushkur (meaning camp or army), situated at the foot of the high rock which forms the famous fort of Gwalior, to all appearance (but of course to appearance merely) almost as strong as Gibraltar. Within what seems but a stone's-throw, but really 800 yards from our No. 1 battery, and entirely commanded by it, is Scindia's new palace, now in course of construction, and likely to be one of the most chaste and beautiful buildings in the East. In general outline it is not unlike the Tuileries, but in elegance and comfort it

is oriental, not impressing the mind with grandeur like the Vatican, nor with that sense of majestic self-reliance almost peculiar to Windsor, but rich in provisions for perfect quietude, ease and luxury, for indoor and outdoor fountains and baths, costly flower-beds and gardens, ingenious plans for defying the sun at his hottest, for amusements suited to every season, for receptions and much besides. It conveys under different conditions an idea of what is suggested by the ruins of Pompeii of the tastes and habits of the most luxurious of the Romans. £10,000, I was told, will be spent for lighting alone. The approach is exceedingly picturesque. The thickly shaded road is under the very guns of the fort, and stretches from our station at Morar to Scindia's "city," in one long line of rural quietude, broken only by the tread of the elephant and the camel, and the low but incessant hum, and the quiet laughter, of crowds of peasants coming from and going to no Englishman can be expected even to guess where. Here is the Jhansi road along which the great heroine (the Boadicea, as educated natives call her) of India rode with Tantia Topee to the siege of Gwalior in those days when she fought us to the bitter end, neither asking nor giving quarter. People tell of this woman's great faults, but we may depend upon it India reveres her memory for a courage rarely surpassed among women, and will hand down her name to distant ages. Defeated at Jhansi, she retreated on Gwalior, and there, in the desperate fight at Lushkur Hill, near to where Scindia's new palace stands, the proud, wronged, brave woman died, leaving only a legacy of hate and a really potent name. I have previously said that the people on these roads stared haughtily, and gave a hundred scowls for one salaam. The horses, camels, elephants, were all stopped till the European conveyance passed, but there the courtesy ended. Now and then the women covered their faces, but on the whole they looked up bravely, and at times saucily. They for the most part wore petticoats of

Manchester or other cotton, in singular contrast to the fashion of the ladies of Bengal, who have a curious way of rolling themselves in their garments, in incomprehensible but graceful folds. Women or men, the people of Scindia's territory are a fine race, with almost perfect limbs, and a bearing proud and dignified. As horsemen their skill is well known. A horse to the Mahratta boy is what a sword is to the French boy and the boat to an English one. It represents the main pride of his race; his own chief business too in life. Approaching Lushkur we come first, at the end of the avenue of trees, to what is called the old bazaar, the most curious of many I had seen in India. It is a long narrow series of most incomprehensible curves, connected by primitive bridges, also twisted in all manner of shapes, and skirting the sides of ravines or quarries alive with workers. The entire road is lined with shops, in front of which the people seem always engaged somehow—working or talking, and with temples where hosts of devotees say their never-ceasing prayers. The new bazaar, more regular in design, is a continuation of the old one. Then begin the grounds of Scindia, and here one may learn, if one has not yet learned, that a native chief still rules. Any number of servants are at once in attendance, offering their services, forestalling your wishes as to sight-seeing, pointing out what is curious, hoping you are not tired, behaving, in short, as it would be pleasant to see the vergers of cathedrals, and the people in charge of show-palaces, behave in England. The inhabited palace is not far away, but I believe it is only interesting from the fact that the horse in which Scindia escaped from the mutineers is still shown there. The new house, with the workmen at their work, was sufficiently illustrative of all that was most interesting and suggestive in the under-current of the native life on Scindia's territory. I was told in another part of India, I do not know on what authority, that though only allowed by treaty to keep 10,000 men

in arms, Scindia could, in consequence of a system of constant changes, bring 60,000 men into the field without any great trouble or strain.

Towering over palace and city is the great fortress of Gwalior, seen from a distance, in form like a huge beast of prey, grim, rugged, ready for the spring, with jutting peaks, and deep indentations which might pass for natural curves, and dwarf foliage which might in the imaginary picture be set down for shaggy hair. Like most of the old fortresses of India, Gwalior seems as if it had been especially designed for the purpose to which it has been applied. The fortifications of Portsmouth puzzle a civilian, but, like Gibraltar, there is no puzzle in the fortifications of Gwalior, Agra, Mongyhr, Fort William, or Fort George. The hill of Gwalior rises from the midst of a wide and extended plain, with open ground on every side. It has an upper surface about a mile and a half long and three quarters of a mile wide, and is ascended by a rugged, rocky, and unpleasantly curved path, six hundred yards long, and in one place with a gradient of as much as one in five. It could only be assailed from one hill, almost due west, and about 2,000 yards distant. This, of course, means that the fort is unassailable by any artillery in the possession of native India. Access to it is, of course, far from easy, even when none but friends are above; an ascent otherwise than by elephant or palki is almost the only alternative to going on foot. On an elephant in this case the ascent was made, in the grey dawn of morning, and with a panorama before one of such marvellous beauty that neither the jolting of the animal (rather uncomfortable at the steeper places) nor his propensity to walk (as elephants will walk) on the most hazardous parts of the road could cause one to turn away—I had almost said for a moment—from the scene. In the far distance, rising like spectres in the morning haze, were the Jhansi Hills, barely defined, but forming a fine background to a picture which the sun was tinting with the first rays of day. Beyond was

territory once the Ranee's, now governed by British troops—men of the same regiments as those on the hill above, the Royal Artillery and the gallant 63rd. Beneath was Scindia's city, just awaking to life for the day. Then, far and near, here in cultivated beauty, there, in wild waste, and as if untouched by man since the creation of the world, was one vast expanse of foliage, dense as a forest, varied in colour, relieved by lofty trees and bamboo huts, by red tiles, and as one saw in some places, and knew of others, by the teeming life of a people who, though now to all appearance peaceful, have known on occasions both how to die and how to fasten victory to their flags,—a teeming life indeed, instinct with the selfsame feelings which in old times again and again deluged India with blood. Above, on all manner of elevations of the rock, at every turn of the abrupt curves, one came to a fresh sentinel or guard, sometimes so distant that the red coat only was distinguishable, or the red coat and the bright steel with which British soldiers, wherever the British flag flies, give their first generous welcome to countryman or friend. The path passes through five gateways, the last of which opens on the plateau. There you are amongst British soldiers, though not under the British flag. The flag that flies from the staff of honour is Scindia's; our occupation is merely one of "possession in trust." We turn out our guns to fire a royal salute on the Maharajah's birthday; we fire no salute at Gwalior on the birthday of the Queen—it is always *the* Queen, in India, as if there were no other for English soldiers, as indeed there is not. Our troops chafe at this law of salutes, and might possibly be tempted to do more than chafe if military discipline were not stronger than even military instinct. It is an anomaly at best.

The first words I heard on the plateau were in the racy brogue of "Ould Ireland," from a man of the 63rd, one of an army found in every climate, that has succeeded where Rome failed, and that

is more nearly what the army of Rome was in its best days than any other army of modern times. This thought again must come uppermost in most minds in view of the British flag and the red coat at an Indian station. Standing with one's back to the ascent, Scindia's buildings—his palace (never now used), his storehouses, in ruin—are on the right; the English barracks and storehouses are on the left; the garrison numbers between three and four hundred infantry, and a battery of artillery, eighty men. The place must have been at one time like a fortified town. Its capacity for storage is practically unlimited. Among the objects of interest, there is a famous Jain Temple, a finer ruin, I think,—if a building in so wonderful a state of preservation can be called ruin—than the Jain Temple at Benares. It is covered with images, some of fine workmanship; the roof is perfectly water-tight, the walls, built without mortar, stand as if they had been knit together by nature, rather than the hand of man. In the centre of the hill there is a strangely rugged gully, known as "the Happy Valley," a huge chasm, like a series of quarries, covered in almost every part with dense green foliage, and apparently as deep as the base of the hill. The area is large enough to contain an army, but the only means of descent is by a rugged, dangerous, narrow path, overhanging precipices which in some places seem like chaos. A poor fellow of the 63rd, a deserter, it is supposed, not long ago missed his way from the fort, fell into the Valley, and was found next day in a form not pleasant to describe. The Happy Valley, like the Jain Temple, is notable for its images, scattered in thousands over the grey rock, meeting you at every step, in all manner of leafy recesses, appearing, indeed, almost to people the glen. The commandant of the fort, Major Gordon, who kindly went over the place with me, estimated the entire number of images in the fort at 20,000 at least. Their age is supposed to be not less than 2,000 years, yet they would have

been perfect, but that every image, without exception, is mutilated—a legacy of the iconoclastic Mahomedan rule. Yet in no case that I saw or heard mentioned, has the mutilation seriously impaired the image as a work of art. All the Mahomedan conqueror cared for was that there should remain no perfect image for worship. That secured, he asked no more; the rare workmanship was preserved, as in Elephanta and elsewhere, for the zeal of Englishmen in search of those precious relics which are brought home and preserved carefully for a few years, then questioned and doubted as to identity, then thrown aside, perhaps without ever having induced one idea in the mind of the possessor, or suggested an idea to any other mind from first to last. Even however if such relics did convey ideas, none the less would the vandalism be inexcusable and disgraceful.

This Happy Valley must, at one time, when turbulence raged around, have deserved its name. The rocks even in dry weather drip with water, the fort contains several serviceable wells, and with a reasonable provision of food to defy blockade, and stout hearts on the plateau, the old image-worshipping rulers of Gwalior, each in his pleasant quiet grove, with his selected god, would probably, however the storm raged without, find all the bliss that earth seemed capable of affording. And so with the Mussulman in his grander conception of the one God. The old conquerors of India had an eye for every commanding hill, for spots commanding without the possibility of being commanded; and here during many centuries chains were forged for the tillers of the soil, and the cunning workers for whom India was famous long before we had a name among nations. They built, not for a day but for ages. They were too wise to withdraw the people from productive labour for war—to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. Earlier traditions with respect to caste never were obliterated. The soldier was born to war, the weaver to his loom, the writer to his pen, the tiller to his

rude but useful plough. Thus certain forms of civilization often went on even when tides of devastating war, succeeded by dreadful epidemics worse than war, spread over vast tracts of country, and often over whole kingdoms from river to river. Of the tides of conquest only a few have left distinguishing marks behind, but some of these marks are indelible. Alexander the Great, one is shocked to find, leaves little but a name. But Hindoo art and Mahomedan art and iconoclasm survive in proportions which rank, both in creation and destruction, among the most mighty works of men. Last of all we came, as a people born out of due time. How we blundered into empire, while France with her perfect theories and scientific plans failed, is one of the marvels of history; but we won, and occupy at this moment the places and wield the power of distinguished monarchs and administrators. We have one advantage over our predecessors in the fact that if we lose a great man we can at once replace him without either an elective franchise or war. The people were amazed at the way in which, on Lord Mayo's sad death, his place was immediately filled, without noise or parade, but with a firmness not to be mistaken for fear. If a ruler of earlier days had died by assassination, no such demeanour would have been possible. When the Ameer of Afghanistan dies there will almost certainly be war to the knife. His brave son Yakooab and his brave nephew Rahman will be in the field, defying both the selected youngest son and the ignored eldest one—Rahman probably with Russian help, almost certainly with Russian connivance, for the recovery of what, by a law of primogeniture, would have been his patrimony. Here we have the vantage ground. We have for our guidance a history as clear for all purposes of statesmanship as a limpid brook. We can see the causes of failure, and the causes of success. If seeing means learning, and learning wisdom in policy and action, not only will our raj long remain, but India will wish it to remain. One other note may be worth publication.

At the entrance to the fort, in one of the gateway houses, there is said to be a political prisoner, confined there since the Mutiny—a Rajpoot prince, whose guilt was suspected but not proved. I did not see the man—or at least did not know of the fact, probably I did see him—but I heard gentlemen well-informed, and not in the least “sentimental,” speak of the case as a pitiable one. The prisoner is doubtless in many respects free, and in most may be comfortable, but surely a strong government does not need to imprison him in these times.

Agra and Delhi, however, perhaps give an Englishman the most vivid idea of the nature and tenure of our rule in India, for there more than elsewhere you see the old sovereignty as well as the new in iron strength. Lucknow gives the idea of beauty, of great wealth, hardly of sovereignty in its power. You see the king as magistrate, see him as he reposed after the duties of the day—a ruler worthy of the name always had kingly duties in the East; you almost forget that the magistrate was also expected to be the warrior. In Delhi and Agra the impression is different; you cannot mistake that you are in the cities of great kings, who not merely administered justice, but led armies. I shall take Agra as the instance. There is no possibility of forgetting here that you are standing, or driving, or walking where some of the most magnificent of eastern sovereigns reigned. The streets of old Agra, paved with blocks of stone like London streets now, are among the most crooked, crowded streets in the world, and so narrow that the traffic is in a state of perpetual obstruction. You see also, though, that the fronts of the old houses are elaborately and beautifully carved, and that you are passing through a maze of industry, of patient work, of all that makes life endurable in these lands. At every door-step, or within what in England would be a window, you see the skilled artisan at his work, or the salesman or saleswoman vending wares for which their ancestors were noted many ages ago. In dingy shops, not unlike marine

stores in Europe, you may purchase shawls at enormous prices, or precious stones worth a king's ransom. You know that the stones under your carriage wheels are the very same upon which the magnificent Akbar and others drove in days when other races ruled in this fine city; that the verandas from whence you are being overlooked are those from which homage was paid to great monarchs; that the life, rich or poor, is identically the same life in nearly all, if not all, leading characteristics, as that which existed here when the wolf and the wild boar held revel in Britain. Nothing, indeed, either in Benares or Cairo (I take the most oriental cities I know) impresses one so much with a sense of orientalism as do these narrow streets of Agra. You turn from this to the fort—the Fort of Akbar, but now an element of European intrusion, of daring innovation, in short of a new civilization dropped down, as it were, to leaven and disturb traditions, habits, impulses older than history. Within the Fort you see marble palaces to whose rare beauty no pen or pencil ever yet has done justice. From its walls you see the Taj, standing out like a fairy palace in a wilderness, and tombs, mosques, temples and palaces, which attest, and will long attest, the grandeur of bygone times, when only human life was valueless, but of times, nevertheless, which the people, with instincts akin to our own, call “good,” as well as “old.” So little appreciation is there even of clever civil officers and European laws. From one side of the Fort you are pointed (as noticed in the earlier paper) to where the King of Delhi was proclaimed during the mutiny, while English children played on the marble floors in the royal palaces within. In another place you are directed to where five hundred English lancers were caught, while grooming their horses, by a body of Mahrattas, ten to one in number, and where the Mahrattas in their turn found that they had caught Tartars; the lancers, in one of those headlong impulses which at such moments, known

in the Peninsula, as well as at Balaclava, are by friend and foe alike allowed to be sublime, mounted instantly, drove back the enemy like chaff before the wind, and returned as from a hunting-field, in a spirit more like frolic than war. You are shown the Somnauth Gates, which Lord Ellenborough made so famous, the guns captured by Sir George Campbell—famous surely for that; the grave of Lieut.-Governor Colvin (described to me by one who knew him well in those trying times as "one of the finest men I ever saw, and one of the most heroic,") and the stone put up by "a devoted wife," who attests that her brave husband was worn out with the duties and anxieties of his office—a very touching tribute. Then you have that throne of Akbar, beyond all question the grandest judgment-seat in the world, and other ancient remains of which a volume might be written; of which, indeed, volumes have been written, and still the subjects are not exhausted. The palaces are in course of restoration by the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Drummond, whose efforts in this way have been unwearied. We have never created anything at all to be compared with these palaces, and perhaps never shall. One palace, built by the Emperor Jehânghir for his Hindoo wife, has a curious moral. Everything conducive to comfort might have been expected; but that everything needed for Hindoo devotion should also be provided by one who believed that devotion to be idolatry, is a little beyond the toleration of Europe, even in these times. But all this was done by Jehânghir.

I asked several times if the Fort would stand a siege for ever so short a time against European artillery, and the reply was almost uniformly the same:—"When we are reduced to standing a siege here against European troops, the Fort will be of little use." I asked again, in effect, oftener than twice or thrice, "What danger chiefly do you fear?"

and I had pretty nearly, in effect, the same reply. "We fear English views of economy on the one hand, and the influence of opinion other than economical on the other. Either might prevent a victory being followed up beyond the Indus. To retain India, and from India to occupy the commanding position in the East, English individuality must have fair play. A man with organizing powers should be free from the dread of seeing at any moment his work of organizing native races nipped in the bud. The native army should be reorganized. The system of drawing officers from the Queen's army has failed. The Staff corps gives us field-officers where we need subalterns. The officers do not know their men, nor the men their officers, &c., where personal influence is all-important." These are almost the exact words of a distinguished officer, and they represent the sentiments of many. They are the words of one who is not a grumbler; who indeed has no need to grumble, if a distinguished position is any security against it. Under an able commander, with full power to organize men, and with a willingness to reward loyalty, courage, and efficiency, the officers of the English army in India would be much more likely to turn the tide against an invader than to fear invasion. When we remember that Anglo-Indian troops could be taken to Egypt a generation ago, what might not be done in these times, so long as we are supreme at sea? The talk about Russia as an enemy is commoner among civilians than among soldiers, and commoner at home than in India. But it is common enough to hear officers in India say—"We never are sure what England may do up to the point when her blood is up. She is very philanthropic till she is hit, and then she finds her way to an opposite extreme. This is dangerous, and might once more prove inconvenient."

JAMES ROUTLEDGE.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

RICHARD BAXTER.¹

It may be in the recollection of some that in the course of last year I assisted at a like celebration to this in the town of Bedford. It is difficult to conceive a greater outward contrast than that between John Bunyan and Richard Baxter; between the stout burly youth who played on the green at Elstow, and the pale, lean, dyspeptic student who came hither from the banks of the Severn; between the homely, direct language, the native poetic genius of the illiterate tinker, and the multifarious knowledge, the hair-splitting arguments, and the prosaic disputations of the chief of English Protestant schoolmen. Their lives ran almost parallel to each other, yet, so far as we know, the one passed his threescore, the other his threescore and sixteen years without ever having seen the other, without having ever grasped each other's hand or looked in each other's face. We are far better acquainted with both than either at the time could have been with either. But there seemed to be special reasons why,

¹ An Address at the Inauguration of the Statue of Richard Baxter, at Kidderminster, July 28, 1875. Large parts of the Address were omitted in the delivery.

The statue (by Mr. Brock) represents Baxter with one hand lifted up as if preaching, the other resting on the Bible. On the pedestal of the statue is the following inscription:—

"Between the years 1641 and 1660

this town was the scene of the labours of

RICHARD BAXTER,

renowned equally for his Christian learning and his pastoral fidelity.

In a stormy and divided age

he advocated unity and comprehension, pointing the way to the Everlasting Rest.

Churchmen and Nonconformists

united to raise this memorial, A.D. 1875."

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though with some hesitation, I should respond to the invitation with which I was honoured on this occasion, and endeavour to bring out some lessons peculiar to Baxter, and full of instruction for our age, perhaps even more than for his own.

I. Unlike Bunyan, he lived not in the byways and corners of religious biography, but in the very thick of the crowded and eventful conflict of the national crisis—known, feared, hated, beloved throughout the realm. He was one of those who, without occupying the first place amongst men of letters, or the first place amongst men of action, occupy a conspicuous place in both. There is a saying of Luther's in which he divides the foremost men of his time and country into four classes:—*Words, not deeds*—Erasmus, the great scholar; *Deeds, not words*—Martin Luther himself, the great Reformer; *Deeds and Words*—Philip Melancthon, scholar and reformer; *Neither deeds nor words*—Carlostadt, the useless iconoclast. This is a classification which runs through all ages, and not least through the seventeenth century of our own history. At the head of *Words, not deeds* shall we not place the blind, disabled, immortal Milton? At the head of *Deeds, not words*, none can rival the dumb, inarticulate, confused, but all-powerful Oliver. Those who had *neither deeds nor words*—the foolish, empty, ranting, canting partisans—was not their name "legion" both amongst Royalists and Roundheads? But for *deeds and words* together there is hardly any one that can stand comparison with

Richard Baxter. It has been truly¹ said that he represented the spirit of the century more than any other single man, both in its weakness and its strength. Look at him in court and camp—confronting with equal energy Protector and King, demagogue and despot, wild enthusiast or worldly politician. Look at his labours for fourteen long years in this town. There are some three or four parishes in England which have been raised by their pastors to a national, almost a world-wide, fame. Of these the most conspicuous is Kidderminster, for Baxter without Kidderminster would have been but half of himself; and Kidderminster without Baxter would have had nothing but its carpets. You gave him the place from which he moved the English world. He gave to you the fame which on this day has attracted hither representatives from every class in England, and even from beyond the Atlantic.

What he was and how he dealt as he went in and out amongst you I leave to be related by one who knows him and all his time so well, that I am almost inclined to believe him to be that very contemporary come to life again whom Baxter is always describing as “the judicious² Dr. Stoughton;” one to whose kindly Nonconformist hands we gladly make over, by a singular reverse, that aspect of Baxter’s career in which he was most emphatically a minister of the National Church—much in the same way as, in Dante’s Vision of Paradise, Bonaventura, the Franciscan, rejoices to think that the praises of his founder, St. Francis, shall be sung by Thomas Aquinas, chief of the rival sect of the Dominicans.

Here, in Kidderminster, if nowhere else, his pulpit, his church, his portrait, his chair, his books, your invitation³ to

¹ Hunt’s “Religious Thought in England,” i. 265.

² See the “Saints’ Everlasting Rest” *passim*. This address was followed by an able and exhaustive account of Baxter’s pastoral career by the Rev. Dr. Stoughton.

³ This invitation to him and his still more interesting farewell have not been published. They were seen on this occasion through the kindness of the Rev. Thomas Hunter of Dr. Williams’s Library.

him, his farewell to you, will for ever nourish the recollection that with you, as he said, “the pleasantest part of all his life in the ministry was passed;” because nowhere else were his spiritual successes so great; because you saw in him one who, as a distinguished contemporary⁴ said, “feared no man’s displeasure, and hoped for no man’s preferment;” who exemplified in his own person one of his own farewell precepts—“He that will avoid doing evil must be taken up with doing good.”

II. But I turn from his deeds, which belong especially to this place, to his words, which belong to all mankind; his words, so far as we can separate them from his deeds, when the one must be to the other as the thunder to the lightning. Think of his prodigious sermons—prodigious to read, how much more to hear, two to three hours long—think of that wonderful series of “several sermons” preached in Westminster Abbey “On the Vain Religion of the Formal Hypocrite.” Look at his volumes—150 as some reckon, 200 as others.⁵ When Boswell asked Dr. Johnson which of Baxter’s works he recommended to be read, that great old Churchman roared out, “Read any of them—they are all good.” I have not followed, nor do I recommend you to follow, this advice; nor do I believe it. Baxter’s works are not all good—nor is any of them good throughout. Even the “Saints’ Rest” has only become readable by abridgment on abridgment. The “Reformed Liturgy,” which he wrote in a fortnight, is a model of activity, but not of devotional style. In comparison with it, as Matthew Arnold says, even our old friend “Dearly beloved” can well stand its ground. There is something provokingly contentious in his objections to every scheme of worship or government except his own. Even the utmost “dissidence of dissent” would acknowledge that he must have been at times captious beyond endurance. His digressions and divisions are absolutely interminable. His

⁴ Robert Boyle (Orme, ii. 447).

⁵ Burnet gives 200. But Grosart (in the annotated list appended to Baxter’s “What Must I Do to be Saved?” p. 56) gives 159.

mode of stating doctrines, though often generous and genial, is more often harsh and repulsive. He is filled with the most extravagant notions of his age on portents and on magic. His solutions of speculative difficulties are often like the medical receipts which he recommended from his pulpit to his flock. "Take three gallons of clarified whey, put in it two handfuls of balm, and as much frumity, and as much borage, boil it to two gallons, and put it in a stone pot of earth that hath a spigot at the bottom, and put into it a thin canvas bag, two ounces of lemon, an ounce of epithyme, an ounce of bruised aniseed, and a handful of ground-ivy (called alehoof)," &c. &c.¹ His learning, wide as it was, had little of that critical discrimination or profound research that renders even the errors of great scholars fruitful. "Read," he says, "the writings of our old solid divines, such as Perkins, Bolton, Dodd, Sibbs, and especially Doctor Preston; begin with the Assembly's 'Lesser Catechism,' then read the Greater, and next Master Ball's, and then Doctor Ames's 'Marrow of Divinity.'"² Alas! how few of these are now ever heard of, whilst Benedict Spinoza, who seemed to Baxter "a paltry fellow, not worth the naming,"³ has achieved a universal fame, and veneration alike as a philosopher and as a saint. We can understand how Baxter looked forward to communion in the other world with the great saints of the Old and the New Testament—the heroes of early Christianity or of the Reformation—the patriots of his own time, Pym, Hampden, and Brooke.⁴ But we can hardly forbear a smile when we read that he also confidently relies on the delights of an eternal converse with "Zanchius, Pareus, Piscator, Camero, Whitelocke, Cartwright, Brightman, Dodd, Stukes, Bayne, Bradshaw, Bolton, Bell, Hildersham, Pemble, Twiss, Paston, Sibbs."

Yes—Bishop Burnet was right when he said that "Baxter meddled in too many things, and was, most unhappily, subtle and metaphysical in everything,"

with tedious subtilty and bad metaphysics. But it is this very tissue of contradictions of colour, of unprofitable stuff, through which—if I may draw a figure from the world-famous manufacture of Kidderminster—there run golden threads and solid strands, which redeem even the most obscure parts from ignominy, and at times are woven into patches and fringes of glorious splendour.

1. That same discerning contemporary whom I have just quoted observes that Baxter had "a very moving and pathetic way of writing, and was his whole life long a man of great zeal and much simplicity." It is this power that we now call "earnestness" which to the listening ear distinguishes even the most tiresome of his arguments from the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of the rhetoric of many of his contemporaries. That often repeated saying of his,⁵ which has become proverbial, that he preached "as a dying man to dying men," was in his case no mere figure of speech. Never was there a case where the spirit so triumphed over the feebleness of the flesh, as in that long conflict with "pleurisy, nephritic, and cholic," with the thirty-six doctors whom he invoked, and his own innumerable remedies; the "fourteen years of a languishing state when he had scarcely a waking hour free from pain; twenty several times near to death—in constant expectation of his final change; yet still not wholly disabled to God's service; his dull heart forced to more importunate requests, and with more rare discoveries of His mercy than he could have had in a more prosperous state."⁶

Even as a mere specimen of endurance and of indefatigable struggle against every kind of physical obstacle, Baxter's long painful existence is an example to us all. You, if there be any here, who are life-long invalids, or who, like our dear friend and pastor, Baxter's present successor, have been brought down to the gates of death, and returned through the long and wearisome ascent

¹ Baxter's Works, xvii. 280.

² Ibid. xxii. 335.

³ Ibid. xv. 48, 64. ⁴ Ibid. xxii. 122.

⁵ Orme, i. 151; also Baxter's "Poetical Fragments," p. 30.

⁶ Works, xxii. 2, 3.

of slow and difficult recovery—should take courage from his example, and be convinced that in the way of doing the work of God even the feeblest of frames, and the most trying sicknesses are not a fatal bar. "Weakness and pain helped me," he says, "to study how to die—that set me on studying how to live, and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives or comforts. Beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and now," he says at the close of his life, "I am going to see that for which I have lived and studied."¹

But this leads us to the thought of the permanent weight which is thus given to all his words; namely, that they are not the mere effusions of a man throwing off his speculations in the exuberance of health, but the expressions of a spirit which felt itself constantly, as he says, "at the door of eternity," "as it were with one foot in the grave—a man that was betwixt living and dead."² "Whilst we wrangle here in the dark"—this was his constant thought—"we are dying and passing to that world which will decide all controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness."³ It was this deep seriousness which gave a new nerve and force to his intellectual ardour. "I would as soon doubt the Gospel verity," said Coleridge, "as I would doubt Baxter's veracity." It was this gave such a religious solemnity to his devouring insatiable appetite for truth in all its forms. "He that can see God in all things, and hath all his life sanctified by the love of God, will above all men value each particle of knowledge of which such holy⁴ use may be made, as we value every grain of gold." "Every degree of knowledge tendeth to more, and every known truth befriendeth others, and, like fire, tendeth to the spreading of our knowledge to all neighbour truths that are intelligible." "Look to all things, or to as

many as possible. When half is unknown the other half is not half known." "Truth is so dear a friend, and He that sent it so much more dear, that whatever I suffer I dare not stifle or conceal it!" "As long as you are uncertain, profess yourselves uncertain; and if men condemn you for your ignorance when you are willing to know the truth, so will not God; but when you are certain, resolve in the strength of God, and hold fast whatever it costs you, even to the death—and never fear being losers by God, by His truth, or by fidelity in your duty."⁵ That strain is indeed of a higher mood than the cant of the mere theological disputant. It is the strain of Luther or of Locke. It is the rebuke to the cowardly panics of our religious world; it is the rebuke to the cynical indifference of our scientific world; from one who, had he lived in our days, would, alike in the pulpit and the lecture room, have opened upon us that consuming fire of his love for truth, which, as he says, "he could not keep secret to himself, shut up in his heart and bones."

2. But we have yet to ask what was the message which this ever-dying saint, this indomitable student, was specially empowered to deliver. It was that which has been inscribed on his monument. "In a stormy and divided age"—stormy with the storms of three revolutions, divided with the divisions of a hundred sects—"he advocated unity and comprehension." Many other thoughts abounded in that teeming brain, but they are more or less secondary. This one thought was primary, and ever-recurring. Other messages of divine or human truth were delivered with more force and consistency by others of his time. But in the solemn proclamation of this message he stood pre-eminent. Milton and Jeremy Taylor in the eloquence of the "Areopagitica" and the "Liberty of Prophecy," Tillotson in his prudent and generous policy, Chillingworth and Cudworth in their philosophic arguments, promoted the same great cause of healing the divisions of Christendom and enlarging

¹ Orme, i. 11.

² "Poetical Fragments," Aug. 7, 1681 Works, xxii. 2.

³ Orme, ii. 239.

⁴ Works, xv. 207; xxiii. 440, 441.

⁵ Works, xv. 174, 184; xxiii. 441.

the borders of the National Church. But with Baxter this zeal for the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life, was the fundamental dogma of his theology, the absorbing passion of his existence, mingling with all his combats in this world, and with all his meditations on the world to come. "In necessary things unity, in unnecessary things liberty, in all things charity." This famous maxim was dug out by Baxter from an obscure German treatise¹ and made almost the motto of his life, and now it has gradually entered into universal

¹ Works xxii. 8; xxiii. 145. I subjoin the account of this treatise from Herzog's Cyclopædia, a reference which I owe to the kindness of Mr. Thomas Hunter.

"Rupertus Meldenius was a conciliatory theologian of the seventeenth century, of the particulars of whose life nothing can be ascertained; even his name has been considered a fictitious one. He is known only by one writing, *Parænesis votiva pro pace ecclesiæ ad Theologos Augustanæ Confessionis*. As early as 1736, J. G. Pfeiffer, Professor of Theology in Leipzig, feared that the writing might be lost, and caused it to be printed in his *Miscellanea Theologica*, and from these Lücke has it in his work—'Upon the age, the author, the original form, and proper sense of the ecclesiastical formula of concord, *In necessariis Unitas; in non necessariis Libertas; in utrisque Caritas*, Göttingen, 1850.'

Lücke tries to determine the time of Meldenius, when he made it apparent from the *Parænesis* that he was personally acquainted with John Arnd, and wrote this work between the twentieth or fortieth years of the seventeenth century. By means of the work *Stabilitæmentum Irenicum*, 1635, discovered in the Hamburg Library, in which some sentences of the *Parænesis* are quoted, this conjecture of Lücke's is confirmed. As to the author we discover indeed nothing, still it mentions him as a well-known man, with no indication that the name was fictitious.

"Rupert Meldenius was a true exponent of the formula of concord; he does not think of a union of both churches; but in the midst of the troubles of the Thirty Years' War he longs for the inner peace of the Church, for a practical piety instead of the dry controversial theology of the schools. Nevertheless, he is far from all extravagance; he is healthy throughout, in that time a very rare phenomenon. The *Parænesis* consists of two parts: in the first, the author describes shortly the position of the Lutheran Church, and in the second he presents the remedy. He charges the theologians that they do not properly distinguish between things necessary and

literature, and been deemed worthy of no lesser name than that of the great Augustine, who, I fear, with all his power and piety, never, or hardly ever, wrote anything so good or so wise as this. Listen to a few of the sayings in which Baxter carried out this maxim—"I tell you that if you use but true love and willingness in a diligent, reformed, pious, and righteous life, there is, certainly there is, saving faith and knowledge within."² "I will not be one that shall condemn or reject a lover of God and Christ and holiness for want of distinct particular knowledge, or words to utter it aright."³ "The least contested points are commonly the most weighty."³

unnecessary; one must be always prepared for combat, but one must not continuously strive. In order effectually to build up a church the minister must be in the holiness of his life blameless. Nothing is more to be dreaded than pharisaic hypocrisy, out of which proceed φιλοδοξία, φιλαργυρία, and φιλονεκία. The chief faults of the theologian of the time the author describes in ten pages, and concludes with the exclamation, *Serva nos, Domine, alioquin perimus*. In contradistinction to these shortcomings, Rupert describes in the second part the contrary virtues, humility, contentment, love of peace, which the Christian must practise. A lack of love is the cause of all sorrow. Knowledge there is enough of, but love, the true salt, is deficient. One can scarcely believe that a minister, whose sins are forgiven by God, should not cover the faults in the writings of his colleagues with the mantle of love. *Omnium vero norma*, says Rupert, *sit caritas cum prudentia quiddam pia et humilitate non ficta conjuncta*. Rupert does not altogether reject controversial theology, but there must be connected with it a pious and thoughtful moderation. It is very much to be feared that one would rather lose than win the love of Christ in his heart by the transgression of moderation in the discernment of divine secrets. The old saying is familiar, *Nimium altercando amittitur veritas*. Then Rupert compares the former and present condition of Christendom, and concludes with saying, *Si nos servaremus in necessariis Unitatem; in non necessariis Libertatem; in utrisque Caritatem, optimo certe loco essent res nostræ*. . . . "This writing, with its breath of genuine piety, appears in these days of ours, to have been soon forgotten without particular effect, but it remains to us as a monument that God, even in those dreary times, did not lack men who could have led in the right way, but that he found none to listen."

² Works, xv. 218; xvi. 336.

³ Ibid. xxiii. 271.

Again and again, amidst all his own limitations and contradictions, he falls back on the Creed the Lord's Prayer and the Decalogue, as the essentials and fundamentals of religion; and maintains that "no particular words in the world are essential to our religion; otherwise no man could be saved without the language those words belonged to." And even to the objection, so terrifying in his own age as in our own, that the breadth of this scheme would admit the Papist and the Socinian, he boldly replied, "So much the better, and so much the fitter it is to be the matter of our concord."¹ "For myself," he says, "I will take no narrow name; I will be a Christian, a mere Christian, a Catholic Christian." That much-abused word "Catholic" was to him the expression of his dearest convictions. He always uses it in its original sense of "universal," "comprehensive." It runs through the titles of his treatises, it forms the staple of his arguments. If it ever could be redeemed from its perverted use, it would have been by the persistent accuracy with which he was determined to employ it. In the last resort sin and moral evil were, in his judgment, the only grounds of division in Christendom—holiness and moral goodness the only grounds of union here or hereafter.

3. It was by no hasty or presumptuous partisanship that Baxter arrived at a Christian liberality so far beyond his age. In some respects it cut directly across the grain of his own combative dogmatism; across the current of his own impassioned earnestness. But he has enabled us to see the processes by which he reached these serener heights, and the process is even more instructive than the conclusions,—perhaps even congenial to some to whom the conclusions may be startling and offensive. It is now many years ago since, on one of the few occasions when I had the pleasure of meeting the late Sir James Stephen, he recommended me, with his own peculiar solemnity, to read the last twenty-four pages of the first part of

Baxter's "Narrative of his Own Life."² "Lose not a day in reading it," he said; "you will never repent of it." That very night I followed his advice, and I have ever since, publicly and privately, advised every theological student to do the same. It was a passage easy to be found, for, with a singular concurrence of favourable testimony, it was extracted as the very flower of Baxter's writings³ in a well-known work by an eminent Churchman of the last generation—father of two gifted bishops, one of our own, the other of the Scottish Episcopal Communion. From the latter of this Episcopal pair, who once delivered an address in this place, full of admiration of your famous pastor, I have received a letter written by the poet Wordsworth, bearing his own unbiased witness to the extraordinary excellence of

² Book I., Part I., pp. 124—138. The passage has lately been republished in a separate form.

³ In the fifth volume (p. 552—597) of "Ecclesiastical Biography; or, Lives of Eminent Men Connected with the History of Religion in England." By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, father of the present Bishop of Lincoln and the present Bishop of St. Andrew's, and brother of the poet. The interesting address of Bishop Charles Wordsworth to which I refer above was delivered in Kidderminster on August 22, 1862, on "The Reunion of the Church in Great Britain." The poet's opinion was communicated to the Master's wife, and by her to her husband:—"Your brother says the most interesting part of your book is in Baxter's account of himself,—of which there is too little,—and the most dull and tedious is Philip Henry, of which there is too much. On the whole he is much pleased with your work. He and his sister have read it through." The Master—as I learn from the Bishop of St. Andrews, to whose kindness I owe these family reminiscences—when he was compiling his "Christian Institutes" for "Students in the Universities and the Junior Members of the several Learned and Liberal Professions," and "wished to insert in them the best and most comprehensive catechetical work he could find in the English language," made choice of Baxter's "Catechizing of Families," "in preference to all others, after the fullest deliberation." I add a memorandum of the old Cambridge Churchman's favourite works, furnished by the same kind authority. "STANDING DISHES. (Theology).—Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Butler, Leighton, Baxter. (Miscellaneous) Verse.—Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth. Prose.—Bacon, Burke, Milton."

¹ "Narrative of his Own Life," p. 198.

this extract: "The most interesting part," writes the poet to his learned brother, "of all the work is Baxter's account of himself."

The passage is indeed worthy of all these praises. It stands in the very foremost rank of autobiographical reflections; and I make bold to say that in permanent practical instruction it as much excels anything even in the "Confessions" of Augustine, as in ordinary fame it falls below them. It sums up the "soul-experiment" by which the venerable man, at the close of his eventful life, acquaints his readers "what change God had made upon his mind and heart since the unriper times of his youth, and where he had differed in judgment and disposition from his former self." The interest of this summary is not merely that it reiterates in every shape and form that desire for unity of which I have already spoken, but that it points out the various stages by which every serious student of human nature and of his own history may rise above the crude and narrow notions by which all men, especially perhaps all religious men, are exposed in their early or their less instructed years.

The substitution of solid for superficial knowledge; the sense of the uselessness of verbal controversy; the keen perception of the difference between essentials and non-essentials; the assurance that "the best doctrine and study is that which maketh men better and conduceth to render them happy;" the clear insight into the various gradations of certainty; the transition from morbid introspection of self to the contemplation of the Infinite goodness and wisdom; the growth of learning and experience that led him to distrust any exclusive authority, and to despise more and more the spirit of party; the power of "seeing more good and more evil in all men and in all churches than heretofore;" the acknowledgment that goodness, and goodness alone, whether amongst heathens or Christians, is the sole and the efficient condition of salvation; the growth of toleration even for those whom his own times and his own feelings led him

most to suspect and fear; his increased horror of separation; his increased indifference to the approbation of men; his detestation of "selfishness"¹—that new word which he and his Puritan friends appear to have coined for the express purpose of expressing their virtuous indignation against it—these are the seeds of great and fruitful thoughts which the training of a long life had sown in his own mind, and which, through his record of them, he has sown for all future generations. Read that touching narrative, my younger friends, for it contains the very warning which you all need; whether Churchman or Nonconformist, whether Radical, Liberal, or Conservative—for possibly you may be amongst those very characters that he elsewhere describes; as "young and raw, like young fruit, sour and harsh, addicted to pride of their own opinions, to self-conceitedness, turbulence, censoriousness, and temerity, and to engage themselves for a cause and party before they understood the matter." Read it, my older friends, for it is the very point at which we ought all to have reached, and which not to have reached is our bitter shame and condemnation; be amongst those whom he describes as "ancient and experienced Christians, that have tried the spirits and have seen which was of God and which of man; and noted the work of both in the world, like ripe fruit mellow and sweet."²

And neither in this immortal passage, nor elsewhere, does Baxter allow us to forget that these free and noble aspirations, these counsels of moderation³ and philosophical discrimination, are founded on those eternal principles of true religion, which of themselves banish and drive away a whole brood of errors on the right hand and on the left. What can be more complete than that reply to the

¹ The word occurs frequently in Baxter. For the novelty of its appearance see Archbishop Trench's "Study of Words."

² "Narrative of his Own Life," Part II., p. 144, and "Farewell Letter" (unpublished).

³ For the way in which "Moderation" was the especial pride of the English Presbyterian party of that day, see Hunt's "Religious Thought in England," i. 410.

vast herd of controversialists who use words without meaning and doctrines without definition? "There is no confuting a man that saith nothing. Nonsense is unanswerable, if thou hast enough of it."¹ "O happy the world, happy the kingdoms, most happy the Churches of Christ, if we could possibly bring men to know their ignorance."² "In a word, almost all the contentions of divines, the sects, the factions, the unreconciled feuds, the differences in religion, which have been the taunt of the devil and of his emissaries in the world, have come from pretended knowledge and taking uncertain for certain truths."³ What a tissue of theological falsehood and frivolity could be rent to pieces if that hope were fulfilled. "When will the Lord persuade us not to be wise above that which is written; but to acknowledge that which is unrevealed to be beyond us; and that which is more darkly revealed to be more doubtful to us." "Being in sickness cast far from home, where I had no book but my Bible, I set to study the truth from thence, and so, by the blessing of God, discovered more in one week than I had in seventeen years' reading, hearing, and wrangling."⁴ What a healing, pacifying, invigorating influence is wrapt up in that title of one of his books: "Catholic Theology, plain, pure, and peaceable, for the pacification of the dogmatical word-warriors, who, by contending about things not revealed, or not understood, and by taking verbal differences for real, and their arbitrary notions for necessary sacred truths, deceive and deceiving by ambiguous unexplained words, have long been the shame of the Christian religion; . . . written chiefly for posterity, when sad experience has taught men to hate theological logical wars, and to love, sue, and care for peace."⁵ What a new face would be put on our disputes, whether in private or public life, if we were to engrave on our hearts these aphorisms:—"Acquaint yourselves with healing truths; and labour

to be as skilful in the work of pacifying and agreeing men, as most are in the work of dividing and disagreeing. Know it to be a part of your catholic work to be peace-makers, and therefore study how to do it as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. I think most divines themselves in the world do study differences a hundred hours, for one hour that ever they study the healing of differences; and that is a shameful disproportion. Do not bend all your wits to find what more may be said against others, and to make the differences as wide as you can, but study as hard to find out men's agreements, and to reduce the differences to as narrow a compass as is possible. And to that end, be sure that you see the true state of the controversy, and distinguish all that is merely verbal from that which is material; and that which is but about methods and modes and circumstances from that which is about substantial truths; and that which is about the inferior truths, though weighty, from that which is about the essentials of Christianity. Be as industrious for peace among others, as if you smarted by it yourself; seek it, and beg it, and follow it, and take no nay. Make it the work of your lives. Lay the unity of the Church upon nothing but what is essential to the Church. Seek after as much truth, and purity, and perfection as you can, but not as necessary to the essence of the Church, or any member of it; nor to denominate and specify your faith and religion by. Tolerate no error or sin so far as not to seek the healing of it: but tolerate all error and sin consisting with Christian faith and charity, so far as not to unchristian and unchurch men for them. Own no man's errors or sins, but own every man that owneth Christ, and whom Christ will own, notwithstanding those errors and infirmities that he is guilty of. Bear with those that Christ will bear with; especially learn the master duty of self-denial, for it is self that is the greatest enemy to catholicism."⁶

¹ Works, xvi. 474. ² Ibid. xv. 116.

³ Ib. xv. 89. ⁴ Ib. xxii. 237; Orme ii. 46.

⁵ Ibid. xvi. 367, 368.

Works, xvi. 367, 368, 'comp.' 282, 347, 393, 405, 436, 447; xv. 94.

And with this larger view of Christian communion, the whole horizon of Christian thought was enlarged also. When, a few years ago, the cause of theological inquiry pleaded for its life before the tribunals of our Church and country, Baxter was one of the chief witnesses evoked from the past to bear his venerable testimony to the boundless wealth, variety and freedom of Biblical study.¹ The possibility of a religious man doubting some parts of the Old Testament without abandoning the New²—doubting even the New Testament without abandoning the fundamental principles of the Christian faith, was as clear to his mind as to some of the boldest thinkers of our own time—as clear as to that eminent scholar and philosopher, the most learned, the wisest, and the ablest of English bishops who has just been taken from amongst us.³ However much at times his statements may have been darkened by the subtleties of his time, yet on the whole he maintained—against the scholastic, Lutheran, or Puritan view of “imputed righteousness” and “substitution”—the moral and spiritual doctrine of Christian redemption, as set forth in the Gospels and Epistles, or in the most philosophic of German and English divines.⁴ The confidence in the internal evidence of religion as alone sufficient, was as deeply rooted in his soul as in that of Coleridge, or Arnold, or Carlyle. “The melody of music is better known by hearing it than by reports of it. So there is a latent sense in us of the effects of the gospel in our own hearts which will ever cause us to love it and to hold it fast.”⁵

Such was the teaching of the great pastor, and such was he himself—“Richard Baxter,” (to use his own words) “who, by God’s blessing on long and hard studies, hath learnt to

know that he knoweth but little, and to suspend his judgment of uncertainties, and to take great, necessary, and certain things for the food of his faith and comfort and the measure of his church communion.”⁶ Even in his outward life he exemplified as few men else have ever done the confluence of all Christian influences. He was born of Puritan parents, yet converted by a book of Jesuit devotions. He was ordained in Anglican orders, offered an Anglican Bishopric, the pastor of an Anglican parish, even a candidate, though an unsuccessful candidate, for a place in⁷ Convocation; yet the oracle and patriarch of Evangelical Nonconformity, the friend of Calamy and Howe, of Hampden, and of Pym. Immersed as he was in the controversial theology of the Puritans, he was yet the zealous admirer of Richard Hooker, the most majestic of our divines, of George Herbert, the most saintly of our sacred poets—Herbert in whose “temple” he took refuge with the “sound of Aaron’s⁸ bells from the jingling of scholastic philosophy;”—and he delighted in the converse of Tillotson and Tillotson’s disciples and companions, whom the fanatics of his own and of⁹ later times have so severely condemned as almost unworthy of the name of Christian. He is claimed as the first parent of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the most venerable of the Missionary Societies of the Church; he is claimed also as the first parent of the extreme school¹⁰ of Noncon-

⁶ Works, xv. p. ii. ⁷ Orme, i. 253; ii. 442.

⁸ Orme, i. 147. The whole passage is beautiful.

⁹ See the bitter complaints of Orme, i. 327; and compare the like attacks of the non-jurors on the same divines.

¹⁰ In connection with the relations of the Unitarians to Baxter, it may be interesting to insert the accompanying letters. The first is from the late lamented J. J. Taylor, who in his sermon on Nonconformity, speaks of “Baxter, whom we are proud to claim as our spiritual progenitor.” He had spoken to me in the same strain in 1868, and sent me as a proof his own well-worn copy of Arthur Young’s “Baxteriana” with these words:—

“Young’s introduction always struck me as singularly touching and beautiful. The chief defect in his selection is, that arranging his

¹ See “Defence of Dr. Rowland Williams before the Court of Arches,” by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen in 1862, p. 128-133.

² Works, xv. 46, 60, 61, 73, 74.

³ Bishop Thirlwall died on July 27, 1875.

⁴ See Orme, ii. 42, 43, 55, 56, 130, with the hostile remarks of the editor.

⁵ Hunt’s “Religious Thought in England,” i. 276, 464.

formity which in Kidderminster possesses his pulpit, and which, in a wider sense, dating its spiritual lineage from his large and liberal spirit, has often, with whatever departure from his theology, lifted up before the churches the banner of tolerance and freedom that Baxter was among the first to unfurl. He was the champion, sometimes the almost solitary champion, of scrupulous consciences, in his gallant protests against what he deemed the imposition of unjust tests and burdens, whether extracts under practical heads, he has no reference to the dates of the works whence they are taken. As Baxter's mind was pre-eminently a progressive one, growing in freedom and insight, and expanding in love to the very last, this total disregard to chronology in his compiler may have occasioned here and there an apparent, in some cases even a real, inconsistency between the tone and tendency of the different extracts. Nevertheless, with all the defects with which it can be reasonably charged, this little volume ever seemed to me full of spiritual wealth."

The second is from the Rev. James Martineau, in 1875. He writes as follows:—

"In his posthumous autobiography and review of his times, Baxter exhibits in his own person a large portion of the same change from dogmatic to moral and spiritual Christianity, which his influence bequeathed to the so-called 'Presbyterian' congregations. Without any indication of material doctrinal change in himself, his confessions abound in sentiments of the most comprehensive charity, and in words of longing for a union of Christians by a simplification of the terms of fellowship. When it was objected to him that his Church scheme would let in 'the Papist or the Socinian,' he replied, 'so much the better for concord;' adding that the proper way to deal with them, so far as they were wrong, was not to set up a test against them, and compel them to consolidate their error in institutions of their own, but to keep them at home and 'call them to account' by reasonable remonstrance, when they seemed to misrepresent the truth. For himself, he will take no narrow name; though he will say what he thinks on disputed points to any one that cares to know, and teach what he deems true to the people. But he will be 'a *Christian*, a *mere Christian*,' or, 'if that be not enough, a *Catholic Christian*.'

"This aversion to tests and creeds became universal and traditional among the 'English Presbyterians;' and, in the entire absence of any attempt at a Presbyterian order ecclesiastically, remained the sole distinction contrasting them with the Independents, who always retained the inner circle of the *Church* (i.e., communicants admitted by examination) as distinct from the *congregation*. The open usage of the Presbyterians gradually led to

against the Solemn League and Covenant¹ of the Church of Scotland or against the too stringent enforcement of the Articles and Prayer Book of the Church of England, yet still entreating his flock at Kidderminster and his disciples throughout the kingdom to avoid separation, to adhere to the National Church, to assist in its services, and to share in its communion. In all these multiplied aspects Baxter was a living proof that Churchmanship and Nonconformity,² that breadth of thought and fervour of devotion, not only can co-exist in the same Church, but in the same individual.

And is not this noble monument a standing, speaking proof of the same great doctrine? Around his statue at this moment stand the representatives of the three great officials, who, without a sigh or a struggle, saw his expulsion from Kidderminster—the Lord-lieutenant of the county, the Bishop of the diocese, the Vicar of the parish. Round the same statue are gathered also the representatives of the two camps of Nonconformists, so hostile to each other in the seventeenth century—in the language of Dryden, the Presbyterian "Wolf," and the Independent "Bear"—the representatives, let me rather say, of those diverging lines of saint-like men who, through Priestley and Channing on

variations of doctrinal opinions, Arminian, Arian, Unitarian in the modern sense; so that our spiritual ancestry is undoubtedly found in the Baxterian line, as our material possessions, chapels, grave-yards, endowments, are an inheritance of similar descent.

"I wish I could say that in departing from the theology of Baxter, we were faithful to the catholicity which has given us the power to change. But, on the emergence of Priestley's definite humanitarianism, the doctrinal interest came to the front; numbers of people began to come in from more dogmatic churches; societies for defence and propagation of a special theology were formed; congregations helped by them caught the infection of a narrow zeal, and, forgetting the old Baxterian hatred of party badges, thought it a point of honour to assume the word '*Unitarian*' as an ecclesiastical name, and a merit to build up an organised '*Unitarian Church*;' and, under these influences, we are fast losing the noblest feature of our historical position, and handing over the future to those who inherit a less freedom, but appreciate and exercise a greater."

¹ Orme, i. 138.

² See Orme, i. 82.

the one side, through Watts and Doddridge on the other, have adorned the two opposite schools of Nonconforming opinion. And not only on a special occasion like this, but on the march of imperial and ecclesiastical legislation, which in this country are happily still undivided, his principles have left the trace of their enduring triumph. The galling subscriptions,¹ the excessive demand of uniformity, under which he and his brethren suffered, and but for which they would never have been parted from us, have been one and all, some of them within the last few years, swept away by an indignant Church and nation. The enlightened protests which he was almost the first to deliver against the fierce anathemas and the exclusive doctrines contained or implied in some passages of our formularies, have been endorsed by at least half of the Clergy and almost all the Episcopate.² The scheme which he proposed, of approved and tolerated Churches, has been made the basis of our whole ecclesiastical polity. The interchange of social intercourse, which he sought to establish between the different classes of English Christians in Kidderminster and Worcestershire, is all but accomplished throughout the land.³ The grand ideal of a National Church,⁴ after which he panted as a hart panteth after the water brooks, is now increasingly in the ascendant in the highest minds; and, unless intercepted by some unexpected and untoward catastrophe, will surely be accomplished—if not in the exact form which he suggested, yet in some form or other; if not in our days, yet in the days of our children. In his last hours, as in his full activity, he said,—and it

was a speech pregnant in far-reaching consequences, the very seed of the Church of the Future,—“I would as willingly be a martyr for charity as for faith.” “I would rather be a martyr for love than for any other article of the Christian Creed.”⁵

III. And this leads me to one final remark. We must not forget that he whom we now commemorate with such peaceful unanimity, in his lifetime lived in a whirl of discord and turmoil. Partly, no doubt, from his own eager polemics; partly and chiefly from the perpetual misunderstandings to which a character beyond his time is exposed. By Quakers he was attacked as a child of darkness;⁶ by Calvinists as a fanatical Quaker; by Churchmen as a Socinian;⁷ by Independents as a Papist; by Royalists as a traitor doomed to the very depths of hell.⁸ All this is now past. The pamphlets of his assailants, his own rejoinders and counter-rejoinders, have sunk deeper than ever plummet sounded. The chaff of his life, the chaff of his writings is sifted and winnowed away; and the wheat, the pure wheat, remains to be gathered into the Eternal Garner. It is a proof of his real goodness and eminence—it is a proof of what real goodness and eminence can achieve—that the noble memories of his character have survived and overbalanced the trivial, the distasteful, the acrimonious elements with which it was encompassed. The admiration of the best spirits of his own and future times has prevailed over the violence of petty faction and petty jealousy, and over his own contentious self. Sir Matthew Hale in his unfailing friendship; Lord William Russell in his dying testimony; Burnet in his grateful acknowledgments; Ussher, when he entreated him to write the “Call to

¹ Orme, ii. 242. ² Orme, i. 482—498.

³ Orme, ii. 206.

⁴ There is a touching passage, in which he expresses his hope that Richard Cromwell might accomplish this task, “who had been strangely kept from participating in the late bloody actions, that God might make him the healer of our breaches, and employ him in that temple work which David himself might not be honoured with, though he had it in his heart, because he had shed blood already, and made great wars (Works, xiv. 1, 2).” Contrast this with his editor’s words.—Orme, ii. 229.

⁵ Baxter’s Narrative, p. 364.

⁶ In contrast to the Quakers of that day, a respected “Friend” of our own time, has told me that a member of the Society of Friends sent a copy of the “Saints’ Rest” to the Duke of Wellington, which many years afterwards his son believed that he saw as one of the three books on the table of the Duke, by his camp-bed, at Walmer Castle.

⁷ Works, xxii. 221.

⁸ Orme, ii. 392, 375.

the Unconverted ;" Elliot,¹ the apostle of the Indians, when he translated that book next after the Bible ; Arthur Young, who, after a brilliant and stirring life, in old age and blindness, found his peace at last in the thought of Baxter's soul "reposing on the bosom of a Saviour's love"—all these turn out to be more correct judges, more prescient seers than the narrow partisans who saw in him a mere butt for scorn and slander, or a mere combatant of an opposite school. In this, our day, they have had an echo in the applauding voice of the most accomplished and the most eloquent of our living prelates, the most philosophical of our divines, the most genial and venerable of our clergy, whether Conforming or Nonconforming. His tall commanding figure, his gaunt features, by the art of the sculptor, are once more seen among us. They now recall something higher and more universal even than his efforts after union, or his struggles for liberty. He and his works have entered into that everlasting rest for which he so longed.² He has taught us the way to that rest in words which rise above the jargon of all sects, and may strike a chord in the most

philosophic, no less than in the most devout mind.³ His uplifted hand calls to the unconverted, as of the seventeenth, so of the nineteenth, century, "to turn and live ;" to turn⁴ and live in accordance with the thousand voices of the Bible, of conscience, of good example, of nature—to turn from all our mean, degrading sins ; from all our frivolity, self-indulgence, idleness, corruption, and party spirit ; from that want of charity, and want of truth, and want of faith, which depress us all alike—upwards to the higher and more heavenly frame of heart, to the peculiar nobleness of spirit, which, as he truly says, distinguishes not only men from beasts, or the good from the bad, but the best of men from the mediocrity of their kind.

Not only in the turmoil of controversy, but in the toil and misery of daily life, in the restlessness of this restless age, his serene countenance tells us of that unseen, better world, where "there remaineth a rest for the people of God." It reminds us of that entire resignation wrung from his lips in those latest words:—"Where Thou wilt, what Thou wilt, how Thou wilt."⁵ It reminds us of the high and humble hope that "after the rough and tempestuous day we shall at last have the quiet silent night—light and rest together ; the quietness of the night without its darkness."⁶

A. P. STANLEY.

¹ Orme, ii. 101.

² "Rest—how sweet a word is this to mine ears. Methinks the sound doth turn to substance, and having entered at the ear doth possess my brain, and thence descendeth down to my very heart ; methinks I feel it stir and work, and that, through all my parts and powers, but with a various work on my various parts. To my wearied senses and languid spirits, it seems a quieting powerful opiate ; to my dulled powers, it is spirit and life ; to my dark eyes, it is both eyesalve and a prospective ; to my taste, it is sweetness ; to mine ears, it is melody ; to my hands and feet, it is strength and nimbleness. Methinks I feel it digest, as it proceeds, and increase my active heat and moisture ; and lying as a reviving cordial at my heart, from thence doth send forth lively spirits, which beat through all the pulses of my soul. Rest, not as the stone that rests upon the earth, nor as those clods of flesh shall rest in the grave—so our beasts must rest as well as we ; nor such rest as the carnal world desireth. No, we have another rest from these—rest from sin, but not from worship—from sorrow, but not from solace."—Works, xxiii. 407.

³ "A heart in heaven is the highest excellence of good spirits here, and the noblest part of the Christian disposition. As there is not only a difference between men and beasts, but also among men between the noble and the base ; so there is also not only a common calling whereby a Christian differs from the world, but also a peculiar nobleness of spirit whereby the more exalted differs from the rest, especially in a higher and more heavenly frame of spirit. Other creatures have their faces to the earth ; only man, of all inferior creatures, is made with a face directed heavenward. As the noblest of creatures, so the noblest of Christians, are they that are set most direct for heaven."—Works, xxiii. 224.

⁴ See the striking passage at the close of the "Call to the Unconverted."

⁵ Orme, i. 496.

⁶ Works, xxiii. 442.

THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER V.

THE GIRLS AT SCHOOL.

THE school to which Miss Maydew sent the girls was in the outskirts of a sea-side town, and it was neither the best nor the worst of such establishments. There were some things which all the girls had to submit to, and some which bore especially on the Miss St. Johns, who had been received at a lower price than most of the others; but on the whole the Miss Blandys were good women, and not unkind to the pupils. Cicely and Mab, as sisters, had a room allotted to them in the upper part of the house by themselves, which was a great privilege—a bare attic room, with, on one side, a sloping roof, no carpet, except a small piece before each small bed, and the most meagre furniture possible. But what did they care for that? They had two chairs on which to sit and chatter facing each other, and a little table for their books and their work. They had a peep at the sea from their window, and they had their youth—what could any one desire more? In the winter nights when it was cold sitting up in their fireless room, they used to lie down in those two little beds side by side and talk, often in the dark, for the lights had to be extinguished at ten o'clock. They had not spoken even to each other of their father's marriage. This unexpected event had shocked and bewildered them in the fantastic delicacy of their age. They could not bear to think of their father as so far descended from his ideal elevation, and shed secret tears of rage more than of sorrow when they thought of their mother thus superseded. But the event was too terrible for words, and nothing whatever was said of it between them. When the next great occurrence, the birth of the two babies, was

intimated to them, their feelings were different. They were first indignant, almost annoyed; then amused; in which stage Mab made such a sketch of Miss Brown with a baby in each arm, and Mr. St. John pathetically looking on, that they both burst forth into laughter, and the bond of reserve on this event was broken; and then all at once an interest of which they were half ashamed arose in their minds. They fell silent both together in a wondering reverie, and then Mab said to Cicely, turning to her big eyes of surprise,

"They belong to us too, I suppose. What are they to us?"

"Of course our half-brothers," said Cicely; and then there was another pause, partly of awe at the thought of a relationship so mysterious, and partly because it was within five minutes of ten. Then the candle was put out, and they jumped into their beds. On the whole, perhaps it was more agreeable to talk of their father's other children in the dark, when the half shame, half wonder of it would not appear in each face.

"Is one expected to be fond of one's half-brother?" said Mab doubtfully.

"There is one illusion gone," said Cicely, in all the seriousness of sixteen. "I have always been cherishing the idea that when we were quite grown up, instead of going out for governesses or anything of that sort, we might keep together, Mab, and take care of papa."

"But then," said Mab, "what would you have done with Mrs. St. John? I don't see that the babies make much difference. *She* is there to take care of papa."

On this Cicely gave an indignant sigh, but having no answer ready held her peace.

"For my part, I never thought of that," said Mab. "I have always thought it such a pity I am not a

boy, for then I should have been the brother and you the sister, and I could have painted and you could have kept my house. I'll tell you what I should like," she continued, raising herself on her elbow with the excitement of the thought; "I should like if we two could go out into the world like Rosalind and Celia.

"Were it not better, Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man?"

"But you are not more than common tall," said Cicely, with unsympathetic laughter; "you are a little, tiny, insignificant thing."

Mab dropped upon her pillow half crying. "You have no feeling," she said. "Aunt Jane says I shall go on growing for two years yet. Mamma did——"

"If you please," said Cicely, "you are not the one that is like mamma."

This little passage of arms stopped the chatter. Cicely, penitent, would have renewed it after an interval, but Mab was affronted. Their father's marriage, however, made a great difference to the girls, even before the appearance of the "second family;" the fact that he had now another house-keeper and companion, and was independent of them, affected the imagination of his daughters, though they were scarcely conscious of it. They no longer thought of going home, even for the longer holidays; and settling down at home after their schooling was over had become all at once impossible. Not that this change led them immediately to make new plans for themselves; for the youthful imagination seldom goes so far unguided except when character is very much developed; and the two were only unsettled, uneasy, not quite knowing what was to become of them; or rather, it was Cicely who felt the unsettledness and uneasiness as to her own future. Mab had never had any doubt about hers since she was ten years old. She had never seen any pictures to speak of, so that I cannot say she was a heaven-born painter, for she scarcely understood

what that was. But she meant to draw; her pencil was to be her profession, though she scarcely knew how it was to be wielded, and thus she was delivered from all her sister's vague feelings of uncertainty. Mab's powers, however, had not been appreciated at first at school, where Miss Maydew's large assertions as to her niece's cleverness had raised corresponding expectations. But when the drawing-master came with his little stock of landscapes to be copied, Mab, quite untutored in this kind, was utterly at a loss. She neither knew how to manage her colours nor how to follow the vague lines of the "copy," and I cannot describe the humiliation of the sisters, nor the half disappointment, half triumph of Miss Blandy.

"My dear, you must not be discouraged; I am sure you did as well as you could; and the fact is, we have a very high standard here," the school-mistress said.

It happened, however, after two or three of these failures that Cicely, sent by Miss Millicent Blandy on a special message into that retired and solemn chamber where Miss Blandy the elder sister sat in the mornings supervising and correcting everything, from the exercises to the characters of her pupils, found the head of the establishment with the drawing-master looking over the productions of the week. He had Mab's drawing in his hand, and he was shaking his head over it.

"I don't know what to say about the youngest Miss St. John. This figure is well put in, but her sky and her distance are terrible," he was saying. "I don't think I shall make anything of her."

When Cicely heard this she forgot that she was a girl at school. She threw down a pile of books she was carrying, and flew out of the room without a word, making a great noise with the door. What she ought to have done was to have made a curtesy, put down the books softly by Miss Blandy's elbow, curtsied again, and left the room noiselessly, in all respects save that of

walking backward as she would have done at Court. Need I describe the look of dismay that came into Miss Blandy's face?

"These girls will be my death," she said. "Were there ever such colts?—worse than boys." This was the most dreadful condemnation Miss Blandy ever uttered. "If their aunt does not insist upon drawing, as she has so little real talent, she had better give it up."

At this moment Cicely burst in again breathless, her hair streaming behind her, her dress catching in the door, which she slammed after her. "Look here!" she cried; "look here, before you say Mab has no talent!" and she tossed down on the table the square blue-lined book which her sister by this time had almost filled. She stood before them glowing and defiant, with flashing eyes and flowing hair; then she recollected some guilty recent pages, and quailed, putting out her hand for the book again. "Please it is only the beginning, not the end, you are to look at," she said, peremptory yet appealing. Had Miss Blandy alone been in the seat of judgment, she would, I fear, have paid but little attention to this appeal; but the old drawing-master was gentle and kind, as old professors of the arts so often are (for Art is Humanity, I think, almost younger than letters), and besides, the young petitioner was very pretty in her generous enthusiasm, which affected him both as a man and an artist. The first page at once gave him a guess as to the inexpediency of examining the last; and the old man perceived in a moment at once the mistake he had made, and the cause of it. He turned over the first few pages, chuckling amused approbation. "So these are your sister's," he said, and laughed and nodded his kind old head. When he came to a sketch of Hannah, the maid-of-all-work at the Rectory, the humour of which might seem more permissible in Miss Blandy's eyes than the caricatures of ladies and gentlemen, he showed it to her; and even Miss Blandy, though meditating downright slaughter upon

Cicely, could not restrain a smile. "Is this really Mabel's?" she condescended to ask. "As you say, Mr. Lake, not at all bad; much better than I could have thought."

"Better? it is capital!" said the drawing-master; and then he shut up the book close, and put it back in Cicely's hands. "I see there are private scribbings in it," he said, with a significant look; "take it back, my dear. I will speak to Miss Mabel to-morrow. And now, Miss Blandy, we will finish our business, if you please," he said benevolently, to leave time for Cicely and her dangerous volume to escape. Miss Blandy was vanquished by this stratagem, and Cicely, beginning to tremble at the thought of the danger she had escaped, withdrew very demurely, having first piled up on the table the books she had thrown down in her impetuosity. I may add at once that she did not escape without an address, in which withering irony alternated with solemn appeal to her best feelings, and which drew many hot tears from poor Cicely's eyes, but otherwise, so far as I am aware, did her no harm.

Thus Mab's gifts found acknowledgment at Miss Blandy's. The old drawing-master shook his fine flexible old artist hand at her. "You take us all off, young lady," he said; "you spare no one; but it is so clever that I forgive you; and by way of punishment you must work hard, now I know what you can do. And don't show that book of yours to anybody but me. Miss Blandy would not take it so well as I do."

"Oh, dear Mr. Lake, forgive me," said Mab, smitten with compunction; "I will never do it again!"

"Never, till the next time," he said, shaking his head; "but, anyhow, keep it to yourself, for it is a dangerous gift."

And from that day he put her on "the figure" and "the round"—studies, in which Mab at first showed little more proficiency than she had done in the humbler sphere of landscape; for having leapt all at once into the exer-

cise of something that felt like original art, this young lady did not care to go back to the elements. However, what with the force of school discipline, and some glimmerings of good sense in her own juvenile bosom, she was kept to it, and soon found the ground steady under her feet once more, and made rapid progress. By the time they had been three years at school, she was so proficient, that Mr. Lake, on retiring, after a hard-worked life, to well-earned leisure, recommended her as his successor. So that by seventeen, a year before Mrs. St. John's death, Mab had released Miss Maydew and her father from all responsibility on her account. Cicely was not so clever; but she, too, had begun to help Miss Blandy in preference to returning to the Rectory and being separated from her sister. Vague teaching of "English" and music is not so profitable as an unmistakable and distinct art like drawing; but it was better than setting out upon a strange world alone, or going back to be a useless inmate of the Rectory. As teachers the girls were both worse off and better off than as pupils. They were worse off because it is a descent in the social scale to come down from the level of those who pay to be taught, to the level of those who are paid for teaching—curious though the paradox seems to be; and they were better off, in so far as they were free from some of the restrictions of school, and had a kind of independent standing. They were allowed to keep their large attic, the bare walls of which were now half covered by Mab's drawings, and which Cicely's instinctive art of household management made to look more cheery and homelike than any other room in the house. They were snubbed sometimes by "parents," who thought the manners of these Miss St. Johns too easy and familiar, as if they were on an equality with their pupils; and by Miss Blandy, who considered them much too independent in their ways; and now and then had mortifications to bear which are not pleasant to girls. But there were two of them, which was

a great matter; and in the continual conversation which they carried on about everything, they consoled each other. No doubt it was hard sometimes to hear music sounding from the open windows of the great house in the square, where their old schoolfellow, Miss Robinson, had come to live, and to see the carriages arriving, and all the glory of the ball-dresses, of which the two young governesses got a glimpse as they went out for a stroll on the beach in the summer twilight, an indulgence which Miss Blandy disapproved of.

"Now why should people be so different?" Cicely said, moralizing; "why should we have so little, and Alice Robinson so much? It don't seem fair."

"And we are not even prettier than she is, or gooder—which we ought to be, if there is any truth in compensation," said Mab, with a laugh.

"Or happier," said Cicely, with a sigh. "She has the upper hand of us in everything, and no balance on the other side to make up for it. Stay, though; she has very droll people for father and mother, and we have a very fine gentleman for our papa."

"Poor papa!" said Mab. They interchanged moods with each other every ten minutes, and were never monotonous, or for a long time the same.

"You may say why should people be so different," said Cicely, forgetting that it was herself who said it. "There is papa, now; he is delightful, but he is trying. When one thinks how altered everything is—and those two little babies. But yet, you know, we ought to ask ourselves, 'Were we happier at home, or are we happier here?'"

"We have more variety here," said Mab decisively; "there is the sea, for one thing; there we had only the garden."

"You forget the common; it was as nice as any sea, and never drowned people, or did anything dangerous; and the forest, and the sunset."

"There are sunsets here," said Mab,—"very fine ones. We are not forgotten by the people who manage these things up above. And there is plenty

of work ; and the girls are amusing, and so are the parents."

"We should have had plenty of work at home," said Cicely ; and then the point being carried as far as was necessary the discussion suddenly stopped. They were walking along the sands, almost entirely alone. Only here and there another group would pass them, or a solitary figure, chiefly tradespeople, taking their evening stroll. The fresh sea-breeze blew in their young faces, the soft dusk closed down over the blue water, which beat upon the shore at their feet in the softest whispering cadence. The air was all musical, thrilled softly by this hush of subdued sound. It put away the sound of the band at Miss Robinson's ball out of the girls' hearts. And yet balls are pleasant things at eighteen, and when two young creatures, quite deprived of such pleasures, turn their backs thus upon the enchanted place where the others are dancing, it would be strange if a touch of forlorn sentiment did not make itself felt in their hearts, though the soft falling of the dusk, and the hush of the great sea, and the salt air in their faces, gave them a pleasure, had they but known it, more exquisite than any mere ball, as a ball, ever confers. One only knows this, however, by reflection, never by immediate sensation ; and so there was, as I have said, just a touch of pathos in their voices, and a sense of superiority, comfortable only in that it was superior, but slightly sad otherwise, in their hearts.

"I don't know what makes me go on thinking of home," said Cicely, after a pause. "If we had been at home we should have had more pleasure, Mab. The people about would have asked us—a clergyman's daughters always get asked ; and there are very nice people about Brentburn, very different from the Robinsons and their class."

"We should have had no dresses to go in," said Mab. "How could we ever have had ball-dresses off papa's two hundred a year ?"

"Ball-dresses sound something very grand, but a plain white tarlatan is not

dear when one can make it up one's self. However, that is a poor way of looking at it," said Cicely, giving a little toss to her head, as if to throw off such unelevated thoughts. "There are a great many more important things to think of. How will he ever manage to bring up the two boys ?"

Mab made a pause of reflection. "To be sure Aunt Jane is not their relation," she said, "and boys are more troublesome than girls. They want to have tutors and things, and to go to the university ; and then what is the good of it all if they are not clever ? Certainly boys are far more troublesome than girls."

"And then, if you consider papa," said Cicely, "that he is not very strong, and that he is old. One does not like to say anything disagreeable about one's papa, but what *did* he want with those children ? Surely we were quite enough when he is so poor."

"There is always one thing he can do," said Mab. "Everybody says he is a very good scholar. He will have to teach them himself."

"We shall have to teach them," said Cicely with energy ; "I know so well that this is what it will come to. I don't mean to teach them ourselves, for it is not much Latin I know, and you none, and I have not a word of Greek—but they will come upon us, I am quite sure."

"You forget Mrs. St. John," said Mab.

Cicely gave a slight shrug of her shoulders, but beyond that she did not pursue the subject. Mrs. St. John's name stopped everything ; they could not discuss her, nor express their disapprobation, and therefore they forbore religiously, though it was sometimes hard work.

"Blandina will think we are late," at last she said, turning round. This was their name for their former instructress, their present employer. Mab turned dutifully, obeying her sister's touch, but with a faint sigh.

"I hope they will be quiet at the Robinsons as we are passing," the girl

said. "What if they are in full swing, with the 'Blue Danube' perhaps! I hate to go in from a sweet night like this with noisy fiddles echoing through my head."

Cicely gave a slight squeeze of sympathy to her sister's arm. Do not you understand the girls, young reader? It was not the "Blue Danube" that was being played, but the old Lancers, the which to hear is enough to make wooden legs dance. Cicely and Mab pressed each other's arms, and glanced up at the window, where dancing shadows and figures were visible. They sighed, and they went into their garret, avoiding the tacit disapproval of Miss Blandy's good-night. She did not approve of twilight walks. Why should they want to go out just then like the tradespeople, a thing which ladies never did? But if Miss Blandy had known that the girls were quite saddened by the sound of the music from the Robinsons', and yet could not sleep for listening to it, I fear she would have thought them very improper young persons indeed. She had forgotten how it felt to be eighteen—it was so long ago.

On the very next morning the news came of their stepmother's death. It was entirely unexpected by them, for they had no idea of the gradual weakness which had been stealing over that poor little woman, and they were moved by deep compunction as well as natural regret. It is impossible not to feel that we might have been kinder, might have made life happier to those that are gone—a feeling experienced the moment that we know them to be certainly gone, and inaccessible to all kindness. "Oh, poor Mrs. St. John!" said Mab, dropping a few natural tears. Cicely was more deeply affected. She was the eldest and had thought the most; as for the young artist, her feeling ran into the tips of her fingers, and got expansion there; but Cicely had no such medium. She went about mournfully all day long, and in the evening Mab found her seated at the window of their attic, looking out with her eyes big with tears upon the darkening sea. When

her sister touched her on the shoulder Cicely's tears fell. "Oh, poor Miss Brown!" she said, her heart having gone back to the time when they had no grievance against their kind little governess. "Oh, Mab, if one could only tell her how one was sorry! if she could only see into my heart now!"

"Perhaps she can," said Mab, awe-stricken and almost under her breath, lifting her eyes to the clear wistful horizon in which the evening star had just risen.

"And one could have said it only yesterday!" said Cicely, realizing for the first time that mystery of absolute severance; and what light thoughts had been in their minds yesterday! Sighs for Alice Robinson's ball, depression of soul and spirit caused by the distant strains of the Lancers, and the "Blue Danube"—while this tragedy was going on, and the poor soul who had been good to them, but to whom they had not been good, was departing, altogether and for ever out of reach. Cicely in her sorrow blamed herself unjustly, as was natural, and mourned for the mystery of human shortsightedness as well as for Mrs. St. John. But I do not mean to say that this grief was very profound after the first sting, and after that startling impression of the impossibility of further intercourse was over. The girls went out quietly in the afternoon, and bought black stuff to make themselves mourning, and spoke to each other in low voices and grave tones. Their youthful vigour was subdued—they were overawed to feel as it were the wings of the great Death-Angel overshadowing them. The very sunshine looked dim, and the world enveloped in a cloud. But it was within a week or two of Miss Blandy's "breaking up," and they could not go away immediately. Miss Blandy half audibly expressed her satisfaction that Mrs. St. John was only their stepmother. "Had she been their own mother, what should we have done?" she said. So that it was not till the end of July, when the establishment broke up, that the girls were at last able to get home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIRLS AT HOME.

WE are so proud in England of having a word which means home, which some of our neighbours we are pleased to think have not, that, perhaps, it is a temptation to us to indulge in a general rapture over the word which has sometimes little foundation in reality. When Cicely and Mab walked to the Rectory together from the station a suppressed excitement was in their minds. Since they first left for school, they had only come back for a few days each year, and they had not liked it. Their stepmother had been very kind, painfully kind; and anxious above measure that they should find everything as they had left it, and should not be disappointed or dull; but this very anxiety had made an end of all natural ease, and they had been glad when the moment came that released them. Now, poor woman, she had been removed out of their way; they were going back to take care of their father as they might have done had there been no second Mrs. St. John; and everything was as it had been, with the addition of the two babies, innocent little intruders whom the girls you may be sure could never find it in their hearts to be hard upon. Cicely and Mab took each others' hands instinctively as they left the station. It was the first of August, the very prime and glory of summer; the woods were at their fullest, untouched by any symptom of decay. The moorland side of the landscape was more wealthy and glorious still in its flush of heather. The common was not indeed one sheet of purple like a Scotch moor; but it was all lighted up between the gorse bushes with fantastic streaks and bands of colour blazing in the broad sunshine, and haunted by swarms of bees which made a hum in the air almost as sweet and all-pervading as the murmur of the sea. As they drew near the house their hearts began to beat louder. Would there be any visible change upon it? Would it look as it did when they were children, or with that indefinable difference which showed in *her* time?

They did not venture to go the familiar way by the garden, but walked up solemnly like visitors to the front door. It was opened to them by a new maid whom they had never seen before, and who demurred slightly to giving them admittance. "Master ain't in," said the girl; "yes, miss, I know as you're expected," but still she hesitated. This was not the kind of welcome which the daughters of a house generally receive. They went in to the house nevertheless, Betsy following them. The blinds were drawn low over the windows, which were all shut; and though the atmosphere was stifling with heat, yet it was cold, miserably cold to Cicely and Mab. Their father's study was the only place that had any life in it. The rectory seemed full of nothing but old black heavy furniture, and heavier memories of some chilled and faded past.

"What a dreadful old place it is," said Mab; "it is like coming home to one's grave," and she sat down on the black haircloth easy-chair and shivered and cried; though this was coming home, to the house in which she had been born.

"Now it will be better," said Cicely pulling up the blinds and opening the window. She had more command of herself than her sister. She let the sunshine come down in a flood across the dingy carpet, worn with the use of twenty years.

"Please miss," said Betsy interposing, "missis would never have the blinds up in this room 'cause of spoiling the carpet. If master says so, I don't mind; but till he do—" and here Betsy put up her hand to the blind.

"Do you venture to meddle with what my sister does?" cried Mab, furious, springing from her chair.

Cicely only laughed. "You are a good girl to mind what your mistress said, but we are your mistresses now; you must let the window alone, for don't you see the carpet is spoiled already? I will answer to papa. What is it? Do you want anything more?"

"Only this, miss," said Betsy, "as it's the first laugh as has been heard here

for weeks and weeks, and I don't like it neither, seeing as missis is in her grave only a fortnight to-day."

"I think you are a very good girl," said Cicely: and with that the tears stood in that changeable young woman's eyes.

No Betsy that ever was heard of could long resist this sort of treatment. "I tries to be, miss," she said with a curtesy and a whimper. "Maybe you'd like a cup of tea?" and after following them suspiciously all over the house she left them at last on this hospitable intent in the fading drawing-room, where they had both enshrined the memory of their mother. Another memory was there now, a memory as faded as the room, which showed in all kinds of feeble feminine decorations, bits of modern lace, and worked cushions and foolish footstools. The room was all pinafores and transmogrified, the old dark picture-frames covered with yellow gauze, and the needlework in crackling semi-transparent covers.

"This was how she liked things, poor soul! Oh, Mab," cried Cicely, "how strange that she should die!"

"No stranger than that any one else should die," said Mab, who was more matter of fact.

"A great deal stranger! It was not strange at all that little Mary Seymour should die. One saw it in her eyes; she was like an angel; it was natural; but poor Miss Brown, who was quite happy working cushions and covering them up, and keeping the sun off the carpets, and making lace for the brackets! It looks as if there was so little sense or method in it," said Cicely. "She won't have any cushions to work up there."

"I dare say there won't be anything to draw up there," said Mab; "and yet I suppose I shall die too in time."

"When there are the four walls for Leonardo, and Michel Angelo and Raphael and poor Andrea," said the other. "How you forget! Besides, it is quite different. Hark! what was that?" she cried, putting up her hand.

What it was soon became very

distinctly evident—a feeble little cry, speedily joined by another, and then a small weak chorus, two voices entangled together. "No, no; no ladies. Harry no like ladies," mixed with a whimpering appeal to "papa, papa."

"Come and see the pretty ladies. Harry never saw such pretty ladies," said the encouraging voice of Betsy in the passage.

The girls looked at each other, and grew red. They had made up their minds about a great many things but never how they were to deal with the two children. Then Betsy appeared at the door, pushing it open before her with the tea-tray she carried. To her skirts were hanging two little boys, clinging to her, yet resisting her onward motion, and carried on by it in spite of themselves. They stared at the new-comers with big blue eyes wide open, awed into silence. They were very small and very pale, with light colourless limp locks falling over their little black dresses. The girls on their side stared silently too. There was not a feature in the children's faces which resembled their elder sisters. They were both little miniatures of Miss Brown.

"So these are the children," said Cicely, making a reluctant step forward; to which Harry and Charley responded by a renewed clutch at Betsy's dress.

"Yes, miss; them's the children! and darlings they be," said Betsy, looking fondly at them as she set down the tea. Cicely made another step forward slowly and held out her hands to them; when the little boys set up a scream which rang through the house, and hiding their faces simultaneously in Betsy's gown howled to be taken away. Mab put up her hands to her ears, but Cicely, more anxious to do her duty, made another attempt. She stooped down and kissed or tried to kiss the little tear-stained faces, to which caress each small brother replied by pushing her away with a repeated roar.

"Don't you take no notice, Miss. Let 'em alone and they'll get used to you in time," said Betsy.

"Go away, go away! Harry no like 'oo," screamed the spokesman brother. No one likes to be repulsed even by a child. Cicely stumbled to her feet very red and uncomfortable. She stood ruefully looking after them as they were carried off after a good preliminary "shake," one in each of Betsy's red hands.

"There is our business in life," she said in a solemn tone. "Oh, Mab, Mab, what did papa want with these children? All the trouble of them will come on you and me."

Mab looked at her sister with a look of alarm, which changed, however, into laughter at sight of Cicely's solemn looks and the dreary presentiment in her face.

"You are excellent like that," she said; "and if you had only seen how funny you all looked when the little demons began to cry. They will do for models at all events, and I'll take to painting children. They say it's very good practice, and nursery pictures always sell."

These lighter suggestions did not, however, console Cicely. She walked about the room with clasped hands and a very serious face, neglecting her tea.

"Papa will never trouble himself about them," she said half to herself; "it will all fall on Mab and me. And boys! that they should be boys. We shall never be rich enough to send them to the university. Girls we might have taught ourselves; but when you think of Oxford and Cambridge—"

"We can't tell," said Mab; "how do you know I sha'n't turn out a great painter, and be able to send them wherever you like? for I am the brother and you are the sister, Ciss. You are to keep my house and have the spending of all my money. So don't be gloomy please, but pour out some tea. I wish though they were not quite so plain."

"So like their mother," said Cicely with a sigh.

"And so disagreeable; but it is funny to hear one speak for both as if the two were Harry. I am glad they are not girls. To give them a share of all

we have I don't mind; but to teach them! with those white little pasty faces—"

"One can do anything when one makes up one's mind to it," said Cicely with a sigh.

At this moment the hall door opened, and after an interval Mr. St. John came in with soft steps. He had grown old in these last years; bowed down with age and troubles. He came up to his daughters and kissed them, laying his hand upon their heads.

"I am very glad you have come home," he said, in a voice which was pathetic in its feebleness. "You are all I have now."

"Not all you have, papa," said Mab; "we have just seen the little boys."

A momentary colour flushed over his pale face. "Ah, the babies," he said. "I am afraid they will be a great deal of trouble to you, my dears."

Cicely and Mab looked at each other, but they did not say anything—they were afraid to say something which they ought not to say. And what could he add after that? He took the cup of tea they offered him, and drank it standing, his tall frame with a stoop in it, which was partly age and partly weakness, coming against one tall window and shutting out the light. "But that you are older looking," he said at last, "all this time might seem like a dream."

"A sad dream, papa," said Cicely, not knowing what to say.

"I cannot say that, my dear. I thank God I have had a great deal of happiness in my life; because we are sad for the moment we must not forget to thank Him for all His mercies," said Mr. St. John; and then with a change in his voice, he added, "Your aunt sends me word that she is coming soon to see you. She is a very strong woman for her years; I look older than she does; and it is a trouble to me now to go to town and back in one day."

"You have not been ill, papa?"

"No, Cicely, not ill; a little out of my usual," he said, "that is all. Now you are here, we shall fall into our

quiet way again. The changes God sends we must accept; but the little worries are trying, my dear. I am getting old, and am not so able to brave them; but all will be well now you are here."

"We shall do all we can," said Cicely; "but you must remember, papa, we are not used to housekeeping, and if we make mistakes at first——"

"I am not afraid of your mistakes," said Mr. St. John, looking at her with a faint smile. He had scarcely looked full at her before, and his eyes dwelt upon her face with a subdued pleasure. "You are your mother over again," he said. "You will be a blessing to me, Cicely, as she was."

The two girls looked at him strangely, with a flood of conflicting thoughts. How dared he speak of their mother? Was he relieved to be able to think of their mother without Miss Brown coming in to disturb his thoughts? If natural reverence had not restrained them, what a cross-examination they would have put him to! but as it was, their eager thoughts remained unsaid. "I will do all I can, papa, and so will Mab," said Cicely, faltering. And he put down his cup, and said, "God bless you, my dears," and went to his study as if they had never been absent at all, only out perhaps, as Mab said, for a rather long walk.

"I don't think he can have cared for her," said Cicely; "he is glad to get back to the idea of mamma; I am sure that is what he means. He is always kind, and of course he was kind to her; but there is a sort of relief in his tone—a sort of ease."

"That is all very well for us," said Mab; "but if you will think of it, it seems a little hard on poor Miss Brown."

This staggered Cicely, who loved justice. "But I think she should not have married him," she said. "It was easy to see that anybody could have married him who wished. I can see that now, though I never thought of it then. And, kind as it was of Aunt Jane, perhaps we should not have left him unprotected. You ought to have gone to school, Mab, because of your

talent, and I should have stayed at home."

They decided, however, after a few minutes, that it was needless to discuss this possibility now, so long after it had become an impossibility. And then they went up stairs to take off their travelling-dresses and make themselves feel at home. When they came down again, with their hair smooth, Cicely carrying her work-basket and Mab her sketch-book, and seated themselves in the old faded room, from which the sunshine had now slid away, as the sun got westward, a bewildered feeling took possession of them. Had they ever been absent? had anything happened since that day when Aunt Jane surprised them in their pinafores? The still house, so still in the deep tranquillity of the country, after the hum of their schoolroom life and the noises of a town, seemed to turn round with them, as they looked out upon the garden, upon which no change seemed to have passed. "I declare," cried Mab, "there is exactly the same number of apples—and the same branch of that old plum-tree hanging loose from the wall!"

Thus the first evening passed like a dream. Mr. St. John came from his study to supper, and he talked a little, just as he had been in the habit of talking long ago, without any allusion to the past. He told them a few pieces of news about the parish, and that he would like them to visit the school. "It has been very well looked after lately," he said. Perhaps this meant by his wife—perhaps it did not; the girls could not tell. Then Betsy came in for prayers, along with a small younger sister of hers who had charge of the little boys; and by ten o'clock, as at Miss Blandy's, the door was locked, and the peaceful house wrapped in quiet. The girls looked out of their window upon the soft stillness with the strangest feelings. The garden paths were clearly indicated by a feeble veiled moon, and the trees which thickened in clouds upon the horizon. There was not a sound anywhere in the tranquil

place except the occasional bark of that dog, who somewhere, far or near, always indicates existence in a still night in the country. The stillness fell upon their souls. "He never asked what we were going to do," said Mab, for they were silenced too, and spoke to each other only now and then, chilled out of the superabundance of their own vitality. "But he thinks with me that the children are to be our business in life," said Cicely, and then they went to bed, taking refuge in the darkness. For two girls so full of conscious life, tingling to the finger points with active faculties and power, it was a chilly home-coming, yet not so unusual either. When the young creatures come home, with their new lives in their hands to make something of, for good or evil, do not we often expect them to settle down to the level of the calm old lives which are nearly worn out, and find fault with them if it is a struggle? Mr. St. John felt that it was quite natural his girls should come home and keep his house for him, and take the trouble of the little boys, and visit the schools—so naturally that when he had said, "Now you are here, we shall fall into our quiet way again," it seemed to him that everything was said that needed to be said.

In the morning the children were found less inaccessible, and made friends with by dint of lumps of sugar and bits of toast, of which Mab was prodigal. They were very tiny, delicate, and colourless, with pale hair and pale eyes; but they were not wanting in some of the natural attractions of children. Charley was the backward one, and had little command of language. Harry spoke for both; and I will not say it was easy for these girls, unaccustomed to small children, to understand even him. Mr. St. John patted their heads and gave them a smile each by way of blessing; but he took little further notice of the children. "I believe Annie, the little maid, is very kind to them," he said. "I cannot bear to hear them crying, my dears; but now you are here all will go well."

"But, papa," said Cicely, "will it be right for us to stay at home, when you have them to provide for, and there is so little money?"

"Right for you to stay? Where could you be so well as at home?" said the curate, perturbed. The girls looked at each other, and this time it was Mab who was bold, and ventured to speak.

"Papa, it is not that. Supposing that we are best at home" (Mab said this with the corners of her mouth going down, for it was not her own opinion), "yet there are other things to consider. We should be earning something—"

Mr. St. John got up almost impatiently for him. "I have never been left to want," he said. "I have been young, and now I am old, but I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging their bread. Providence will raise up friends for the children; and we have always had plenty. If there is enough for me, there is enough for you."

And he went out of the room as nearly angry as it was possible for his mild nature to be. Cicely and Mab once more looked at each other wondering. "Papa is crazy, I think," said Mab, who was the most self-assertive; but Cicely only heaved a sigh, and went out to the hall to brush his hat for him, as she remembered her mother used to do. Mr. St. John liked this kind of tendance. "You are a good girl, Cicely; you are just such another as your mother," he said, as he took the hat from her; and Cicely divined that the late Mrs. St. John had not shown him this attention, which I think pleased her on the whole.

"But, papa, I am afraid Mab was right," she said. "You must think it over, and think what is best for Mab."

"Why should she be different from you?" said Mr. St. John, feeling in his breast pocket for the familiar prayer-book which lay there. It was more important to him to make sure it was safe, than to decide what to do with his child.

"I don't know why, but we *are* different. Dear papa, you must think, if you please, what is best."

"It is nonsense, Cicely; she must stay where she is, and make herself happy. A good girl is always happy at home," said Mr. St. John; "and, of course, there is plenty—plenty for all of us. You must not detain me, my dear, nor talk about business this first morning. Depend upon it," said Mr. St. John, raising his soft, feeble hand to give emphasis to his words, "it is always best for you to be at home."

What a pity that children and women are not always convinced when the head of the house thus lays down the law! Cicely went back into the dining-room where they had breakfasted, shaking her head, without being aware of the gesture. "Why should I depend upon it?" she said. "Depend upon it! I may be quite willing to do it, for it is my duty; but why should I depend upon it as being the best?"

"What are you saying, Cicely?"

"Nothing, dear; only papa is rather odd. Does he think that two hundred a year is a great fortune? or that two of us, and two of them, and two maids (though they are little ones), and himself, can get on upon two hundred a year?"

"I must paint," said Mab; "I must paint! I'll tell you what I shall do. You are a great deal more like a Madonna than most of the women who have sat for her. I will paint a Holy Family from you and *them* —. They are funny little pale things, but we could light them up with a little colour; and they are *real* babies, you know," Mab said, looking at them seriously, with her head on one side, as becomes a painter. She had posed the two children on the floor: the one seated firmly with his little legs stretched out, the other leaning against him; while she walked up and down, with a pencil in her hand, studying them. "Stay still a moment longer, and I will give you a lump of sugar," she said.

"Harry like sugar," said the small spokesman, looking up at her. Charley

said nothing. He had his thumb, and half the little hand belonging to it, in his mouth, and sucked it with much philosophy. "Or perhaps I might make you a peasant woman," said Mab, "with one of them on your back. They are nature, Ciss. You know how Mr. Lake used to go on, saying nature was what I wanted. Well, here it is."

"I think you are as mad as papa," said Cicely, impatient; "but I must order the dinner and look after the things. That's nature for me. Oh, dear—oh, dear! We shall not long be able to have any dinner, if we go on with such a lot of servants. Two girls, two boys, two maids, and two hundred a year! You might as well try to fly," said Cicely, shaking her pretty head.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWS.

PERHAPS it had been premature of the girls to speak to their father of their future, and what they were to do, on the very first morning after their return; but youth is naturally impatient, and the excitement of one crisis seems to stimulate the activity of all kinds of plans and speculations in the youthful brain; and then perhaps the chill of the house, the rural calm of the place, had frightened them. Cicely, indeed, knew it was her duty and her business to stay here, whatever happened; but how could Mab bear it, she said to herself—Mab, who required change and novelty, whose mind was full of such hopes of seeing and of doing? When their father had gone out, however, they threw aside their grave thoughts for the moment, and dawdled the morning away, roaming about the garden, out and in a hundred times, as it is so pleasant to do on a summer day in the country, especially to those who find in the country the charm of novelty. They got the children's hats, and took them out to play on the sunny grass, and run small races along the paths.

"Please, miss, not to let them run too much," said little Annie, Betsy's sister, who was the nurse, though she was but fifteen. "Please, miss, not to let 'em roll on the grass."

"Why, the grass is as dry as the carpet; and what are their little legs good for but to run with?" said Cicely.

Whereupon little Annie made up a solemn countenance, and said, "Please, miss, I promised missis ——"

Mab rushed off with the children before the sentence was completed. "That's why they are so pale," cried the impetuous girl; "poor little white-faced things! But we never promised missis. Let us take them into our own hands."

"You are a good girl to remember what your mistress said," said Cicely, with dignity, walking out after her sister in very stately fashion. And she reproved Mab for her rashness, and led the little boys about, promenading the walks. "We must get rid of these two maids," she said, "or we shall never be allowed to have anything our own way."

"But you said they were good girls for remembering," said Mab, surprised.

"So they were; but that is not to say I am going to put up with it," said Cicely, drawing herself to her full height, and looking Miss St. John, as Mab asserted she was very capable of doing when she pleased.

"You are very funny, Cicely," said the younger sister; "you praise the maids, and yet you want to get rid of them; and you think what 'missis' made them promise is nonsense, yet there you go walking about with these two mites as if you had promised missis yourself."

"Hush!" said Cicely, and then the tears came into her eyes. "She is dead!" said this inconsistent young woman, with a low voice full of remorse. "It would be hard if one did not give into her at first about her own little boys."

After this dawdling in the morning, they made up their minds to work in the afternoon. Much as they loved the sunshine, they were obliged to draw down the blinds with their own hands,

to the delight of Betty, to whom Cicely was obliged to explain that this was not to save the carpet. It is difficult to know what to do in such circumstances, especially when there is nothing particular to be done. It was too hot to go out; and as for beginning needlework in cold blood the first day you are in a new place, or have come back to an old one, few girls of eighteen and nineteen are so virtuous as that. One thing afforded them a little amusement, and that was to pull things about, and alter their arrangement, and shape the room to their own mind. Cicely took down a worked banner-screen which hung from the mantelpiece, and which offended her fastidious taste; or rather, she began to unscrew it, removing first the crackling semi-transparent veil that covered it. "Why did she cover them up so?" cried Cicely, impatiently.

"To keep them clean, of course," said Mab.

"But why should they be kept clean? We are obliged to fade and lose our beauty. It is unnatural to be spick and span, always clean and young, and new. Come down, you gaudy thing!" she cried. Then with her hand still grasping it, a compunction seized her. "After all, why shouldn't she leave something behind her—something to remember her by. She had as much right here as we have, after all. She ought to leave some trace of her existence here."

"She has left her children—trace enough of her existence!" cried Mab.

Cicely was struck by this argument. She hesitated a minute, with her hand on the screen, then hastily detached it, and threw it down. Then two offensive cushions met her eye, which she put in the same heap. "The little boys might like to have them when they grow up," she added, half apologetically, to herself.

And with these changes something of the old familiar look began to come into the faded room. Mab had brought out her drawing things, but the blinds were fluttering over the open windows, shutting out even the garden; and

there was nothing to draw. And it was afternoon, which is not a time to begin work. She fixed her eyes upon a large chiffonier, with glass doors, which held the place of honour in the room. It was mahogany, like everything else in the house.

"I wonder what sort of a man Mr. Chester is?" she said; "or what he meant by buying all that hideous furniture—a man who lives in Italy, and is an antiquary, and knows about pictures. If it was not for the glass doors, how like a hearse that chiffonier would be. I mean a catafalque. What is a catafalque, Cicely? A thing that is put up in churches when people are dead? I hope Mr. Chester when he dies will have just such a tomb."

"It is not so bad as the big bookcase in the study," said Cicely; "certainly things are better now-a-days. If I had plenty of money, how I should like to furnish this room all over again, with bright young things, not too huge; little sofas that would move anywhere when you touched them, and soft chairs. They should be covered in amber——"

"No—blue!" cried Mab.

"Soft amber—amber with a bloom of white in it ——"

"In this sunny room," cried Mab. "What are you thinking of? No; it must be a cool colour—a sort of moon-lighty blue—pale, pale; or tender fairy green."

"What is fairy green? Amber is my colour—it would be lovely; of course I don't mean to say it wouldn't fade. But then if one were rich the pleasure would be to let it fade, and then have all the fun over again, and choose another," said Cicely, with a sigh over this impossible delight.

"Things sometimes improve by fading," said the artist. "I like the faded tints—they harmonize. Hush, Cicely!—oh, stop your tidying—there is some one at the door."

"It cannot be any one coming to call so soon?" said Cicely, startled.

"But it is—listen! I can hear Betsy saying, 'This way, ma'am; this way.'" And Mab closed her sketchbook, and

sat very upright and expectant on her chair; while Cicely, throwing (I am ashamed to say) her spoils under a sofa, took up her needlework by the wrong end, and, putting on a portentous face of gravity and absorbed occupation, waited for the expected visitor.

A moment after the door was flung open, but not by Betsy; and Miss Maydew, flushed with her walk from the station, as when they had first seen her, with the same shawl on, and I almost think the same bonnet (but that was impossible), stood before them, her large white handkerchief in her hand. She was too hot to say anything, but dropped down on the first chair she came to, leaving the door open, which made a draught, and blew about her ribbons violently. "I know it is as much as my life is worth," said Miss Maydew; "but, oh, how delicious it is to be in a draught!"

"Aunt Jane!" the girls cried, and rushed at her with unfeigned relief. They were more familiar with her now than they had been four years ago. They took off her great shawl for her, and loosed her bonnet strings. "Papa told us you were coming," they cried; "but we did not hope for you so soon. How kind of you to come to-day."

"Oh, my dears," said Aunt Jane, "I did not mean to come to-day; I came to see how you were taking it; and what your papa means to do. As soon as I saw it in the paper I thought, oh my poor, poor children, and that helpless old man! What are they to do?"

"Do you mean about Mrs. St John?" said Cicely, growing grave. "Papa is very composed and kind, and indeed I can do all he wants. Aunt Jane ——"

"About Mrs. St. John? Poor woman, I have nothing to say against her—but she is taken away from the evil to come," said Miss Maydew. "No, no, it was not about Mrs. St. John I was thinking, it was about something much more serious. Not that anything could be more serious than a death; but in a worldly point of view!"

"What is it?" they both said in a breath. The idea of news was exciting to them even though, as was evident

from their visitor's agitation, it was disagreeable news they were about to hear. Miss Maydew drew with much excitement from her pocket a copy of the *Times*, very tightly folded together to enable it to enter there, and opened it with trembling hands.

"There it is! Oh, my poor, poor children! imagine my feelings—it was the very first thing I saw when I took up my paper this morning," she said.

The girls did not immediately take in the full meaning of the intimation which they read with two startled faces close together over the old lady's shoulder. "At Castellamare, on the 15th July, the Rev. Edward Chester, Rector of Brentburn, Berks."

"But we don't know him," said Mab, bewildered.

Cicely, I think, had a remark of the same kind on her lips; but she stopped suddenly and clasped her hands together and gave a low cry.

"Ah, *you* understand, Cicely!" said Miss Maydew, wiping her forehead with her handkerchief; "now let us consult what is to be done. What is the date? I was so agitated I never thought of the date! The 15th. Oh, my dear, here is a fortnight lost!"

"But what can be done?" said Cicely, turning a pathetic glance upon the old room which had seemed so melancholy to her yesterday, and the tons of mahogany which she had just been criticising. How kind, and friendly, and familiar they had become all at once; old, dear friends, who belonged to her no more.

"Mr. Chester, the rector!" said Mab, with sudden apprehension. "Do you mean that something will happen to papa?"

"There is this to be done," said the old lady, "your poor good father has been here for twenty years; the people ought to be fond of him—I do not know whether they are, for a parish is an incomprehensible thing, as your poor dear grandfather always used to say—but they ought to be; I am sure he has trudged about enough, and never spared himself, though I never thought him

a good preacher, so far as that goes. But he ought to have a great many friends after living here for twenty years."

"But, Aunt Jane, tell us, tell us—what good will that do?"

"It might do a great deal if they would exert themselves. They might get up a petition, for instance—at once—to the Lord Chancellor; they might employ all their influence. It is not a rich parish, nor a large parish, but there are always gentry in it. Oh, a great deal might be done if only people would exert themselves! It is dreadful to think that a fortnight has been lost."

Cicely, who was not much consoled by this hope, sat down with a very pale countenance and a sudden constriction at her heart. She was almost too much bewildered to realize all that it meant; enough lay on the surface to fill her soul with dismay. Mab, who had less perception of the urgent character of the calamity, was more animated.

"I thought you meant *we* could do something," she said. "Oh, Aunt Jane, could not we go to the Chancellor, if that is the man. The parish? I don't see why they should take the trouble. It will not hurt them. They will have a young, well-off man instead of an old, poor man. Couldn't we go to the Lord Chancellor, Aunt Jane?"

Miss Maydew's eyes lighted up for a moment. She seemed to see herself approaching that unknown potentate as lovely ladies went to kings in the days of romance, with a child in each hand. She felt how eloquent she could be, how convincing. She felt herself capable of going down on her knees and asking him whether the father of those two sweet girls was to starve in his old age? All this appeared before her like a dream. But alas! common sense soon resumed its sway; she shook her head. "I don't know if that would do any good," she said.

"And *we* could not get up a petition from the parish," said Cicely; "whatever the people may do we cannot stir in it. Oh, Aunt Jane, how foolish, how wrong of us never to think of this! I have thought that papa was old and

that we should have to maintain ourselves and the two babies if—anything happened; but I never remembered that it all hung upon some one else's life. Oh, it does seem hard!" cried the girl, clasping her hands. "Papa has done all the work since ever I was born, but yet he has only been here on sufferance, ready to be turned out at a moment's notice. Oh, it is wrong, it is wrong!"

"Not exactly at a moment's notice," said Miss Maydew; "there is six weeks or three months, or something, I forget how long."

And then there was a painful pause. Mab cried a little, having her feelings most upon the surface, but Cicely sat quite silent and pale with her eyes fixed upon the white blinds which flapped against the open windows. All at once she got up and drew one of them up with a rapid impatient hand. "I want air, I want light," she said in a stifled voice, and put herself full in the intrusive sunshine, which made Miss Maydew blink her old eyes.

"You will give yourself a headache, my dear, and that will not mend matters," she said.

Cicely's heart was very heavy. She drew down the blind again and walked up and down the room in her agitation. "Five of us to provide for now—and that is not the worst; what is papa to do? How can he live with everything taken from him? Oh, go to the Chancellor, or any one, if it will do any good! It is terrible for papa."

It was while they were still in this agitated state that Betsy threw open the door again, and Mrs. Ascott, of the Heath, one of the greatest ladies in the parish came in. She was not heated, like poor old Miss Maydew, with walking, but fresh and well dressed from her carriage, and tranquil as prosperity and comfort could make her. The girls made that sudden effort, which women so often have to make, to receive her as if nothing had happened, as if their minds were as easy and their circumstances as agreeable as her own. She inquired about their journey, about their school, about how they found

their papa looking, about the "sad trials" he had gone through, all in a sweet even tone, with smiles or serious looks, as became her words, and hoped that now they had come back she should see them often at the Heath. "You are the musical one, Cicely," she said; "I know Mab draws. It is always nice when sisters have each their distinction, that people can't mistake. My husband always says girls are so like each other. What is your voice? contralto? oh, a good second is such a want here. We are all more or less musical, you know."

"My voice is not much one way or the other," said Cicely. "Mab sings better than I do though she is the one who draws."

"But I fear," said Miss Maydew, clearing her throat and interfering, "unless something is done they will not be here long to be of use to any one. We have just had news——"

"Ah, about poor Mr. Chester," said Mrs. Ascott, with the slightest of glances at the stranger; "I saw it in the papers. Will that affect your papa?"

"Unless"—Miss Maydew put herself forward squarely and steadily—"something is done."

Mrs. Ascott looked at the old lady for the first time. She had thought her an old nurse at first—for the good woman was not of patrician appearance, like the girls, who were St. Johns. "Unless—something is done? I am sure we will all do anything that is possible. What can be done?"

"Hush! my dear, hush! She does not know I belong to you," whispered Miss Maydew. "I think a great deal might be done. If Mr. St. John's friends were to get up a petition to the Lord Chancellor at once—stating how long he had been here, and how much beloved he was, and the whole state of the case. I don't personally know his lordship," said the old lady; "but he can't be a bad man or he never would have risen to that position. I can't believe but what if the case were put fully before him, he would give Mr. St. John the living. It seems so much the most natural thing to do."

"Dear me, so it does!" said Mrs. Ascott. "How clever of you to have thought of it. I will speak to my husband, and see what he says."

"And if there is any one else whom you can influence—to do good it should be general—from the whole parish," said Miss Maydew—"from all classes; and it ought to be done at once."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Ascott. "I assure you I will speak to my husband." She got up to take her leave, a little frightened by the vehemence of the stranger, and rather elated at the same time by the sense of having a mission. Miss Maydew went with her to the very door.

"At once," she said, "at once! It is a fortnight already since the Rector died. If the parish means to do anything, you should not lose a day."

"No: I see, I see! I will go at once and speak to my husband," cried the visitor escaping hastily. Miss Maydew returned to her seat breathing a sigh of satisfaction. "There, girls! I have set it agoing at least. I have started it. That was a nice woman—if she exerts herself, I don't doubt that it will be all right. What a blessing she came while I was here."

"I hope it is all right," said Cicely doubtfully; "but she is not very—not very, *very* sensible, you know. But she is always kind. I hope she will not do anything foolish. Is that papa she is talking to?" cried the girl alarmed, for there were sounds of commotion in the hall. A silence fell upon even the chief conspirator, when she felt that Mr. St. John was near—the possibility that her tactics might not be quite satisfactory alarmed her. She withdrew into a corner, instinctively getting the girls and a considerable mass of furniture between herself and any one coming in at the door.

"I do not know what Mrs. Ascott is talking of," said the Curate. "Is tea ready, my dear, for I have a great deal to do? What have you been putting into that good woman's head? She is talking of a petition, and of the Lord Chancellor, and of bad news. I hope

you are not a politician, Cicely. What is it all about?"

"Here is Aunt Jane, papa," said Cicely, who was not more comfortable than Miss Maydew. And the old lady had to get up and stretch out her hand to Mr. St. John over the sofa, which was her bulwark in chief.

"But I wonder what she meant about bad news," he went on; "she seemed to think it affected us. My dears, have you heard anything?"

"Oh, papa, very bad news," said Cicely with tears in her eyes. "It is in the paper. Mrs. Ascott had seen it, and that is what we were talking about. Oh, dear papa, don't be cast down. Perhaps it may not be so bad as we think. Something may be done; or at the very worst we are both able and willing to work—Mab and I."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mr. St. John, and he read the announcement without much change of countenance. "Dear me, so he is gone at last!" he said. "I have long expected this. His health has been getting worse and worse for years. Poor Chester! has he really gone at last? I remember him at college. He was a year younger than I, but always sickly. Poor fellow! and he was a great deal better off than I am, but never got the good of it. What a lesson it is, my dears!"

"But, oh, papa," cried Mab, who was the most impatient, "it is a great deal more than a lesson. Think what consequences it will bring to you—and us—and everybody."

He looked at her with a half smile. "Little Mab," he said, "teaching her elders. Harry will begin soon. Yes, to be sure; we have got fond of this place; it seems hard that we should have to go."

"But, papa, where shall we go? What shall we do? What is to become of us?" said Cicely.

Mr. St. John shook his head. "If you will consider that I have only just seen it this moment," he said, "you will see that I cannot be expected all at once—Was this what

Mrs. Ascott was talking of? And what did she mean by petitions, and the Lord Chancellor? I hope you have not been putting anything into her head?"

There was a pause—the girls looked at each other, and blushed as if they were the culprits; then Miss Maydew came boldly to the front. "It was not the fault of the girls, Mr. St. John; on the contrary they were against it. But I thought there was no harm in saying that a petition from the parish—to the Lord Chancellor—a well signed petition, as there must be so many people here who are fond of you—and that no doubt he would give you the living if he understood the circumstances."

"I a beggar for a living!" said Mr. St. John. "I who have never asked for anything in my life!" A deep flush came upon his delicate pale face. He had borne a great many more serious blows without wincing. Death had visited him, and care dwelt in his house—and he had borne these visitations placidly; but there was one flaw in his armour, and this unlooked-for assault found it out. A flame of injured pride blazed up in him, swift as fire and as glowing. "I thought I should have died without this," he said with a groan, half fierce, half bitter. "What was it to you? I never asked you for anything! Oh, this is hard—this is very hard to bear."

In the memory of man it had never been known that Mr. St. John thus complained before. The girls had never heard his voice raised or seen the flush of anger on his face; and they were overawed by it. This kind of sentiment too has always a certain fictitious grandeur to the inexperienced. Never to ask for anything; to wait—patient merit scorning all conflict with the unworthy—till such time as its greatness should be acknowledged. This sounds very sublime in most cases to the youthful soul.

"Well, Mr. St. John," said Miss Maydew, "you may say I have no right to interfere; but if you had stooped to

ask for something it might have been a great deal better for your family. Besides, you have not asked for anything now. I am not responsible for my actions to anyone, and I hope I may do either for you or anybody else whatever I please in the way of service. If the Lord Chancellor does give you the living——"

Mr. St. John smiled. "I need not make myself angry," he said, "for it is all sheer ignorance. The living is a college living. I don't know what your ideas are on the subject, but the Lord Chancellor has as much to do with it as you have. Cicely, let us have tea."

Miss Maydew shrivelled up upon her chair. She sat very quiet, and did not say a word after this revelation. What she had done would have troubled her mind little; but that she had done nothing after risking so much was hard to bear. After this little ebullition, however, the Curate fell back into his usual calm. He spoke to them in his ordinary way. His voice resumed its tranquil tone. He took his tea, which was a substantial meal, doing justice to the bread and butter, and on the whole showed signs of being more concerned for Mr. Chester than he was for himself.

"I remember him at college—we were of the same college," he said; "but he always the richest, much the best off. How little that has to say to a man's happiness! Poor Chester was never happy; he might have been very well here. How much I have had to be thankful for here! but it was not his disposition. He was good-looking too when he was young, and did very well in everything. Any one would have said he had a far better chance for a happy life than I had."

The gentle old man grew quite loquacious in this contrast, though he was in general the most humble-minded of men; and the two girls sat and listened, giving wondering glances at each other, and blushing red with that shame of affection which lively girls perhaps are particularly disposed

to feel when their parents maunder. This sort of domestic criticism, even though unexpressed, was hard upon Mr. St. John, as upon all such feeble good men. His last wife had adored him at all times, as much when he was foolish as when he was wise. She would have given him the fullest adhesion of her soul now, and echoed every word he said; but the girls did not. They would have preferred to silence him, and were ashamed of his gentle self-complacency. And yet it was quite true that he felt himself a happier man than Mr. Chester, and higher in the scale of merit though not of fortune; and the calm with which he took this event, which was neither more nor less than ruin to him, was fine in its way.

"But what are we to do, papa?" Cicely ventured to ask him, looking up into his face with big anxious eyes, as he took his last cup of tea.

"My dear, we must wait and see," he said. "There is no very immediate hurry. Let us see first who is appointed, and what the new rector intends to do."

"But, Mr. St. John, you are a very learned man—and if it is a college living"—suggested Miss Maydew.

"It is my own college too," he said reflectively; "and I suppose I am now one of the oldest members of it. It would not be amiss if they let me stay here the rest of my days. But I never was distinguished. I never was a Fellow, or anything. I never could push myself forward. No—we must just wait and see what is going to happen. A few days or a few weeks

will make little difference. Compose yourselves, my dears," said Mr. St. John. "I am not very anxious after all."

"I wonder if he would be anxious if you were all starving," cried Miss Maydew, as the girls walked with her to the station in the evening. "Oh, Cicely, I know I oughtn't to say anything to you about your papa. But if he has not been anxious, others have been anxious for him. Your poor mother! how she slaved to keep everything as it ought to be; and even poor Miss Brown. It did not cost him much to marry her—but it cost her her life."

"Aunt Jane!" cried both the girls indignant.

"Well, my dears! She might have been living now, a respectable single woman, doing her duty, as she was capable of doing; instead of which what must she do but bring a couple of white-faced babies into the world that nobody wanted, and die of it. Yes, she did die of it. You don't understand these things—you are only children. And all because he was what you call kind-hearted, and could not bear to see her cry, forsooth. As if the best of us were not obliged both to cry ourselves and to see others cry often enough! but they never thought what they were doing; and the ones to suffer will be you."

"Aunt Jane, you ought not to speak so of papa."

"I know I shouldn't, my dear—and I humbly beg your pardons," said Aunt Jane drying her eyes.

"And we ought not to have left him unprotected," said Cicely with a sigh.

To be continued.

TORQUATO TASSO: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

PART I.

'For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall,
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And poured my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven ;
For He hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.

That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,

I have employed my penance to record

How Salem's shrine was won and how adored."

BYRON, *Lament of Tasso*.

It is a painful reflection that it is almost always a melancholy task to chronicle the lives of the poets. They seem in so many cases, either from outward circumstances or from physical infirmities, to have been selected as the especial victims of "fortune's freaks unkind."

The prince of poets—the "signor dell' altissimo canto, che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola"¹—affords us the first proof of this melancholy truth; and, unhappily, many more examples might be found in the lives of those who followed most closely in his path to fame.

But perhaps above all, the subject of this essay has the greatest claim to our compassion; certainly, of all the four classical poets of Italy he was the most unfortunate. He was not made of that stern stuff which enabled Dante with fierce hardihood to endure the rude shocks of fortune, while his great intellect supplied him with a keen weapon wherewith to take a sharp and everlasting revenge upon his enemies. Alas! the "gentile cavaliere," the sensitive chivalrous Tasso, was only too susceptible of the great sorrows in store for him!

There have been many records of his

"The monarch of sublimest song,
That o'er the others like an eagle soars."

Inf. iv. 90, 91.

troubled existence, and great writers both in verse and prose have found it a theme worthy of their best efforts. The following sketch has been compiled from some of these standard works,² more in the hope of inducing the reader to pursue, either in them or in Tasso's own beautiful writings, the study of the poet's life, than with any expectation of doing justice in its brief scope to so great a subject. It may, however, acquire some new interest from a recent poem entitled *Torquato Tasso a Sant' Anna*,³ which adds yet a few more touches of tender feeling to this pathetic episode of Tasso's life.

TORQUATO TASSO was born at Sorrento on the 11th of March, 1544; but three other cities of Italy claim a share in the production of so great a genius—Bergamo, the seat of his paternal ancestors for many generations; Naples, the residence of his mother's family and the scene of his early education; Ferrara, his home during twenty years of his life.

The parents of Tasso were descended from the most ancient families of Italy. That of his father, Bernardo, may be traced back to the twelfth century, when the family of the Tassi possessed an estate named Almenno, about five miles from Bergamo. Driven thence by the wars to which Italy was a constant prey, they sought refuge among the mountains of the valley of the Brembo. Here they reared a fortress on a rocky eminence

² Manso, *Vita di Tasso*; Serassi, *Vita del Tasso*; Muratori, *Storia della Perfetta Poesia*; Il Quadrio *Storia e ragione d'ogni Poesia*; Tiraboschi, *Storia delle Letterature Italiana*; Maffei, *Orazione in lode di Torquato Tasso* (1596); *L'Italia Letteraria Artistica*. Ginguène, *Hist. Littéraire de l'Italie*. Milman's *Life of Tasso*, etc., etc.

³ By Riccardo Ceroni, published at Milan, 1874.

called *Il Cornello*, and became feudal lords of the territory. This mountain was called "*La Montagna del Tasso.*"

It is a disputed point with Italian biographers whether the Tassi, originally a branch of the *Torreggiani* of Milan, first took their name from this mountain, or whether the family name of Tasso did not exist some two centuries previous to their occupation of the fortress. It is not a matter of great importance; and it is only necessary to observe that the family of the Tassi adopted the former of these two theories.

Their first distinction was due to the re-establishment of the ancient system of posts, the generalship of which in Italy, Germany, Flanders, and Spain was committed to *Omodeo de' Tassi* in 1290. For many generations this honour was transmitted to his descendants. Hence the family arms of a courier's horn and a badger's skin (*Tasso* being the Italian for badger), which the post horses used in former times to carry on their frontlets.

Many branches of the family tree spread as far as Naples, Rome, and Venice; but the most direct shoot of the ancient stock is said to be that from which sprang *Bernardo*, the father of the poet. *Bernardo* married, in his forty-eighth year, *Porzia dei Rossi*, of an ancient family of *Pistoia*, at that time recently transplanted into Naples, where they had great possessions. *Torquato* was their only surviving son. One other son they had who died a few days after his birth, and a daughter, *Cornelia*, born two or three years before *Torquato*, and to whom he afterwards fled for refuge in the time of his sorest need.

The education of *Torquato* in his early years was chiefly thrown upon his mother, for at three years old his father was obliged to intrust him to her sole care.

For twenty years *Bernardo* had been the secretary and faithful follower of *Sanseverino*, Prince of *Salerno*. He supported him in his attempt to resist the establishment of the *Inquisition* in Naples by the viceroy; he accompanied him on his embassy to the Emperor

Charles V., the first time when he returned having successfully accomplished his mission; and the second, when, warned of the intended treachery of the Emperor, *Sanseverino* transferred himself and his services to the French king, *Henry II.*, *Bernardo* did not hesitate to follow him to France, sharing the exile and confiscation of property which that step brought upon him.

He little thought, when he left his wife and young son in the *Palazzo de' Gambacorti* at Naples, that this would be the end of his embassy, and that loyalty to his master would make his return thither for ever impossible.

There was indeed a scheme for another French invasion of Naples, of which *Sanseverino* was appointed by *Henry II.* commander-in-chief; and, had it been successful, *Bernardo* was to have obtained the recovery of his property. But the scheme failed. The French fleet did not arrive in time to effect a combination with the Turkish squadron for the joint attack of both fleets upon Naples. *Sanseverino* set off in a vain pursuit of his faithless allies to Constantinople, the attention of the King of France was diverted by the war in the Low Countries, and the conquest of Naples was abandoned.

Disheartened and ruined, *Bernardo* returned from Paris, where he had vainly tried to revive the king's zeal for the Neapolitan enterprise, to Rome, and thither he summoned his wife and children to join him.

Meanwhile *Torquato*, under the care of *D. Giovanni d'Angeluzzo*, the master chosen for him by his father before setting out on his hapless expedition, early began to give promise of those rare abilities with which nature had gifted him. These were next developed in the *Jesuits' school*, one of the first established in Naples, opened in 1551. *Torquato* was then in his seventh year. His ardour for study was so great, *Manso* affirms, that he would get up before it was light, so that his mother was obliged to have him conducted with lighted torches to the school. His progress in Latin and Greek was

so surprising, that when ten years old he is said to have composed in both these languages, and to have recited his compositions in public. To the same early instructors of his youth may be attributed those deep-seated religious convictions which guided him through life, supported him in his deepest misery, and prompted the poem which won him an immortal name.

From the school where he was thus happily pursuing the paths of learning he was summoned by his father to Rome; but the pang of parting with his mother, who had hitherto tenderly watched over him, was very bitter. His grief was poignant, and so indelibly stamped upon his mind, that not even the great troubles of his after-life could ever efface it; for when these were at their height, after his second flight from prison, not his present suffering, but this early sorrow is recorded in the sonnet which he wrote on that occasion.

Bernardo's wife was prevented from joining him at Rome by the harsh conduct of her brothers, who refused to pay her dower, and would not suffer her to leave Naples. The position of her husband as a declared rebel made it impossible for Porzia to take any steps to recover her fortune; nor could Bernardo enter the kingdom to rescue his wife. At length, unable, either by tears or entreaties, to move her tormentors, Porzia was obliged to resign herself, and to escape further persecution she took refuge with her daughter Cornelia in a convent. Bernardo was only reconciled to this step by the hope of being able to rescue her at some future time. But this never came to pass. The unhappy lady died of a broken heart two years after her enforced separation from her husband (1556).

Torquato arrived in Rome in 1554. His father, already affectionately proud of his proficiency in learning, now placed him under the direction of Maurizio Cattaneo, one of the first and most learned masters in Italy—a gentleman in manner, and free from pedan-

try. But Rome did not long continue a safe abode for Bernardo and his son. A fierce war broke out between the Pope, Paul IV., and Philip II. of Spain, and Bernardo, finding it a hopeless task to regain his Neapolitan possessions, retired to the court of the Duke of Urbino. Torquato went with him, and remained at the court two years, sharing the instructions of the young prince Francesco Maria, until his father, who had during this time been engaged in completing a poem, the *Amadigi*, was invited by the great Venetian academy "Della Fama" to have it printed at the Aldine Press, then under the direction of Paolo Manuzio. Bernardo repaired to Venice with all speed, and was appointed secretary to the "Accademia." He did not hold this office long, the duties being of a tedious and laborious character; and he quitted his post just in time to save himself from the ruin brought on the whole academy by the fraudulent conduct of its founder, Federico Badoaro. This catastrophe prevented the printing of the *Amadigi* by the Aldine Press; it was confided instead to the hands of Gabrieli Giolito, and published, in 1561, with a dedication to the "Invittissimo e Cattolico Re Filippo II.," as a last hope of inducing the Spanish court to restore to the author his forfeited estates. The *Amadigi*, though tedious, is supposed to have some merits; and Bernardo might have been considered a poet, if his son had not written the *Gerusalemme liberata*.

Torquato had been with his father during his sojourn at Venice, and had specially devoted himself to the perusal of his native classics—Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio; and the fruit of these studies appears in the polished and masterly style of his great poem. He was next sent to study the law in Padua, under the guidance of Scipione Conaaga. These legal studies were pursued with such conscientious diligence, that in his seventeenth year he took his degree in civil and canon law. Nevertheless, they were as distasteful to the young Torquato as they had been to

Boccaccio, Petrarca, and Ariosto. In his case, as in theirs, the dry study of the law was powerless to quench the inextinguishable spark of poetic fire. That same year (1562) the *Rinaldo* appeared, which created an extraordinary sensation in Italy, and covered "Il Tassino" (as he was called to distinguish him from his father) with distinction. But in a short space of time it was so entirely eclipsed by the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, that Tasso himself scarcely counted it among his works. Serassi, quoting Menage, observes "that the *Rinaldo* is the work of a youthful poet, but that poet is Tasso; just as Longinus said the *Odyssey* was the work of an old man, but that old man was Homer."¹ The chief professors of the University of Padua thought so highly of this poem, that they pressed Bernardo to allow his son to publish it immediately. The learned members of the various literary academies which at that time abounded in Italy expressed their approval, either in letters or sonnets, to the young poet, who, stimulated by their approval, could no longer resist his natural inclination, and resolved to detach himself henceforth from legal studies, and give his undivided attention to the pursuit of poetry and philosophy.

The fame of his *Rinaldo* procured Tasso an invitation to the University of Bologna from the president, Pier Donato Cesi, who was trying to revive the ancient glory of the university, and, by the offer of large stipends, induced the distinguished professors of the day to give lectures to the pupils, while he undertook the colleges and schools, which had fallen into decay. Tasso attained to much distinction, disputing and lecturing in the public schools, especially on the subject of poetry. He laid down those rules and principles of an heroic poem which afterwards guided him in the composition of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. He likewise attended Sigonio's public lectures on the *Poetics* of Aristotle, and the private

instructions, in philosophy, of Sperone, Piccolomini, and Perdasio.

His sojourn at Bologna was cut suddenly short by a disturbance of which he was unjustly the victim, and which appears to foreshadow, in some sort, the kind of persecution which pursued him all his life. The dangerous weapon of satire, frequently employed by the students of the university in attacking either each other or the professors, or sometimes the great noblemen of Bologna, had, as yet, never brought any retaliation upon those who employed it. Tasso, for no apparent reason, was selected as the first victim of a severer rule. A playful satire upon some gentlemen of Bologna, in which he included himself (the ridicule, in reality, centring on his own head), exposed him to a visit from the police, who searched among his papers for the offending squib; and this not being forthcoming, his other papers were seized and laid before the magistrates. The high spirit of Tasso could not brook this insult, and after justifying himself against the harsh and ill-founded accusation, in an indignant letter to his father, he turned his back on Bologna, and returned to his former friends at Padua. The Paduan Academy of the "Etereï," (Ethereals), of which he was a member, welcomed him with joy, and he, after the fashion of the academicians, who each took some nickname or other, chose that of "Il Pentito" (the Penitent), to denote his sorrow at having ever forsaken their society, and pursued with renewed vigour his favourite researches after poetry.

He had already conceived the scheme of the *Gerusalemme*, and on this all his studies were made to centre, gathering as it were from each science the choicest flowers wherewith to adorn and enrich his poem.

At length his studies at Padua were completed, and Tasso hastened to join his father at Mantua, to whom he communicated the scheme of his new poem, and showed him at the same time the three discourses on the art of poetry, which he had prepared to help him in the treatment of his subject. Bernardo generously

¹ *Vita del Tasso*, lib. i. 117.

admitted the probable superiority of his son's poem to his own, inasmuch as he had ministered to the popular taste by a series of romances, while Torquato had followed the footsteps of Homer and Virgil in limiting his poem to a single action. Meanwhile the hopes placed by Bernardo in the King of Spain had proved fruitless, and it behoved him, though with sore reluctance, to endeavour to secure a place at some one of the courts for his son Torquato, as his only means of subsistence. Had it not been for his own bitter experience of the unsatisfactory and precarious life of a courtier-poet, Bernardo might have been tempted by the brilliant spectacle presented by the courts of Italy in the sixteenth century. It seemed as if each and all of these had one common object in view—the protection and encouragement of all branches of art, literature, and science; in short, that their chief aim was to encourage and stimulate the young genius of Italy.

It was the age of art, poetry, painting, and architecture, combined to illustrate all that was beautiful in men's eyes. Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese, had succeeded Michael Angelo and Raffaello; Palladio was beginning to erect the stately architecture which has ever since borne his name; while the new poem of the *Rinaldo* gave promise that another name would soon be added to the classical poets of Italy.

It was the age of science. Sarpi had recently composed his admirable *History of the Council of Trent*, which had occupied theologians for many years. Music, mathematics, philosophy, and astronomy, were being developed by the Galilei, both father and son, Doni, the musician and mathematician, Sigonio and Robertello, and many others.

Such was the scene upon which the young Tasso was destined to play no insignificant part. He had already proved himself worthy to claim a place in that brilliant assembly of genius and intellect, and had given a pledge that he would shine as a star in any one of those gay courts which should be fortunate enough to secure him.

But Bernardo knew that the Italian princes were as capricious in withdrawing as they were magnificent in bestowing their favours, that their courts were full of unscrupulous courtiers and petty intriguers. He had hoped that his son's legal studies would have placed him in a position of honourable independence; but Tasso refused to enter the law, and his father did not know how to maintain his son otherwise than by placing him at the court of one of the Italian princes. Already there was a rivalry between the two brothers, the Cardinal Luigi d'Este and Alfonso II., the reigning Duke of Ferrara, which should claim the young poet. On the one hand, the cardinal urged the first right of possession in the poem of *Rinaldo*, already dedicated to him; on the other, the duke wished, by offering Tasso a place at his court, to claim a right in the forthcoming greater poem.

For some time Tasso declined to enrol himself among the gentlemen of either prince, professing equal service and duty to both the duke and the cardinal. At length, in 1565, he was invited to Ferrara by both brothers, with the intimation that he would for the present belong to the cardinal's household, and that he was to meet his patron at Ferrara in December, to be present at the marriage of the duke with Barbara, Archduchess of Austria.

Tasso was in his twenty-first year when he arrived at Ferrara, in October, 1565. Look at him now—for in a few short years we shall have a more painful picture to contemplate. If we study the account of him by his friend and contemporary biographer, Manso, we shall find that his face bore the stamp of great intellectual power in the high, noble forehead, the gray, thoughtful eyes and their melancholy beauty of expression. His features were regular and well cut, his hair of a light brown. He was above the average height, well-built, with strong, agile limbs, that yielded to none in fencing, riding, and all manly exercises; and his presence was such as might grace any court.

The first years of his life at Ferrara

were peaceful and happy; he looked back upon them with longing eyes, and could not be persuaded, until he had learned it from bitter experience, that misery and danger awaited him there. The city was gay with the festivities of the approaching wedding when he first entered it; the preparations for the tournament and all the accessories of the brilliant scene charmed the poet's fresh youthful fancy. He was courteously received, and apartments were assigned to him in the house of his patron, where he could finish his great poem, of which the first six cantos were already complete.

The court of Ferrara was at that time a splendid specimen of Italian magnificence, and the Este, without tracing back their genealogy to the fabulous origin assigned to them by Tasso and Ariosto, were among the most ancient families in Italy. The sisters of the duke—Lucrezia, who afterwards married the Duke of Urbino, and Leonora—were the chief ornaments of this court. The reputation of their beauty had already reached Tasso, and in his *Rinaldo*¹ he had celebrated the "crin d'oro," and the "chiare luci" of Lucrezia d'Este. At the time of his introduction at court, the one was in her thirtieth, the other in her thirty-first year. They were ladies of cultivated minds, and Tasso's great abilities were already known to them. They admired the poetry which he had already written, and greatly encouraged him to finish his *Gerusalemme liberata*, while they shared the high expectations which the promise of this poem had already excited in Italy. It was surely no wonder if one so gifted soon became the favourite companion of their leisure hours. He read to them portions of his poem, asking their opinion on different points, and wrote sonnets in praise of their beauty and various gifts. "They unite," he says in one of his letters, "discernment with intellect, majesty with courtesy, so that it is difficult to determine for which of these qualities they are most to be admired." His was not a nature to be insensible to

their courtesies, or to the pleasures of an existence which in every way commended itself to his refined taste.

This pleasant stream of life might have flowed on in an uninterrupted course, had it not been impeded by his fatal passion for the Princess Leonora. Unhappily he was early captivated by her rare beauty and many attractions, and she became the object of the devotion and admiration natural to a person of his eager enthusiastic disposition. He commemorated in a canzone the first occasion on which he saw her, and there is no doubt that the episode of Olinda and Sofronia, in the *Gerusalemme*, is intended to represent her and himself.

"She fair, he full of bashfulness and truth,
Loved much, hoped little, and desired nought;
He durst not speak, by suit to purchase
ruth,
She saw not, mark'd not, wist not what he
sought;
Thus loved, thus served he long, but not
regarded,
Unseen, unmark'd, unpitied, unrewarded."¹

In vain did the friends of Tasso endeavour to make him withdraw this episode, pronouncing it to be disconnected with the rest of the poem. He always steadily refused to do so. His letters, his canzone, his treatises, all bear witness to the truth of this hopeless and ill-fated attachment, and are full of the praises of Leonora, whose name he thus masks under a play of words:

"E le mie rime,
Che son vili e neglette se non quanto
Costei le onora col bel nome santo,"

just as Petrarch would play upon the name of Laura, presenting her under various images, now as the emblem of fame, and now as the fresh breeze (l'aura).

Tasso, aware of the danger to which this passion exposed him from the proud house of Este, feigned an attachment for a lady of the court, Lucrezia Bendidio, to mask the real state of his feelings. In so doing he became the rival of Pigna, the duke's private

¹ Canto viii. 14.

¹ *Gerusalemme liberata*, Fairfax's translation, book ii. c. 16.

secretary; and thus in avoiding one peril fell into another. He is also supposed, in his early youth, to have had another attachment to a young lady of Mantua, Laura Peperara, whose name is often mentioned in his sonnets; but it appears from incontestable evidence, as will be seen later on, that his passion for the Princess Leonora was never absent from his mind, that, in fact, it was the rock on which his life made shipwreck.

For many years he succeeded in concealing from everybody the real state of his mind, discussing in the Academy of Ferrara with calm philosophy the abstract questions, which had revived the old "Corti d'Amore" of Provence, and holding the lists for three days against every comer, in his *Fifty Conclusions on Points of Love*. Twenty years afterwards he rearranged his *Conclusions* in a dialogue, called *Il Cataneo*,¹ which is considered a masterpiece among his prose writings.

The first seven years of his life at Ferrara, the happiest of Tasso's existence, were passed chiefly in the city, except when, on the occasion of the duke's absence, he paid visits to his literary friends at Padua, Milan, and Pavia, or to Mantua to visit his father.

Bernardo Tasso was subsequently appointed, by the Duke of Mantua, governor of Ostia, whither Tasso was summoned to attend him on his death-bed, Sept. 4, 1569. Bernardo was happy in his death, for he lived long enough to see the first dawn of his son's fame, while he was spared the knowledge of the misery in store for him. The affection between father and son is a very touching trait in the lives of both. Bernardo never hesitated to admit the superiority of his son's poetical genius; and Torquato, on the other hand, never forgot this generosity, and held his father's opinion in the highest esteem.

In 1572 Tasso was called upon to attend his patron, the Cardinal d'Este, to France. Previous to his departure he made his will, "because," he said, "life is uncertain, and it might please

God that I should never return from France." He bequeathed the completed portions of his *Gottifredo*, as he called the *Gerusalemme liberata*, to the care of his three friends, Scipione Gonzaga, Domenico Veniero, and Battista Guarini, to be revised, corrected, and published. The rest of his unpublished poetical works, the *Canzoni* and *Madrigali*, he directed to be buried with him; and all his goods to be sold, that the profits might be employed in putting up a monument to his father in the church of San Egidio at Mantua, with a Latin inscription which he had himself prepared, as a last act of filial love and duty.

Tasso was presented by the Cardinal d'Este at the French court, as the bard who was about to celebrate the feats of arms of Godfrey de Bouillon, and the other French heroes of the first Crusade. His fame had already preceded him, and he was received with every mark of favour and distinction. Charles IX., the reigning monarch, with all his faults, was a patron of literature, and had some pretensions to being himself a poet; he was therefore quick to appreciate the privilege of receiving at his court the first poetical genius of Italy. During his sojourn of a year at Paris, Tasso was introduced to all the eminent *letterati* of the day, and made the acquaintance of Ronsard, of whose poetry he had long entertained a high opinion.

France was at that time distracted by the Huguenot wars, and the crisis of "St. Barthélemi" (1572) was approaching. Tasso, whose early education had implanted in his mind a horror of schism, and an unquestioning belief in the doctrines of the Roman Church, wrote a treatise expressing his opinion that the heresy of the Huguenots should be uprooted with unflinching severity; but the massacre of St. Barthélemi did not take place till some months after his departure from Paris. He also wrote a description of French manners and customs, comparing Paris with Milan and Venice, to the disadvantage of the former of these two cities, while as far as regards the latter he declares it to be

¹ Vol. viii. 321.

difficult to decide whether of the two, Paris or Venice, is the most rich and prosperous.¹

On his return from Italy Tasso quitted the service of the Cardinal d'Este. Some writers aver that the cardinal was jealous of the favours heaped upon the poet by the French king. But this is not proved; we only know that for some reason or other Tasso abandoned the court of his former patron, and lived

¹ *Opere del Tasso*, vol. ix.; Lettera al Conte Ercole de' Contrari.

for a short time at Rome, in a state of great poverty. The cardinal does not appear to have been very liberal to the gentlemen of his court. The goods which Tasso mentioned in his will, to be disposed of after his death, were in pawn at the time, and there is reason to fear that when he was in Paris he was often in great destitution, though he steadily refused the royal gifts repeatedly pressed upon him by Charles IX.

CATHERINE M. PHILLIMORE.

To be continued.

WHITHERSOEVER.

WHATEVER haps shall come to you and me,
 What sunshines and what shadows, what delights
 And what strange anguish, what long-during nights
 Of loneliness, and what sweet sympathy;
 What hours of vision when we seem to see
 Something of meaning round us, and what glooms,
 Sight-foiling, when an unstarr'd prospect dooms
 Our baffled souls to mere perplexity;
 Whate'er shall come, friend, yet will we not fear;
 For we will aye to our own selves be true—
 True to our higher selves all life-time through;
 Not murmuring creeds unvital, but agreed
 To search for Truth, where'er the search shall lead,
 With 'bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear.'

J. W. HALES.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROPHET'S END.

WHY the failure of the ordeal by fire, narrated in a former chapter, should have brought such ruin upon the party of San Marco it is hard to say. The failure was in no sense their fault; their champion was ready, and more than ready, anxious for the trial—while his challenger skulked invisible. They had not provoked the strife, yet they came forth in the sight of all Florence to maintain it. The tedium and weariness and disappointment of the day had borne not less but more heavily upon them than upon the enraged and baffled spectators. Yet Florence unanimously laid upon their shoulders the guilt of her *spectacle manqué*. And not only mediæval Florence in the cinquecento, but many an enlightened modern commentator, has echoed the enraged disappointment of the crowd. Why did not Savonarola do this deed himself? they cry; why neglect these easy means of proving the divinity of his mission, or at least the divinity of his belief in it? Had he done so, he would have been denounced as a madman and fanatic—a man whose wisdom in word and counsel was neutralized by the tragical grotesque folly of his ending. He lived like a prophet but died like a mountebank, we should all have said; and instead of the spectacle it would have been the man who was a failure. I do not doubt that only the noble good sense, which is in most cases a component of genius, fortified Savonarola himself from that impulse of heroic weakness which was the strength of Fra Domenico; and that afterwards, in the melancholy self-ques-

tionings of conscious ruin, he must have asked himself many a time whether it would have been better for his mission and God's truth if he had left his higher ministrations and taken that meaner desperate office upon him? God knows what were the real thoughts in the forlorn heart of the fallen ruler. Everything was against him within the city and without—and God himself, out of those clear, unanswering skies, vouchsafed no sign, such as so many fainting souls have looked for. To serve unacknowledged, to serve for nothing, to receive as wages anguish and tribulation and tears, is not this the pay we have been told of, since the first soldier of Christ took service? Was not this the recompense in our lower world of the Master himself? He saved others, therefore himself he could not save—most splendid of all reproaches that ever mortal tongue has spoken. But with every new claimant who receives this payment of agony there is a struggle, before the sufferer can realise that once more it is to be so—that good has not yet overcome evil, nor heaven begun to reign on earth. Savonarola, like his brethren, had believed that a new Jerusalem was to be revealed in Florence, with streets better than those paved with gold of the Apocalyptic vision, full of honour and truth. He had held to this hope strenuously, desperately, as long as a man might. Now he knew that it was to be with him as with the others that had gone before him. He must have learned this final lesson on the night of that disastrous Friday when he withdrew all alone and silent to his solitary cell.

He had not long to wait. The following Sunday was Palm Sunday, the

day which commemorates one of the most touching events of the gospel, and which has always a certain pathos yet hopefulness, so near the crisis of the Saviour's woes, so near the moment of His victory. Two years before, on that same day, Fra Girolamo, in all the glory and joy of an apparent public reformation, had trodden the stony streets, following the long procession of white-robed children who marched from quarter to quarter of the old city, "like beautiful angels just come out of Paradise," establishing the *Monti* in each district of Florence. The streets which had resounded then with the hymns chanted by all those fresh sweet, childish voices, were alive now with dark groups full of menace and wrath. Florence, preternaturally tranquillized for a moment by one great influence, had returned to her old use and wont, and felt herself at ease in it, breathing flames and slaughter more easily than blessings, and longing for a victim. Savonarola preached sadly in the morning, bidding a kind of farewell to the people. In the evening a brother of San Marco, Fra Mariano, who was one of those who had offered himself for the fire, was to preach in the cathedral. This the authorities of the Duomo, moved by the Compagnacci, determined to prevent. The enemies of San Marco gathered in crowds about the doors and corners of the streets on the way to the cathedral, and assailed with gibes and insults, sometimes with showers of stones, sometimes with blows, the faithful followers who, in spite of everything, took their way to the evening sermon. Fra Mariano was finally assailed and driven away as he was in the act of ascending the pulpit; and this first open breaking-out of the incipient riot set the population on fire. * Shouting "A San Marco! a San Marco!" ("Assamarcho, assamarcho col fuoco!") writes one literal chronicler they precipitated themselves upon the convent. The monks were singing vespers in the calm of the April evening. All the chief members of the party were in and about

the church, full of fears and foreboding. Outside, while the mad multitude hurried on with shouts and clamour, little bands of the Compagnacci took possession of the corners of the narrow streets, preventing the Piagnoni from any sudden rally. Some of the incidents of this terrible evening carry us back to similar accounts of mad revolt against religion in our own country. A young man of the noble family of the Pecori was going quietly along, not even to San Marco, to hear vespers at the Annunziata, saying over to himself some pious prayer or couplets. "Oh, villain, still psalm-singing!" some one cried, and the frantic crowd, making a rush at the helpless lad, hustled him from hand to hand, till struck through with a lance, he died on the steps of the Innocenti, the great orphan hospital which still stands in the Piazza of the Annunziata. At another point in the way, a spectacle-maker, a good man, came rushing out from his door, his slippers in his hand, to remonstrate with the rioters and endeavour to restrain them, but a blow on the head with a sword soon made a conclusion of his appeal. When the mob reached the church vespers were over, and the worshippers, sad and alarmed, were kneeling to say their final prayers before leaving this beloved centre of their faith, not knowing what might happen ere to-morrow. Many were surprised at their devotions by the tumult outside in the piazza, and by a sudden shower of stones, before which the women and helpless persons took to flight.

Then the peaceful church with its few lights, the kneeling silent worshippers, the still monks flitting here and there, all at once gave way to the sudden excitement of a castle besieged. As the congregation fled, the doors of the church and convent were hastily shut upon the infuriated crowd, and the few laymen within took hasty counsel and prepared for defence. Savonarola does not seem to have been in the church at the moment, but as soon as he was aware of

what had happened, he hastily put on his priest's robes, took a crucifix in his hand, and crossing the cloisters, directed his steps towards the door. Here, however, his adherents threw themselves in his way, and held him back, entreating him not to expose himself and them to instant death. Among these men was the impetuous old Francesco Valori (killed that night in the streets in a vain attempt to bring help) and other noble and trusty soldiers. While these warlike citizens restrained his first impulse to yield, Fra Benedetto, one of the brethren, a skilful and delicate illuminator of manuscripts, came up under the dim arches hastily armed and full of warlike zeal. Even with the roar of the crowd outside the wall, ringing in his ears, Fra Girolamo bade his faithful brother put down the unseemly weapons. Then he called the monks together, and led them singing through the cloisters, which were darkening into night, and into the dim partially-lighted church with its deserted area and closed doors; there he placed the Sacrament on the altar, and kneeling with his black-cloaked and white-robed brethren round him, awaited the issue. When Valori and the rest (there were but thirty of them, with a few old halberds, cross-bows and guns) entreated permission to defend the convent, he said No: but probably already engrossed by a consciousness of the end which had visibly begun, does not seem to have paid any further attention. Fra Domenico, stout soul, who no doubt would have liked but too well to join them, bade them, on the contrary, defend themselves, before he joined his master at the altar.

And then there ensued a scene as striking as it was tragical. Through the dust and smoke and tumult of the brave but hopeless defence, a few rude heroic figures gleam, coming and going, apart from, yet belonging to, the still kneeling group round the altar. The young friars, men like others, and Florentines, with warm blood in their veins, could not keep up

the passive attitude to which their superiors called them. One by one they began to defend their sacred citadel, fighting with lighted torches, with crosses, whatever they could lay hands on. Young Fra Marco Gondi, a novice, broke a great wooden cross on the heads of the assailants of the choir, meeting dauntlessly, with that weapon only, the naked swords of his enemies. Another novice, Giovanni Maria Petrucci, "of great soul and robust frame, dressed like an angel (in the white robe of the Dominican novice) and of beautiful countenance," broke the lances with his strong young hands "like matches," (*solfanelli*) says the simple narrator; and the German, Henrico, with his fair locks, appears half angelic, half demoniac in the smoke and din, armed with an old arquebuss, and shouting "Save thy people, O God!" the refrain of the psalm the peaceful brethren had been chanting at every shot he fired. This Henrico was *così animoso*, so dauntless in youthful valour, that he rushed through the crowd of assailants who now filled the church to get his arquebuss, and fought his way back again to the choir, which he defended like a young Saint Michael, flaming in generous wrath, at the doors of the sanctuary. The gates of the church had been fired to admit the crowd, and the place was full of smoke, of fierce cries and tumult. Inside the choir for which these brave novices fought in their angel robes, another noble lad, one of the Panciatici, lay dying on the altar steps, receiving the last Sacrament from Fra Domenico, and breathing out his soul joyfully with the light of enthusiasm on his face. "I have never been so happy as now," he cried with his last breath. This valiant defence daunted the multitude, and there was evidently a pause, during which some dried figs and wine were brought to the exhausted monks. Savonarola took advantage of the pause to send his brethren out of the church in decorous procession as before into the dormitory. At this moment there arrived a commission from

the Signory, begging Fra Girolamo, Fra Domenico, and Fra Silvestro to go at once to the Palazzo, and thus save the convent from further attack. While Savonarola considered this proposal, another embassy arrived hastily with more imperative orders to bring the three friars at once, but with a written promise, says Burlamacchi, that they should be brought back in safety when the tumult was quelled. "When he heard this he said he would obey, but first withdrew with his brethren into the great library, where he made them a beautiful address in Latin, exhorting them to continue in the way of God, with faith, patience and prayer; telling them that the way to heaven was by tribulation, and that none ought to deceive himself on this point; and quoting many ancient examples of the ingratitude of Florence for benefits received from their order. . . . and that it was no wonder if he too, after so many labours and troubles, should be paid in the same money; but that he was ready to accept all with satisfaction and gladness for the love of his Lord, knowing that the Christian life consists in nothing else than to live godly and endure evil. And thus, while all around him wept, he finished his sermon. When he went out of the library he said to the laymen who waited for him outside, 'I expected this; but not so soon, or so suddenly,' and comforted them, bidding them lead a good life, and be fervent in prayer."

Nothing can be more touching than the sad calm of this leave-taking, after the din and tumult with which the air was still echoing. Withdrawing into the first library Savonarola confessed to Fra Domenico, and received the Sacrament; then ate something, the weeping monks again crowding round him, and kissed them one by one, answering with gentle words their endeavours to detain him, their prayers to go with him. Benedetto, the miniaturist, he who had armed himself at the first sound of warfare, yet, shamefaced, had put away his weapons at the word of the Prophet,

would scarcely be restrained, and pushing aside the officers, struggled to accompany his master. It was nine o'clock of the April night when this sad scene was over, and out of the convent, leaving all this love and sorrow, the two devoted brothers went forth into the raging sea of mad enemies, breathing fire and murder, which had been beating for all these hours against the walls of San Marco. They were immediately swallowed up in the hoarse roar of the furious crowd, which pressed so round them that their conductors could scarcely save them from its violence. The officers joined their weapons over the heads of the prisoners, making "a roof of arms" over them to keep them from murder at least; but were incapable of defending them from the insults shouted in their ears, the stones thrown at them, even the blows of the crowd. Thus Savonarola, his hands tied behind him, and every insult that vulgar cruelty could devise heaped upon him, made his last progress through these Florentine streets. It is also his last authentic and certain appearance in this life, until, after falsehood and torture had done their worst, he emerged once more six weeks after into the May sunshine in the great piazza and died there, like his Master, for the love of those who murdered him.

I have said nothing of the third monk who was associated with these two nobler and greater men. Fra Silvestro Maruffi was one of those weaker beings, by whom, chiefly, the mystical visions and raptures which form a distinct class of phenomena by themselves, and which no reasonable person can regard without interest—come. He represents the clairvoyant, the medium of modern life, the nature sensitively alive to occult influences, which in all ages has been the wonder of the sane and thoughtful, yet has rarely failed of a certain influence upon high-toned and imaginative minds. All dreamers of dreams and seers of visions are not of this type, as witness Girolamo

Savonarola himself and Saint Theresa, a man and a woman of the greatest mould possible to humanity. I do not attempt to explain these noble persons, or to follow them through the mysteries which to some critics seem mere aberrations of mind; neither indeed can I explain the much lower and more common character of Fra Silvestro, and trace out how his weaker visions and ecstasies, at once filled out and stimulated those of Savonarola. He was a good man, it was apparent at the last, but his nerves were in a pre-eminently excited and hysterical condition, and his organization of a very peculiar kind. His inspirations were not those great ones which Savonarola believed to be communicated to himself, those intimations of evil to come and of reformation to be accomplished, which were as true as the daylight; but revelations much more practical and matter of fact. It was Silvestro, for instance, who directed how Domenico was to enter the fire, carrying the sacrament, and laid down all the conditions of that act of faith, as if they, and not the faith itself, gave safety. Such detail of prophecy is always impressive to the crowd; and Savonarola himself had received undoubtedly and given credibility by his own faith in them, to those minute prophetic indications of what was to come. It was for this reason that a being so much inferior to the others had the honour of sharing in the condemnation of his master and the faithful Domenico. Fra Silvestro, timid and nervous, hid himself while the siege of San Marco was going on; he had not the courage to take his place in the choir with his brethren, a mark for the stones and arrows of the assailants. But when the morning came after that awful night, and stealing from his hiding-place he found the monks weeping over their lost leader and desolated sanctuary, the better soul awoke in poor Silvestro. So at least Burlamacchi says, according to whose narrative the repentant brother set out at once for the Palazzo and gave

himself up. There is unfortunately however another account of the occurrence, which would seem to show that he was carried there by force, his hiding-place having been betrayed. In any case he was a poor companion for the two nobler and greater men who had preceded him there.

I have said that this night's progress through the crowd was Savonarola's last authentic appearance till the moment of his execution. He disappears here out of the common daylight, and from the eyes of honest onlookers, to the torture chamber and prison where his fiercest enemies were about him, and worse than enemies, a professional liar, Cecone, the notary, found a place by his side as his sole historian, bribed to furnish a record which should justify the murder upon which all were bent. The Signory, no longer restrained, even by a shadow of that public opinion to which Savonarola had given form and power, appointed on their own responsibility a council of seventeen citizens to try him, among whom were his most implacable enemies, that Dolfo Spini, captain of the Compagnacci, from whose sword he had been again and again rescued with difficulty among the others. But not even this furiously prejudiced and unjust tribunal, not even the tortures to which his quivering frame was subjected, are so great a stigma upon the Government of Florence, as the wilful falsification of the records into which by universal consent, they are acknowledged to have fallen. The miserable chronicle of lies was printed, then with the precipitation of shame withdrawn from circulation; but various copies exist in various stages of elaboration, some ungrammatical, incoherent, and betraying in every line, the gaps left and the additions made, some pared and shaped into an appearance of unity. The reader who is interested in this dismal chapter of history will find a careful examination of the whole in Professor Villari's book, which our space does not permit us to follow. On the

whole it would seem to be allowed that Savonarola's fortitude at some moments yielded to the torture, and that in the delirium of pain he now and then rejected his own pretensions to prophetic insight, and confessed himself to have founded his predictions, not upon direct divine revelation, but "upon his own opinion, founded upon the doctrines and study of the Holy Scriptures." Apparently this was the only distinct "confession," so called, which even the rack could bring from his tortured lips. But the trial altogether is so involved in doubt that it is impossible to put faith in any part of it, except perhaps in those portions which are wholly in Savonarola's favour, and in which with a melancholy pride he defends himself, his purity and honesty, against his adversaries, for this it is evident could not have come from their hostile hands.

These tortures of mind and body continued for eleven days; through all those memorial days of a still more divine passion, which he could have commemorated less fitly in the services of his Church had he been at liberty. He was entirely separated from his companions, being imprisoned by himself in the Alberghettino, a small chamber in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, that proud "Rocca" which hangs suspended over Florence. There for about six weeks, in the "little lodging" which Cosimo dei Medici had once occupied before him, the great prophet lay, sometimes crushed and bleeding, sometimes perhaps with miserable self-reproaches in his mind, not knowing what words the torture might have wrung from him, a severer torment than the rack. But his confessions, if he made any, must have been meagre enough, since the Signory were compelled to write to the Pope in the following words:—

"We have had to deal with a man of the most extraordinary patience of body and wisdom of soul, who hardened himself against torture, involving the truth in all kinds of obscurity, with the

intention either of establishing for himself by pretended holiness an eternal name among men, or to brave imprisonment and death. Notwithstanding a long and most careful interrogatory, and with all the help of torture, we could scarcely extract anything out of him which he wished to conceal from us, although we laid open the inmost recesses of his mind."

The other friars were dealt with separately. Domenico, as brave and straightforward as he was devoted, never wavered for a moment. They told him that his master had recanted and owned himself a deceiver, but the mind of this simple hero never deviated. His body wrung by torture and his heart by this more terrible sting, he still declared his faith in Fra Girolamo's inspiration, and his certainty that it was the work of God which they had undertaken together. Silvestro did what might have been expected from his weakness; he succumbed altogether to the influence of the rope and the boot, and uttered in his torments all the blasphemies suggested to him, although even his evidence seems to have added to the irresistible weight of testimony in favour of Savonarola's absolute uprightness and honesty of faith. Thus the miserable process went on through those last dark days of Lent, through the triumphant gladness of the Easter. On one side torture, suffering, human weakness sometimes failing, yet brightened by the heroic simplicity which could not fail, and the patience and magnanimity which regained their sway as soon as the terrible pangs were over; on the other, cruelty, oppression, falsehood, basest of all; while outside the vile story worked, exciting the wicked to blasphemous rejoicing, and torturing the souls of the good and pious with many a doubt and fear. Even Benedetto, true brother, who had struggled so hard to go with that company of martyrs to the death that awaited them, was so overcome with shame and miserable doubts that he

describes himself as "like a thrush that had been struck to the ground." Sore and sick at heart this faithful soul shrank away, hiding his face, to Viterbo ; where in the stillness his courage and faith came back to him, and his conviction that the master whom he knew so well could have been no deceiver. And it is to this conviction, and his unwearying search into all the facts connected with the false record, that we owe a great part of our knowledge of the truth. The monks in San Marco as a body were less noble ; wholly noble and faithful in such a dire emergency no body of over two hundred men, I suppose, ever was. They made their submission to the Pope, abjuring Savonarola in the first sting of his supposed retractation, and were received back into the paternal favour of Alexander. Thus the poison worked at once, the minds of the bystanders being too much bewildered by the terrible tragedy going on in their midst to be able for the moment to separate falsehood from truth.

Savonarola, after his first "examination," had nearly a month of quiet in the little prison, which, after all, was not less spacious or comfortable than his cell. This was owing to the negotiations between the Pope and the Signory, the latter being anxious to exact a price for their services, a tax upon clerical property ; and Borgia, on the other side, being desirous to have his prey in his own hands at as cheap a rate as possible. This resting time the victim employed in a manner befitting his character and life. He wrote two meditations, one upon the "Miserere" (51st Psalm), and the other on the 31st Psalm, in which he poured out his whole heart in communion with God. With the right hand which had been spared to him in diabolical mercy that he might be able to sign the false papers which were intended to cover him with ignominy, he still had it in his power to leave a record of that intercourse with his Heavenly Master in which his stricken soul found strength and comfort. Between the miserable lies of the

notary Ceccone, over which those Florentine nobles in the palace—magnificent Signory not skilful in such lies, to do them justice—were wrangling ; and the stillness of the little prison hung high in air over their heads, where a great soul in noble trust yet sadness approached its Maker, what a difference ! Lover and friends had forsaken him, honour and credit were gone from him, his very brothers had lifted up their heel against him, and God had not owned, as once he had hoped, his devoted service. But yet God was true, though all men were liars ; God was true though He hid His face. The soldier of Christ had been overborne in the fight, broken and cast down ; but not less did he trust in his leader and his cause, which one day should overcome.

This quiet lasted till the Pope's commissioners arrived, who were at last to give a good deliverance, on Florentine soil, to the three prisoners. They came into Florence on the 19th of May—Romolino, a bishop after Alexander's own heart, and Torriano, the General of the Dominicans—boasting that they had the sentence ready, and were about to make a famous blaze (*un bel fuoco*). Notwithstanding this foregone conclusion, as his enemies still hankered after something to justify themselves, Savonarola was again "examined" before them, and all the tortures which he had already gone through were repeated, the answers given by him in this case being entirely falsified, and bearing no trace or show of reality. The minutes of this last examination were not even signed or acknowledged by any one, being too bad to obtain even a pretence of belief. On the 22nd of May the sentence of death was published, and that same evening was communicated to the condemned. It was their last night on earth. Domenico received the news as if it were an invitation to a feast ; poor Silvestro was full of agitation ; but Savonarola took it with perfect calm, expressing neither pleasure nor reluctance. No doubt the

three days' torture which had intervened had deadened every bodily feeling in him. The record of this last night is very full. One of the penitents of the order of the Temple, by name Jacopo Nicolini, came to Fra Girolamo's cell, according to the vow of that brotherhood, to comfort the doomed man during his last hours—a veiled figure, like one of those merciful brethren of the Misericordia who are still to be seen about the streets of Florence, covered from head to foot in a black robe and hood which conceals the face. To this man Savonarola appealed to procure him a last interview with his brethren—a request which was with some difficulty granted. Strangely enough this meeting was appointed to take place in the great hall of the Consiglio Maggiore, the hall built under Savonarola's influence for the council which had been established by his advice, and which a few years before the admiring populace had declared must have been built by the angels, so quickly did it rise. His own work! And here it was, in the darkness of the great hall, in the soft May night, that the three tortured prisoners, their limbs contorted out of shape, their hearts transfixed with many an arrow, met again. Savonarola's companions had both been made aware of his supposed confession, but no word of reproach, no question or explanation seems to have passed between them. If they had ever believed these slanders, the sight of their master's worn countenance was enough to give them clearer insight. At once he took his old place, their father, their ruler. Domenico he chid gently for his desire to be burnt alive, bidding him remember that to choose the way of death was not for them, but to endure it firmly; and Silvestro he warned against his intention to speak to the people from the scaffold, reminding him that our Lord made no vindication of His innocence on the cross; then on their knees they received his blessing. After this, Burlamacchi tells us, they were separated from each other

in different corners of the hall; and Savonarola, weary and worn out, begged of his benevolent attendant, Nicolini, to sit down and make a pillow of his knee, where he might rest his head. Lying down, apparently on the floor, with this support, he fell asleep, and in his sleep spoke and smiled, his kind supporter looking on awe-stricken and reverential, while the night dispersed slowly out of all the dim corners, and the blue morning stole upon the world, and the great barred windows grew light; strangest midnight watch surely that ever that good brother held. On the marble overhead were the warning verses which Savonarola himself had written:—

“ If this great council and sure government,
Oh people, of thy city never cease
To be by thee preserved as by God sent,
In freedom shalt thou ever stand, and peace.”

The dawn that slowly made these lines legible, lit the worn face of him who wrote them—of him who had made this stately chamber rise and that “sure government” stand fast—a face now worn and scarred with torture, though smiling in the soft ease of momentary childlike sleep; while outside in the piazza the pile was rising, the cross being erected, on which this very morning he was to die. If art should ever rise again in Florence, such a picture as this might well stir the old heart in the city for which Savonarola died.

When the sleeper woke, he thanked warmly and cordially the good man whose knee had served him for a pillow; and, Burlamacchi tells us, to reward him for this good office, warned him that all the distresses prophesied as coming upon Florence should come in the days of a Pope called Clement—a prophecy which was noted down. Then, the sun being now risen and their last day begun, the three friars once more drew together and celebrated their last sacrament. Here Savonarola made a final confession of his faith:—“Having then in his hands his Lord, with much gladness

and fervour of spirit he broke forth in these words: 'My Lord, I know that thou art that Trinity, perfect, invisible, distinct in three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I know that thou art that Eternal Word who didst descend into the womb of the Virgin Mary, and didst rise upon the cross to shed thy most precious blood for us miserable sinners. I pray thee, my Lord, I pray for my salvation. I entreat thee, Consoler, that this precious blood may not have been shed for me in vain, but may be for the remission of my sins, of which I ask thee pardon, from the day when I received the waters of holy baptism till now; and I confess to thee, Lord, my sins. And I ask thee pardon for everything, spiritual or temporal, in which I may have offended this city and all this people, and for every offence of which I am unaware.'" The three companions said these words together, then received the holy Communion; and so went out to the piazza, where the messengers of death were waiting for them. Here a change came over the weak brother Silvestro such as happened to the Feeble-minds and Ready-to-halts of the old Puritan fable. All at once his weak frame erected itself, his timid countenance lighted up. He went down the stairs with this new light in his eyes, saying that now was the time to be strong, to meet death with gladness. And so the three went out into the open daylight after their long confinement, into the fresh air of the May morning. I will not describe over again that well-known scene; how the bishop who unfrocked Savonarola, trembling and confused by his office, declared him to be separated from the Church militant and triumphant; but was corrected by the calm victim who said, one cannot but think half in pity for the error and the agitation, "From the Church militant, yes; but from the Church triumphant, no; that is not yours to do:" how thus disrobed the three brothers passed on to the seat of the Pope's Commissioners who gave them absolution; and then to the

tribunal of the civil power, by whom they were given up to the executioner; and how, one after another, they died; Domenico, forbidden to speak loud, chanting under his breath, a *Te Deum*, while Savonarola himself repeated the Creed as he went slowly along towards his death. He raised his eyes when he had ascended the ladder, and, pausing for a moment, looked the multitude in the face. Many among them still expected him to speak to them, to vindicate himself, to crush his enemies by a miracle; but by this time miracles and self-vindications were far from his mind. He looked at them, with what thoughts God knows—most likely with but a vague consciousness of their presence, his soul being already hid with Christ in God, and all unworthy passions and thoughts gone out of him. Christ did not vindicate Himself upon the cross, or make any plea of innocence—why should Christ's servant have done so? His boat of life had already jarred upon the soft shores of the eternal land: what was it now to him that tumultuous ocean of faces, as tumultuous, as fickle, and as uncertain as any sea?

So died the great preacher of Florence, the great Prior of San Marco, the most powerful politician, the most disinterested reformer of his time. Florence learned after he was gone that her only chance for freedom lay in taking up again and tardily following the system he had instituted; but did it, one is almost glad to know, too late; and so fell under the hated sway of the Medici, and out of one tyranny into another, till recent events have given her back a better existence. And Rome and Christendom found out what it was to have crushed the good genius within the Church when the ruder German revolt burst forth, and tore the Christian world asunder. The faithful in Florence kept up a secret memory of the martyrs as long as there remained a Piagnone in the city, and strewed flowers in the stony square where he died, and burned lamps before his

picture in their houses. Fra Benedetto, after that momentary pause of miserable doubt and dismay which we have recorded, threw aside his palette and his brushes and gave himself up to the examination of all the false documents of the trial, and to the clearing of his master's fame. So did Burlamacchi, from whom we have quoted, also a Dominican brother of a noble family of Lucca; and others of Savonarola's followers, for whom henceforward the great object of existence was to vindicate his memory. Even in the city of Dante, no greater figure has its dwelling. The shadow of

him lies still across those sunny squares and the streets through which in triumph and in agony he went upon his lofty way; and consecrates alike the little cell in San Marco and the little prison in the tower, and the great hall built for his great Council, which in a beautiful poetical justice received the first Italian parliament, a greater Council still. Thus, only four hundred years too late, his noble patriotism had its reward. Too late! though they do not count the golden years in that land where God's great servants wait to see the fruit of their labours—and have it, sooner or later, as the centuries come and go.

NOTES ON MR. TENNYSON'S "QUEEN MARY."

FOR us in England just now music seems to be what the drama was in the Elizabethan age—the panegyric among the fine arts, as it might fairly be called, if the word had not got a special meaning ; the art that can bring the largest gathering of people into conscious and intelligent sympathy, increasing the pleasure of every one by the sense that many other persons are sharing it at the same time. Though such as compare all things by bigness may scoff, it seems probable that a Handel Festival is the real nineteenth century analogue for the Elizabethan theatre. The magnetic fellow-feeling rests on a certain common fund of ideas or sentiments, possessed thoroughly by a perhaps small set of people, but in vogue with a much larger number ; and, moreover, so far common to all that the joy in them of those to whom they do not come closely home can never boldly be said to be only cold or affected, and thereby a blot on the spontaneity of the general delight ; and though the percentage of persons who were weary at the Elizabethan plays may have been smaller, yet their relation to the enjoyers must have been like those of our conventional concert-goers to the lovers of music.

A question which must have occurred to many people, in the last few years especially, is whether our higher reading drama is likely to develop into an acting drama. Mr. Swinburne's splendid *Bothwell* seemed for itself almost pointedly and peremptorily to decide the question in the negative. Such a fine and truly artistic work as Mr. Nichol's *Hannibal*, again, gives the preference to the literary form. But now Mr. Tennyson—setting in a more artistic framework the subject which Sir Aubrey de Vere dramatised nearly thirty years ago—has given us a historical drama which, it is said, is to be represented on the stage, and that with

such advantages as are rare indeed ; *Queen Mary*, therefore, has a double interest—as a substantive work of art, and as a possibility for the future of English drama.

The fitness of Mary's reign as a subject for tragedy is a question that meets us at the outset, and is one which has probably divided opinion as much as any question raised by Mr. Tennyson's drama. In the first place it has been objected with plausibility that Mary is not a good heroine for tragedy, since her story is merely that of an inward grief growing ever sharper till she died ; she is not deposed, she is not overthrown in war, there is no catastrophe brought about by action. The tragedy of her personal life might be almost summed up in the words of Mr. Froude:—"The unhappy queen, unloved, unlovable, yet with her parched heart thirsting for affection, was flinging herself upon a breast to which an iceberg was warm ; upon a man to whom love was an unmeaning word, except as the most brutal of passions. For a few months she created for herself an atmosphere of unreality. She saw in Philip the ideal of her imagination, and in Philip's feelings the reflex of her own ; but the dream passed away—her love for her husband remained ; but remained only to be a torture to her. With a broken spirit and bewildered understanding, she turned to Heaven for comfort"—and found that for this also she must wait. Such a story, it has been said, is pathetic, indeed, but not dramatic, and cannot well be made the subject of a tragedy. There some is justice in the criticism ; undoubtedly Mary's personal life, though it has dramatic episodes, such as her heroism in Wyatt's rebellion, is not, as a whole, a drama with a continuous, stirring progress ; after Philip goes, it is, to the end, mainly a life of suffering ; and this

condition, it cannot be disputed, increases manifold the demand made on the art of the dramatist. It seems, however, too strong to say that such a story as Mary's may not, under certain conditions, be made the subject of a tragedy, though the treatment of it will always be more difficult; and in this case there is a consideration which the objectors ought not, we think, to leave out of sight, and which seems to make an important difference. Sir Aubrey de Vere called his drama *Mary Tudor*: it opens with the closing scenes of Edward VI.'s life; the fifth act of the First Part has its climax in Mary's anguish for the death of Lady Jane Grey; the Second Part exhibits in painful detail all that Mary suffered from Philip, and, in relation to the First Part, bears the character of a personal nemesis, thereby justifying the title *Mary Tudor*, but, at the same time, throwing on the principal person of the drama the whole responsibility for its unity and its movement as a poem of action. Mr. Tennyson has called his drama *Queen Mary*; his subject is strictly her reign. As in the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.*, so here also, there is a certain dramatic progress of national affairs which does not halt because the single central figure has become a stationary object of compassion: nay, as the sovereign is the nation, this progress, for good or evil, cannot be dissociated from the action or inaction of the sovereign; Mr. Tennyson's heroine is not simply Mary, but England; her reign was the Ultramontane experiment, and the fortunes of that experiment give to the drama, from beginning to end, a just and continuous progress, marked in the second act by Wyatt's rising; in the third by the reconciliation with Rome; in the fourth by Cranmer's martyrdom; in the fifth by the national disaster which was as the index of the point to which these few years of spirit-breaking and sickening persecution had brought the country—the loss of Calais.

The subject of the drama is the most

frightful reign in English history; and though, surely, it may fairly be defended against the objection that too little happened in it, we cannot refuse our sympathy to the regret that the dramatic genius of the Poet Laureate should not have chosen for its first essay a period less repulsive. By repulsive we do not mean merely full of physical horrors—the rack, the stake, the fetid cell, the bread that crawled upon the tongue, the water of which every drop was a worm, the dunghill piled with rotting carcases; if even these terrible and shameful things had come of such a fiery and fearless enthusiasm as once offered to the East the alternative of the Koran or the sword, the splendour of intrepid fanaticism might have commanded some shuddering admiration. It is the intellectual and moral littleness of the Marian persecution, its abject cowardice and its more abject stupidity, which, added to its perfidious cruelty, make it so peculiarly loathsome. The policy that could burn Cranmer after his recantation was not more opposed to Christian than to Machiavellian ethics, and leaves us in doubt whether the character or the understanding of the tormentors was less respectable. But the worst of all is that, as Mr. Froude says, 'although Pole and Mary could have laid their hands on earl and baron, knight and gentleman, whose heresy was notorious—although in the Queen's own guard there were many who never listened to a mass—they durst not strike where there was danger that they would be struck in return. They went out into the highways and hedges; they gathered up the lame, the halt, and the blind; they took the weaver from his loom, the carpenter from his workshop, the husbandman from his plough; they laid hands on maidens and boys who had never heard of any other religion than that which they were called upon to abjure: old men tottering into the grave, and children whose lips could but just lisp the articles of their creed, and of these they made their burnt-offerings; with these they crowded

their prisons.' It was a crusade, not against heresy, but against friendless heretics, and made up for its partiality by its relentlessness.

Mr. Tennyson's artistic tact has kept in the background the specially characteristic horrors of the time; there are, indeed, but two passages that bring before the mind what was endured by 'heretics of the poorer sort.' Medea is not allowed to slay her children on the stage. At the same time, the fourth act, containing Cranmer's death—itsself the death-blow to the Ultramontane reaction—gathers up the higher tragic elements of the persecution. Yet, on the whole, the subject remains not merely gloomy, but distressing, repellent, one from which the memory turns away; it is not well fitted to operate the *κάθαρσις παθημάτων*—to present the emotions which it raises in a typical concentration from which pity and terror have removed everything accidental and disturbing. When we look back on Mary's reign, the gross and polluting accidents are of so large and importunate a volume that they force themselves into our sight; they will not allow us to idealise in peace, or to dream that we are present at a heroic strife of creeds.

Only one historical drama that we can think of labours under at all the same sort of disadvantage that *Queen Mary* suffers from the general nature of the subject; and, in this other instance, the special difficulty arising from the passivity of the protagonist does not come in. Shakespeare has treated the English reign which, next to Mary's, has least to brighten and redeem it—least to strengthen or gladden the spirit; a reign in which, as in Mary's, a Cardinal Legate was for a time master of England, and in which, as in Mary's, a blow dealt by France to England was the final humiliation of a sovereign who had wasted the people's strength and won their hate:—

KING JOHN. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail

Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd ;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

BASTARD. The Dauphin is preparing
hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer
him ;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[The king dies.]

Mary does not die so quickly when Sir Nicholas Heath has given his message:—

That gateway to the mainland over which
Our flag hath floated for two hundred years
Is France again.

But the difference between January and November might have been measured by even a lesser interval than that between the second and the fifth scene of a fifth act; the loss of Calais was the last blow, followed by a little hour of prostration, and then the disgraced reign and the wretched life were at an end. One of Shakespeare's best recent critics has said that in the degenerate English world depicted in *King John*, amid the struggle of royal greeds and priestly pride, amid the sales of cities, the loveless marriage of princes, the rumours and confusion of the people, there are but three retrieving presences of human virtue or beauty—the pathetic figure of Arthur, 'so gracious, so passive, untouched by the adult rapacities and crimes of the others;' the powerless, passionate mother's pleading of Constance; and the boisterous but true and hearty patriotism of Faulconbridge. Yet Shakespeare did not shrink from dramatising that world. The artistic title of a dramatist to treat whatever is human can be disproved by no one but himself.

The general tenor of criticism on *Queen Mary* thus far, and of the general feeling about it, seems to have been much what might have been expected. The least favourable estimate is, that there are many fine things in it, and that the author has undoubtedly shown a kind of power with which he was not

generally credited before. The next degree of commendation declares it a fine poem, with much dramatic fire. Lastly, a judgment which shows signs of prevailing, though it will probably take time and successful bearing of the stage-test to fix it, pronounces *Queen Mary* a fine drama. Two things might naturally be expected to delay the acceptance of this last decision by the world in general; first, that Mr. Tennyson's popular English fame rests most widely, perhaps, on poems of a totally different order; while comparatively few readers have appreciated the dramatic faculty which showed itself so clearly in the *Princess*, in *Lucretius* and in parts of the *Idylls*; next, that in a non-dramatic age those instincts are sluggish which, in mere reading, can divine a drama from a poem, and require the palpable aids of the scene. It is so hard for us now to call up between the boards of a book all wherewith Shakespeare could so confidently ask his audience to fill the 'wooden O.'

It is of the nature of the subject chosen by Mr. Tennyson that, while its great points depend on *pathos*, the largest share of the canvass should fall to work of which the praise is in *êthos*. The passion of the death-scene at the end is the grandest thing in the drama; next to it, perhaps, Scene 2 of Act iii.; but still, on the whole, subtle delineation of character tells for most. Pole and Gardiner, Feria with Mary or with Elizabeth, Lady Clarence, Alice, Lady Magdalen Dacres, Philip compared with any one but himself—these are the contrasts, subtle or strong, on which the court-life of the play turns after the rebellion; not the national life, of course, for though we see less of it, we have hints or lurid glimpses of the dreadful deeds that are forcing it forward without pause for such delicate comparisons. But the subject gives scope, too, for more than the moral portraiture of mutual influences or the study of detached situations. The second Act, for example, is action pure and simple; and they who wish to judge of the

elementary and direct dramatic power in *Queen Mary* cannot do better than take the fourth Scene of Act ii. :—

GARDINER. Madam, I much fear
That all is lost; but we can save your Grace.
The river still is free. I do beseech you,
There yet is time, take boat and pass to
Windsor.

MARY. I pass to Windsor, and I lose my
CROWN.

GARDINER. Pass, then, I pray your High-
ness, to the Tower.

MARY.—I shall but be their prisoner in the
Tower.

CRIES *without*. The traitor! treason! Pem-
broke!

LADIES. Treason! treason!

MARY. Peace.

False to Northumberland, is he false to me?
Bear witness, Renard, that I live and die
The true and faithful bride of Philip—A
sound

Of feet and voices thickening hither—blows—
Hark, there is battle at the palace gates,
And I will out upon the gallery.

LADIES. No, no, your Grace; see there
the arrows flying.

MARY. I am Harry's daughter, Tudor, and
know not fear.

[*Goes out on the gallery.*]

The guards are all driven in, skulk into
corners

Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious guard
Truly; shame on them, they have shut the
gates!

Enter SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SOUTHWELL. The porter, please your
Grace, hath shut the gates
On friend and foe. Your gentlemen-at-arms,
If this be not your Grace's order, cry
To have the gates set wide again, and they
With their good battleaxes will do you right
Against all traitors.

MARY. They are the flower of England;
set the gates wide.

[*Exit* SOUTHWELL.

Enter COURTENAY.

COURTENAY. All lost, all lost, all yielded;
a barge, a barge,
The Queen must to the Tower.

MARY. Whence come you, sir?

COURTENAY. From Charing Cross; the
rebels broke us there,
And I sped hither with what haste I might
To save my royal cousin.

MARY. Where is Pembroke?

COURTENAY. I left him somewhere in the
thick of it.

MARY. Left him and fled; and thou that
wouldest be King,
And hast nor heart nor honour. I myself
Will down into the battle and there bide
The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those
That are no cowards and no Courtenays.

COURTENAY. I do not love your Grace
should call me coward.

Enter another MESSENGER.

MESSENGER. Over, your Grace, all crush'd;
the brave Lord William
Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor fly-
ing

To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice Berkeley
Was taken prisoner.

MARY. To the Tower with him!

MESSENGER. 'Tis said he told Sir Maurice
there was one
Cognisant of this, and party thereunto,
My lord of Devon.

MARY. To the Tower with him!

COURTENAY. O la, the Tower, the Tower,
always the Tower,
I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower.

MARY. Your lordship may not have so
long to wait.

Remove him!

COURTENAY. La, to whistle out my life,
And carve my coat upon the walls again!

[Exit COURTENAY guarded.]

MESSENGER. Also this Wyatt did confess
the Princess
Cognisant thereof, and party thereunto.

MARY. What? whom—whom did you say?

MESSENGER. Elizabeth,
Your Royal sister.

MARY. To the Tower with her!
My foes are at my feet and I am Queen.

[GARDINER and her LADIES kneel to her.]

GARDINER *(rising)*. There let them lie,
your footstool! *(Aside.)* Can I strike
Elizabeth—not now and save the life
Of Devon: if I save him, he and his
Are bound to me—may strike hereafter.

(Aloud.) Madam,
What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,
Cries of the moment and the street—

MARY. He said it.
GARDINER. Your courts of justice will de-
termine that.

RENARD *(advancing)*. I trust by this your
Highness will allow
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,
When last we talk'd, that Philip would not
come.

Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of
Suffolk,

And Lady Jane had left us.

MARY. They shall die.

RENARD. And your so loving sister?

MARY. She shall die.
My foes are at my feet, and Philip King.

[Exeunt.]

Every reader must judge for him-
self whether the characters in *Queen
Mary* are for him living men and
women—that is, whether the poem is
for him a drama; to us they are cer-
tainly living; but some of them seem
subject, at a few rare and passing

moments, to the affection of that prince
whose far-off grandsire had burnt a
sorcerer. The weird seizure comes, and,
for the instant, they and their sur-
roundings seem shadows—then the
brief fit passes, and once more they
live. This happens when, now and
then, a streak from the daylight of de-
liberate historical study is let in upon
the illusion—as when Elizabeth, after
Gardiner has gone out, speaks of

His big baldness,
The irritable forelock which he rubs,
His buzzard beak and deep incavern'd eyes.

This, if we may presume to say so,
seems to us to savour too much of the
reading drama; it is a way of prompting
the reader, of reminding him that Gardi-
ner *had* a forelock, &c.; for, if we had
just been seeing Gardiner before us on
the stage, would not the inventory be
a little tame? A dramatist who has
mastered the lore of his subject so
thoroughly as Mr. Tennyson must
always be in danger of allowing a
creation to pass into a study; there are
so many telling things to be brought
in, and so little space wherein to do
it. For dramatists, a little learning
may be less dangerous than much.
In reading *Queen Mary*, we must
frankly own that sometimes, not often,
we have felt as if the personages were
murmuring to us aside, 'This is
in Froude,' or 'You will find this in
the State Trials;' but it is just be-
cause these momentary suspensions of
the spell are so light and so fleeting
that we think Mr. Tennyson may
be congratulated on having written a
real drama. All the characters without
exception are well and carefully drawn,
some of them with perhaps even too
many careful touches; but two of the
most powerful in their different ways
are Pole and Elizabeth. What strikes us
as so fine in the portraiture of Pole is
the way we are shown how his ecclesias-
tical enthusiasm not merely dominated
but at last blankly contradicted his
narrow understanding, driving him to
burn people, as he himself says, 'for
nothing,' and yet allowing him to feel

that he has done his *best*, and has been cruelly deprived of a just reward :—

I a heretic !

Your Highness knows that in pursuing heresy I have gone beyond your late Lord Chancellor,—

He cried Enough ! enough ! before his death—

Gone beyond him and mine own natural man (It was God's cause) ; so far they call me now, The scourge and butcher of their English Church.

MARY. Have courage, your reward is Heaven itself.

POLE. They groan Amen ; they swarm into the fire

Like flies—for what ? no dogma. They know nothing ;

They burn for nothing.

MARY. You have done your best.

POLE. Have done my best, and as a faithful son,

That all day long has wrought his father's work,

When back he comes at evening hath the door

Shut on him by the father whom he loved,

His early follies cast into his teeth,

And the poor son turn'd out into the street

To sleep, to die—I shall die of it, cousin.

Elizabeth is perhaps the most attractive character in the play ; she has the peculiar advantage of a part which, in itself, independently of special qualities, always commands the strongest sympathy—that of a high-spirited woman, isolated, with fortune against her, but resolved and able to fight her own battles, and to repel affronts or dangers with that versatile vigilance of the oppressed in which patience shares the watches with courage. She crushes Courtenay's feeble impertinences with quiet dignity (Courtenay, by the by, in his scene with Elizabeth strikes us as preter-historically snobbish) ; she does not reject her uncle's counsels or allow him to feel that he is shut out of her confidence, though her own prudence is far more mistress than his of the difficult path before her. But she is best of all in the short scene with Feria—letting fall not a word that he can use against her at the court or with Philip, and yet making him feel that his diplomacy cannot advance a step. The discomfiture of Feria, when the interview comes to an abrupt close, is so

utter because he has experienced no studied discourtesy, but merely the calm, penetrating, complete disapproval of a higher character and intelligence than his own :—

Have you aught else to tell me ?

FERIA. Nothing, madam, Save that methought I gather'd from the Queen

That she would see your Grace before she—died.

ELIZABETH.—God's death ! and wherefore spake you not before ?

We dally with our lazy moments here, And hers are number'd. Horses, there, without !

I am much beholden to the king, your master. Why did you keep me prating ? Horses there !

[Exit ELIZABETH.]

FERIA. So from a clear sky falls the thunderbolt !

Don Carlos ? Madam, if you marry Philip, Then I and he will snaffle your " God's death," And break your paces in, and make you tame ; God's death, forsooth—you do not know King Philip.

[Exit.]

Then, of course, the situation of Elizabeth relatively to Mary gives to the part of the former the whole benefit of a strong historical irony ; and we cannot help thinking that this irony is brought out, especially at the end, rather *too* strongly for the separate artistic effect of *Queen Mary*. When the curtain falls, we feel a little as if we had been moving through the gloomy vestibule of a glorious scene which lies somewhere beyond. If Mr. Tennyson will give us a *Queen Elizabeth* we shall be consoled on this score, whether *Queen Mary* will have been quite indemnified or not.

Eckermann relates how Goethe one day showed him two pieces of poetry, of which the general intention was blameless, but which, nevertheless, Goethe did not mean to publish because, in one or two places, there were details that might scandalise some readers ; and thereon Goethe observed, 'Time is an odd thing, a tyrant with caprices of his own, who, in each age, has a new face for what men say and do. The old Greeks were allowed to say things that no longer seem proper to us ; and what pleased the energetic contemporaries of

Shakespeare is intolerable to the Englishman of 1820, so much so that in these latter days the need has been felt for a Family Shakespeare.' In Act i. Sc. 3 of *Queen Mary*—the scene at St. Paul's Cross, when Father Bourne is preaching—this passage occurs:—

VOICES OF THE CROWD.

Peace! hear him; let his own words damn the Papist. From thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him down.

BOURNE.

—and since our Gracious Queen, let me call her our second Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true temple—

FIRST CITIZEN.

Virgin Mary! we'll have no virgins here —we'll have the Lady Elizabeth!

This impresses us rather disagreeably, we must own, because it has the air of a deliberate imitation of Shakespeare in that which was an unlovely accident of his age; the coarseness for us has not the excuse of being natural; it is artificial, and therefore twice a fault. But this and one or two more touches like it are in themselves so trifling that they would not be worthy of passing mention if they had not a tendency from which we should like to see Mr. Tennyson's fine drama absolutely free—the tendency to make one think of a Shakespearian study, and to check for a moment the sense of delight in a living and passionate creation. 'This England,' as Mr. Walter Bagehot says, 'lay before Shakespeare as it lies before us all, with its green fields, and its long hedgerows, and its many trees, and its great towns, and its endless hamlets, and its motley society, and its long history, and its bold exploits, and its gathering power; and he saw that they were good. To him perhaps more than to any one else has it been given to see that they were a great unity, a great religious object; that if you could only descend to the inner life, to the deep things, to the secret principles of its noble vigour, to the essence of character . . . we might, so far as we are

capable of doing so, understand the nature which God has made. Let us then think of him, not as a teacher of dry dogmas, or a sayer of hard sayings, but as

'A priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,'
a teacher of the hearts of men and women.' Whether a given century be 'dramatic' or not, the materials of the drama are the same yesterday, to-day and for ever; Shakespeare, again, of all dramatists, is he whose art is most universal; but against the thought so finely expressed by Mr. Bagehot we need always to set that with which Mr. Dowden balances it—that no single mind or age can inclose the spirit of man, and that for our age the noble positivism of Shakespeare needs to be supplemented: the mere reanimation of Shakespeare's art, however perfect, could not give this age a drama which should be its own.

Whether England will ever again have a great and living school of drama, and, if such arise, what elements will rule in it, who shall foretell? The superficial variety and inner unity of impulse in the Elizabethan age, the superficial uniformity and deep spiritual diversity of life in this, make a contrast from which no clear omen can be drawn. At present it looks as if it were possible that we should have a drama which should stand to George Eliot's fiction in the same kind of relation as that in which Shakespeare stands to Walter Scott; but one thing, at all events, is certain—that the new drama, in whatever shape it comes, must not be a literary revival, but, whether it takes its subject from the past or the present, must have its vital force in this—that it so presents the facts of human life as to reach what is deepest and most real in the feeling and thought of to-day.

Queen Mary is a noble drama, of which the distinctive power resides in subtle studies of character, not, like that of the Shakespearian histories, in a profusion of ideas and images rather loosely dependent on the theme.

The difference is necessary; it is the difference, not between two poets, but between two ages, and it raises our admiration of the art which has saved a Shakespearian form from being marred by literary Shakespearianism. Sir Aubrey de Vere's *Mary Tudor* deserves to be more read than it is—it is a graceful poem, of much tenderness and pathos, and with some passages of true eloquence; but as a drama it is fitted to show by contrast the degree in which *Queen Mary* is a work of art. One example, trivial though it be, will serve as an illustration. In Act v. Sc. 5 of *Mary Tudor* Latimer is made to say to Ridley in prison:—

Brother, through God's grace, we this day shall kindle

Throughout this English land a light whereby

True Faith shall shine for ever.

It would have been hardly possible

to have broken the dramatic illusion more effectually than by first paraphrasing the famous words, and then causing them to be said in the wrong place. Mr. Tennyson has managed very differently in a like case:—

Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,

And thrust his right into the bitter flame;

And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,

"This hath offended—this unworthy hand!"

So held it till it all was burn'd.

It is perhaps a fact of more meaning than popular English criticism may recognise that Mr. Tennyson's *Queen Mary* is said to be so much admired by Walt Whitman,—who, more, perhaps, than any one living, is the man of genius acted upon by such forces of national life as might quicken in him something like the Elizabethan instinct for dramatic truth.

VINTAGING IN TUSCANY.

IN the lower Val d'Arno, overlooking the fruitful plain which extends from Florence to Empoli, stands an old villa, a long, low, roomy house, anciently belonging to the "Arte della Lana," whose lamb bearing a banner over one shoulder is sculptured on various parts of its walls. In the twelfth century it was only a roof resting on high arches for drying the wool; then our host's ancestors bought it, filled up the arches, built a first-floor, and gradually added wing after wing. The rooms are large and lofty, and the staircase very handsome. The ceiling of one of the rooms is frescoed with Raphaelesque designs like the Loggia in the Vatican. The house is full of old furniture, old china, and various Roman and Etruscan statues, and a splendid sarcophagus found on the property, for we are near Signa, the old "Signa Romanorum" of the legions. The villa is slightly raised above the plain, and about two miles from the Arno, opposite Monte Morello, the weather-teller of all the country round, as the old proverb says:—

"Se a Morello
Ve'il cappello,
Non uscir
Senza l'ombrello."

To the left, on the opposite side of the Arno, lies the town of Prato and the beautiful line of hills behind it, and further up the valley is Pistoja, and the Apennines in the distance. To the right we see Florence with its stately duomo and campanile, and in the background the hills of Vallombrosa. Behind the villa is a large garden, all the walks of which are shaded with "pergole," (vines on trellises,) and from thence the ground slopes up to vineyards and olive-groves, and to the wooded hills from the summit of which on a clear day one can discern the sea at Leghorn, some sixty miles off.

In this pleasant and picturesque old mansion were assembled a joyous company, mixed Italian and English, for the vintage of 1874. To the advent of the "forestieri" was ascribed by the courteous "contadini" the splendid yield of grapes, better than they had been for twenty-six years.¹ On a fine September morning we started, Italian and English, men and women, masters and mistresses, and servants laden with innumerable baskets, big and little, each armed with a rough pair of scissors, and our "padrona" leading the way, with her guitar, pouring out as she went an endless flow of "Stornelli," "Rispetti," and "Canzone," in which Tuscany is as rich as in any of the country products, maize or figs, pumpkins or tomatoes, oil or wine or grain, the Italians amongst us improvising words to the well-known airs. The vintage is always a happy time; every one works with a will, and is contented and light-hearted. As "Modesto," one of our men, said, "Buon vino fa buon sangue."

The old "Fattore" (bailiff), who had retired from all active work on the estate, except the management of his especial pets, the vineyards, "*alla francese*" (vines cut low in the French fashion, not allowed to straggle from tree to tree as is the Tuscan usage), was very great on this occasion. He pointed out trees he had planted, and works he had done, fifty years ago, before the "padrone" was born. The dear old man was now seventy-eight, and as brisk and alert as any of us; with an eye still bright, and his keen humorous face as full of vivacity as the youngest.

¹ That is to say, since the outbreak of the iodine. To give some idea of the virulence of the disease, the farms on this estate, though two less in number, used to produce at least 2,000 "barile" of wine; and in this, an exceptional year, the yield was only 1,100. One year, when the disease was at its height, they had five "barile" of stuff resembling mud!

He was full of old proverbs and wise sayings, like all peasants of the "Casentino;" his native region, about twenty miles south-west of Florence, and looked sharply after all our workmen to see that each duly did the picking of his row of vines. He was struck with great admiration at the way in which Englishmen, and women too, worked, and quite concerned for the repeated drenchings in perspiration of a strenuous old gentleman of the party, remarking, gravely, "Questo povero Signor Antonio! ma suda troppo!" He chuckled when we got hot and red under the burning sun, gracefully putting it to the ladies, "Il sole d'Italia vi ha baciato." By eleven we were thoroughly tired, and went to rest under the scanty shade of the olives and fig-trees with our guitar. One of the young peasants had lost his father in Russia with Napoleon I., and we called him up, and told him to sing about the great general. He sung to a favourite Stornello air,—

"Guarda, Napoleon, quello che fai;
La meglio gioventù tutta la vuoi,
E le ragazze te le friggerai.

"Napoleon, fa le cose guiste,
Falla la coscrizione delle ragazze,
Piglia le belle, e plasciar star le brutte.

"Napoleon, te ne pentirai!
La meglio gioventù tutta la vuoi;
Della vecchiaia, che te ne farai.

"Napoleon, non ti stimar guerriero—
A Mosca lo trovaresti l'osso duro,
All' isola dell' Elba prigioniero."¹

Twelve o'clock brought a welcome arrival—lunch from the villa. Grape-picking is a capital sharpener of the appetite. We were soon reclining—*sub tegmine fagi*—round a steaming dish of

"risotto con funghi, and a knightly sirloin of roast beef, which would have done honour to old England. A big "fiasco" (a large bottle bound round with reeds or straw, and holding three ordinary bottles) of last year's red wine was soon emptied, well tempered, I should say, with water from the neighbouring well. At a little distance the labourers in the vineyard were enjoying the unwonted luxury of a big wooden bowl full of white beans crowned with "polpetti," little sausages of minced meat and rice.

We first gathered all the white grapes. These were transferred from our small baskets to big ones, placed at the end of each row of vines. These bigger baskets were then carried on men's backs to the villa, where the grapes were laid out to dry in one of the towers, on "stoje," great trays made of canes. Here they are exposed to sun and air for some weeks, when they are used for making the "vin' santo." After the white grapes were gathered, we fell to on the black, of the choice kinds, the "San Givese," the "Aleatico," the "Colorino," and the "Occhio di Pernice." These also were destined to be exposed on "stoje" in the same manner. They are used as "governo," that is to say, when the new wine is racked for the first time these choice black grapes are put in, so as to cause another fermentation. They at once deepen the colour of the wine and clear it. How melancholy the vines looked stripped of their grapes! The glorious white and golden, and pink and deep red bunches had given a beauty to the landscape which one did not realize until they were gone, and the poor vines stood bare. In our discussions about the progress of our work, the time of day often came in question. The old "Fattore" was very anxious to know how we in England knew the hour, as he had heard that our churches did not ring the "Ave Maria" at midday or in the evening. He had doubtless a settled conviction that we were little better than heathens, but was too polite to say so right out. We explained that we had abundance of both big clocks and

¹ "While you go our youths collecting,
All our pretty girls neglecting,
Pause, Napoleon, and beware.

"Deal more justly with all classes,
Make conscription of the lasses—
Leave the plain and choose the fair.

"Napoleon, if with ruthless hand,
Of its flower you mow the land:
In old age you'll pay it dear.

"Boast not, tyrant, of your glory,
Moscow's plains were grim and gory,
Elba was a prison drear."

little watches; but he answered, "Ma che" (with a horizontal wave of the hand) "I have a watch too. I set it by the 'Ave Maria,' and hardly ever use it. At midday, when the 'Ave Maria' rings, we know we are to eat; and when we hear it at sundown, twenty-four o'clock, as we say here, we leave off work; and at one o'clock of night (an hour after sunset) it rings again so that we may remember our dead and say an 'Ave' for them." All our arguments to prove that clocks and watches might be good substitutes for the "Ave Maria" were useless, and he remained stanch to his idea that England must be a wretched place without the "Ave Maria"—"Si dove sta male in Inghilterra senza l'Ave Maria."

At last the beautiful great white oxen, with their large, soft, black eyes, and with tassels of red and yellow worsted dangling about the roots of their horns and over their cool moist noses, came to the edge of the vineyard drawing a large vat ("tino") fixed on the cart. Into this all the remaining grapes were thrown. A handsome young lad of sixteen, after tucking up his trousers and washing his feet in a bucket of water drawn from the well close by, jumped atop of the vat and lustily stamped down the contents, singing as he plied his purple-stained feet:—

"Bella bellina, chi vi ha fatto gli occhi?
Che vi gli ha fatti tanto innamorati?
Da letto levereste gli ammalati,
Di sotto terra levereste i morte.
Tanto valore e tanta valoranza!
Vostri begli occhi son la mia speranza."¹

Of such tender sentiment and musical sound are the songs of the Tuscan "roughs." These songs are most of them the composition, both words and airs, of the peasants and artisans who sing them. The hills round Pistoja

¹ "My lovely charmer, who hath made thine eyes,
That fill our bosoms with such ecstasies?
Their glance would draw the sick man
from his bed,
Or haply pierce the tomb and raise the dead.
Oh! my sweet love, thy beauty and thy worth,
Are all my hope and all my joy on earth."

and the streets of Florence ring with an ever renewed outpour of such sweet and simple song.

The "Padrone" prides himself much on his fine breed of oxen, and told us the old Tuscan proverb, "Chi ha carro e buoi, fa bene i fatti suoi." When the last load of grapes was carted off we returned to the villa, where we found all hands busy in the great courtyard of the "Fattoria,"² on one side of the villa, emptying the grapes and must out of the vats with wooden "bigoncie," high wooden pails, without handles. These are carried on men's shoulders, and their contents poured into immense vats ("tini") ranged all round the courtyard under covered arcades. In our wine-shed ("tinaia") there are about fifty of these, containing from five to fifty butts each, besides three large square reservoirs of stone, each holding 300 barrels. The bubbling and boiling of the fermenting wine fills the air, and the smell is almost strong enough to get drunk upon. The men often do get tipsy, if they remain too long treading the grapes, or drawing off the new wine. But here it is an article of faith that the perfume of the must is the best medicine, and people bring weakly children to tread the grapes and remain in the "tinaia" to breathe the fume-laden air and eat of the fresh grapes; for at vintage time no peasant or "Padrone" refuses grapes to any one who asks. They say that "il buon Dio" has given them plenty, and why should they in their turn not give to those who have nothing? I suppose this universal readiness to give is one reason why there is so little stealing here. You see vines full of fruit close to the roads, and quite unprotected by any sort of fence, and yet no one of the country side ever takes them. There are, it is true, certain "malfamati" villages, whose inhabitants have the reputation of thieves, and against these and pilferers from the large

² The "Fattoria" comprehends the farm buildings, cellars, granaries, bailiff's dwellings, etc., attached to a villa, just as in the Roman times the "Villa Rustica" was attached to the "Villa Urbana."

towns the vineyards are guarded by men armed with guns, with which they keep popping the night through. At times you see twenty or thirty poor people standing quietly looking on, until called up to receive their dole of grapes, with which they go away happy, with their graceful "Dio ve nè renda merito." At home they will mix water with the must they squeeze out of their basket, or apronful of such ungrudged gifts, and make "mezzo vine," or "aquarello" (water and wine fermented together), for the winter. The same thing is done on a large scale at many "Fattorie." This mixture of wine and water is distributed to the poor in winter, and is the common drink of the workmen about the villa. After the first good wine is drawn off from the vats, the "vinaccia" (skins, grape-stones, and stalks) is put into the wine-press and the second wine pressed out. This wine is good, but considerably rougher, from the larger amount of tannin, due to the skins and stalks, than the wine which is drawn from off the vats after fermentation without any agency of the press. After passing through the press, the clots of "vinaccia" are again put into the vats, and water is poured upon them. In eight or ten days a fresh fermentation takes place, and the "vinaccia" is once more pressed in the wine-press. This gives "mezzo vino," or "acquarello," *half-wine*, not at all bad, but of course of insufficient body to keep through the summer. For this there is no want of demand at the villa. Besides the rations of the workpeople, there are the "poveri del buon Dio." In Tuscany there are no almshouses or poorhouses, save in the chief towns. Most villas have one or two days in the week when alms are distributed to all who come and ask. Here the gathering of poor occurs every Monday and Thursday at ten in the morning. A hunch of bread, a glass of half-wine, and five centimes are doled out to every

applicant, and on Christmas Day any one who brings a "fiasco" has it filled with "mezzo-vino," and gets half a loaf of bread and half a pound of uncooked meat. Such has been the custom, I am told, at this villa, for many hundred years.

Our happy holiday vintaging lasted for five days, and then we went to help the vintaging of one of the "contadini" of the "Padrone." This family had been on the estate for two hundred and eighty years. All their vines were trained Tuscan fashion on maples, and we had the help of ladders and steps to gather the grapes. Half the grapes, and indeed half of all the produce of the land—grain, pumpkins, flax, fruit, or wine, belongs to the "Padrone," who pays all the taxes and buys the cattle. The "contadino" pays no rent for his house, which the "Padrone" keeps in repair. The peasant gives the labour, and the master finds the capital.

This is, in rough outline, the system of "mezzeria," or "métayer" (half and half) tenure, still universal in Tuscany. Like all human things, it has two sides, and may be condemned as the most backward, or defended as the most patriarchal and wholesome of systems, binding landlord and tenant in the bond of an obviously common interest, and encouraging the closest and most familiar relations between the two. When the landlord is intelligent, active, and judicious, he may become a centre of enlightenment and improvement to his tenantry; but all his attempts must be made with the most cautious discretion, or he will infallibly frighten, and perhaps alienate, his tenantry, who are thorough Conservatives, and love *stare super antiquas vias*. Thus the best commentary on the "Georgics" is still agriculture in action in Tuscany, a passing peep into one of whose most pleasing chapters has been attempted in this paper.

JANET ROSS.

JOHN KNOX AND HIS RELATIONS TO WOMEN.

I.—THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT FEMALE RULE.

WHEN first the idea became widely spread among men that the Word of God, instead of being truly the foundation of all existing institutions, was rather a stone which the builders had rejected, it was but natural that the consequent havoc among received opinions should be accompanied by the generation of many new and lively hopes for the future. Somewhat as in the early days of the French Revolution, men must have looked for an immediate and universal improvement in their condition. Christianity, up to that time, had been somewhat of a failure politically. The reason was now obvious, the capital flaw was detected, the sickness of the body politic traced at last to its efficient cause. It was only necessary to put the Bible thoroughly into practice, to set themselves strenuously to realize in life the Holy Commonwealth, and all abuses and iniquities would surely pass away. Thus, in a pageant played at Geneva in the year 1523, the world was represented as a sick man at the end of his wits for help, to whom his doctor recommends Lutheran specifics.¹

The Reformers themselves had set their affections in a different world, and professed to look for the finished result of their endeavours on the other side of death. They took no interest in politics as such; they even condemned political action as Antichristian: notably, Luther in the case of the Peasants' War. And yet, as the purely religious question was inseparably complicated with political difficulties, and they had to make opposition, from day to day, against principalities and powers; they were led, one after another, and again and again, to leave the sphere which

was more strictly their own, and meddle, for good and evil, with the affairs of State. Not much was to be expected from interference in such a spirit. Whenever a minister found himself galled or hindered, he would be inclined to suppose some contravention of the Bible. Whenever Christian liberty was restrained (and Christian liberty for each individual would be about coextensive with what he wished to do), it was obvious that the State was Antichristian. The great thing, and the one thing, was to push the Gospel and the Reformers' own interpretation of it. Whatever helped was good; whatever hindered was evil; and if this simple classification proved inapplicable over the whole field, it was no business of his to stop and reconcile incongruities. He had more pressing concerns on hand; he had to save souls, he had to be about his Father's business. This short-sighted view resulted in a doctrine that was actually Jesuitical in application. They had no serious ideas upon politics, and they were ready, nay, they seemed almost bound, to adopt and support whichever ensured for the moment the greatest benefit to the souls of their fellow-men. They were dishonest in all sincerity. Thus Labitte, in the introduction to a book² in which he exposes the hypocritical democracy of the Catholics under the League, steps aside for a moment to stigmatize the hypocritical democracy of the Protestants. And nowhere was this expediency in political questions more apparent than about the question of female sovereignty. So much was this the case that one James Thomasius, of Leipsic, wrote a little paper³ about the religious

² "La Démocratie chez les Prédicateurs de la Ligue."

³ "Historia affectuum se immiscientium controversiæ de gynœocratia." It is in his collected prefaces, Leipsic, 1633.

¹ Gaberel's "Eglise de Genève," i. 88.

partialities of those who took part in the controversy, in which some of these learned disputants cut a very sorry figure.

Now Knox has been from the first a man well hated; and it is somewhat characteristic of his luck that he figures here in the very forefront of the list of partial scribes who trimmed their doctrine with the wind in all good conscience, and were political weathercocks out of conviction. Not only has Thomasius mentioned him, but Bayle has taken the hint from Thomasius, and dedicated a long note to the matter at the end of his article on the Scotch Reformer. This is a little less than fair. If any one among the evangelists of that period showed more serious political sense than another, it was assuredly Knox; and even in this very matter of female rule, although I do not suppose any one now-a-days will feel inclined to endorse his sentiments, I confess I can make great allowance for his conduct. The controversy, besides, has an interest of its own, in view of later controversies.

John Knox, from 1556 to 1559, was resident in Geneva, as minister, jointly with Goodman, of a little church of English refugees. He and his congregation were banished from England by one woman, Mary Tudor, and proscribed in Scotland by another, the Regent Mary of Guise. The coincidence was tempting: here were many abuses centering about one abuse; here was Christ's Gospel persecuted in the two kingdoms by one anomalous power. He had not far to go to find the idea that female government was anomalous. It was an age, indeed, in which women, capable and incapable, played a conspicuous part upon the stage of European history; and yet their rule, whatever may have been the opinion of here and there a wise man or enthusiast, was regarded as an anomaly by the great bulk of their contemporaries. It was defended as an anomaly. It, and all that accompanied and sanctioned it, was set aside as a single exception; and no one thought of reasoning down from

queens and extending their privileges to ordinary women. Great ladies, as we know, had the privilege of entering into monasteries and cloisters, otherwise forbidden to their sex. As with one thing, so with another. Thus, Margaret of Navarre wrote books with great acclamation, and no one, seemingly, saw fit to call her conduct in question; but Mademoiselle de Gournay, Montaigne's adopted daughter, was in a controversy with the world as to whether a woman might be an author without incongruity. Thus, too, we have Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné writing to his daughters about the learned women of his century, and cautioning them, in conclusion, that the study of letters was unsuited to ladies of a middling station, and should be reserved for princesses.¹ And once more, if we desire to see the same principle carried to ludicrous extreme, we shall find that Reverend Father in God the Abbot of Brantôme, claiming, on the authority of some lord of his acquaintance, a privilege, or rather a duty, of free love for great princesses, and carefully excluding other ladies from the same gallant dispensation.² One sees the spirit in which these immunities were granted; and how they were but the natural consequence of that awe for courts and kings that made the last writer tell us, with simple wonder, how Catherine de Medici would "laugh her fill just like another" over the humours of pantaloons and zanies. And such servility was, of all things, what would touch most nearly the republican spirit of Knox. It was not difficult for him to set aside this weak scruple of loyalty. The lantern of his analysis did not always shine with a very serviceable light; but he had the virtue, at least, to carry it into many places of fictitious holiness, and was not abashed by the tinsel divinity that hedged kings and queens from his contemporaries. And so he could put the proposition in the form already mentioned: there was Christ's Gospel persecuted in the two kingdoms by one anomalous power;

¹ Œuvres de d'Aubigné, i. 449.

² "Dames Illustres," pp. 353-360.

plainly, then, the "regiment of women" was Antichristian. Early in 1558 he communicated this discovery to the world, by publishing at Geneva his notorious book—"The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women."¹

As a whole, it is a dull performance; but the preface, as is usual with Knox, is both interesting and morally fine. Knox was not one of those who are humble in the hour of triumph; he was aggressive even when things were at their worst. He had a grim reliance in himself, or rather in his mission; if he were not sure that he was a great man, he was at least sure that he was one set apart to do great things. And he judged simply that whatever passed in his mind, whatever moved him to flee from persecution instead of constantly facing it out, or, as here, to publish and withhold his name from the titlepage of a critical work, would not fail to be of interest, perhaps of benefit, to the world. There may be something more finely sensitive in the modern humour, that tends more and more to withdraw a man's personality from the lessons he inculcates or the cause that he has espoused; but there is a loss herewith of wholesome responsibility; and when we find in the works of Knox, as in the Epistles of Paul, the man himself standing nakedly forward, courting and anticipating criticism, putting his character, as it were, in pledge for the sincerity of his doctrine, we had best waive the question of delicacy, and make our acknowledgments for a lesson of courage, not unnecessary in these days of anonymous criticism, and much light, otherwise unattainable, on the spirit in which great movements were initiated and carried forward. Knox's personal revelations are always interesting; and, in the case of the "First Blast," as I have said, there is no exception to the rule. He begins by stating the solemn responsibility of all who are watchmen over God's flock; and all are watchmen (he goes on to explain, with that fine breadth of spirit that characterizes

him even when, as here, he shows himself most narrow), all are watchmen "whose eyes God doth open, and whose conscience He pricketh to admonish the ungodly." And with the full consciousness of this great duty before him, he sets himself to answer the scruples of timorous or worldly-minded people. How can a man repent, he asks, unless the nature of his transgression is made plain to him. "And therefore I say," he continues, "that of necessity it is that this monstiferous empire of women (which among all enormities that this day do abound upon the face of the whole earth, is most detestable and damnable) be openly and plainly declared to the world, to the end that some may repent and be saved." To those who think the doctrine useless, because it cannot be expected to amend those princes whom it would dispossess if once accepted, he makes answer in a strain that shows him at his greatest. After having instanced how the rumour of Christ's censures found its way to Herod in his own court, "even so," he continues, "may the sound of our weak trumpet, by the support of some wind (blow it from the south, or blow it from the north, it is of no matter), come to the ears of the chief offenders. *But whether it do or not, yet dare we not cease to blow as God will give strength. For we are debtors to more than to princes, to wit, to the great multitude of our brethren, of whom, no doubt, a great number have heretofore offended by error and ignorance.*"

It is for the multitude, then, he writes; he does not greatly hope that his trumpet will be audible in palaces, or that crowned women will submissively discrown themselves at his appeal; what he does hope, in plain English, is to encourage and justify rebellion; and we shall see, before we have done, that he can put his purpose into words as roundly as I can put it for him. This he sees to be a matter of much hazard; he is not "altogether so brutish and insensible, but that he has laid his account what the finishing of the work may cost." He knows that

¹ Works of John Knox, iv. 349.

he will find many adversaries, since "to the most part of men, lawful and godly appeareth whatsoever antiquity hath received." He looks for opposition, "not only of the ignorant multitude, but of the wise, politic, and quiet spirits of the earth." He will be called foolish, curious, despicable, and a sower of sedition; and one day, perhaps, for all he is now nameless, he may be attainted of treason. Yet he has "determined to obey God, notwithstanding that the world shall rage thereat." Finally, he makes some excuse for the anonymous appearance of this first instalment: it is his purpose thrice to blow the trumpet in this matter, if God so permit; twice he intends to do it without name; but at the last blast to take the odium upon himself, that all others may be purged.

Thus he ends the preface, and enters upon his argument with a secondary title: "The First Blast to awake Women degenerate." We are in the land of assertion without delay. That a woman should bear rule, superiority, dominion or empire over any realm, nation, or city, he tells us, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order. Women are weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish. God has denied to woman wisdom to consider, or providence to foresee, what is profitable to a commonwealth. Women have been ever lightly esteemed; they have been denied the tutory of their own sons, and subjected to the unquestionable sway of their husbands; and surely it is irrational to give the greater where the less has been withheld, and suffer a woman to reign supreme over a great kingdom who would be allowed no authority by her own fireside. He appeals to the Bible; but though he makes much of the first transgression and certain strong texts in Genesis and Paul's Epistles, he does not appeal with entire success. The cases of Deborah and Huldah can be brought into no sort of harmony with his thesis. Indeed, I may say that, logically, he left his bones there; and that it is but the phantom of an argument that he parades thenceforward to the end. Well was it for

Knox that he succeeded no better; it is under this very ambiguity about Deborah that we shall find him fain to creep for shelter before he is done with the regiment of women. After having thus exhausted Scripture, and formulated its teaching in the somewhat blasphemous maxim that the man is placed above the woman, even as God above the angels, he goes on triumphantly to adduce the testimonies of Tertullian, Augustine, Ambrose, Basil, Chrysostom, and the Pandects; and having gathered this little cloud of witnesses about him, like pursuivants about a herald, he solemnly proclaims all reigning women to be traitresses and rebels against God; discharges all men thenceforward from holding any office under such monstrous regiment, and calls upon all the lieges with one consent to "*study to repress the inordinate pride and tyranny of queens*." If this is not treasonable teaching, one would be glad to know what is; and yet, as if he feared he had not made the case plain enough against himself, he goes on to deduce the startling corollary that all oaths of allegiance must be incontinently broken. If it was sin thus to have sworn even in ignorance, it were obstinate sin to continue to respect them after fuller knowledge. Then comes the peroration, in which he cries aloud against the cruelties of that cursed Jezebel of England—that horrible monster Jezebel of England; and after having predicted sudden destruction to her rule and to the rule of all crowned women, and warned all men that if they presume to defend the same when any "noble heart" shall be raised up to vindicate the liberty of his country, they shall not fail to perish themselves in the ruin, he concludes with a last rhetorical flourish: "And therefore let all men be advertised, for THE TRUMPET HATH ONCE BLOWN."

The capitals are his own. In writing, he probably felt the want of some such reverberation of the pulpit under strong hands as he was wont to emphasise his spoken utterances withal; there would seem to him a want of passion in the orderly lines of type; and I suppose we

may take the capitals as a mere substitute for the great voice with which he would have given it forth, had we heard it from his own lips. Indeed, as it is, in this little strain of rhetoric about the trumpet, this current allusion to the fall of Jericho, that alone distinguishes his bitter and hasty production, he was probably right, according to all artistic canon, thus to support and accentuate in conclusion the sustained metaphor of

hostile proclamation. It is curious, by the way, to note how favourite an image the trumpet was with the Reformer. He returns to it again and again; it is the Alpha and Omega of his rhetoric; it is to him what a ship is to the stage sailor; and one would almost fancy he had begun the world as a trumpeter's apprentice. The partiality is surely characteristic. All his life long he was blowing summonses before various Jerichos, some of which fell duly, but not all. Wherever he appears in history his speech is loud, angry, and hostile; there is no peace in his life, and little tenderness; he is always sounding hopefully to the front for some rough enterprise. And as his voice had something of the trumpet's hardness, it had something also of the trumpet's warlike inspiration. So Randolph, possibly fresh from the sound of the Reformer's preaching, writes of him to Cecil:—"Where your honour exhorteth us to stoutness, I assure you the voice of one man is able, in an hour, to put more life in us than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears."¹

Thus was the proclamation made. Nor was it long in wakening all the echoes of Europe. What success might have attended it, had the question decided been a purely abstract question, it is difficult to say. As it was, it was to stand or fall, not by logic, but by political needs and sympathies. Thus, in France, his doctrine was to have some future, because Protestants suffered there under the feeble and treacherous regency of Catherine de Medici; and thus it was to have no future anywhere else, because the Protestant interest was bound up

with the prosperity of Queen Elizabeth. This stumbling-block lay at the very threshold of the matter; and Knox, in the text of the "First Blast," had set everybody the wrong example and gone to the ground himself. He finds occasion to regret "the blood of innocent Lady Jane Dudley." But Lady Jane Dudley, or Lady Jane Grey, as we call her, was a would-be traitoress and rebel against God, to use his own expressions. If, therefore, political and religious sympathy led Knox himself into so grave a partiality, what was he to expect from his disciples? If the trumpet gave so ambiguous a sound, who could heartily prepare himself for the battle? The question whether Lady Jane Dudley was an innocent martyr, or a traitoress against God, whose inordinate pride and tyranny had been effectually repressed, was thus left altogether in the wind; and it was not, perhaps, wonderful if many of Knox's readers concluded that all right and wrong in the matter turned upon the degree of the sovereign's orthodoxy and possible helpfulness to the Reformation. He should have been the more careful of such an ambiguity of meaning, as he must have known well the lukewarm indifference and dishonesty of his fellow-reformers in political matters. He had already, in 1556 or 1557, talked the matter over with his great master, Calvin, in "a private conversation;" and the interview² must have been truly distasteful to both parties. Calvin, indeed, went a far way with him in theory, and owned that the "government of women was a deviation from the original and proper order of nature, to be ranked, no less than slavery, among the punishments consequent upon the fall of man." But, in practice, their two roads separated. For the Man of Geneva saw difficulties in the way of the Scripture proof in the cases of Deborah and Huldah, and in the prophecy of Isaiah that queens should be the nursing mothers of the Church. And as the Bible was not decisive, he thought the subject should be let alone, because, "by

¹ M'Crie's "Life of Knox," ii. 41.

² Described by Calvin in a letter to Cecil. Knox's Works, vol. iv.

custom and public consent and long practice, it has been established that realms and principalities may descend to females by hereditary right, and it would not be lawful to unsettle governments which are ordained by the peculiar providence of God." I imagine Knox's ears must have burned during this interview. Think of him listening dutifully to all this—how it would not do to meddle with anointed kings—how there was a peculiar providence in these great affairs; and then think of his own peroration, and the "noble heart" whom he looks for "to vindicate the liberty of his country;" or his answer to Queen Mary, when she asked him who he was, to interfere in the affairs of Scotland?—"Madam, a subject born within the same!" Indeed, the two doctors who differed at this private conversation represented, at the moment, two principles of enormous import in the subsequent history of Europe. In Calvin we have represented that passive obedience, that toleration of injustice and absurdity, that holding back of the hand from political affairs as from something unclean, which lost France, if we are to believe M. Michelet, for the Reformation; a spirit necessarily fatal in the long run to the existence of any sect that may profess it; a suicidal doctrine that survives among us to this day in narrow views of personal duty, and the low political morality of many virtuous men. In Knox, on the other hand, we see foreshadowed the whole Puritan Revolution and the scaffold of Charles I.

There is little doubt in my mind that this interview was what caused Knox to print his book without a name.¹ It was a dangerous thing to contradict the Man of Geneva, and doubly so, surely, when one had had the advantage of correction from him in a private conversation; and Knox had his little flock of English refugees to consider. If they had fallen into bad odour at Geneva, where else

was there left to flee to? It was printed, as I said, in 1558; and, by a singular *mal-à-propos*, in that same year Mary died, and Elizabeth succeeded to the throne of England. And just as the accession of Catholic Queen Mary had condemned female rule in the eyes of Knox, the accession of Protestant Queen Elizabeth justified it in the eyes of his colleagues. Female rule ceases to be an anomaly, not because Elizabeth can "reply to eight ambassadors in one day in their different languages," but because she represents for the moment the political future of the Reformation. The exiles troop back to England with songs of praise in their mouths. The bright occidental star, of which we have all read in the Preface to the Bible, has risen over the darkness of Europe. There is a thrill of hope through the persecuted Churches of the Continent. Calvin writes to Cecil, washing his hands of Knox and his political heresies. The sale of the "First Blast" is prohibited in Geneva; and along with it the bold book of Knox's colleague, Goodman—a book dear to Milton—where female rule was briefly characterized as a "monster in nature and disorder among men."² Any who may ever have doubted, or been for a moment led away by Knox, or Goodman, or their own wicked imaginations, are now more than convinced. They have seen the occidental star. Aylmer, with his eye set greedily on a possible bishopric, and "the better to obtain the favour of the new Queen,"³ sharpens his pen to confound Knox by logic. What need? He has been confounded by facts. "Thus what had been to the refugees of Geneva as the very word of God, no sooner were they back in England than, behold! it was the word of the devil."⁴

Now, what of the real sentiments of these loyal subjects of Elizabeth? They professed a holy horror for Knox's position: let us see if their own would

² Knox's Works, iv. 358.

³ Strype's "Aylmer," p. 16.

⁴ It may interest the reader to know that these (so says Thomasius) are the "ipsissima verba Schlussemburgi."

¹ It was anonymously published, but no one seems to have been in doubt about its authorship; he might as well have set his name to it, for all the good he got by holding it back.

please a modern audience any better, or was, in substance, greatly different.

John Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, published an answer to Knox, under the title of "*An Harbour for Faithful and true Subjects against the late blown Blast, concerning the government of Women.*"¹ And certainly he was a thought more acute, a thought less precipitate and simple, than his adversary. He is not to be led away by such captious terms as *natural* and *unnatural*. It is obvious to him that a woman's disability to rule is not natural in the same sense in which it is natural for a stone to fall, or fire to burn. He is doubtful, on the whole, whether this disability be natural at all; nay, when he is laying it down that a woman should not be a priest, he shows some elementary conception of what many of us now hold to be the truth of the matter. "The bringing-up of women," he says, "is commonly such" that they cannot have the necessary qualifications, "for they are not brought up in learning in schools, nor trained in disputation." And even so, he can ask, "Are there not in England women, think you, that for learning and wisdom could tell their household and neighbours as good a tale as any Sir John there?" For all that, his advocacy is weak. If women's rule is not unnatural in a sense preclusive of its very existence, it is neither so convenient nor so profitable as the government of men. He holds England to be specially suitable for the government of women, because there the governor is more limited and restrained by the other members of the constitution than in other places; and this argument has kept his book from being altogether forgotten. It is only in hereditary monarchies that he will offer any defence of the anomaly. "If rulers were to be chosen by lot or suffrage, he would not that any women should stand in the election, but men only." The law of succession of crowns was a law to him, in the same sense as the law of evolu-

tion is a law to Mr. Herbert Spencer; and the one and the other counsels his readers, in a spirit suggestively alike, not to kick against the pricks or seek to be more wise than He who made them.² If God has put a female child into the direct line of inheritance, it is God's affair. His strength will be perfected in her weakness. He makes the Creator address the objectors in this not very flattering vein:—"I, that could make Daniel, a sucking babe, to judge better than the wisest lawyers; a brute beast to reprehend the folly of a prophet; and poor fishers to confound the great clerks of the world—cannot I make a woman to be a good ruler over you?" This is the last word of his reasoning. Although he was not altogether without Puritanic leaven, shown particularly in what he says of the incomes of Bishops, yet it was rather loyalty to the old order of things than any generous belief in the capacity of women, that raised up for them this clerical champion. His courtly spirit contrasts singularly with the rude, bracing republicanism of Knox. "Thy knee shall bow," he says, "thy cap shall off, thy tongue shall speak reverently of thy sovereign." For himself, his tongue is even more than reverent. Nothing can stay the issue of his eloquent adulation. Again and again, "the remembrance of Elizabeth's virtues" carries him away; and he has to hark back again to find the scent of his argument. He is repressing his vehement adoration throughout, until, when the end comes, and he feels his business at an end, he can indulge himself to his heart's content in indiscriminate laudation of his royal mistress. It is humorous to think that this illustrious lady, whom he here praises, among many other excellences, for the simplicity of her attire and the "marvellous meekness of her stomach," threatened him, years after, in no very meek terms, for a sermon against female vanity in dress, which she held as a reflection on herself.³

¹ I am indebted for a sight of this book to the kindness of Mr. David Laing, the editor of Knox's works.

² "Social Statics," p. 64, &c.

³ Hallam's "Const. Hist. of England," i. 225, note ^m.

Whatever was wanting here in respect for women generally, there was no want of respect for the Queen; and one cannot very greatly wonder if these devoted servants looked askance, not upon Knox only, but on his little flock, as they came back to England tainted with disloyal doctrine. For them, as for him, the occidental star rose somewhat red and angry. As for poor Knox, his position was the saddest of all. For the juncture seemed to him of the highest importance; it was the nick of time, the flood-water of opportunity. Not only was there an opening for him in Scotland, a smouldering brand of civil liberty and religious enthusiasm which it should be for him to kindle into flame with his powerful breath; but he had his eye seemingly on an object of even higher worth. For now, when religious sympathy ran so high that it could be set against national aversion, he wished to begin the fusion together of England and Scotland, and to begin it at the sore place. If once the open wound were closed at the border, the work would be half done. Ministers placed at Berwick and such places might seek their converts equally on either side of the march; old enemies would sit together to hear the gospel of peace, and forget the inherited jealousies of many generations in the enthusiasm of a common faith; or—let us say better—a common heresy. For people are not most conscious of brotherhood when they continue languidly together in one creed, but when, with some doubt, with some danger perhaps, and certainly not without some reluctance, they violently break with the tradition of the past, and go forth from the sanctuary of their fathers to worship under the bare heaven. A new creed, like a new country, is an unhomely place of sojourn; but it makes men lean on one another and join hands. It was on this that Knox relied to begin the union of the English and the Scotch. And he had, perhaps, better means of judging than any even of his contemporaries. He knew the temper of both nations; and already,

during his two years' chaplaincy at Berwick, he had seen his scheme put to the proof. But whether practicable or not, the proposal does him much honour. That he should thus have sought to make a love-match of it between the two peoples, and tried to win their inclination towards a union instead of simply transferring them, like so many sheep, by a marriage, or testament, or private treaty, is thoroughly characteristic of what is best in the man. Nor was this all. He had, besides, to assure himself of English support, secret or avowed, for the reformation party in Scotland; a delicate affair, trenching upon treason. And so he had plenty to say to Cecil, plenty that he did not care to "commit to paper neither yet to the knowledge of many." But his miserable publication had shut the doors of England in his face. Summoned to Edinburgh by the confederate lords, he waited at Dieppe, anxiously praying for leave to journey through England. The most dispiriting tidings reach him. His messengers, coming from so obnoxious a quarter, narrowly escape imprisonment. His old congregation are coldly received, and even begin to look back again to their place of exile with regret. "My First Blast," he writes ruefully, "has blown from me all my friends of England." And then he adds, with a snarl, "The Second Blast, I fear, shall sound somewhat more sharp, except men be more moderate than I hear they are."¹ But the threat is empty; there will never be a second blast—he has had enough of that trumpet. Nay, he begins to feel uneasily that, unless he is to be rendered useless for the rest of his life, unless he is to lose his right arm and go about his great work maimed and impotent, he must find some way of making his peace with England and the indignant Queen. The letter just quoted was written on the 6th of April, 1559; and on the 10th, after he had cooled his heels for four days more about the streets of Dieppe, he gives in alto-

¹ Knox to Mrs. Locke, 6th April, 1559. Works, vi. 14.

gether, and writes a letter of capitulation to Cecil. In this letter,¹ which he kept back until the 22nd, still hoping that things would come right of themselves, he censures the great secretary for having "followed the world in the way of perdition," characterizes him as "worthy of hell," and threatens him, if he be not found simple, sincere, and fervent in the cause of Christ's gospel, that he shall "taste of the same cup that politic heads have drunken in before him." This is all, I take it, out of respect for the Reformer's own position; if he is going to be humiliated, let others be humiliated first; like a child who will not take his medicine until he has made his nurse and his mother drink of it before him. "But I have, say you, written a treasonable book against the regiment and empire of women. . . . The writing of that book I will not deny; but to prove it treasonable I think it shall be hard. . . . It is hinted that my book shall be written against. If so be, sir, I greatly doubt they shall rather hurt nor (than) mend the matter." And here come the terms of capitulation; for he does not surrender unconditionally, even in this sore strait: "And yet if any," he goes on, "think me enemy to the person, or yet to the regiment, of her whom God hath now promoted, they are utterly deceived in me, *for the miraculous work of God, comforting His afflicted by means of an infirm vessel, I do acknowledge, and the power of His most potent hand I will obey. More plainly to speak, if Queen Elizabeth shall confess, that the extraordinary dispensation of God's great mercy maketh that lawful unto her which both nature and God's law do deny to all women, then shall none in England be more willing to maintain her lawful authority than I shall be. But if (God's wondrous work set aside) she ground (as God forbid) the justness of her title upon consuetude, laws, or ordinances of men, then*"—Then Knox will denounce her? Not so; he is more

politic now-a-days—then, he "greatly fears" that her ingratitude to God will not go long without punishment.

His letter to Elizabeth, written some few months later, was a mere amplification of the sentences quoted above. She must base her title entirely upon the extraordinary providence of God; but if she does this, "if thus, in God's presence, she humbles herself, so will he with tongue and pen justify her authority, as the Holy Ghost hath justified the same in Deborah, that blessed mother in Israel."² And so, you see, his consistency is preserved; he is merely applying the doctrine of the "First Blast." The argument goes thus: The regiment of women is, as before noted in our work, repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order. It has nevertheless pleased God to raise up, as exceptions to this law, first Deborah, and afterward Elizabeth Tudor—whose regiment we shall proceed to celebrate.

There is no evidence as to how the Reformer's explanations were received, and indeed it is most probable that the letter was never shown to Elizabeth at all. For it was sent under cover of another to Cecil, and as it was not of a very courtly conception throughout, and was, of all things, what would most excite the Queen's uneasy jealousy about her title, it is like enough that the secretary exercised his discretion (he had Knox's leave in this case, and did not always wait for that, it is reputed) to put the letter harmlessly away beside other valueless or unrepresentable State Papers. I wonder very much if he did the same with another,³ written two years later, after Mary had come into Scotland, in which Knox almost seeks to make Elizabeth an accomplice with him in the matter of the "First Blast." The Queen of Scotland is going to have that work refuted, he tells her; and "though it were but foolishness in him to prescribe unto her Majesty what is

² Knox to Queen Elizabeth, July 20th, 1559. Works, vi. 47, or ii. 26.

³ Knox to Queen Elizabeth, August 6th, 1561. Works, vi. 126.

¹ Knox to Sir William Cecil, 10th April, 1559. Works, ii. 16, or vi. 15.

to be done," he would yet remind her that Mary is neither so much alarmed about her own security, nor so generously interested in Elizabeth's, "that she would take such pains, *unless her crafty counsel in so doing shot at a further mark.*" There is something really ingenious in this letter; it showed Knox in the double capacity of the author of the "First Blast" and the faithful friend of Elizabeth; and he combines them there so naturally, that one would scarcely imagine the two to be incongruous.

Twenty days later he was defending his intemperate publication to another queen—his own queen, Mary Stuart. This was on the first of those three interviews which he has preserved for us with so much dramatic vigour in the picturesque pages of his history. After he had avowed the authorship in his usual haughty style, Mary asked: "You think, then, that I have no just authority?" The question was evaded. "Please your Majesty," he answered, "that learned men in all ages have had their judgments free, and most commonly disagreeing from the common judgment of the world; such also have they published by pen and tongue; and yet notwithstanding they themselves have lived in the common society with others, and have borne patiently with the errors and imperfections which they could not amend." Thus did "Plato the philosopher:" thus will do John Knox. "I have communicated my judgment to the world: if the realm finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve, shall I not further disallow than within my own breast; but shall be as well content to live under your Grace, as Paul was to live under Nero. And my hope is, that so long as ye defile not your hands with the blood of the saints of God, neither I nor my book shall hurt either you or your authority." All this is admirable in wisdom and moderation, and, except that he might have hit upon a comparison less offensive than that with Paul and Nero, hardly to be bettered.

Having said thus much, he feels he need say no more; and so, when he is further pressed, he closes that part of the discussion with an astonishing sally. If he has been content to let this matter sleep, he would recommend her Grace to follow his example with thankfulness of heart; it is grimly to be understood which of them has most to fear if the question should be reawakened. So the talk wandered to other subjects. Only, when the Queen was summoned at last to dinner ("for it was afternoon") Knox made his salutation in this form of words: "I pray God, Madam, that you may be as much blessed within the Commonwealth of Scotland, if it be the pleasure of God, as ever Deborah was in the Commonwealth of Israel."¹ Deborah again.

But he was not yet done with the echoes of his own "First Blast." In 1571, when he was already near his end, the old controversy was taken up in one of a series of anonymous libels against the Reformer affixed, Sunday after Sunday, to the church door. The dilemma was fairly enough stated. Either his doctrine is false, in which case he is a "false doctor" and seditious; or, if it be true, why does he "avow and approve the contrare, I mean that regiment in the Queen of England's person; which he avoweth and approveth, not only praying for the maintenance of her estate, but also procuring her aid and support against his own native country?" Knox answered the libel, as his wont was, next Sunday, from the pulpit. He justified the "First Blast" with all the old arrogance; there is no drawing back there. The regiment of women is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, and a subversion of good order, as before. When he prays for the maintenance of Elizabeth's estate, he is only following the example of those prophets of God who warned and comforted the wicked kings of Israel; or of Jeremiah, who bade the Jews pray for the prosperity of Nebuchadnezzar. As for the Queen's aid, there is no harm in that: *quia* (these

¹ Knox's Works, ii. 278—280.

are his own words) *quia omnia munda mundis* : because, to the pure, all things are pure. One thing, in conclusion, he "may not premit ;" to give the lie in the throat to his accuser, where he charges him with seeking support against his native country. "What I have been to my country," said the old Reformer, "What I have been to my country, albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring of all men that have anything to oppose against me, that he may (they may) do it so plainly, as that I may make myself and all my doings manifest to the world. For to me it seemeth a thing unreasonable, that, in this my decrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows, and howlets that dare not abide the light."¹

Now, in this, which may be called his *Last Blast*, there is as sharp speaking as any in the "First Blast" itself. He is of the same opinion to the end, you see, although he has been obliged to cloak and garble that opinion for political ends. He has been tacking indeed, and he has indeed been seeking the favour of a queen ; but what man ever sought a queen's favour with a more virtuous purpose, or with as little courtly policy? The question of consistency is delicate, and must be made plain. Knox never changed his opinion about female rule, but lived to regret that he had published that opinion. Doubtless he had many thoughts so far out of the range of public sympathy, that he could only keep them to himself, and, in his own words, bear patiently with the errors and imperfections that he could not amend. For example, I make no doubt myself that, in his own heart, he did hold the shocking dogma attributed to him by more than one calumniator ; and that, had the time been ripe, had there been ought to gain by it, instead of all to lose, he would have been the first to assert that Scotland was elective instead of hereditary—"elective

as in the days of paganism," as one Thevet says in holy horror.¹ And yet, because the time was not ripe, I find no hint of such an idea in his collected works. Now, the regiment of women was another matter that he should have kept to himself ; right or wrong, his opinion did not fit the moment—right or wrong, as Aylmer puts it, "the *Blast* was blown out of season." And this it was that he began to perceive after the accession of Elizabeth ; not that he had been wrong, and that female rule was a good thing, for he had said from the first that "the felicity of some women in their empires" could not change the law of God and the nature of created things ; not this, but that the regiment of women was one of those imperfections of society, which must be borne with because yet they cannot be remedied. The thing had seemed so obvious to him, in his sense of unspeakable masculine superiority and his fine contempt for what is only sanctioned by antiquity and common consent, he had imagined that, at the first hint, men would arise and shake off the debasing tyranny. He found himself wrong, and he showed that he could be moderate in his own fashion, and understood the spirit of true compromise. He came round to Calvin's position, in fact, but by a different way. And it derogates nothing from the merit of this wise attitude that it was the consequence of a change of interest. We are all taught by interest ; and if the interest be not merely selfish, there is no wiser preceptor under heaven, and perhaps no sterner.

Such is the history of John Knox's connection with the controversy about female rule. In itself, this is obviously an incomplete study ; not fully to be understood, without a knowledge of his private relations with the other sex, and what he thought of their position in domestic life. This shall be dealt with in another paper.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

¹ Calderwood's "History of the Kirk of Scotland," edition of the Wodrow Society, iii. 51—54.

¹ Bayle's Historical Dictionary, art. Knox, remark G.

INDIAN NOTES.—III. COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

AMONG the topics to which I paid more particular attention in India were native education, missions, the relations of landlord and tenant, the bearing of the native rich and poor towards each other, and the peculiarities and contrasts of new and old trades. I purpose to begin with the last, and to illustrate it as far as I can by what one meets, first during the "run" from Calcutta to the Sandheads, next in Madras and Ceylon, and finally on the subsequent voyage to England, by the Suez Canal. Obviously, a return home by this way is much more favourable to a revision of notes than the overland route, with its many changes, and its endless variety both of life and scenery—the sixty hours' journey from Calcutta to Bombay, the embarkation, the landing at Suez, the night journey over the desert, the re-embarkation at Alexandria, the landing at Brindisi, Venice or Marseilles, with the rapid succession of scenes altogether dissimilar to those of the far East. As an "experience" few persons going to or returning from India would care to miss the overland route, rendered so delightful by the arrangements of the Peninsular and Oriental Company; but in the weariness which I suppose falls upon all men at the end of a sojourn under an Eastern sun, there is a wonderful sense of relief in finding your luggage in a cabin from whence it need not be removed before reaching the Thames, and your vessel dropping quietly down in the evening from the jetty at Calcutta, to Garden Reach, where you will anchor for the night, opposite to the palaces and the illuminated grounds of the ex-king of Oude, all turmoil ended and a night at last secured of absolute quietness, for thought or for dream.

By day-dawn the pilot is astir, and

you steam down, between two low-lying shores, a distance of 120 miles, to the pilot brigs, at the Sandheads, where you are fairly out to sea. There is little of scenery, unless you find food for thought in the fact that you are skirting the vast rice-fields and the vaster jungle of the Sunderbunds, where in spite of the deadly rifle the Bengal tiger still rules as king. If, however, you chance to have a captain at once observant of natural phenomena and of the ever-changing phases of trade, as well as a good sailor, you may learn much on the Hooghly even of the inner life of India. We had such a man in Captain Cosens, of the Wilson line of steamers, and in addition had two "branch" pilots (that is, pilots of the highest grade, seldom reached under twenty-five or thirty years' service), and these gentlemen, when we anchored for a long night, half way down the river, at Culpee, enabled me to verify and correct much that I had observed and noted far up the Ganges. The headquarters of the pilot service is at the Sandheads, where two brigs with a reserve of about twenty pilots are always kept, unless driven away by extreme stress of weather, as they were in last year's cyclone. Another brig is always on furlough. The Hooghly pilot—the real covenanted pilot, with his brass buttons, laced cap, and, in cases notable in tradition, lavender kid gloves—is well worth a few words, especially since the race, as it once was, is fast coming to an end. Under the East India Company's rule the pilot service could not be entered at all without great influence; but once entered, the pilot had a position from which only misconduct could remove him, receiving excellent pay while on duty, and a substantial pension at the right time. Men of education too they often were, and are, sometimes speaking several

languages, and always men of character. When in old times a pilot boarded an East-Indiaman of the first order, after a Cape voyage, and took for a time the place of the Commander, on a treacherous river, with shifting sandbanks at every turn, he was a man of whom other men stood in awe. His word was law. His dignity was beyond mortal reach. Nothing was commoner than for the captain of the outer brig to order a vessel out to sea for the night after a long voyage, and as a rule he was obeyed, though, now and then of later years, the fiat has been disregarded. "One such order," Capt. Cosens said, "was given to me after a Cape voyage, in a nasty sea. I answered it by running my vessel alongside the pilot brig; and I had my pilot, though with the compliment that the captain said, I was mad, and ought to have known that I could not leave till two in the morning. 'All right,' I said, 'I have secured you.'" This looked as if the time had nearly come to write the story of "the last of the old covenanted pilots." Yet it is questionable whether steam and the ever-increasing size of vessels now engaged in the trade have not added to the perils of a river on one of whose sandbanks, called by the natives the *Jal Marê*, (meaning, I believe, "lashing of the waters," and corrupted by us, with our rare faculty in such matters, to "James and Mary,") a vessel of 1,600 tons has been known to heel over and never more be seen. Now, there are fine steamers, costing, say 70,000*l.*, and carrying 3,500 tons, steered by hand, although steered 'midships, and, of course, with great difficulty and danger, when steering by machinery is almost a guarantee for safety. It is curious how shipowners can practically overlook such facts, or why they are silent as to the fact that Calcutta has no dry dock in which a vessel with a keel longer than 355 feet can be repaired, although there are longer vessels in regular trade to the river. In charge of a fine steamer, steered by hand, the pilot requires all his skill and care on the Hooghly. The two to whom I am

referring told us many stories, some of recent date, and some of a time long ago, of cyclones, of the rise of new companies, new trades, and individual merchants and traders—of what Calcutta was then and what it is now, commercially. A few of these remarks I shall use freely in this article.

While we were leaving the jetty the new bridge over the Hooghly was being formally opened, but without ceremony of any kind, although, apart from the drainage and water-works of the city, nothing more important has transpired in Calcutta in modern times. It was in some respects a social revolution. The bridge was at once crowded with vehicles and foot passengers, and lined with wondering sight-seers. As a connecting link between the Capital and a great part of the Presidency, and the North-West its importance must be incalculable. A little farther down we came to a number of the famous "famine steam-boats," which, after costing ever-so-much more money than they could have been built for in India, and having fully shown on the Ganges their admirable quality for going, either stem or stern foremost, so long as it was with the stream, are, or were, laid up, a companion picture to the Crimean gun-boats, only not, as far as I know, a monument, like them, of dishonest work. The error here seems to have consisted chiefly in a miscalculation of the difference between English and Indian fuel, and a forgetfulness of the important influence of natural heat. At all events, though, when the Ganges was at the flood, and the grain was needed at Tirhoot, the boats were noted chiefly for their tendency in the direction of the Sandheads. When fairly under way, we were passed by a dashing little steamer, the representative of an interesting fact. Some years ago an old passenger steamer was purchased in Scotland and sent out to the Hooghly as a tug-boat, for which she was found unsuitable, and bade fair to represent a loss. The captain chanced, however, to be a man of enterprize, and he determined upon an attempt to open

up a new trade. Travellers from the coast, in the main poor men, with a few wares for sale, made the journey to Calcutta in about sixteen days, if they made it at all, passing through a country infested with dacoits and wild beasts, and at best a fever bed. Why not induce these people to come by the river and by steam? The trial was made and succeeded; the trade increased; to passengers were added cargoes of rice, hides, horns, &c., from Chamba; the old tug-steamer grew into an imposing line of vessels; in time a native line arose as a competitor; and now from that stray purchase has grown a great and valuable trade. The rise of the British India Steam Company is still more remarkable. Begun by a comparatively poor man, in what is called a very "small way," it has now about forty fine vessels afloat, and its flag is found, as its name is respected, everywhere in the East. At first, I believe, the struggle was hard; the success is splendid. Thirty miles from Calcutta we met a steamer from England, with a curious cargo; she was freighted with performers and barmaids for a new theatre lately opened in Calcutta, and having a few spare berths, had made up the complement with clergy or ministers of some sort. Wickedly forgetting that there might be some good people there, our captain signalled the others,—with especial reference, I fear, to the ladies of the company,—“Arrangements completed; first performance on Saturday night.” But we had no reply. The captain said the river was dangerous at that part, and that the signal had not been noticed; but when we learned at Madras what a mixture there was on board, I think he came to confess that the clerical party, probably, was in the ascendant for the day, and that the name of “performance” was tabooed.

The native trade of Calcutta and of its main arteries—the Ganges, the Brahmapootra, and others—is marvellous almost beyond conception. I have stood for hours from midnight by the side of the Ganges, some miles from Calcutta, and counted hundreds of boats passing

in an hour, the oars splashing to the leaden melancholy of that strange song which assists to make an Indian river so dismal in the rains. By day and by night that song and splash never cease. I had afterwards several opportunities of seeing the same trade far up the Ganges, and in one case, by the courtesy of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Richard Temple, had the advantage of hearing the boats hailed one by one, and questions put as to cargoes, length of voyage, ownership, and so on. The scope of the replies seemed to take in nearly all India. The Lieutenant-Governor was himself astounded at the vastness and variety of the trade, although he had been organizing, with great energy, convoys of grain of such magnitude, and under circumstances so difficult, as almost to defy description; certainly, at all events, the full fact never has been overstated by anyone, nor more than bare justice done to the great efforts made. We found at that time from fifty to sixty native vessels at the mouth of the Gunduck river, and two hundred more in a steam run of thirteen miles on another affluent of the Ganges. A hundred and five more, mostly from Benares and Mirzapore, and in many cases from forty to fifty tons burthen, were anchored at a small place called Khagaria, which would have been the centre of operations if the Bengal Famine had continued another year. Some were laden with rice, some with fodder, some with salt, linseed, wheat, gunny-bags, cotton, oat-straw, oil-seeds, tobacco, hardware, sugar, and so on. The astonishment with which one views the number of these boats on the sacred river itself is increased when one runs for hours up the small nullahs, or creeks, and still finds no limit to the wonderful industries which are never more markedly seen than in course of transit by the river. On the banks of the river, or rivulets, you see tobacco plantations, mostly native; indigo plantations, mostly European; a landscape at places beautiful and green as an English park, at others bearing marks of the devasta-

tion of the floods, or the caprice of the stream, which often in a day removes the landmarks of centuries. Everywhere you see that you are not among an idle but an industrious and wealth-producing people. How little we know of all this.

When Sir George Campbell, with his restless activity, went to the eastern part of his Presidency, and later, when Sir Richard Temple, with his still greater physical energy, visited the districts bordering on the Ganges, and the Brama-pootra, and districts away inland from Darjeeling and elsewhere, in every direction, the visits were in many respects like explorations of new lands, and abounded with like difficulties. What notes are compared, what messages conveyed by the boatmen, Omniscience alone can tell. All manner of articles of commerce, and, it may be added, all manner of thoughts, rumours, predictions, waking-dreams, undoubtedly converge in places like Patna, Moorshedabad, and especially Calcutta. From all the Gangetic centres of population on the one hand, from Backergunge, Burrisaul, Akyab, Dacca, the impulses and prophecies, as well as productions and industries of different races and creeds are borne to the Hooghly and carried to the bazaar. Yet when the strangely prescient bazaar-rumours baffle us, we fall back upon a species of almost Hindoo fatalism, and ascribe the marvel to the same jugglery that makes a tree grow up before you from the hard ground, or a serpent come to life from a brass coin in your hand. In much that we speak of as incomprehensible, there is merely a development of the life and the industries, ages old, of very remarkable races.

A question, put a few weeks ago by Lord Shaftesbury to the Secretary of State for India, with reference to the manufacture of jute and cotton in the Bombay and Bengal Presidencies, elicited some suggestive figures, mostly from the official returns. Of the two manufactures Lord Shaftesbury said :—

“There are in the Bombay Presidency eighteen spinning and weaving factories, which employ 405,000 spindles, 4,500 power

looms, and 10,000 hands, turning out daily 100,000lbs. of yarn ; and two factories in the Bengal Presidency. In Bombay and the neighbourhood there are sixteen mills, in seven of which the premises are being enlarged, and eleven new mills are in course of erection ; 2,533 children are employed, of whom only 475 are above twelve years of age, and some are not more than five years old ; 2,206 women are employed. The hours of work are sixteen per day. All the mills, except two—the Bombay Spinning Company’s mill and the Alliance mill—are open on Sundays ; the hands have, however, two Sundays per month as holidays.”

Lord Salisbury said :—

“There are 600,000 cotton spindles in the Presidency of Bombay, and at least half a million more approaching completion. They produce 1,200,000 bales, and do not make up more than 78,000, so that the balance of this cotton is brought over the sea to Manchester. I am afraid, however, that my noble friend is too sanguine when he says that the natives are with us on this question. There may be some persons who see the thing in the light in which we see it ; but generally this proposal to limit the hours of factory labour is looked upon as a great conspiracy for the purpose of promoting the interests of Manchester manufacturers.”

Whatever may be the fact with respect to cotton, I know that some of the jute factories do not work on Sunday ; though it would be difficult to say why the day should be kept in any other sense than as “a holiday” where there is no religious obligation on the people. Naturally, the natives are not “with us” for keeping Sunday ; nor is it reasonable to expect otherwise. I think too the Secretary of State for India is quite wrong in his belief that Lord Shaftesbury is the right man to deal with the question. There are other powerful motives in the world than that of self-interest ; and Lord Shaftesbury is noted—honourably noted, but that does not alter the question—for identification with principles upon which days of rest cannot without tyranny be regulated in India. There has been the greatest possible difficulty in inducing the people to give up their own festivals ; and the victory, where won at all, has been won hardly. This ought to be considered, and allowance made for men who, I say most advisedly, are

effecting in India social changes of a most important kind. With respect to the age of workers also, the rule of cold countries cannot be admitted as binding where human life—all life, in fact—comes so much sooner to maturity. I have seen a little Mahomedan boy, unacquainted with our language, learn to set up type in English in less time than an English boy would require to learn how to handle and distinguish the letters. And so in manufacture. I have visited several of the jute mills. One I knew well, and saw frequently, in all its methods of working. Certainly an Indian factory is not so pleasant to look upon as a Manchester or Leeds mill, or as a jute factory in Dundee. The women workers are not clad in uniform corresponding to the red and blue jackets of the army clothing stores in England; nor do either male or female workers, young or old, present anything in their appearance to convey a sense of neatness or of order. The work seems altogether rough, the manual labour confused, the whole affair a jumble of things out of place, with strangely discordant sounds; yet not only is the end answered, but it is cleverly answered. The little boys who take the bobbins from the spindles do so with a rapidity which I think is not equalled generally in England. The phrase which sensible English farmers apply to food is applicable in another sense to Bengal—the talk which must always exist where there are Bengalees, “never stops work.” Men and women, boys and girls, alike are bent upon what is before them, and they do it both expeditiously and well. Assuredly the hours of labour ought to be restricted, as also ought the age of the children employed; but the greatest care should be taken that the interference is not vexatious. In any other case we shall, in attempting to do good, really do infinite harm. Give the manufacture of jute in India anything like fair play and Dundee will have to look sharply to its trade. The Indian manufacturer, with labour at a low rate, and a hundred other advantages, will beat us in the end; and we ought to rejoice in his

victory. Already the trade, which only the other day rose from such small beginnings, is both vast and important, and we shall soon have native India in the field in strength, competing with us on our own ground, in return for our having beaten down, also in competition, all the ancient trades of India. Would Lord Shaftesbury compel the native manufacturer, who will close his works voluntarily for the Doorga Poojah and Juggernaut festivals, to keep Sunday also? It would be grossly unjust to take any such course. Then where is the line to be drawn? The native hand-loom weaver works as he pleases, and has done so for ages. The power-loom weavers will chafe against any more exact laws; and we shall be bound, in spite of ourselves, to show a purely social object, not a religious one, in any legislation on the subject. The workers are already extraordinarily independent. I have known instances of a whole body of boys walking out of a Bengal mill, and stopping work for days, on account of some injury to one of them, or to keep some holiday that was not allowed. Often in such a case the manager is powerless. He must patiently wait till they come back, and then the wisest course is to ask no questions and find no fault. Such is Indian work.

About the third day after leaving the Sandheads you may be expected, under favourable circumstances, to reach Madras. What a change of scene you find here. The Bengalee boatman, refractory in his own way, is gentle compared with the Madrassee, who has all the appearance of a veritable savage, and who seems in all his savage glory when he is conveying you through the foaming surf to or from shore. A strong, wild, daring fellow; a splendid boatman, speaking English as a Bengalee boatman never speaks it; in the majority of cases too calling himself a Catholic, and frequently and spontaneously paying for the support of his priest and the ordinances of his faith, but apparently as great a rogue as his brethren at Bombay and Calcutta; and what is worse,

the marine authorities seem to play into his hands. Certainly in one case of appeal that I saw made to them they were silent, and walked away. In this respect at least I thought the public spirit of Madras wanting. As far back as 1687 Dr. Cornish tells us these men were a source of great anxiety to Madras, and the Council resolved to buy "forty young sound slaves for the Right Honourable Company, and dispose of them to the several Mussulaes."

Madras gives one the idea of a settled community in a sense in which no other part of India does so, although the rest of India, in some sort of unaccountable caprice, has long termed it the benighted presidency. The English residents talk of public affairs, not as strangers and pilgrims, but as belonging to Madras. They are more homely than Anglo-Indians in Calcutta or Bombay. Yet their club is, beyond all question, the finest in India. Its sleeping accommodation, news-room, library, ordinary baths, swimming-baths, billiard-rooms, and all that the billiard-rooms represent, form a little town, and there could be no better test of the spirit of the place than the fact that rooms are provided in the club for the convenience and comfort of ladies. Rarely would you hear in an English drawing-room in Calcutta such topics of conversation as the creation of a harbour, the tendencies of trade, or the necessity of drainage. In Madras you can hardly escape such subjects, go where you may, and they are discussed with a zest and enthusiasm which is refreshing. Merchants and others talk of their projected harbour as men talk of such prospects in England, not as men who are there merely to amass money and return home. They have procured an estimate and find that a harbour can be made for a certain sum, the interest on which they propose to raise by a tonnage duty; altogether an instance of "self-help." They remind you with great earnestness that there is no harbour on the east coast from Comorin to Calcutta, or on the west coast from Comorin to Cochin, where there is a natural one. The

main argument, however, rests on the east coast, the highway for such immense trades. They tell you, too, that Madras supplies the capital for nearly all commercial transactions from the Cape to Ganjam (half way to Calcutta), and on the other coast as far as Mangalore. In fact they have branch banks all along the coast. Give them a harbour they say, and Madras must of necessity concentrate in itself the main part of the southern trade. Already the centre of the telegraphic system, why should it not also be the centre of the China and Australian postal system? The "mails carried to Bombay in twenty-four hours would defy competition," &c. At Ceylon one hears a slightly different story—there, of course, public opinion has a different centre for the great commerce of the far East; but nothing can very easily turn the chief argument of Madras, and nothing certainly can excel the public spirit manifested. Madras boasts also that its missionary societies are the most active and powerful in India, and that they have secured the sympathies of the people more effectually than elsewhere—not by any means an idle boast. Then there are in the Presidency 21,000 Eurasians, and several thousands in the city alone, the connecting link of two races, spreading the English language and English habits far and wide. The first Prince of Travancore (a pupil, I believe, of Sir Madhava Rao) not only speaks and writes English well, but lectures on practical sensible subjects, and upholds on all occasions the right government of the people as the first duty of rulers. An altogether active and public-spirited prince, too little known in England, but esteemed wherever he is known; and Madras has good reason to take some credit to itself for his acquirements, for the clearness and maturity of his thought, and the spirit manifested in his public action in the limited sphere for action left to an Indian prince.

Of the efforts to secure a harbour one can only say that they ought to have the sympathy and countenance of the

Indian Government, and of, at least, the English merchants. There is not, I suppose, in all the world a more exposed coast. Of harbour there is not a vestige; vessels at anchor are exposed to every wind that blows. There is no creek even into which a vessel could run in a cyclone or a storm. Is it not humiliating to think that our oldest possession in India sees, year by year, trade driven away to other parts for want of a shelter which could be so easily provided? Is it not still more surprising that English merchants, whose vessels several times in a generation have been strewn in such fearful numbers and such terrific wrecks on this hopeless shore, should rest satisfied till they had secured what no humane or even politic government would refuse to sanction and aid if once the question were fairly pushed home. In the case that came under my own observation, if the sea had been ever so little rougher we could not have taken in a ton of cargo, or even have landed on the shore. Whether there should be a close harbour, as some wish, or a mere breakwater, as others suggest, is a question of engineering. The close-harbour people are met by the objection that the many and rapid currents on the coast would soon silt the harbour up, as Port Said certainly is being silted up both inside and outside, and the engineer (Mr. Parkes, who made the Kurrachee harbour) proposes two piers at right angles from the shore, with a breakwater in front. This would cost half a million of money. Chiefly, however, there is the creation of some defence, and it would be to the glory of Lord Salisbury's rule if he saw the work set spiritedly on foot. He, if any one, could direct the "colonial" spirit into an imperial aim, and set his foot on all semblance of jobbery.

Madras is also on its own part vigorously pushing on its railway system, and carrying out its ideas of drainage, with a laudable sense of what is needed for health and comfort. Its English town is laid out in inclosures, skirted by hedgerows, which remind one of Kent. The green is of the greenest. The ex-

perimental and model farms are pushed on with cheerful liberality. Instructions in farming, as to the use of tools, seeds, &c., are placed within the reach of every native agriculturist, as, indeed, they are throughout India. An English lady takes charge of a Nellore cow, and in about four months, by careful feeding, its weight is increased by 143 pounds, and its yield of milk doubled, a result of which to be proud. Hindoo prejudice, it is true, stands in the way of cow-killing, as Mahomedan prejudice stands in the way of pig-eating, but "Mutton Clubs" (an institution) clash with no prejudice, and fowls you may eat all India through. Madras is great in fowls. Its Bramapootras and Dorkings, and methods of hatching, would delight a fowl-fancier. It is experimenting with Paddy, Tapioca (suggested as a crop by the First Prince of Trevandrum) Areca nuts, Prairie grass, Chinese sugar-cane, all manner of manures, ploughs, and all else belonging to agriculture. The superintendent of these operations, Mr. Robertson, tells with pride of one great improvement made in a "combined plough" by a native blacksmith, who received £5 for his ingenuity. Akbar would probably have made him a grandee, and would certainly have made him a notable and wealthy man. I wish I had space to append some notes from Dr. Cornish's census report, but I must be content with a few bare figures. "In the whole Presidency there are about 11,610,000 persons who speak the Telugu language; Tamil, 14,715,000; Canarese, 1,699,000; Malayalam, 2,324,000; Tulu, 29,400; Ooriya and Hill languages, 640,000. Of the whole population 28,863,978 are Hindoos, 1,857,857 Mahomedans, 490,299 Native Christians, 14,505 Europeans, 26,374 East Indians or Eurasians, 21,254 Jains, and 6,910 are undistinguished as to their nationality or religion." The Mahomedans are in large numbers wherever they preceded us in administration, chiefly on the seaboard. The native Christians are a compact body, and, as I have said, to a considerable extent, Roman

Catholics. The Eurasians here as elsewhere are certainly not increasing, a most painful fact when probed below the surface of common life. I shall refer to this and to Missions in Madras in my concluding paper.

Of cooly emigrants Madras sends every year from 70,000 to 100,000 to Ceylon, and about three-fourths of that number return yearly to India. The engagements are not for long terms, as in the case of those for the West Indies. I paid close attention to the latter, as I found them in the places where the coolies are enlisted, and in Calcutta, where I visited two of the more notable depots—those of Trinidad and Jamaica—and I came to the conclusion that hardly anything more important of a civilizing character exists in India. It is something to induce a Hindoo to cross the sea; it is a marvel when you induce a Brahmin to do so; the emigration agents have done both. I saw Brahmins both going and returning. To what extent the out-going and returning classes differ I scarcely know how to describe to the general reader. But a few facts will show much. First, the intending emigrants cannot leave their native districts without clear proof that their enlistment is voluntary. Of course this has in some cases been evaded, but the rule holds good. Next they are examined by a government officer; their food and blankets and much besides are regulated by law. The examination of the vessel and the law against overcrowding enters into most minute particulars. On landing in the colony they are met by like laws, and in short the cooly finds that in a few months he has grown into a man, his earnings accumulating with wonderful provisions for their security, and there is for everyone a fair prospect of a return home comfortably provided for. I had full particulars of a case in which a body of coolies in Trinidad actually subscribed to present their employer with a horse, because, having put the question to him why he walked instead of riding, he had replied that he "couldn't afford" the latter. Well,

they replied, they could, and they bought the horse and fed it. I could give a score of instances of poor men becoming wealthy, and several well attested cases came to me of men who had from the ordinary cooly grade risen to be great landowners or flourishing store-keepers, with stores in different parts of the islands. Of course, there is the dark side too. There are aimless, objectless people, as there are in England. Fevers break out, a cooly with small-pox escapes medical scrutiny and infects a ship, a constitution built up on rice gives way before the voyage is half over. Then, among so many employers there must be bad grasping men. Anyone who expected cooly emigration apart from these evils could hardly know much of human nature. Let the evils be rigorously watched, but do not let us in any fit of philanthropy stop this wholesome trade. It is said—influential officials have said—that India has not sufficient labour for its own needs. Then let India command the labour by increased inducements to industry, and in that only natural way stop the emigration. In any other case let us hope the emigration will continue. It makes the men really men, and the women really women, possessors of property independent even of their husbands, and induces content by supplying motives for living and working.

From Madras to Ceylon is a change in more than the mere distance might suggest; the transition is one from the vast machinery of a government of great magnitude to one characterized by peculiarities to which India presents no counterpart. The present governor, Mr. Gregory, of Galway steam-packet fame, is king in his domain, and certainly at the offset was popular. The Kandyan chiefs, some time ago, in their Eastern manner, sang in an address of "his innumerable virtues," and described him as "one who takes with the tip of his finger and displays the door of water out of the vast ocean; . . . who has showered great pleasure upon all his subjects, as the sun illuminating the whole universe

opens the fields of lotuses, and sheds brightness in all directions." Would this be in any way new to Galway? or is it what Galway knew long before Mr. Gregory went to the East? The coast of Ceylon, like that of Madras, is exposed and stormy, and you enter the dominion of this governor of innumerable virtues in the peculiar boat known by name all the world over as the catamaran, or by the outrigger canoe, a hollow tree, with long spars extended on both sides and resting horizontally on the water. When the sea is a little rough a man sits at the end of each spar; when it becomes rougher there are two men in place of the one; when it becomes rougher still, there are three; and according to the number required it is a "one man," "two men," or "three men gale," or storm. In Ceylon, the coffee-planter's interest is foremost in importance. The conversation turns on coffee; it is the first word one hears, and the last. Some Dutch conclave at Rotterdam or somewhere is keeping down prices, you are told, and English planters will certainly be ruined, unless light railways to the plantations can be had, and a harbour. Indeed, there are facts which do seem to warrant anxiety. The planter's life is in itself far from what some people suppose when the scene is painted from a distance. Rising at five in the morning, mustering coolies and setting them to work, then riding over the plantation till nightfall, his food often carried by runners some miles in advance, and sometimes missing the mark, are features of life not quite romantic, even though the scenery may be of the most inviting character, and the prospects of the season good. Apart from the purchase of land, now ranging from 8*l.* to 12*l.* an acre, the cost of clearing and "filling in" the ground, building a house, and planting a nursery for a plantation of 100 acres, was, in a case with respect to which I had the figures, at least 900*l.* After that there is the daily routine to which I have referred, and the anxieties which at times seem serious as to the markets. The coolies, upon the whole, appear to have the same good character in Ceylon that

they have in the West Indies. Their sanitary condition is well looked to, while the Cinghalese in the plains, especially in the Western Province, seem all but utterly neglected. A short time before I was in Colombo, a fell disease had raged among a poor population for fully six weeks before a European was sent to the district. An official report said of one such part (Negombo), "The tanks or pools of water, of which there are many, emit a putrid smell, contain large quantities of organic matter undergoing decomposition, and form the receptacles of the refuse of houses around them; the water itself is black as ink and teems with animalculæ." And this is the island of whose balminess Bishop Heber sang so sweetly, and of which English congregations will sing in the same verse for many decades of years to come; the island, too, to which every faithful Hindoo looks with such a strange longing as the refuge of the great Ram in his time of sore distress, corresponding to the "Flight into Egypt" of the Christian, and the "Hegira" of the Mahomedan. The "balmy breezes" are but a name in some places, though there are spots to which the term aptly enough applies. Materially the island has advanced wonderfully. The people tell you with some pride (perhaps forgetting the value of India to them), that Ceylon was the first colony that relieved the mother country of the cost of defence. Their revenue is constantly increasing, and they boast an invariable surplus. The railway from Colombo to Kandy, now eighty-seven miles long, pays 8 per cent. A wide district, "the Wilderness of Adam's Creek," fifteen years ago counted as the great forest reserve of the Crown, is cleared, and from one spot you might look upon 40,000 acres of land under coffee cultivation. In this I am writing from information solely. I saw little of Ceylon. But however the planters stand, the poor natives of the island seem to present few marks of improvement. Scant food and few friends are all one can say with respect to them.

In quitting Ceylon you may be said

to quit India, but you are far from quitting Indian trade and associations. Passing between the Maldivé and Laccadive ("the hundred thousand") coral islands you find scores of fine vessels threading their way amid the innumerable fishing-boats and the cocoa-nut clad specks of land, the property of a primitive, and to all appearance peaceful people, who lie on their oars to watch and talk about each steamer or other large vessel as she passes. From Minicoy, with its population of 3,000, Findley's maritime directory tells us a kind of tribute or present of cocoa nuts and fish is yearly carried to the Governor of Ceylon in return for the protection he gives or is supposed to give the people. Apart from this, the islanders may, for all practical purposes, be as secluded from Europe as Robinson Crusoe was. They have little to sell, and less wherewith to buy; they are in most respects a law unto themselves. A little farther you catch a view, if you care to sit up for it, of the Southern Cross, and the consciousness it gives you of standing between two worlds will repay more than one sleepless night. It is not always pleasant to watch the northern constellations nightly growing less in size; it must generally be pleasant, especially to an old Indian, to watch them nightly growing larger, and more clearly defined, till Charles's Wain again becomes what it was when last seen, with real pleasure or real pain, over the cliffs of Dover. You might pass many watchful days, however, before you had a view—we had a good view—of the transit of Venus. An extraordinary black spot it was, the captain said, having, in spite of previous resolutions and a marked almanack, for the moment forgotten what a rare phenomenon we had an opportunity of seeing. With the first sight of African land you come to one of the perils of the canal trade—the black coast of Cape Guardafui, without a light of any kind, or any reasonable chance of one. We approached it in this case on a fine afternoon, when the dreary sandhills looked their best, and

even then they seemed to warn off intrusion from Africa. I had before seen them in worse weather, when they are still less pleasant. At their worst they have been silent witnesses of many dreadful stories of the sea. Some time ago Sir Bartle Frere drew attention to the need there was for a light here. Not long after three canal steamers ran on the coast, and were lost. Yet still there is no practical effort for the light. Often the land cannot be seen till you are close upon it, and every new vessel sent through the canal is an additional argument for some attempt being made to mark so dangerous a spot. It is improbable that the canal can long continue under its present restrictions, and impossible that it can ever again be closed. Surely it would be practicable to employ a few men, at a day and a half's steam from Aden, to afford the safeguard of a light to our ever-increasing fleet of vessels on the Red Sea route to India and China.

Aden itself is essentially Indian, although it is the converging point of many different streams of commerce from China, Australia, Japan, and Southern Africa, as well as from India, which was one object in view when the Cindierfortress was first occupied. Looked at cursorily you see a small settlement of Parsees, Frenchmen and others engaged in trade; a strangely mixed race of boy divers, who perhaps were never born, and in all probability never die or grow older; shoals of porpoises and bonitos, which appear to have played gymnastics before your vessel from the Laccadives onward; a British garrison, which tries to wile away time in amateur theatricals, in trying to make shrubs grow on hard volcanic cinder, in watching the hosts of vessels coming and going homeward and outward, and in dreaming bright dreams of orders for the regiment's removal to any place on the face of the earth away from Aden; and finally you see those wonderful water tanks which attest an earlier and not less important occupation than our own—Persian probably. Looked at below the surface you see the tapping at Aden of

a strange land, feather-sellers who have themselves, or by their agents, been far inland, chasing the ostrich to adorn bonnets in Regent Street—descendants of Shem and of Ham working together to bring tribute to and draw tribute from the descendants of Japheth; and then, perhaps most curious fact of all, the Jew keeping his Sabbath on that bleak arid African coast, without a sacrificing priest, as religiously as he keeps it in his holy places in civilized and safe lands. We arrived at Aden on a Saturday, and, as usual, plenty of feathers and curiosities were purchased, but none from a Jew. Here were these men, in appearance Afghan, with loose, unwashed cotton clothes, living in the desert, eager for gain to an extent which has become a proverb, reckless, perhaps, of all life but their own, yet keeping their Sabbath as strictly as if the law from Sinai had only been given yesterday. It is, perhaps, worth more than a passing thought, too, how even Aden adds in this way to the strange number of races, from Western China to the Persian Gulf, and from thence, not merely down to Zanzibar, but actually into the very heart of Africa, that are influenced by the Indian Government. Aden itself is governed from Bombay, and has its place in the official reports of the Presidency, and Zanzibar never can be thought of without a reference to Oman, and the impulses and dynasties—Wahabee, or what not—of the lands bordering on the Gulf and of the deserts beyond them. Those tanks, environed by ravines, and constructed to hold so many millions of gallons of water, the store for six months of absolutely dry weather, tell a story many centuries old, of the struggles of the old civilizations from the Arab side of the Red Sea, and the old barbarisms from the African side, ending only when the iron strength of Europe was cast into the scale. Our cantonment is pretty and in some parts green, with even a banyan tree—that famous tree which, in the East, throws down branch after branch, to

become stem after stem, till in time regiments (people say a small army) may encamp under the one tree. I wish some of the gentlemen who talk so glibly among us of human progress, of the prospects of sword being beaten into ploughshare and spear into pruning-hook, all the world over, by means of the influences which come from English Sunday and day-schools, temperance lectures, May meetings, and political associations, could look now and then on these dim shore-lines and the dimmer populations beyond. I asked the captain of our vessel on which side of the sea he would, in case of extremity, prefer to run his vessel if he had that choice and no other. He said, "The African decidedly." I once put the same question to a captain of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and he replied, "Well, the Arabian." Neither had the remotest idea what would occur in either case, except that however solitary the place might be the ship would in an hour be surrounded by boats manned by unsparing robbers. The present and future of the Red Sea have no better index than the character of the vessels one meets upon it—the French Admiral, bound for Aden; a British iron-clad, engaged at gun practice; a Dutch transport crowded with troops, fine young fellows they seemed, for Achéen; mail vessels and trading vessels of all nations, with any number of the boats of old times. Few Englishmen abroad talk much of English influences and swords beaten into ploughshares. At home you may have good arguments for ceding Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, but they would fall on hard ground in India. "Give up Gibraltar, Malta, Aden?—I should like to see the day." That is the spirit of Englishmen in other lands, and that, somehow, is why Mr. Gladstone's popularity (very real and permanent at home) never found any marked response abroad. People dreaded that he might take a fit of "giving up" something, the value of which is only known where the something exists. Call the feeling as we may, you scarcely ever meet an Englishman in the East who has the least inclination

to give up a rood of land once gained. I am not either defending or assailing the feeling, but stating the fact.

Perhaps no day-dawn in the world surpasses in beauty that of the passage through the straits of Jubal into the Gulf of Suez. There are no richer tints on the heather of Scotland and Cumberland, or on the vines of Italy and France. You know, too, that the "Sinaitic range" on the one hand, and the African on the other—the Arab here, the African there—represents a great gulf, frequently passed, it is true, but never filled up so as to represent a permanent highway for human life. There is no blade of grass in view; it is merely the sun's magical tints you see on the bleak mountains, now gray, now golden, here standing out in bright relief, there deepening into shade, but altogether most beautiful when seen on a still morning, over a calm sea. The canal is French, but it is difficult to think so when you see the number of English flags in the Gulf and the Canal itself, and at Port Said. Only, the ports are not English, or at least not what one would like to think English, for vice, in all truth, is reduced to a fine art, especially at Port Said. The form of life is that of a French colony, but with an Arab and Egyptian basis, in all probability irremovable, and with a mixed and lawless population of all nations, compared with which even Alexandria presents many phases of settled life. If you go from here to Italy you will find your country's flag at the end as you leave it at the beginning of the voyage. If you go direct to London you find it everywhere, skirting the rugged picturesque coasts of Tunis and Algeria, and waving from a fleet of mast-heads at Gibraltar. Of the canal you find merchants speaking doubtfully. The dues take away so much from every ton of cargo that the steamers are not paying. Moreover, merchants at times prefer the Cape route as a cheap method of warehousing, when an advance of prices may be looked for, and in some other cases. I suppose one of the first necessities now to Indian trade by the canal

is reduction of dues, and the first step to that will probably be the purchase of the canal as a highway for all nations.

There is something curious and well worth study in the Canal trade as compared with that by the Cape. What deep and obscure law is it that governs trade routes; that causes some to be abandoned for ages, and then to be resumed; that causes others to rise imperceptibly, and become at once all-important to some nation or nations? For instance, it was observed at one time recently that the boatmen from the Persian Gulf took a fancy to run past Bombay all the way to Calcutta. I asked a gentleman, who knew as much about the trades as most people, why it was, but he knew no more of the causes than I did myself; though he knew a great deal more of the facts. And so of the Dacca trade. "Why do not more Dacca boats come with grain" asked Mr. Bernard of the Dacca boatmen on the Ganges, "when there is so good a demand?" "Don't know, sahib; more are coming. Know no more." Again, take the trade to Western China by either of the two alternative routes. We know of chronic and fearful warfare, it is true, but we also know of a steady demand for "goods;" and what is more, of individual native enterprise of a remarkable kind. And so at Yarkund, in Central Asia, and elsewhere. Stray travellers are constantly wending their way over these strange wild regions, coming in contact with Russia here, with China there, with Panthays, with men of fierce passions and inexorable creeds, suffering greatly, succeeding greatly, falling into helpless poverty, never again being heard of by friend or co-trader. But the routes never close. So with the Cape. Its day, people said, was over. With the opening of the Canal the Cape route would be like the king's highway and the stage-coach. It is an error. Old routes may be abandoned, but they rarely close; and the way by the Cape may yet be of vital importance to us in commerce as well as in war.

THE CHILDREN'S BED-TIME.

THE clock strikes seven in the hall,
 The curfew of the children's day,
 That calls each little pattering foot
 From dance and song and livelong play;
 Their day that in our wider light
 Floats like a silver day-moon white,
 Nor in our darkness sinks to rest,
 But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hour that sends a drift
 Of children's kisses through the house,
 And cuckoo-notes of sweet "Good night,"
 That thoughts of heaven and home arouse;
 And a soft stir to sense and heart,
 As when the bee and blossom part;
 And little feet that patter slower,
 Like the last droppings of the shower.

And in the children's rooms aloft
 What blossom shapes do gaily slip
 Their dainty sheaths, and rosy run
 From clasping hand and kissing lip,
 A naked sweetness to the eye,—
 Blossom and babe and butterfly
 In witching one, so dear a sight!
 An ecstasy of life and light.

And, ah, what lovely witcheries
 Bestrew the floor! an empty sock,
 By vanished dance and song left loose
 As dead birds' throats; a tiny smock
 That, sure, upon some meadow grew,
 And drank the heaven-sweet rains; a shoe
 Scarce bigger than an acorn cup;
 Frocks that seem flowery meads cut up.

Then lily-drest in angel-white
 To mother's knee they trooping come,
 The soft palms fold like kissing shells,
 And they and we go singing home,—
 Their bright heads bowed and worshipping,
 As though some glory of the spring,
 Some daffodil that mocks the day,
 Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of Paradise swing wide
A moment's space in soft accord,
And those dread Angels, Life and Death,
A moment veil the flaming sword,
As o'er this weary world forlorn
From Eden's secret heart is borne
That breath of Paradise most fair,
Which mothers call "the children's prayer."

Ah, deep pathetic mystery !
The world's great woe unconscious hung,
A rain-drop on a blossom's lip ;
White innocence that woos our wrong,
And Love divine that looks again,
Unconscious of the Cross and pain,
From sweet child-eyes, and in that child
Sad earth and heaven reconciled.

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down,
As fragrant-white as clover'd sod,
And all the upper floors grow hushed
With children's sleep, and dews of God.
And as our stars their beams do hide,
The stars of twilight, opening wide,
Take up the heavenly tale at even,
And light us on to God and heaven.

JANE ELLICE HOPKINS.

THE MILITARY FUTURE OF GERMANY.

THOSE who would understand the exigencies of Berlin politicians, and the anxieties of Berlin strategists, must avoid the error our press has of late very generally fallen into, of treating the question of the future of Germany as though it were something that has to be discussed exclusively between herself and France. The days are altogether past when the "Duel of the Nations" could mean nothing else than individual struggle between that which was, and that which now is, the new empire in Europe. All arguments and reflections that ignore the fact that there are other great empires, whose policy must seriously influence the statesmen of Germany, rest on too partial a view of the European situation to be worth earnest discussion. Yet the common belief with ourselves and our neighbours is to speak and write just as though the old dualism of western Europe had been, and would continue to be, the sole part of continental politics that deserves anxious consideration, or that can affect continental politicians profoundly. It will be the purpose of these pages to show that such views are altogether too limited; and that the solution of any great international problem of our time must be sought far beyond the limits of the often repeated struggle between France and Germany.

We may illustrate this first by looking a little closely at the history of the crisis that occurred but three months since; when the utter fallacy of the popular belief that ascribed it solely to German fears of growing French strength and improved French organization, will soon become apparent. It was not without reason, certainly, that when the military advisers in Prussia strove last May to force on the war which only Russian intervention stayed, genuine astonishment was expressed by those in France as well as elsewhere, who knew how

utterly unfit she was to cope with her old rival, and how impossible of execution the hopes of early revenge attributed to Frenchmen are. This sentiment has naturally not been lessened by the recent discussions on the exact strength of French armaments. And many persons, reasoning from what lies on the surface only, and assuming with truth that facts obvious to a chance observer of things in France cannot possibly be hid from the watchful observance of Berlin, declare their belief that as Count Moltke could have nothing to fear from the French army, the designs imputed to him in May on authority which is hardly controvertible, could never have actually existed. Now the premisses of this argument are all sound enough. France really has not under arms three-fourths of the peace establishment of her warlike neighbour. It is only within the last month that her War Office has taken the first step towards training even the first instalment of the future Reserve that is to fill it up to a field army; whilst every German reservist is trained and ready for his place at call. Her territorial army exists solely on paper. Her armament is incomplete. Her supply of stores is utterly inadequate to the exigencies of a great campaign. In short, if forced into the struggle now, she would undoubtedly enter it under far less favourable conditions than those of 1870 as regards her own part: whilst the German forces would not only be strengthened by the prestige of victory, and the advantage of experience on their side, but would be found more complete and fit throughout at every point than was the case five years ago; for to make them so has been the object of unwearied and able administrators, supported by an enthusiastic nation, and supplied with almost unlimited

funds. And all this contrast is fully known and carefully studied in the giant bureau on the Thier-Garten, where military science, trained to approach mathematical precision, has concentrated all the material that brain work can create to make military predominance once gained a constant possession. But when all this is granted, it is none the less an error to assume that there could have been no wish or desire to force France three months since against her will into the unequal contest that should end in her absolute prostration; or to dispute that war would almost certainly have been unscrupulously produced but that Prince Bismarck had but little immediately to gain by it, and Russia much to lose.

Yet those who reason that the thing could not have occurred would speak with justice, if Germany and France were alone of any account in Europe. Their mistake is in forgetting that the new empire which now throws its shadow across the continent is after all but one of four great powers of the first class, among whom the military supremacy of the world is, and long has been, distributed. They forget above all that although two of these have succumbed to Prussian arms in decisive single combat, there remains one which still believes, or tries to believe herself fully a match for the victor. Stranger than all, those who talk so much of the lessons of Jena, of Stein's and Scharnhorst's skill in breathing new life into the crushed soul of their country, and of the sudden reversal of defeat which followed the address of Frederick William and the song of Arndt, ignore entirely the conditions under which Prussia drew the sword in the War of Independence. What would have been but desperate and foolish in her had she stood alone, was hopeful and just in the then state of Europe. Russia was pouring into Poland the heavy legions unwearied with their task of chasing the French eagles westward. English ships lay before each German port ready to cover the entry of English

agents bringing English arms and subsidies. Austria, occupying by her central geographical position the whole flank of the future theatre of war, was arming slowly and secretly with the design already formed of striking in and turning the struggle hopelessly against Napoleon, should he prove, as he did prove, unable to strike down the northern allies in his first fierce onset. Even dull Catholic Bavaria, which owed so much of seeming grandeur to France, was already looking forward to the day when she could safely turn her arms against the hated Protector of the Rhenish Confederation, and carry its lesser members with her. There is a present fashion, both in and out of Germany, of speaking of Blücher and Gneisenau as leading the Prussians on to victory in 1813. The army which Blücher actually led, and Gneisenau guided, to that terrible overthrow of Macdonald on the Katzbach, which was the presage of his master's greater disaster on the Elster—was in reality very largely composed of Russians, placed under the old German hero no less from sound motives of policy, than out of respect for his genuine fighting power. In brief, it was only as one member of a great alliance that Prussia rose from her humiliation to fresh grandeur—to power in Europe beyond that achieved by Frederick, won by victories that threw even Frederick's into the shade.

Is this a lesson that Frederick's successors are likely to ignore, when men talk of a new Jena, and its teachings, and apply the words to Prussia's ancient enemy? Far from it. Those that weigh the contingencies of European politics as they affect Berlin, and strive to forecast their future turns, are men essentially of historic minds, though gifted with the power of grasping the conditions of the days they live in. Neither Prince Bismarck nor Count Moltke are likely to fall into the vulgar belief that the next serious continental crisis must inevitably be but a repetition of the last, a duel between Germany and France, with the latter thoroughly overweighed. The very haste lately

shown to bring it on in this special shape proved their conviction that it could entail no serious danger to the empire, and that such could come only when France had had time to form a league with others whose object it would be to humble Germany in her turn. France, the possible ally of Germany's new antagonist, not France the present enemy, was the key to that skilful mixture of hectoring with pretended fear which deceived, not only other nations, but the sober-minded Germans themselves, the balance of whose reasoning power the intoxication of conquest has unsettled.

This being so, it becomes all important to inquire what are the future possibilities against which German statesmen and strategists feel themselves thus urged to provide, even at the cost of present wrong-doing. The new Empire has not a friend in Europe; and no one asserts this more plainly than its own chief organs. Is it forced, therefore, to contemplate the dreadful issue of an indignant continent rising up against it as one man, as against the Napoleonic Empire when once the failure before Moscow turned the tide of its successes? No, indeed. Obnoxious as Germany has made herself in Scandinavia by her cynical contempt for treaties in the matter of Schleswig; feared as she is in Switzerland and in Austria for what the patriots of those countries think her insolent pretensions to the allegiance of all that use her tongue; dreaded in Holland and Belgium for her greed of ports and colonies and commerce; coldly disliked by Russia as the new barrier to all ambitious Muscovite policy that tends westward; it is in France alone, where the iron yoke of subjection entered into men's souls, that she is hated with something like the bitterness of personal loathing which Germans felt towards France in days of old Napoleonic sway. And, besides the difference of sentiment, there is a vast difference, too often overlooked, in the military situation. The central geographical position of Germany, if laying her apparently open to attack

from many quarters, and giving her, as her War Office is wont to plead, a vast length of frontier to defend, vaster by far than that of any other country but Austria, is in truth greatly favourable to her as against a general combination. Those lesser powers which at times please themselves with the saying of Count Moltke, that it would take one or two army corps to look after a single one of them if hostile, would, in truth, if declaring against Germany, be so separated by their supposed antagonist that neither one of them, nor all combined, could possibly affect the course of a fresh struggle. If venturing to draw the sword against her, they would but give occupation to some of the best troops of the second line she is now preparing under her new Landsturm law. And certainly whilst Holland and Denmark keep their proposed army reforms, as is the case up to the present time, wholly in the style of paper project; and Switzerland and Sweden trust to militia; while Belgium shows herself the only one of these lesser powers prepared to sacrifice commercial demands and party aspirations in the smallest degree to military necessities; so long may we be sure that Germany might be at war with one and all to-morrow without deducting a man from the field army with which she would carry on the struggle with more formidable foes.

Italy is the hardest of all the European countries to judge of as affects their general future as a whole. But it is sufficient here to say that her isolated geographical position, her urgent financial necessities, her general need of time to consolidate the national elements divided for many centuries—all make it so extremely improbable that she would be tempted to indulge in a great war for any cause less than that of self-preservation, that she may be left out of our present view. Certainly she cannot affect the present policy of Berlin, nor of those other Cabinets with which that of Berlin is chiefly concerned.

Putting France then for the present altogether aside, for the very sufficient rea-

sons already given, reasons which may be said to amount to demonstration, that she cannot hopefully play the leading part in the near military future of Europe, and knows this well enough not to attempt it; we must fix our attention on Austria, or Russia, or both together, as the real cause of German uneasiness, that uneasiness which of late took the alarming form of preparing to crush utterly out of France the power of future combinations with other great states, and so exclude her from the problem of the military future of Germany. If this feeling be genuine and unfeigned, that is, if Germany has really any possible foe she counts menacing to her newly won greatness, that foe cannot be found in France, much less in the smaller independent States. It must be sought, therefore, in the two great empires that border her to the south and east. We will look at each of these a little in detail, to discover, if we can, how far such anxiety may be justified.

The supposed danger can hardly come from Austria. She knows so well her want of that unity against which she would have to contend; her statesmen are so fully aware of the internal difficulties that would arise upon the rear of her armies if a single-handed contest with Germany were forced upon her; her whole political administration is not merely severed into two co-equal jealous parts by that dual system which is the charter of her modern life, but so complex, slow and feeble as compared to that of the German empire; that these facts alone, which are too patent to be ignored at home or abroad, would be sufficient guarantees for her quietude if not absolutely attacked by her formidable neighbour. Above all, eight millions of her motley population, the most intelligent, active, and wealthy of the races that make up Austro-Hungary, would give their sympathies wholly to her foe, if Vienna broke with Berlin to-morrow. Most real would be Austria's danger then, with her Teutonic population absolutely hostile, her Czechs coldly disposed towards the cen-

tralizing monarchy, and the Serbs and Croats ready to turn at any time against an administration which is in their eyes the instrument of the oppression of their own races by the Magyar. In fact such a war would be dangerous in any case to the house of Hapsburg, and defeat would seriously imperil its crown. But all this is on the supposition that Austria has or soon will have equal military means to those of Germany for such a conflict. This, however, is very far from being the case, as a brief comparison will show. Of the year's class of young men available for the conscription, which is within a few thousands of the number reckoned on in Germany, she allots to regular training for the three years' service but 95,000, whilst Germany sets apart, including substitutes for possible absentees, 130,000. It follows that those fully qualified and yet passed over in Austria, although enrolled ostensibly in the Landwehr, rather weaken than reinforce that arm of the service; at least according to the modern view of military organization, which makes the militiaman date his efficiency only from the completion of his service in the line. In men, at any rate, it is clear that Austria can as little hope to rival Germany numerically, as to match her inferior races with the hardy peasants of Pomerania and Brandenburg. But men, as all the world has lately learnt by patent examples, do not decide a great war speedily unless sent into the field well organized, and found in every necessary. To prepare and maintain the equipments required for war during years of peace is a duty entailing much of the regular annual military expenditure of great nations: and hence their average outlay, taking prices as nearly equal, affords a rough test of their desire to be ready for the least emergency. Now in proportion to her income, Austria is at present by far the most economical of the great powers of the Continent. For whilst Germany is spending 26 per cent of the national receipts on her armaments, France 30, and Russia no less

than 36 per cent, Austria is content with an outlay of less than 20 per cent. And this at a time when Germany is known to have relieved her own exchequer of all the direct expenses of fortifications military railroads and re-armaments by the use of the French indemnity.

There could be no more patent proof than this hard pecuniary fact, that Austria does not intend to maintain the race for power with her ancient rival by force of arms. She is weaker now, she admits; and each year that sees her numbers of reserve men so much less than those of Germany, and her military administration so much cheaper, must evidently put it more and more out of her power to engage her neighbour on equal terms. Austrians know this, and naturally chafe at it. Indeed, the very figures we are following are taken from an Austrian authority. But what they know and feel so keenly is of course not less known at Berlin. And it follows that it cannot be Austria which is the object of secret national dread in Germany; unless, indeed, her power be viewed as subsidiary to some more dangerous adversary. But this is not to be sought in France at present. An alliance between these two unaided from elsewhere could hardly have terrors just yet for the great power that has humbled each successively; even did their natural antagonism of sentiment and interests allow them to prepare secretly for a common revenge, which the common foe would assuredly anticipate by striking before either was ready.

Hitherto we have been but clearing the ground. It has been our object to show that there is but one power left in Europe which Germany has any cause to fear; that formidable Muscovite Empire, in attempting to subdue which at the height of his power, Napoleon spent all his strength in vain, and prepared his own ruin in the strain of the effort. Of course it is easy to protest roundly that Germany may be trusted not to repeat his crimes or his errors. History, however, cannot be fore-

cast in this easy strain. All that is certain on this subject is, that the great motive powers which make for war—ambition, distrust, dislike, envy of each other's greatness, and clashing interests—are busily astir in both these empires. German officers—a caste more powerful in their land at present than any caste at all has been in any great country for centuries—avow it to be their next duty to the Fatherland to chastise the Muscovite pride. On their side, all the better class of Russians, the strictly German party only excepted, never cease to declare, at home and abroad, their strong conviction that the new empire will sooner or later fasten a quarrel on the old. The heir of all the Russians is openly zealous in fostering the national feelings, which include hatred of Prussians and Prussianising institutions as a cardinal point in their creed. The revolutionary change that has come over war by means of steam and telegraph, has deprived Russia, as wise old Prince Paskievitch pointed out on his death-bed, of that vast strength against the aggressor which her wide territory gave, when each autumn and spring turned her highways into what Napoleon, in despair of using victory by pursuit, termed "her fifth element" of mud. Russia indeed remaining as she is, her standing army little larger numerically than that of her neighbour, and inferior in every other condition that brings victory, would be an almost certain prey to German attack. But Russia does not intend so to remain. From the peasant to the Czar her people all have the conviction that sacrifice and exertion are necessary to give back to their beloved empire the military primacy she claimed under Alexander I. and Nicholas. They are resolved to undergo whatever is necessary for this end. The schemes of reorganisation prepared, and now accepted as law, are as vast and far-reaching as the most ambitious Muscovite could possibly desire. They are spurred on, too, by the belief that it is but one old man's uncertain life that preserves the present condition of things, in which personal

friendship and certain limited material interests overbear national sentiment and dreams of future supremacy. And it is the full knowledge of these schemes, and of the possible effect of their accomplishment on Germany, which keeps the weary brains at Berlin in a state of tension, and in turn makes Europe, apparently with no just cause, anxious lest her peace should be suddenly and violently broken.

As the military projects of Russia are not only more vast in outline, but more complicated in detail than the organisation of any of the powers she would outshine, we shall but sketch them in outline, premising that what we know only in the general, is closely studied and thoroughly understood at Berlin, where knowledge on such heads is drawn from long practice, and quickened in this instance by the instinct of self-preservation. Our particulars, we may here say, come to us mainly through Austrian sources; and in this peculiar part of military science, known as logistics, or the study of the military resources of nations, the War Bureau of Vienna, raised to a high pitch of knowledge under the *régime* of Baron Kuhn, is secondary only to that over which Count Moltke presides.

The nominal peace strength of the Russian army has been hitherto estimated at about 800,000 men. But it has long been known that for offensive service in Europe large deductions would have to be made from these numbers for such hitherto wholly sedentary troops as the numerous garrison and other local battalions, and of course for the mixed contingents maintained for Asian service, which would be as little available for action on the side of Germany, as is our Punjaub Frontier Force for an expedition to Spain. An army of 600,000 men with the colours, backed by a dispersed and untrained body of reserve, has been therefore declared by the ablest statisticians of both Berlin and Vienna to be the very utmost that the Muscovite Empire could hitherto dispose of for field operations in a European war. For although it was known that each year's

contingent drawn, even before the new law of universal service, must yield a large surplus of nominal recruits; yet these were believed to be left undrilled, and mainly registered as generally available for call in war, not being even required to remain in their own districts, but being liable to be summoned to the nearest *dépôt* in time of war. Now the essence of the great change lately made in the laws of the Empire is not merely to extend military liability to all classes, but to shorten greatly the duration of its length. Instead of the soldier being with the colours from seven to ten years, as before, he is to remain no more than six in any case, the bulk of the line only four, and large portions, under special conditions, for much shorter periods. Recent calculations in a Russian military journal prove that, when the law comes into full working, the yearly contingent taken into the ranks will be just double the old standard, and the number of trained men passed out yearly into the reserve for call to the ranks in war will be at least three-fold what it has ever hitherto been, even when the *cadres* were kept at the lowest by the premature discharge of men for economy's sake.

It has, of course, naturally occurred to the Russian staff, as one of its chief obstacles, that the *cadres* hitherto existing, the officers of which are notoriously many of them lacking in the power of instructing others, are not equal to the task of training the whole mass of recruits to be thus suddenly brought in. A great part of this duty is, therefore, to be assigned to the so-called "Local" and "Garrison" battalions, the whole form and functions of which are to be modified with a view mainly to this end. Their *cadres* of officers are being enlarged, so that with an addition made on mobilisation of reserve officers (whose commissions may be held by mercantile or professional men) each battalion can be at once formed into four, whilst in peace it can act as a training school. But at the first sound of war, the functions of the two classes mentioned separate. The Local battalions, be-

coming Local regiments, are to undertake the whole care of internal order. The Garrison battalions, each calling up reserve men to complete it to the strength of a war regiment of four battalions, are to be ready to act as a second line to the field army proper, performing, in fact, very much the same functions as the German Landwehr did so efficiently in France in the late war. It is calculated that the twenty-nine Garrison battalions now maintained can thus be made to add nearly one hundred and twenty, at a few weeks notice, to the effective forces moved to meet the enemy.

Another step of great importance, is to change and enlarge the regimental *cadres* of the guards and line, so as to provide that each one on moving may leave a *dépôt* battalion behind it, which is to be completed and maintained constantly, after mobilisation, at a strength of a thousand men, and is specially charged with supplying the losses suffered by the regiment in the field. As there are stated to be 199 regiments on the Russian list, the new scheme provides in round numbers 200 of such battalions, being a further addition to the fighting forces of the nation in time of war; though not intended in this case to imitate the Garrison regiments, and take active service in the field as distinct units, but to send their men on in detachments.

But these two new creations will soon be found insufficient to absorb the rapidly growing lists of reserve men. At the end of fifteen years' working of the law, it has been calculated there will be a surplus of at least a quarter of a million soldiers passed through the ranks with varying length of service (in very special cases this may be contracted even to three months) for whom no room is found in active or local and *dépôt* forces. Provision is therefore made in the scheme for the formation of independent Reserve battalions to specially include this surplus; and it is calculated that these, with the other additions already noticed, but exclusive of the Local regiments (which are supposed not to move even in

case of war), will add a round half million to the regular field army. But as this is itself, on the new footing proposed, placed at the estimated strength of a clear million and a half, it follows that when Russia has carried out her projects to completion, she will be able to summon under arms at the sound of war no less than two millions of effective trained soldiers, besides garrisoning her soil with others for domestic purposes, and adding to them in case of invasion, a Landsturm of very formidable dimensions. Of this last body it must be noticed that the four youngest classes are liable to prolonged service at home in case of war. The force is to occupy a position as to efficiency midway, in theory at least, between the Prussian Landwehr and Landsturm, comprising all reserve men from the fifteenth to the twentieth year of their service, mixed with those who have escaped the training, though declared efficient for it. The statistical calculation is that the four years' classes liable will average 300,000 men each, and with all possible deductions 250,000; so that Russia is deliberately providing a third million of men to be called out as her home defensive army in support of the two millions to be arrayed directly against the enemy. And the law finally provides that all the remaining men of this *Opoltsheni*, or Landsturm, are to be enrolled and armed locally in case of war in such small bodies as may cause least inconvenience. Their numbers, at the end of the first fifteen years, are variously estimated, but by no one at less than two millions; completing the actual armed forces of all kinds, therefore, to a grand total of five millions of men at the least.

Now grand totals in military matters are notoriously deceptive. M. Thiers has somewhere gone so far as to assert as the result of his own study of archives, that if no commander-in-chief ever yet credited himself with the full number of men at his disposal, no war-office ever made proper deductions from that it believes itself able to put into the field. In the case of Russia such deductions must be very great. Want of good

officers for instruction ; want of honest administrative means for working so vast a machine ; want of funds and stores at the decisive moment for equipping the reserves, to say nothing of the million and a half of field troops : all these will tend to cut the effective down. Still when every possible allowance is made, no one need be surprised that Russia's neighbour looks anxiously at her plan of reorganization ; nor that those who believe most firmly in her pacific intentions discern in the wide outlines of such a scheme the fixed resolution of a mighty nation to place its military power once more on such an unquestioned footing that it shall at least have no cause to be uneasy at that neighbour's triumphs.

Such being Russia's resolve, as shown by council and action, should it make Germany tremble for her security ? It is in asking this that we approach the problem we have set ourselves to discuss without pretending literally to solve. And the first answer is that if Russia and Germany alone stood face to face, the latter would neither feel, nor have serious cause to feel, the uneasiness she is reproached with. Her organization is so perfect, that at the word her peace army of 400,000 men may be trebled, including a second line of half a million soldiers, as well trained as the 700,000 that would move before them. The new Landsturm Law is able—and is intended, as we have lately learnt—to provide her with 240 additional battalions, formed of men all in the prime of life, and hardly behind the Landwehr in any respect except as to supply of officers. Her war equipment is complete for every emergency beyond any other that empire ever had at command. Her staff is the most highly trained in the world's history ; and if the body of officers it controls are not the men of science they are popularly imagined, they are within the strict limit of their profession more efficient than any power has possessed since Rome conquered the world. If she has no leader yet named specially as fit to wear the mantle of the veteran whom age must soon unfit for

the duties of the field, the system he will bequeath is so perfect in its working that it can afford to dispense with the aid of specially great genius.

Russia might, therefore, be allowed to complete at leisure her ambitious scheme of military grandeur, and her reconstructed army would still, as we hold certain, if marched to invade her neighbour, march to defeat as decisive as overtook Benedek or Bazaine. Stubborn and strong as the Russian soldiers are, the same want of intelligence in the men, and of good leading in the officers, that sacrificed them in thousands to a handful of French and British troops at Inkerman, would be found fatal to them when opposed to the nimble tactics and skilful handling which, in peace as well as war, are made part of the education of the German army. But slightly superior in gross numbers, and barely equal in physical strength and endurance, the Muscovite would enter on the duel against the Teuton with every other condition of victory against him. It is our conviction that if this struggle came, we should see peace dictated at Moscow on German terms as certainly as we have seen it prescribed at Vienna and Paris. More than this : those who guide German military thought are perfectly conscious of their present superiority, and of the fact that no effort of Russia for a generation to come will suffice to give her, acting unaided, the power to shake it. It is not the vision of grappling with Russia alone that gives to Berlin statesmen and strategists an attitude of uneasiness, reflected in the mind of the nation that is ready to rally round them, and threatening from time to time to turn the armed camp which Europe has become, into the theatre of new campaigns. The real problem of Germany's military future lies in the dangerous contingency of her having to encounter a powerful enemy on either flank ; in plain words, to meet the double attack of France and Russia leagued against her.

It is for this dread ordeal the new empire is deliberately preparing. Blind must

he be to the military signs of the times who believes that the enormous chain of fortresses along the Rhine and Moselle on which so much of the French indemnity is being spent, is framed with a view to making a fresh entrance into France more easy. The German army if again called on to advance on Paris would literally desire nothing better than a fair field and no favour. Cologne, Mayence and Strasbourg would no doubt, in such event, prove useful depots for the advancing forces; but they would be quite as useful if left open as though girt with impregnable works. Fortresses, like other strictly defensive means for war, are intended to aid the weaker party, not that which is unquestionably the stronger. And the true use of this mighty barrier can evidently only be found if Germany be unexpectedly called for the time to act strictly on the defensive against a French invasion. But such an invasion could only be hopefully made, such a defensive attitude only be adopted, if the striking power of Germany be for the time summoned away to meet a great danger elsewhere. This danger lies in the possible simultaneous assault from the east by Russia, whilst France does her share on the Rhine; and it is to ward off such a double attack that the military policy of Berlin is directed. It would be more convenient, much cheaper, and would incur far less material risk to settle conclusively with France now, and so thoroughly reduce her power that Russia could no longer count on her for serious aid. But the instinct of the Czar and his people, we may add too the whole sentiment of Europe, were promptly exercised last May, to hinder an act of policy, which, however its true scope and intent was concealed, could only have been carried out by such a stretch of ruthless injustice and violence as would have matched the most violent deeds of Napoleon in the summit of his power. Almost at the last moment those who had counselled the deed seemed to recoil from its execution. The fate of Europe was for the time in the balance, just as in old days when the ambitious Corsican was meditating the ruin of

some already weakened neighbour. But Prince Bismarck, happily for the world, though so far yielding to his country's weaknesses as to wear the uniform of a Major-General of militia, is at heart never easy when military advisers are most listened to; and there can be little doubt that his voice was finally given in favour of the peace which the Czar crossed Europe to insist on. So the danger to France was averted for the while. But this tranquillity allowed her, is of itself no doubt assigned as cause more pressing for urging on to completion the barrier against which her army, even were the field elsewhere open, might spend its strength in vain. Regarded thus, as directed against a double foe—the one enemy to be crushed by active operations, whilst the other is held in check by fortresses and such troops of the second line as the new *Land-sturm*—the military policy of Berlin, which pays such devoted attention to the western frontier of the empire, whilst the eastern is left, as it were, open between Warsaw and Berlin, is simple, explicable and just. As against France alone, or Russia alone, such care mixed with such seeming carelessness would be worthy of the most shortsighted instead of the profoundest of administrations.

That the double contest thus prepared for will ever come in our day, or what its issue should it come, are questions no prudent man would pretend to give absolute answers to. To forecast the future of politics is notoriously impossible, of war between untried antagonists very difficult. All that it is safe to assert is that, unless thoroughly reformed, as well as largely augmented, the Russian army would be shattered by the Germans: and that the French, however well reorganised, should accomplish the march to Berlin, which would naturally be attempted, could only be possible after long delay before the frontier fortresses, or by passing between them at so great an apparent risk as, strategically speaking, would require the highest military genius to conceive and carry out the plan with

any hope of success. The works that are to protect Germany will be completed and armed, and the reserves to fill and cover them be organised, long before the Russian scheme of future military grandeur, and the French dreams of vengeance through reorganisation, are carried into practical effect. And then, when each of these three powers has done all it would desire to do, the probabilities of success seem still to lie on the side of the empire which is central in situation, united in heart, and coolly and skilfully prepared for the event. Were we compelled to prophesy, we should not hesitate to say that Germany's chances, viewed thus distantly, seem to weigh down those of her supposed adversaries, who could not possibly rely on the union and promptitude of action with which they would certainly be met.

There is one important contingency remaining to be noticed. We have said nothing in all this of Austria and her slow yet heavy sword. She would probably occupy both in politics, and in the strictly military features of the situation, an attitude marvellously like that she assumed when France, under Napoleon, sixty years since, recovering for the moment from the Moscow disaster, attacked Prussia and Russia united. Once more her army, too serious an instrument to be overlooked, would be gathered—as in 1813, or again in 1853,

in the Russo-Turkish struggle for the Danube—on the flank of the combatant powers, ready to come in and turn the scale which way she chose. Does it follow that she would readily join the league formed avowedly to humiliate in turn her own humiliator? Does it follow even that indecision would once more keep her in suspicious neutrality, ready to strike in and complete the ruin of Germany at the first sounds of disaster or even check of those legions that had hitherto known nothing but unbroken success? Far from it, as we believe. Happily for the world's peace, however feared and disliked Germany and her Chancellor may be, there is little, as has been already briefly shown, in the sentiment towards them to recall the deadly hatred raised by the first Empire. Russia can feel none of this. Austria certainly does not feel it as yet. It would require a repetition of Napoleon's mistakes to raise against Germany's rulers a new War of Independence. Happy they, if by avoiding such crimes as that too lightly meditated three months since, they seek the truest protection of the newly-formed Empire in such a just and moderate policy as shall find them friends in peace, and take from the unnatural alliance they dread all the reasonable excuse which would sanction and strengthen it with the approval of the world.

CHAS. C. CHESNEY.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1875.

NATURAL RELIGION.

IV.

At the outset I drew a distinction between theology and religion. Theology I considered to be the intellectual or scientific knowledge of God, religion the imaginative or sympathetic knowledge of Him. After examining then to what extent theology is modified by the omission of the supernatural source of knowledge, after showing that it is in no way destroyed, since it has always been of the essence of theology to inquire what is the relation of the Universe to human ideals—and this inquiry remains legitimate, necessary, and all-important, whether we appeal to natural or supernatural evidence—I pass on to consider the modification produced by the same omission in religion. With what *feelings* should we regard God contemplated only in Nature?

It will be evident from what was said at the close of the last chapter, that the common impressions about the worship of Nature are quite mistaken. It is vaguely imagined that the worship of Nature is neither more nor less than classical Paganism, and that to adopt it would be to revive the 'golden years' Shelley sings of, to substitute a *Madre Natura* for the Christian Church, and Pan or Apollo for Christ. This is a misconception of precisely the same sort as that which regards Nature as pitiless and inhuman. Let us always remember that Nature, as we are using that most ambiguous of words, is opposed simply to the Supernatural. Sometimes, as I pointed out, it is opposed to man. When

Paganism is said to be a worship of Nature, the word is used in a third sense, and one somewhat indeterminate. It is opposed rather to civilization. Paganism did not confine itself to the worship of inanimate Nature. It deified, to be sure, the sun and moon, the sky, the morning and evening star, and all the principal phenomena of inanimate Nature. But it worshipped also certain deities who were supposed to preside over human life, powers of birth, marriage, and death, protectors of tribes and cities, powers of war and commerce, powers of the human mind. When we call it Nature-worship therefore we are not using the word Nature simply as opposed to man. But it so happened, we may say quite accidentally, that in its worship of the phenomena of man Paganism paused abruptly. The worshipping disposition in the ancient nations decayed as society advanced; they ceased to increase their Pantheon as human phenomena became known to them. The consequence is that the deities that have to do with human life in Paganism concern only what is most elementary and primitive in human life. To people in the tribal stage Paganism would have seemed to embrace the whole of humanity as well as inanimate Nature. But when nations had left that stage far behind them, when they had devised complicated politics, and invented arts and sciences, Paganism still remained in its old condition. It did not progress, and in the last ages of the ancient world the traditional religions reflected the image of a much simpler time. This in reality

deprived them of all influence except with the rural population, but at the same time it gave them a charm to all those who were influenced by that reaction against civilization and progress which is always going on. The same charm is felt by us when we look back upon Paganism. When we see statues of Pan or Faunus, when we read Homer, we feel the fascination of *naïveté* and simplicity. And to express what we feel we fall back upon the unfortunate and overworked word Nature. We say these old Pagans worshipped Nature, meaning apparently to say that their thoughts and feelings had not been much modified by the influence of thinkers, inventors, systematisers, that in fact their minds were in a child-like state, and had the freshness and jousness of childhood.

Evidently Nature here is not in any way opposed to the Supernatural. The Supernatural could not enter into any creed more than it entered into the creeds of these so-called worshippers of Nature.

And if the Supernatural were omitted from our present creeds the residuum would not be classical Paganism. It would be something like what Paganism would have been if religious feeling had not been weakened by the growing complication of human life. Had men's minds continued as religious in the age of Aristotle as they were in the days of Homer, it is not difficult to see how Paganism would have developed. The great product of civilization is the development in men's minds of the feeling of justice, duty, and self-sacrifice. These new feelings, then, would have embodied themselves in new deities, or new conceptions of old ones. Paganism in developing would have become moral, and so would have lost all the charm which the moderns, tired of morality, find in it. And in doing so it would not necessarily have given more weight to the Supernatural, and might easily have given less. Notions of duty and morality have no necessary connection with the Supernatural. The worship of God in Nature therefore, the worship of the Being revealed to us by science,

would not be a religion without morality, because however science may repudiate the Supernatural, it cannot repudiate the law of duty. To human beings that have reached a certain social stage, duty is a thing quite as real as the sun and stars, and exciting much deeper feelings. In the sense in which we are using the word duty is a part of Nature. The worship of Nature, therefore, would be no Paganism. It would not be mere animal happiness or æsthetic enjoyment of beauty. It would be far more like Christianity. It would be mainly concerned with questions of right and wrong; it would be in almost as much danger as Christianity of running into excesses of introspection and asceticism.

But now that we are on our guard against this misconception let us go somewhat further back to inquire what the religion of God in Nature will be. The word religion is commonly and conveniently appropriated to the feelings with which we regard God. But those feelings—love, awe, admiration, which together make up religion—are felt in various combinations for human beings, and even for inanimate objects. It is not exclusively but only *par excellence* that religion is directed towards God. When feelings of admiration are very strong they find vent in some act; when they are strong and at the same time serious and permanent, they express themselves in recurring acts, and hence arises ritual and liturgy, and whatever the multitude identifies with religion. But without ritual, religion may exist in its elementary state, and this elementary state of religion is what may be described as *habitual and permanent admiration*.

Religious feeling readily connects itself with the supernatural—"Gern wohnt er unter Feen, Talismanen"—but at the same time, religious feeling can restrain itself, and sometimes even deliberately chooses to restrain itself from all association of the kind. Accordingly whatever the principal object of religious feeling in a particular case may be, of that object there springs up a natural religion and also a supernatural religion. There have been two classes of religions

which have been conspicuous by their difference in the history of mankind. On the one hand there have been the religions which have found their objects of worship principally in the sensible world, in physical phenomena, and in man considered as a physical phenomenon. On the other hand there are the religions which contemplate more what is intellectual and moral. The best example of the former class is classical Paganism, which, as I pointed out, was arrested in its development at the moment when it began to embrace the moral world; to the other class belong Judaism and Christianity. Now both these forms of religion may be found connected with the supernatural and also unconnected with it. Classical Paganism itself was a supernatural religion. The feelings excited in the Greek by the sight of a tree or a fountain did not end where they began, in admiration, delight and love; they passed on into miracle. The natural phenomenon was transformed into a marvellous quasi-human being. But the same feelings aroused in the mind of Wordsworth produced a new religion of Nature not less real or intense than that of the ancients but unconnected with the Supernatural. He worships trees and fountains and flowers for themselves and as they are; if his imagination at times plays with them, he does not mistake the play for earnest. The daisy, after all, is a flower, and it is as a flower that he likes best to worship it. "Let good men feel the soul of Nature and see things as they are." In like manner moral religion has taken two forms. Judaism and Christianity are to a certain extent supernatural religions, but rationalistic forms of both have sprung up in which it has been attempted to preserve the religious principle which is at the bottom of them, discarding the supernatural element with which it is mixed. The worship of Humanity which has been springing up in Europe since the middle of the last century is in a like manner a religion of moral qualities divorced from the supernatural.

If religion readily accepts the super-

natural even when its object is only isolated physical phenomena or human beings, how much more so when its object is God, whether God be regarded as the Cause of the Universe or as the Universe itself considered as a Unity. Our experience of a limited physical phenomenon may be some measure of its powers; the antecedent improbability of its transcending in a particular case the limit which our experience had led us to put upon our conception of it may be very great. But who can place any limits to Nature or to the Universe? We may indeed require rigid proof of whatever transcends our experience, but it is not only Orientals who say that 'with God all things are possible;' the most scientific men are the most willing to admit that our experience is no measure of Nature, and that it is mere ignorance to pronounce *a priori* anything to be impossible. Accordingly those religions which have had for their object the Unity of the Universe, or what we call *par excellence*, God, as distinguished from gods many and lords many, have generally been most lavish of miracle. They have delighted to believe in whatever is most improbable, because by doing so they seemed to show how strongly they realised the greatness of their Divinity. *Credo quia impossibile* is a paradox specially belonging to the religion of God. But on the other hand there is nothing in this religion that requires the miraculous. Those who realize the Infinity and Eternity of Nature most, and who are most prepared to admit that nothing is impossible, may quite well believe at the same time that the laws of Nature are invariable, and may be as sceptical as the most narrow-minded slaves of experience about particular stories of miracle that come before them. Indeed there is perceptible both in Judaism and Christianity along with the fullest and readiest belief in miracle a certain contempt for those who attach much importance to such occasional exceptions to general law. Prophets and apostles and Christ himself believe one and all that God can and does, at His pleasure, suspend ordinary laws; they believe

this as a matter of course, and with a kind of wonder that any one can doubt it; but they hold it rather as a matter of course than as a matter of much importance—though they may hold a particular suspension of law to be very important for the light it throws on the Divine will; and it is evident that the God of their worship is rather the God who habitually maintains His laws than the God who occasionally suspends them. As therefore we found that the physical religion which in Paganism existed along with a belief in the supernatural appeared elsewhere divorced from it, and that the Christian religion of humanity reappeared in modern religions divorced from miracle, so we may expect to find somewhere a purely natural religion of God.

I have before asserted that modern science, however contemptuously it may reject the Supernatural, has nevertheless both a theology and a God. It has a God because it believes in an Infinite and Eternal Being; it has a theology because it believes in the urgent necessity of obeying His laws and in the happiness that comes from doing so. Is it not equally true that it has or may have a religion? If religion be made of love, awe and admiration, is not Nature a proper object of these as well as of scientific study?

It will be said, that the religion of God thus understood is intelligible enough but has no character of its own by which it may be differenced from the physical and moral religions described above. When we admire a flower we are worshipping Nature, but this is Paganism stripped of the Supernatural, or Wordsworthianism. When we admire justice or self-sacrifice in any human being we are again, after the explanation given above, worshipping Nature, but this is Christianity stripped of the Supernatural, or the modern religion of humanity. Now what third kind of religion can there be unless we introduce a third or supernatural order of beings? I answer that the natural religion of God, though closely connected with both of these religions, is nevertheless clearly distinct from them. Its

material is certainly the same; it contemplates the same phenomena and no others, but it contemplates them in a different spirit and for a different purpose. The object which excites its admiration may be as in the former case a tree, a flower, the sky or the sea, but the admiration when aroused goes beyond the object which aroused it and fixes upon a great Unity, more or less strongly realized, in which all things cohere. It is thus that the view which the man of science takes of any natural object differs from that taken by an uneducated man. The admiration of the latter is, as it were, Pagan. It ends in the particular form and colour before it. It sees nothing in the object but the object itself. But the eye of science passes entirely beyond the object and sees the law that works in it; instead of the individual it sees the Kind, and beyond the Kind it sees higher unities in endless scale. What it admires is also in a sense Nature, but it is not Nature as a collective name for natural things, but Nature as the Unity of natural things, or in other words, God. Similar, with feelings less distinct but probably stronger, is the contemplation of Nature in ancient Hebrew poetry, which when it surveys the great phenomena of the world instead of considering each by itself in succession, instinctively collects them under a transcendent Unity. Instead of saying—How spacious the floor of Ocean, how stately the march of the clouds across heaven, how winged the flight of the wind! the Hebrew poet says, *Who* layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, *who* maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.

We see then that human admiration, when it organizes itself in religion, may take three forms and not two only. Not only may it fix itself almost exclusively upon sensible phenomena and become paganism, or turn away from the sensible world to contemplate moral qualities as in Christianity, but also it may fix itself not upon the phenomena themselves but upon a unity of them. The simplest form of this religion of unity is, I suppose, Moham-

medanism, which not only contemplates a unity of the world, but takes scarcely any interest in the phenomena themselves, the unity of which it contemplates. Lost in the idea of the greatness of God it loses its interest in the visible evidences of His greatness; but in most cases this religion of unity is combined with one or both of the other religions. The unity worshipped is not an abstract unity, but a unity either of the physical or of the moral world or of both. In Paganism the physical world is not worshipped simply for itself, but a feeble attempt is made to establish some unity among its phenomena by setting up a supreme Jove over the multitude of deities. In the moral religions the tendency to unity is still stronger, so much so that it may seem wrong to class, as we have done, Judaism and Christianity among religions of humanity rather than religions of God. They are, in fact both at once, and the former at least is primarily a religion of God and only secondarily a religion of humanity. It is because the worship of humanity in them, rather than the worship of Deity, determines their specific character, because they conceive Deity itself as a transcendent humanity, or as united with humanity; it is not because Deity plays a less, but because humanity plays a *more* prominent part in them that I have chosen to name them rather from humanity than from Deity.

When, therefore, modern systematisers in endeavouring to organise a religion which should exclude the Supernatural, have extracted out of Christianity a religion of humanity, and have rejected as obsolete whatever in it had relation to Deity, they have not been wrong in taking what they have taken, though wrong in leaving what they have left. Deity is found in other religions besides Christianity, and in some religions, *e.g.*, in Islamism, is not a whit less prominent than in Christianity; what is characteristic of the Christian system is its worship of humanity. How great a mistake, nevertheless, is made when it is supposed that Deity ought to be removed out of our religious systems, or that the rejection

of supernaturalism in any way involves the dethronement of Deity or the transference to any other object of the unique devotion due to Him, I shall show immediately; but what I have said about those inferior forms of religion which have not God for their object suggests another observation before we pass to consider the religion of God.

It is surely not to be supposed that every higher form of religion ought to supersede and drive out the lower forms. Such intolerance is no doubt very natural to religious feeling. Religious feeling in its exaltation delights to repeat that worship paid to any but the highest object is sin and is apostasy. This, of course, when we consider it, involves a certain restriction upon the meaning of the word worship. Feelings of admiration and devotion may be of various degrees, and may be excited by various objects. Such feelings may be called by the general name of worship, and we may be said, without offence, to regard an official as worshipful, to worship a wife, to worship heroes. But worship may also be used in a special and technical sense to denote the particular sort of devotion paid to the highest object we recognize, and it is in this sense alone that the word is used when religion forbids worship to be paid to whatever is in any degree worshipful. But churches are often intolerant in pushing this way of speaking beyond bounds. The greatest religious revolution in history is, in the main, simply a reaction against such intolerance, when the right of ideal humanity to receive worship was asserted in the heart of a community devoted to the exclusive worship of Deity. And in modern history there are many evidences of a secret reaction going on against the absorption of that earlier and lower form of religion which I have called physical, by the higher forms. Paganism itself, many think—and why should it not be true?—was too intolerantly put down. It is true that the intolerance of a necessary and beneficent revolution is pardonable, but that is no reason why it should not be repaired in later and

quieter times. The horror of physical nature which belongs to the middle ages has passed away from the modern mind; the iconoclasm which raged against Greek art and heathen learning is no more necessary to Christianity than the hatred of painted windows is to Protestantism. The worship of natural forms has gradually revived. They now receive a secondary and inferior sort of homage, and so much in this respect has the world advanced that there is little danger of any worship we may pay to natural beauty blunting our sense of the higher reverence due to moral goodness, nor, indeed, need there be any fear of such worship hiding from our view or doing anything but reveal with fresh brightness the glory of the Eternal Being whom science shows us to be everywhere present. The three kinds of worship may now, I think, subsist peaceably side by side, and human admiration have its natural play.

It is here to be remarked that Christianity, in this respect, took from the beginning a retrograde direction. Not from anything wrong in its doctrines or its spirit, but from the accident of the particular period and society in which it began. Judaism in its greatest time had not turned away men's thoughts from Nature, but Christianity did so from the beginning. In the mass of literature which Judaism bequeathed to us there is no trace of that monkish horror of nature and of beauty which many modern writers associate with Christianity. But, more than this, there is no trace of any indifference to Nature. Hebrew devotion evidently fed itself mainly upon the contemplation of the visible universe. It is from this source that it draws its inspiration. When a Hebrew poet would remember God he looked up at the sun and moon or watched the movements of the atmosphere: "Fair weather cometh out of the north; with God is terrible majesty." Nor did he look at Nature with the timid, anxiously searching eye of the modern, saying to himself, I think there must be a God because of this or that mark of contrivance or beneficence.

Evil powers, terrible phenomena, strange as we may think it, brought God home to him as much as the brighter side of Nature. "He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who is able to abide His cold?" Those terrible and undeniable facts which are now quoted to prove that there is no God were strongly asserted and marked in His description of God, "Who visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the fourth generation of them that hate Him." Nowhere in literature is such fire and such enjoyment in the handling of natural objects to be found as in the book of Job. When modern poets with the fullest worship describe nature, they resemble the Hebrew poets rather than the Greek or Roman. Wordsworth's view of the universe is rather Judaic than Hellenic.

It is very unjust to confound the mediæval form of Christianity, as Goethe seems to do, with Christianity itself. There is surely nothing monkish in the earliest form of it. If it had no sympathy with the Hellenic spirit, this was because it was too far removed from it in its associations to be capable of understanding it. In the sayings of Christ Himself, there is distinctly visible the same sympathy with the material universe that breathes in Hebrew prophecy. But something in the state of society or in the spirit of the age and no doubt also the intense preoccupation of the first Christians with moral subjects have produced the result that the New Testament, if we except two or three isolated sentences in the Gospels, is silent about Nature. Christianity appears not averse but indifferent to it. Its earliest literature though often impassioned and rhythmical was still a literature of prose, and the inspiration of Paul or John is never kindled by any meaner subject of contemplation than God or Christ or the Spirit newly poured out upon the Church. It seems to me that nothing ought to be inferred from this about the necessary relation of Christianity towards Nature worship. High poetry is a rare product of the human mind, depending upon many conditions which seldom meet. It may doubtless be

dried up by a religious system not favourable to it, but on the other hand it is not certain that a religion is unfavourable or is not highly favourable to it, which is not of itself sufficient to call it forth. Christianity grew up in an atmosphere which, from causes quite independent of itself, was not suitable to the free growth of the feelings which find their expression in imaginative literature. Poetry—the fact is evidenced in the barbarous style of the Apocalypse—is hampered by the confusion of languages that marks a world-empire. If the Christian Church nurtured no genius like Isaiah or the author of Job, neither did the outer world at the same time produce any genius like Homer or Pindar. If Paganism, which was so essentially Nature worship, was at that time too feeble to yield any new fruits, it need not be presumed that Christianity was averse to rendering a due worship to Nature because its scanty literature is exclusively occupied with the expression of a higher devotion. But it is a misfortune that we can point to no clearer sanction of Nature worship in the original documents of Christianity, because the fact lends countenance to the prejudice that the anti-natural spirit, which, to a great extent, poisoned the influence of the Christian Church upon mankind throughout the middle ages, is the native spirit of Christianity itself.

But let me now, returning, ask the question again, When natural objects have had their due, when virtue and duty have been fully revered, is there no further and higher object of reverence, whose existence we must recognize, even though we believe in nothing supernatural, even though we indulge in no subtle psychological analysis? It is certain that the thought of Deity, which is so natural to man, is not excited only by occasional suspensions of law nor only by secret unaccountable monitions felt in the conscience. It is excited at least as much by law itself as by the suspension of law; it is excited quite as much by looking around as by looking within. It is not at all less certain that it is

quite distinct from the thought of ideal humanity. Linnaeus fell on his knees when he saw the gorse in blossom; Goethe, gazing from the Brocken, said, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" Kant felt the same awe in looking at the starry heaven as in considering the moral principle; Wordsworth is inspired rather among mountains than among human beings; it was in solitude that Byron felt the same rapture. If there is an exception it is one which proves the rule. Or whence arises the contempt we feel at the modern dictum, that 'the heavens declare no glory but that of Kepler and of Newton?'

Who is there that is not conscious of a feeling of awe when he realizes the greatness of the Universe? When from thinking of this thing and that thing he rises to the thought of the sum and system of things?

But I shall be told that this is mere Pantheism. It is nothing of the kind.

Pantheism asserts that the explanation of Nature is not to be sought out of Nature itself, that the principle or cause of the universe is immanent. On the other hand, the creed called orthodox maintains a cause existing before the Universe and transcendent to it, a personal will which called Nature into being by its fiat. It is possible that the difference between these two doctrines may be as important as it has seemed to the controversialists on either side. But it is a difference which does not affect the religious awe I speak of. That will remain the same, in whichever way we prefer to conceive the Universe. The two theories agree in this, that they give a unity, though a different kind of unity, to the Universe. Now religious feeling is excited by thinking of the Universe as a unity and not merely by the particular form in which we give it unity in our minds.

It is easy to illustrate this. Religion regards the Universe taken together in the same way in which we regard the different minor unities of which it is composed. It speaks of the greatness and majesty of the Universe as it might speak

of the greatness and majesty of a mountain ; the warmer kinds of religion speak of the justice and love visible, or which they believe to exist, in the Universe as we speak of the justice and love of a man. Let us consider then how far the feelings with which we regard a man are affected by the theories we may have about human nature. Some may think the human being consists of body and soul, the soul being separable from the body and destined to survive it, but at the same time revealed to us only through it. This is parallel to the case of those who regard God as distinct from the Universe. Others may consider the human being as one, may think that the distinction of soul and body is baseless, and that the whole phenomenon may be resolved into an aggregate of forces, just as we may regard the Universe as merely a name for the aggregate of forces known to us. No doubt the difference between the two ways of regarding the human being is very important. Still, we do not find that those who regard him in the second way are as if they did not believe in the human being at all. Their feelings towards the human being may be just as lively as if they believed him to have a separable soul. And there may be a third class of people who do not even raise the question, who have no opinion whatever on the controverted point, and whose feelings towards human beings may also be not less lively, or may even be more lively than those of either of the warring parties.

It is, in fact, neither the separable soul of a man, nor yet the body of a man that excites our feelings of respect or dislike, friendship or enmity ; it is the man himself, in other words, it is the unity of all the organs composing him, the single total to which we give that name. Not otherwise is it with the Universe. When we realize it as one we utter the name God, and in doing so we do not pledge ourselves to the doctrine that God is the Universe, nor yet to the doctrine that He is distinct from it.

It will perhaps be said at this point, It is not true that God is the name which most naturally occurs to us when

we think of the system of the Universe. The words Universe or World or Nature express this conception more appropriately. God is the most appropriate name for the distinct, invisible, eternal Cause of the Universe which is supposed in most religions, which is denied in Pantheism, and put aside as beyond the knowledge of the human intellect in Positivism.

The question thus raised is not uninteresting ; only let it be remarked that it is purely a verbal question. We do not alter the nature of the Object of our worship when we alter the name by which we describe it. Whatever feelings it legitimately excites will be excited as much under one name as under another. But undoubtedly if a name can ever be important, the name by which we habitually indicate the Eternal Being will be so. Instinctively we attach so much sacredness to that name that we can scarcely bear that it should give place to another, even if another could be found more appropriate. It is the name God which has acquired everywhere this sacredness ; it is the name God to which poetry and religion cling, and certainly very strong reasons ought to be shown before we can be expected to tear that name from our hearts and replace it by some other hallowed as yet by no associations. But to me it seems, not only that there are no such reasons, but that this name is preferable to the others, as much on account of its appropriateness and convenience as of the associations connected with it. The word Universe does not, I think, convey precisely the thought we wish to convey. It expresses—not indeed etymologically but in usage—the total of things arrived at, as it were, by mere collection or addition. But we are thinking of the unity which all things compose in virtue of the universal presence of the same laws. The word World has also associations which render it unfit for our purpose. In the first place, it has been conveniently adopted to express the very opposite of what we want to express. The artificial, conventional order which societies establish among themselves—an order

unnatural, transitory, and tending to corruption—has been called World, and has been contrasted by poets with Nature and by theologians with God. Even when the word is used without the intention of conveying any such thought, when it is used as a synonym for Universe, it still conveys something a little different from what we have in view. It conveys the notion of a *place* in which we live. It suggests the thought of an immense residence or house, of which the sky is the roof and the earth the floor. But what we desire to express is an infinite Being, with which we are connected indeed, but not merely as a resident is connected with the house he lives in—rather as the part is connected with the whole, or as the member with the body.

Moreover, it is to be observed of both these words that they seem to close the very question we wish to leave open ; for they both seem adapted to express only the pantheistic view, both seem implicitly to deny the other view. It is as if we were to insist upon calling the human being by the name Body. The opposite objection cannot be made to the name God : it cannot be said that this name excludes the pantheistic view. The etymology of the word Pantheism is sufficient by itself to prove that it does not. Nor is it solely in connection with the theory opposite to Pantheism that the word God has gained its peculiar sacredness and awfulness. From the Bible itself it is easy to quote pantheistic language—"In whom we live and move and have our being." It would rather seem that both in Judaism and Christianity the word is used for the most part in the sense which I have here proposed to give it. The question of Pantheism seems very much to be left open throughout the Bible. Texts may be quoted on both sides of it, and on both sides alike they would be misquoted, for their language, as others have forcibly urged, is not scientific but practical, or—what on such subjects is the same thing—poetical. It is upon what is common to the two views, not

on what is peculiar to either, that the Bible is built.

It is the word Nature which science, in its traditional aversion to theological language, most willingly adopts. There can be no objection to using it, and on most occasions one would choose it in preference to a word which, no doubt, is too sacred to be introduced unnecessarily—too sacred, in short, to be worked with. Still the word is not satisfactory, as the reader will see by referring to what I have said above of the common mistake made in speaking of the pitilessness of Nature. Nature, as the word has hitherto been used by scientific men, excludes the whole domain of human feeling, will and morality. Nevertheless, in contemplating the relation of the Universe to ourselves and to our destiny, or again in contemplating it as a subject of admiration and worship, the part filled by morality is the more important part of the Universe to us. Our destiny is affected by the society in which we live more than by the natural conditions which surround us, and the moral virtues are higher objects of worship than natural beauty and glory. Accordingly the word Nature suggests but a part, and the less important part, of the idea for which we are seeking an expression. Nature presents herself to us as a goddess of unweariable vigour and unclouded happiness, but without any trouble or any compunction in her eye, without a conscience or a heart. But God, as the word is used by ancient prophets and modern poets—God, if the word have not lost in our ears some of its meaning through the feebleness of the preachers who have undertaken to interpret it, conveys all this beauty and greatness and glory, and conveys besides whatever more awful forces stir within the human heart, whatever binds men in families, and orders them in states. He is the Inspirer of kings, the Revealer of laws, the Reconciler of nations, the Redeemer of labour, the Queller of tyrants, the Reformer of churches, the Guide of the human race towards an unknown goal.

To be continued.

THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW RECTOR.

THE news which so much disturbed the inhabitants of the rectory at Brentburn was already old news in Oxford, where indeed it was known and decided who Mr. Chester's successor was to be. The august body in whose hands the appointment lay was absolutely unconscious of the existence of Mr. St. John. Several members of it, it is true, were his own contemporaries, and had been his acquaintances in the old days when these very dons themselves traversed their quadrangles with such hopes and fears in respect to the issue of an examination, as the destruction of the world or its salvation would scarcely rouse in them now; but what was it likely they could know about a man who at sixty-five was only a curate? who had never asked for anything, never tried for anything; but had kept himself out of sight and knowledge for a lifetime? Those of them who had a dim recollection that "old St. John" was Chester's curate in charge, naturally thought that he held that precarious and unprofitable place for so long, because of some personal connection with the locality, or preference for it, which he was well off enough to be able to indulge. He had been poor in his youth, but probably his wife had had money, or something had fallen to him. What so likely as that something good should fall by inheritance to a man with such a patrician name? Therefore let nobody blame the dons. They might have been capable (though I don't know whether they would have had any right to exercise their patronage so) of a great act of poetic justice, and might have given to the undistinguished but old member of their college the reward of his long exertions, had they known. But as they did not know, what could

these good men do but allot it to the excellent young Fellow—already the winner of all kinds of honours—who condescended to be willing to accept the humble rectory? Everybody said it was not worth Mildmay's while to shelve himself in an obscure place like Brentburn; that it was a strange thing for him to do; that he would hate it as poor Chester—also an extremely accomplished man and fellow of his college—had done. Gossips—and such beings exist in the most classical places—feared that he must want the money; though some thought he was merely disinclined to let a tolerable small living, not far from town, and in a good county, where there were many "nice families," pass him; but very few people, so far as I am aware, thought of any higher motive which a popular young don could have for such a fancy.

Mr. Mildmay was quite one of the advanced rank of young Oxford men. I have never been able to understand how it was that he continued more or less orthodox, but he had done so by special constitution of mind I suppose, which in some tends to belief as much as in some others it tends to unbelief. He was not one of those uncomfortable people who are always following out "truth" to some bitter end or other, and refusing all compromise. Perhaps he was not so profound as are those troublesome spirits, but he was a great deal happier, and a great deal more agreeable. It is quite possible that some young reader may object to this as a shameful begging of the question whether it is not best to follow "truth" with bosom bare into whatsoever wintry lands that oft-bewildered power may lead. I don't know; some minds have little inclination towards the sombre guesses of science, new or old; and perhaps some may prefer Roger Mildmay for the mere fact that he did not

feel himself to have outgrown Christianity; which, I confess, is my own feeling on the subject. However, if it is any satisfaction to the said young reader, I may as well avow that though nature kept him from being sceptical, that kindly nurse did not hinder him from throwing himself into much semi-intellectual foolishness in other ways. To hear him talk of art was enough to make all the Academy dance with fury, and drive the ordinary learner, however little attached to the Academy, into absolute imbecility; and his rooms were as good as a show, with all the last fantastical delights of the day—more like a museum of china and knick-knacks than rooms to live in. His floors were littered with rugs, over which, in the æsthetic dimness, unwary visitors tumbled; his walls were toned into olive greens or peacock blues, dark enough to have defied all the sunshine of the Indies to light them up. He had few pictures; but his rooms were hung with photographs “taken direct,” and a collection of old china plates, which perhaps in their primitive colours and broad effect “came” better than pictures in the subdued and melancholy light. But why insist upon these details? A great many highly-cultured persons have the same kind of rooms, and Mildmay was something more than a highly-cultured person. All this amused and occupied him very much—for indeed collecting is a very amusing occupation; and when he had found something “really good” in an old curiosity shop, it exhilarated him greatly to bring it home, and find a place for it among his precious stores, and to make it “compose” with the other curiosities around it. As sheer play, I don’t know any play more pleasant; and when he looked round upon the dim world of *objets d’art* that covered all his walls, shelves, and tables, and marked the fine pictorial effect of the one brilliant spot of light which the green shade of his reading-lamp prevented from too great diffusion—when, I say, looking up from his studies, Mr. Mildmay looked round upon all this,

and felt that only very fine taste, and much patient labour, supported by a tolerably well-filled purse, could have brought it all together, and arranged everything into one harmonious whole, there came a glow of gentle satisfaction to the heart of the young don.

But then he sighed. All perfection is melancholy. When you have finally arranged your last acquisition, and look round upon a completeness which, even for the introduction of additional beauty, it seems wicked to disturb, what can you do but sigh? And there was more than this in the breath of melancholy—the long-drawn utterance of an unsatisfied soul in Mildmay’s sigh. After all, a man cannot live for china, for æsthetic arrangement, for furniture, however exquisite; or even for art, when he is merely a critic, commentator, and amateur—not a worker in the same. You may suppose that he was weary of his loneliness; that he wanted a companion, or those domestic joys which are supposed to be so infinitely prized in England. I am sorry to say this was not the case. The class to which Mildmay belongs are rather in the way of scouting domestic joys. A man who makes a goddess of his room, who adores china, and decks his mantelshelf with lace, seldom (in theory) wants a wife, or sighs for a companion of his joys and sorrows. For why? He does not deal much in sorrows or in joys. The deepest delight which can thrill the soul in the discovery of old Worcester or royal Dresden, scarcely reaches to the height of passion; and even if a matchless cup of *Henri Deux* were to be shivered to pieces in your hand, your despair would not appeal to human sympathy as would the loss of a very much commoner piece of flesh and blood. And then young ladies as a class are not, I fear, great in the marks of china, and even in the feminine speciality of lace require years to mellow them into admiration of those archaeological morsels which cannot be worn. Besides, the very aspect of such rooms as those I have indicated (not being bold enough to attempt to describe them) is

inimical to all conjoint and common existence. Solitude is taken for granted in all those dainty arrangements; in the dim air, the dusky walls, the subdued tone. A child in the place, ye heavens! imagination shivers, and dares not contemplate what might follow.

And then Mr. Mildmay had exhausted this delight. I believe his rooms were papered with three different kinds of the choicest paper that ever came out of Mr. Morris's hands. His curtains had been embroidered in the art school of needlework on cloth woven and dyed expressly for him. An ancient piece of lovely Italian tapestry hung over one door, and another was veiled by a glorious bit of eastern work from Damascus or Constantinople. His Italian cabinets were enough to make you faint with envy; his Venice glass—but why should I go on? The rugs which tripped you up as you threaded your way through the delicate artificial twilight were as valuable as had they been woven in gold; and no sooner was it known that Mildmay had accepted a living than all the superior classes in the southern half of England pricked up their ears. Would there be a sale? About a thousand connoisseurs from all parts of the country balanced themselves metaphorically on one foot like Raphael's St. Michael, ready to swoop down at the first note of warning. I am not sure that among railway authorities there were not preparations for a special train.

Mr. Mildmay had got tired of it all. Suddenly in that dainty dimness of high culture it had occurred to him that studies of old art and accumulations of the loveliest furniture were not life. What was life? There are so many that ask that question, and the replies are so feeble. The commonest rendering is that which Faust in sheer disgust of intellectualism plunged into—pleasure; with what results the reader knows. Pleasure in its coarser meaning, in the Faust sense, and in the vulgar sensual sense, was only a disgust to such a man as Roger Mildmay. What could he have done with his fine tastes and

pure habits in the *coulisses* or the casinos? He would only have recoiled with the sickening sensations of physical loathing as well as mental. What then? Should he marry and have a family, which is the virtuous and respectable answer to his question? He had no inclination that way. The woman whom he was to marry had not yet risen on his firmament, and he was not the kind of man to determine on marriage in the abstract, dissociated from any individual. How then was he to know life, and have it? Should he go off into the distant world and travel, and discover new treasures of art in unsuspected places, and bring home his trophies from all quarters of the world? But he had done this so often already that even the idea almost fatigued him. Besides, all these expedients, pleasure, domesticity, travel, would all have been ways of pleasing himself only, and he had already done a great deal to please himself. Life must have something in it surely of sharper, more pungent flavour. It could not be a mere course of ordinary days one succeeding another, marked out by dinners, books, conversations, the same thing over again, never more than an hour of it at a time in a man's possession, nothing in it that could not be foreseen and mapped out. This could not be life. How was he to get at life? He sat and wondered over this problem among his beautiful collections. He had nothing to do, you will say; and yet you can't imagine how busy he was. In short, he was never without something to do. He had edited a Greek play, he had written magazine articles, he had read papers before literary societies, he had delivered lectures. Few, very few, were his unoccupied moments. He knew a great many people in the highest classes of society, and kept up a lively intercourse with the most intelligent, the most cultivated minds of his time. He was, indeed, himself one of the most highly cultured persons of his standing; yet here he sat in the most delightful rooms in his college, sighing for life, life!

What is life? Digging, ploughing, one can understand that; but unfortunately one cannot dig, and "to beg I am ashamed." These familiar words suggested themselves by the merest trick of the ear to his mind unawares. To beg, the Franciscans he had seen in old Italy had not been at all ashamed; neither were the people who now and then penetrated into college rooms with—if not the Franciscan's wallet, or the penitent's rattling money-box—lists of subscriptions with which to beguile the unwary. For what? For hospitals, schools, missions, churches; the grand deduction to be drawn from all this being that there were a great many people in the world, by their own fault or that of others, miserable, sick, ignorant, wicked; and that a great many more people, from good or indifferent motives, on true or on false pretences, were making a great fuss about helping them. This fuss was in a general way annoying, and even revolting to the *dilettanti*, whose object is to see and hear only things that are beautiful, to encourage in themselves and others delightful sensations; but yet when you came to think of it, it could not be denied that the whole system of public charity had a meaning. In some cases a false, foolish, wrong meaning, no doubt; but yet—

If I were to tell you all the fancies that passed through Roger Mildmay's head on the subject, it would require volumes; and many of his thoughts were fantastic enough. The fact that he had taken orders and was the man he was, made it his proper business to teach others; but he would much rather, he thought, have reclaimed waste land, or something of that practical sort. Yes, to reclaim a bit of useless moorland and make it grow oats or even potatoes—that would be something; but then unfortunately the ludicrous side of the matter would come over him. What could he do on his bit of moorland with those white hands of his? Would it not be much more sensible to pay honest wages to some poor honest man out of work and let him do the digging? and then where was Roger Mildmay? still left,

stranded, high and dry, upon the useless ground of his present existence. Such a man in such a self-discussion is as many women are. If he works, what is the good of it? It is to occupy, to please himself, not because the work is necessary to others; indeed, it is taking bread out of the mouths of others to do badly himself that which another man, probably lounging sadly, out of work, and seeing his children starve, would do well. Let him, then, go back to his own profession; and what was he to do? A clergyman must preach, and he did not feel at all at his ease in the pulpit. A clergyman must teach, and his prevailing mood was a desire to learn. A clergyman must care for the poor, and he knew nothing about the poor. The result of all these confused and unsatisfactory reasonings with himself was that when the living of Brentburn was offered to him half in joke, he made a plunge at it, and accepted. "Let us try!" he said to himself. Anything was better than this perplexity. At the worst he could but fail.

Now Mr. St. John, as I have said, was a member of the same college, and had served the parish of Brentburn for twenty years, and what was to Roger Mildmay an adventure, a very doubtful experiment, would have been to him life and living; and next on the list of eligible persons after Mr. Mildmay was the Rev. John Ruffhead, who was very anxious to marry and settle, and was a clergyman's son well trained to his work. Such injustices are everywhere around us; they are nobody's fault, we say—they are the fault of the system; but what system would mend them it is hard to tell. And, on the other hand, perhaps neither Mr. St. John nor Mr. Ruffhead had the same high object before them as Roger had. The old man would have gone on in his gentle routine just as he had done all those years, always kind, soothing the poor folk more than he taught them; the young man would, though sure to do his duty, have thought perhaps more of the future Mrs. Ruff-

head and the settling down, than of any kind of heroic effort to realize life and serve the world. So that on the whole, ideally, my *dilettante* had the highest ideal; though the practical effect of him no one could venture to foretell.

He had decided to accept the living of Brentburn at once, feeling the offer to be a kind of answer of the oracle—for there was a certain heathenism mingling with his Christianity—to his long-smouldering and unexpressed desires; but before concluding formally he went, by the advice of one of his friends, to look at the place, “to see how he would like it.” “Like it! do I want to like it?” he said to himself. Must this always be the first question? Was it not rather the first possibility held out to him in the world—of duty, and a real, necessary, and certain work which should not be to please himself? He did not want to like it. Now men of Mildmay’s turn of mind are seldom deeply devoted to nature. They admire a fine landscape or fine sunset, no doubt, but it is chiefly for the composition, the effects of light and shade, the combination of colours. In the loveliest country they sigh for picture galleries and fine architecture, and cannot please themselves with the mists and the clouds, the woods and the waters, the warm, sweet, boundless atmosphere itself, in which others find beauty and mystery unceasing. Yet on this occasion a different result took place; although it was contrary to his own principles, when he first came out of the prosaic little railway at Brentburn and saw at his right-hand, one rich cloud of foliage rounding upon another, and all the wealth of princely trees standing up in their battalions under the full warm August sky; and on the other the sweet wild common bursting forth in a purple blaze of heather, all belted and broken with the monastic gloom of the pine-woods and ineffable blue distances of the wilder country—there suddenly fell upon him a love at first sight for this insignificant rural place, which I cannot account for any more than he could. I should be disposed to say

that the scent of the fir-trees went to his head, as it does to mine; but then the very soul within him melted to the great, broad, delicious greenness of shadows in the forest; and the two between them held him in an ecstasy, in that sweet lapse of all sense and thought into which nature sometimes surprises us, when all at once, without any suspicion on our part of what she is about, she throws herself open to us and holds out her tender arms. Mildmay stood in this partial trance, not knowing what he was doing, for—two full minutes; then he picked himself up, slightly ashamed of his ecstasy, and asked his way to the church, and said to himself (as I think Mr. Ruskin says somewhere) that mere nature without art to back her up is little, but that he might indeed permit himself to feel those indescribable sensations if he could look at all this as a background to a beautiful piece of ancient architecture in the shape of a church. Alas, poor Mr. Mildmay! I don’t know why it had never been broken to him. Ignorant persons had said “a very nice church,” perhaps out of sheer ignorance, perhaps from the commercial point of view that a new church in perfect repair is much more delightful, to a young rector’s pocket at least, than the most picturesque old one in perpetual need of restorations. But anyhow, when the church of Brentburn did burst upon him in all its newness, poor Roger put out his hand to the first support he could find, and felt disposed to swoon. The support which he found to lean on was the wooden rail, round a rather nasty duck-pond which lay between two cottages, skirting the garden hedge of one of them. Perhaps it was the odour of this very undelightful feature in the scene that made him feel like fainting, rather than the sight of the church; but he did not think so in the horror of the moment. He who had hoped to see the distant landscape all enhanced and glorified, by looking at it from among the ancestral elms or solemn yew-trees about a venerable village spire, and old grey, mossy

Saxon walls—or beside the lovely tracery of some decorated window with perhaps broken pieces of old glass glimmering out like emeralds and rubies! The church, I have already said, was painfully new; it was in the most perfect good order; the stones might have been scrubbed with scrubbing-brushes that very morning; and, worse than all, it was good Gothic, quite correct and unobjectionable. The poor young don's head drooped upon his breast, his foot slipped on the edge of the duck-pond. Never was a more delicate distress; and yet but for the despairing grasp he gave to the paling, the result might have been grotesque enough.

"Be you poorly, sir?" said old Mrs. Joel, who was standing, as she generally was, at her cottage door.

"No, no, I thank you," said the new rector faintly; "I suppose it is the sun."

"Come in a bit and rest, bless you," said Mrs. Joel; "you do look overcome. It is a bit strong is that water of hot days. Many a one comes to look at our cheuch. There's a power of old cheuches about, and ours is the only one I know of as is new, sir, and sweet and clean—though I says it as shouldn't," said the old woman, smoothing her apron and curtsying with a conscious smile.

"You are the sexton's wife? you have the charge of it?" said Mr. Mildmay.

"Thank my stars! I ain't no man's wife," said Mrs. Joel. "I be old John Joel's widow—and a queer one he was; and the curate he say as I was to keep the place, though there's a deal of jealousy about. I never see in all my born days a jealouser place than Brentburn."

"Who is the curate?" asked Mr. Mildmay.

"Bless your soul, sir, he'll be as pleased as Punch to see you. You go up bold to the big door and ask for Mr. St. John; he would always have the *hartis-gentlemen* and that sort in, to take a cup of tea with him. The Missis didn't hold with it in her time. She had a deal of

pride, though you wouldn't have thought it at first. But since she's dead and gone, Mr. St. John he do have his way; and two pretty young ladies just come from school," said Mrs. Joel with a smirk. She was herself very curious about the stranger, who was evidently not a "*hartis-gentleman*." "Maybe you was looking for lodgings, like?" she said, after a pause.

"No, no," said Mildmay, with unnecessary explanatoriness; "I was only struck by the church, in passing, and wished to know who was the clergyman—"

"Between ourselves, sir," said Mrs. Joel, approaching closer than was pleasant, for her dinner had been highly seasoned, "I don't know as Mr. St. John is what you call the clergyman. He ain't but the curate, and I do hear as there is a real right clergyman a-coming. But you won't name it, not as coming from me? for I can't say but he's always been a good friend."

"Oh no, I shall not name it. Good morning," cried Mildmay hurriedly. A new church, a horrible duck-pond, an old woman who smelt of onions. He hurried along, scarcely aware in his haste until he arrived in front of it that the house beyond the church was the rectory, his future home.

CHAPTER IX.

THE girls I need not say had been engaged in calculations long and weary during these intervening days. Cicely, who had at once taken possession of all the details of housekeeping, had by this time made a discovery of the most overwhelming character; which was that the curate was in arrears with all the tradespeople in the parish, and that the "*books*," instead of having the trim appearance she remembered, were full of long lists of things supplied, broken by no safe measure of weeks, but running on from month to month and from year to year, with here and there a melancholy payment "*to account*" set down against it. Cicely was young and she had no money, and knew

by her own experience how hard it was to make it; and she was overwhelmed by this discovery. She took the books in her lap and crept into the drawing-room beside Mab, who was making a study of the children in the dreary stillness of the afternoon. The two little boys were posed against the big sofa, on the carpet. The young artist had pulled off their shoes and stockings, and, indeed, left very little clothes at all upon Charley, who let her do as she pleased with him without remonstrance, sucking his thumb and gazing at her with his pale blue eyes. Harry had protested, but had to submit to the taking away of his shoes, and now sat gloomily regarding his toes, and trying to keep awake with supernatural lurches and recoveries; Charley, more placid, had dropped off. He had still his thumb in his mouth, his round cheek lying flushed against the cushion, his round white limbs huddled up in a motionless stillness of sleep. Harry sat upright, as upright as possible, and nodded. Mab had got them both outlined on her paper, and was working with great energy and absorption when Cicely came in with the books in her lap. "Oh go away, go away," cried Mab, "whoever you are! Don't disturb them! If you wake them all is lost!"

Cicely stood at the door watching the group. Mab had improvised an easel, she had put on a linen blouse over her black and white muslin dress. She had closed the shutters of two windows, leaving the light from the middle one to fall upon the children. In the cool shade, moving now and then a step backwards to see the effect of her drawing, her light figure, full of purpose and energy, her pretty white hand a little stained with the charcoal with which she was working, she was a picture in herself. Cicely, her eyes very red and heavy—for indeed she had been crying—and the bundle of grocery books in her apron, paused and looked at her sister with a gush of admiration, a sharp pinch of something like envy. Mab could do this which looked like witchcraft, while she could only count, and count, and

cry over these hopeless books. What good would crying do? If she cried her eyes out it would not pay a sixpence. Cicely knew that she had more "sense" than Mab. It was natural. She was nineteen, Mab only eighteen, and a year is so much at that age! But Mab was clever. She could do something which Cicely could not even understand; and she would be able to make money, which Cicely could scarcely hope to do. It was envy, but of a generous kind. Cicely went across the room quite humbly behind backs, not to disturb her sister's work, and sat down by the darkened window, through which a fresh little breeze from the garden was coming in. It distracted her for a moment from her more serious cares to watch the work going on. She thought how pretty Mab looked, lighting up the poetical darkness, working away so vigorously and pleasantly with only that pucker of anxiety in her white forehead, lest her sitters should move. "Oh, quiet, quiet!" she said, almost breathless. "He must not either go to sleep or wake right up, till I have put them in. Roll the ball to him softly, Cicely, quite softly as if he were a kitten." Cicely put away the terrible books and knelt down on the carpet and rolled the big ball, which Mab had been moving with her foot towards little dozing Harry, who watched it with eyes glazing over with sleep. The light and the warmth and the stillness were too much for him. Just as the ball arrived at his soft little pink toes he tumbled over all in a heap, with his head upon Charley. Mab gave a cry of vexation. "But never mind, it was not your fault," she said, to make up for her impatience. And indeed Cicely felt it was rather hard to be blamed.

"After all it does not matter," said Mab. "I have done enough—but I shall never never get them to look like that again. How pretty children are even when they are ugly! What pictures such things make! how anybody can help making pictures all the day long I can't imagine. It is only that you will not try."

"I would try if I had any hope," said Cicely; "I would do anything. Oh, I wonder if there is anything I could do!"

"Why, of course you can teach," said Mab, consoling her, "a great deal better than I can. I get impatient; but you shan't teach; I am the brother and you are the sister, and you are to keep my house."

"That was all very well," said Cicely, "so long as there was only us two; but now look," she cried pointing to the two children lying over one another in the light, asleep, "there is *them* — and papa—"

"They are delightful like that," cried Mab starting up; "oh, quick, give me that portfolio with the paper! I must try them again. Just look at all those legs and arms!—and yet they are not a bit pretty in real life," cried Mab in the fervour of her art, making a fine natural distinction.

Cicely handed her all she wanted, and looked on with wondering admiration for a moment; but then she shook her head slightly and sighed. "You live in another world," she said, "you artists. Oh, Mab, I don't want to disturb you, but if you knew how unhappy I am—"

"What is the matter? and why should you be more anxious than papa is?" cried Mab busy with her charcoal. "Don't make yourself unhappy, dear. Things always come right somehow. I think so as well as papa."

"You don't mind either of you so long as you have—Oh, you don't know how bad things are. Mab! we are in debt."

Mab stopped her work, appalled, and looked her sister in the face. This was a terrible word to the two girls, who never had known what it was to have any money. "In debt!" she said.

"Yes, in debt—do you wonder now that I am wretched? I don't know even if papa knows; and now he has lost even the little income he had, and we have given up our situations. Oh, Mab! Mab! think a little; what are we to do?"

Mab let her chalk fall out of her
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hand. She went and knelt down by Cicely's side, and put one soft cheek against another as if that would do any good. "Oh, how can I tell?" she said with tears in her eyes. "I never was any good to think. Is it much—is it very bad? is there anything we can do?"

Cicely shed a few tears over the butcher's book which was uppermost. "If we were staying here for ever," she said, "as we were all foolish enough to think when we came—we might have paid it with a struggle. I should have sent away those two maids, and tried to do everything myself."

"Everything, Cicely?" Mab was as much appalled at the thought of life without a Betsy, as a fine lady would be denuded of her establishment. The want of a maid-of-all-work represents a dreadful coming down in life, almost more than a greater apparent loss does. Her countenance fell, the corners of her mouth took a downward curve, and her pride received a crushing blow. Yet if you consider what Betsy was, the loss was not deadly. But as usual it was not the actual but the sentimental view of the case which struck the girls.

"Yes," said Cicely, with a solemn paleness on her face. She felt the humiliation too. "I shouldn't mind *doing* things," she said, her voice breaking a little; "it is what people will think. Us, a clergyman's daughters! But what is the use even of that?" she cried; "it will do no good now. Papa must leave Brentburn, and we have not a shilling, not a penny now, to pay those things with. I think and think—but I cannot tell what we are to do."

The two clung together in an agony of silence for a moment; how many wringings of the heart have been caused by a little money! and so often those who suffer are not those who are to blame. The ruin that seemed to be involved was unspeakable to the two girls; they did not know what the butcher and the baker might be able to do to them; nor did they know of any way of escape.

"If there was any hope," said Cicely after a pause, "of staying here—I

would go round to them all, and ask them to take pity upon us; to let us begin again paying every week, and wait till we could scrape some money together for what is past. That, I think, would be quite possible, if we were to stay; and we might take pupils—”

“To be sure,” cried Mab, relieved, springing up with the easy hope of a sanguine disposition, “and I might get something to do. In the meantime I can finish my drawing. They have not stirred a bit, look, Cicely. They are like two little white statues. It may be a pity that they were ever born, as Aunt Jane says—but they are delightful models. I almost think,” Mab went on piously, working with bold and rapid fingers, “that in all this that has happened there must have been a special providence for me.”

Cicely looked up with surprise at this speech, but she made no reply. She was too full of thought to see the humour of the suggestion. Mab’s art furnished a delightful way of escape for her out of all perplexity; but Cicely could only go back to the butcher’s book. “What could we do, I wonder,” she said half to herself, for she did not expect any advice from her sister, “about the living? Very likely they don’t know anything about poor papa. It may be very highminded never to ask for anything,” said poor Cicely, “but then how can we expect that other people will come and thrust bread into our mouths? It is better to ask than to starve. As a matter of fact we cannot starve quietly, because if we are found dead of hunger, there is sure to be a business in the papers, and everything exposed. ‘Death, from starvation, of a clergyman’s family!’ That would make a great deal more fuss than quietly going and asking for something for papa. I am not a bold girl—at least I don’t think so,” she cried, her soft face growing crimson at the thought, “but I would not mind going to any one, if it was the Head of the College, or the Lord Chancellor, or even the Queen!”

“I wonder,” said Mab, “if we met the Queen driving in the forest—as one

does sometimes—whether we might not ask her, as people used to do long ago? I don’t think she would mind. Why should she mind? She could not be frightened, or even angry, with two girls.”

Cicely shook her head. “The Queen has nothing to do with Brentburn; and why should she be troubled with us any more than any other lady? No! that sort of thing has to be done in a business way,” said the elder sister seriously. “If I could find out who was the chief man, the Head of the College—”

They had been so much absorbed that they had not heard any sound outside; and at this moment the door was suddenly thrown open, admitting a flood of cross light, and revealing suddenly the figures of the curate and some one who followed him.

“My dears!” began Mr. St. John, surprised—

“Oh, papa! you have woke them up. You have spoiled my light!” cried Mab, in despair.

Cicely started to her feet, letting the account books tumble on the floor; and the two little boys raised a simultaneous howl of sleepy woe. “Harry wants his tea,” they both piped piteously. Mr. Mildmay, whom the curate had met at the gate, looked with a surprise I cannot describe on this extraordinary scene. The white babies in the light had seemed to him at first an exquisite little “composition,” which went to his very heart; and the two other figures, half lit up by the stream of unwelcome light from the door, bewildered the young man. Who were they, or what? One indignant, holding her charcoal with artistic energy; the other, startled, gazing at himself with a hostile sentiment, which he could not understand, in her eyes.

“My love,” said the gentle curate, “you should not make a studio of the drawing-room.” Mr. St. John was not disturbed by the wailing of the little boys, to which, I suppose, he was used. “Cicely, this is Mr. Mildmay, from Oxford, who has come—to look at the

parish," he added, with a gentle sigh. "Let us have tea."

Why did the girl look at him with that paleness of anger in her face? Mr. Mildmay's attention was distracted from the drawing and the artist, who, naturally, would have interested him most, by the gleam of hostility, the resentment and defiance in Cicely's eyes.

"Yes, papa," she said shortly; and with merely an inclination of her head to acknowledge his introduction to her, she took up the children, Charley in one arm, who was half dressed; Harry under the other, whose feet were bare, and carried them out of the room. She had divined the first moment she saw him, a dark figure against the light, who he was; and I cannot describe the bitterness that swelled like a flood through poor Cicely's heart. It was all over, then! There was no further hope, however fantastical, from College, or Chancellor, or Queen! Fantastic, indeed, the hope had been; but Cicely was young, and had been more buoyed up by this delusion, even in her despair, than she was aware of. She felt herself fall down, down into unspeakable depths, and the very heart within her seemed to feel the physical pain of it, lying crushed and sore, throbbing all over with sudden suffering. The passionate force of the shock gave her strength, or I do not think she could have carried the two children away as she did, one in each arm, while the stranger looked on amazed. Little Charley, always peaceable, held her fast round the neck, with his head against her cheek; but Harry, whom she carried under her other arm, lifted his head a little from that horizontal position, and kept up his melancholy whine. She was not fond of the children; how could she be? and I think would gladly have "given them a shake" in the excitement and misery of her feelings. It was so hard upon the girl, that I think she might be forgiven for feeling that thus her young arms were to be hampered all her life; and, meanwhile, she felt that her father and sister would be perfectly amiable to the stranger,

who was about to supplant them, and turn them out of their house. This, I am afraid, exasperated Cicely as much as anything else. "These two" would have no *arrière pensée*; they would be perfectly kind to him, as though he were acting the part of their best friend.

And, indeed, this was how it turned out. When she went back, having disposed of the children, to make the tea, Cicely found Mab and Mr. Mildmay in great amity over the uncompleted drawing. He had been criticising, but he had been praising as well; and Mab was flushed with pleasure and interest. She ran off laughing, to take off her blouse and wash her hands, when Cicely came in, and the elder sister, who felt that her eyes were still red, felt at the same time that her ungenial and constrained reception of him had struck the new-comer. She went and gathered up the account-books from the floor with a sigh. Despair was in her heart. How could she talk and smile as the others had been doing? As for Mr. St. John, he was as pleased with his visitor as if he had brought him something, instead of taking all hope from him. It was rarely the good man saw any but heavy parish people—the rural souls with whom indeed he was friendly, but who had nothing to say to him except about their crops and local gossip. The gossip of Oxford was much sweeter to his ears. He liked to tell of the aspect of things "in my time," as I suppose we all do; and how different this and that was now-a-days. "I knew him when he was a curate like myself," he said, with a soft sigh, talking of the dean, that lofty dignitary. "We were at school together, and I used to be the better man;" and this was spoken of the vice-chancellor himself; and he enjoyed and wondered to hear of all their grandeurs. He had met Mildmay on the road, looking through the gate at the rectory, and had addressed him in his suave old-world way as a stranger. Then they had talked of the church, that most natural of subjects between two clergymen; and then, half reluctantly, half with a sense of compulsion, the

stranger had told him who he was. Mr. St. John, though he was poor, had all the hospitable instincts of a prince. He insisted that his new acquaintance should come in and see the house, and hear about everything. He would have given the same invitation, he said afterwards, to any probable new resident in the parish, and why not to the new rector? for in Mr. St. John's mind there was no gall.

But to describe Mildmay's feelings when he was suddenly introduced into this novel world is more difficult. He was taken entirely by surprise. He did not know anything about the curate in charge. If he thought of his predecessor at all it was the late rector he thought of, who had died on the shores of the Bay of Naples after a life-long banishment from England. He could understand all that; to go away altogether after art, antiquity, Pompeii, classic editings, and æsthetic delights was perfectly comprehensible to the young Oxford man. But this—what was this? The old man before him, so gentle, so suave, so smiling, his own inferior in position, for was he not rector elect, while Mr. St. John was but curate? Yet so far above him in years and experience, and all that constitutes superiority among gentlemen of equal breeding. Why was he here as curate? And why did *that* girl look at himself with so much suppressed passion in her eyes? and where had the other been trained to draw so well? and what was the meaning of the two children, so unlike all the others, whom his young enemy had carried off impetuously, instead of ringing the bell for their nurse as any one else would have done? Mildmay felt a thrilling sensation of newness as he sat down at the tea-table, and looked on, an interested spectator at all that was proceeding under his eyes. This in its way was evidently *life*; there was no mistaking the passion that existed underneath this quiet surface, the something more than met the eye. Was it a skeleton in the closet, as the domestic cynic says? But these were not words that seemed to

apply to this calm old man and these young girls. It was life, not the quiet of books, and learned talk, and superficial discussion, but a quiet full of possibilities, full of hidden struggle and feeling. Mildmay felt as if he had come out of his den in the dark like an owl, and half blinking in the unusual light, was placed as spectator of some strange drama, some episode full of interest, to the character of which he had as yet no clue.

"You are looking at the furniture; it is not mine," said Mr. St. John, "except the carpets, which, as you say, are much worn. The other things are all Mr. Chester's. I am expecting every day to hear what is to be done with them. Most likely they will sell it; if you wanted anything——"

Mildmay made a gesture of horror in spite of himself, and Mab laughed.

"You do not think Mr. Mildmay wants all that mahogany, papa? The catafalque there, Cicely and I agreed it was more like a tomb in Westminster Abbey than anything else."

"What is amiss with it?" said Mr. St. John. "I always understood it was very good. I am told they don't make things nearly so strong or so substantial now. Poor Chester! He was a man of very fine taste, Mr. Mildmay. But why do you laugh, my dear? That was why he was so fond of Italy; shattered health, you know. Those men who are so fond of art are generally excitable; a little thing has an effect upon them. Cicely, give Mr. Mildmay some tea."

"Yes, papa," said Cicely; and gave the stranger a look which made him think his tea might be poisoned. Mr. St. John went maundering kindly,

"You said you were going to London, and had left your things at the station? Why shouldn't you stay all night here instead? There are a great many things that I would like to show you—the church and the school for instance, and I should like to take you to see some of my poor people. Cicely, we can give Mr. Mildmay a bed?"

Cicely looked up at her father

quickly. There was a half-entreaty, a pathetic wonder, mingled with anger in her eyes. "How can you?" she seemed to say. Then she answered hesitating, "There are plenty of beds, but I don't know if they are aired—if they are comfortable." Strangely enough, the more reluctant she was to have him, the more inclined Mildmay felt to stay.

"It is very kind," he said. "I cannot think how it is possible that I can have had the assurance to thrust myself upon you like this. I am afraid Miss St. John thinks it would be very troublesome."

"Troublesome! There is no trouble at all. Cicely is not so foolish and inhospitable," said the curate in full current of his open-heartedness. "My dear, it is fine warm weather, and Mr. Mildmay is a young man. He is not afraid of rheumatics like the old people in the parish. He and I will walk up to the station after tea and fetch his bag, and I will show him several things on the way. You will tell Betsy?"

"I will see that everything is ready," she said, with so much more meaning in the words than was natural or necessary. Her eyes were a little dilated with crying, and slightly red at the edges; there was surprise and remonstrance in them, and she did not condescend by a single word to second her father's invitation. This settled the question. Had she asked him, Mildmay might have been indifferent; but as she did not ask him, he made up his mind it was quite necessary he should stay.

"I shall perhaps see you finish that group," he said to Mab, who was interested and amused by the novelty of his appearance, as her father was.

"Ah, but I shall never get them into the same *pose*! If papa had not come in so suddenly, waking them—besides spoiling my light—"

"I am afraid it was partly my fault," he said; "but I did not expect to be brought into the presence of an artist."

The colour rose on Mab's cheeks. "Please don't flatter me," she said. "I want so much to be an artist. Shall

I ever be able to do anything, do you think? for you seem to know."

Cicely looked at her sister, her eyes sparkling with offence and reproach. "The people who know you best think so," she said. "It is not right to ask a stranger. How can Mr. Mildmay know?"

How hostile she was! between her smiling pretty sister, who was ready to talk as much as he pleased, and her kind old suave father, what a rugged implacable young woman! What could he have done to her? Mildmay felt as much aggrieved when she called him a stranger, as if it had been a downright injury. "I know a little about art," he said quite humbly; "enough to perceive that your sister has a great deal of real talent, Miss St. John."

"Yes, yes, she is clever," said the curate. "I hope it will be of some use to you, my poor Mab. Now, Mr. Mildmay, let us go. I want to show you the rectory fields, and the real village, which is some way off. You must not think this cluster of houses is Brentburn. It is pleasant walking in the cool of the afternoon, and, my dears, a walk will be good for you too. Come down by the common and meet us. Cicely," he added in a half-whisper, standing aside to let his guest pass, "my dear, you are not so polite as I hoped. I wish you would look more kind and more pleased."

"But I am not pleased. Oh, papa, why did you ask him? I cannot bear the sight of him," she cried.

"My love!" said the astonished curate. He was so much surprised by this outburst that he did not know how to reply. Then he put his hand softly upon her forehead, and looked into her eyes. "I see what it is. You are a little feverish: you are not well. It is the hot weather, no doubt," he said.

"Oh, papa! I am well enough; but I am very wretched. Let me speak to you when we have got rid of this man—before you go to bed."

"Surely, my dear," he said soothingly, and kissed her forehead. "I should advise you to lie down for a little, and

keep quiet, and the fever may pass off. But I must not keep my guest waiting," and with this Mr. St. John went away, talking cheerfully in the hall to his companion as he rejoined him. "It is trying weather," they heard him saying. "I stopped behind for a moment to speak to my eldest daughter. I do not think she is well."

"Will papa discuss your health with this new man?" cried Mab. "How funny he is! But don't be so savage, Ciss. If it must be, let us make the best of it. Mr. Mildmay is very nice to talk to. Let us take whatever amusement is thrown in our way."

"Oh, amusement!" said Cicely. "You are like papa; you don't think what is involved. This is an end of everything. What are we to do? Where are we to go to? His name is not Mildmay; it is Ruin and Destruction. It is all I can do not to burst out upon him and ask him, oh! how has he the heart—how has he the heart to come here!"

"If you did I think he would not come," said Mab calmly. "What a pity people cannot say exactly what they think. But if he gave it up, there would be some one else. We must make up our minds to it. And how beautifully poor papa behaves through it all."

"I wish he were not so beautiful!" cried Cicely in her despair, almost grinding her white teeth. "I think you will drive me mad between you—papa and you."

CHAPTER X.

MR. MILDMAJ had a very pleasant walk. He went through Brentburn proper, which was a mile from the church on the rich woodland side of the parish, an ordinary little village, a mixture of old picturesque Berkshire cottages, with high sloping roofs and aged harmonious mossy brick walls, and very new square houses in the bilious brick of modern use—mean and clean and angular. The cottages, with their wild old gardens and mossed apple-trees delighted him; but

the curate shook his head, "They will be the curse of your life," he said solemnly, at which the young Oxford man was disposed to laugh.

A few people were standing about their doors enjoying the cool evening, at whom the new rector looked with curiosity. They were very commonplace people, with the set hard faces so common among the rural poor, half caused by exposure to the open air, and half by the dull routine in which their life is spent. Mildmay looked at them wistfully. Were they the kind of people among whom he could find the life he sought? A few of the women were gossiping, the men stared blankly at him as he passed, saluting the curate gruffly; and evidently the wag among them made some rough joke, received with loud laughter, upon the two black-coats.

"Yes," said the curate mildly, "that fellow Joe Endley is one of the worst in the parish. It was at us, no doubt, they were laughing. Anything above their own level, except money, they don't understand; and they know I have no money. Good evening, Mr. Wilkins. What a sweet evening it is!"

"Good evening, sir," said the grocer, coming, with his apron round him from his shop-door. "I thought perhaps as you was comin' to me, sir, along o' the letter I sent you."

"I did not get any letter," said Mr. St. John, looking at the grocer in a helpless, pitiful way, which his companion remarked wondering. The curate seemed to shrink somehow: a painful look came upon his face.

"I sent up this afternoon with my cart," said Wilkins, "to say as, if it was quite convenient——"

"My daughter will see to it—my daughter will see to it," said the curate anxiously. "I am occupied at present, as you perceive, and in a hurry. She will see you, or I, to-morrow."

And he shuffled on through the dust of the highroad, quickening his pace. His step had been the long, firm, manly step of a man still young, till they met with this interruption. But poor Mr.

St. John fell into a shuffle when he met the grocer. His cheek got a hectic flush; he shrank visibly; his knees and his elbows grew prominent. He did not speak again till they had got beyond the village. Then he drew breath, and his natural outline came slowly back. "You will find much hardness among the people," he said; "Heaven forbid that I should blame them, poor souls: they live hardly, and have hardness to bear from others; but when any question arises between them and one who has unfortunately the niceties—the feelings—that we are brought up to ——" (the curate stopped); "and I never was used to it," he said, as if to himself, in a low voice.

What did it all mean? the new rector said to himself. I think it was easy enough to divine, for my part; but then the rector was young, and had always been well off, and it did not occur to him that a grocer, simply as grocer, could have any power over a clergyman; more and more he felt convinced that some drama, some domestic tragedy, must be connected with the St. Johns, and he felt more and more eager to find it out. They went to the station, and sent a boy to the rectory with Mildmay's portmanteau, and then they strayed home by the common, across which the setting sun threw its very last slanting arrow of gold.

"This is delightful!" said Mildmay. "What freedom! what breadth of atmosphere! One feels oneself on the moors, in the great, ample world, not shut in by walls and houses."

"No, there is little of these," said the curate; "and it is very healthy, I have always understood: the common is what my girls love. But I don't see them coming." He arched his hand over his eyes as a defence against the light, as he looked along the road for his daughters. Mr. St. John had quite recovered himself. I don't think that even the name of Wilkins would have discouraged him now. In the warm and balmy air he took off his hat, holding up his venerable bare head to the

sky. It was a head which might have served for that of an old saint. His white hair was still thick and abundant, his eyes full of soft light, his expression tranquil as the evening. "I have come here in many troubles," he said, "and I have always been refreshed. I don't pretend to know much about art, Mr. Mildmay, but nature is always soothing. Greenness cools the eyes whether it is study or tears that have fevered them. But I wonder what has become of the girls."

Mildmay was charmed by the meditative turn his companion's remarks had taken, but the question about the girls embarrassed him.

"I am afraid," he said, "that my intrusion has perhaps given Miss St. John some trouble."

"No; there is the servant, you know, a very good sort of girl, and Cicely is like her dear mother—never taken by surprise. If you are here as long as I have been you will know how pleasant it is to see a new face. We country folks rust: we fall into a fixed routine. I myself, see, was about to take this little byway unconsciously, a path I often take, forgetting there was anyone with me——"

The curate looked wistfully along the thread of path; it had been worn by his own feet, and he seldom concluded his evening walk otherwise. Mildmay followed the narrow line with his eyes.

"It leads to the churchyard," he said. "I like a country churchyard. May we go there before we go in? What a pity the church is so new! and this part of Berkshire is rich in old churches, I understand?"

"It is in good repair, and much more wholesome than the old ones," said Mr. St. John. "They may be more picturesque. Here you can see into the rectory garden, the ground slopes so much; the church is very much higher than the common. It used to be sweet to me, looking back at the lights in the girls' rooms, when I stood——there they are on the lawn now, Mr. Mildmay. They have not gone out, after all."

Mildmay, looking down from the churchyard path, felt that it was dishonourable to spy upon the two girls unaware of his scrutiny, whom he could just see within the wall of the rectory garden; but he could not help feeling that this was more and more like a drama which was being played before him. He followed Mr. St. John along the narrow path to the little white stile which admitted to the churchyard. The curate ceased his tranquil talk as they entered that inclosure. He turned mechanically as it seemed, to the left hand, and went round to a white cross upon a grave turned towards the common. It was of common stone, grey with years. The curate took off his hat again, and stood by it quite simply and calmly.

"It used to be sweet to me, standing here, to see the lights in the girls' rooms," he said once more. The soft tranquillity of his tone suited the still twilight, the pensive silent plain. It was too still for sorrow, nor was there any touch of unhappiness in the gentle voice. Young Mildmay uncovered too, and stood wondering, reverent, with a swell of sympathy in his heart. Some men would have felt with anguish the unspeakable separation between the mother under the dews and the twinkle of the lights in her children's windows; but Mr. St. John was not of that mind. Yet, somehow, to have this stranger here made his loss seem fresher to him. "Cicely is very like her mother," he said, and touched the cross softly with his hand as if caressing it, and turned away. Mr. Mildmay could see that there were two paths up the mound to the white gate, and the meaning of them struck him vividly—one was that by which they had just come from the common, the other led down straight to the rectory. His heart was more touched than I can say, by the gentle fidelity, consoled and calm, yet always tender, which had worn that double line through the grass.

Mr. St. John, however, made a hesitating pause at a corner before he took this second way home. "My other

poor wife, poor Mrs. St. John, lies there; but that I can show you to-morrow," he said, in his gentle unchanged voice, and quietly went on to the gate, leading the way. "Supper will be ready," the curate continued, when they emerged again upon the turf. "We live a very simple primitive life here; our meals are not arranged quite as yours are, but it comes to the same thing. In short, whatever seeming differences there are, all ways of living come to much the same thing."

Did they so? Mr. St. John's meaning was of the simplest. He meant that whether you called your latest meal dinner or supper did not matter much; but his companion gave it a broader sense. With a jar of laughter in his mind that broke up the reverential respect of the previous moment, he followed his simple host into the house, which by and by was to be his own house. Poor Mrs. St. John, who was not the mother of the girls; whose grave could be shown to-morrow; for whose sake these paths had not been worn across the grass; the stranger gave her her little meed of human notice in that smothered laugh. Poor Miss Brown!

The supper was homely enough—cold meat and salad, and bread and cheese and jam—and would have been cheerful and pleasant, Mr. Mildmay thought, but for the absorbed looks of that elder daughter, who was still somewhat unfriendly to him. He went up stairs to his room, where a large mahogany four-post bed, with heavy moreen hangings, awaited him, before the night was very far advanced. When he had been there for a short time, he saw that his door was not shut, and went to close it. As he did so, he caught a glimpse of Cicely going down stairs. She had retired some time before he did, so that her re-appearance struck him all the more; and she was quite unconscious that he saw her. She carried a candle in one hand, and a pile of tradesmen's books in the other. She was pale, her look fixed, her nostrils a little dilated, like some one going to a painful task, he

thought. As she moved down the dark staircase, a speck of light, with her candle shining on the whiteness of her face and dress, the walls, by which she flitted, looked more and more like the scenery of a drama to the young man. If they only would have opened, as in the *real* theatre, and shown him where she was going, what she was about to do! But this was very mean curiosity on Mr. Mildmay's part. He shut his door humbly, that she might not be disturbed by the sound, and after a while went meekly to bed, trying to say to himself that he had no right to pry into the business of these good people, who had been so kind to him; though, indeed, she had not been kind to him, he reflected, by way of lessening his own sense of guilt. He heard subdued voices below for some time after, and wished more than ever that the scenery would open, and reveal this scene to him; but the substantial walls stood fast, and the moreen curtains hung grimly about him, shutting out everything. There was no compromise about the furniture at the rectory; the pillared bedposts stood square, and stern, and strong, till poor Mildmay, dozing within them in the warm August night, thought them Samson's pillars in the house of Dagon, or the pillars of the earth.

Cicely went down to her father very resolute with her books. She had intended to say very little to him, but he had exasperated her, and she felt that she could not let him off. But her courage sank a little when she got into the study, and saw his white head in the light of the solitary candle. There were two candles on the table, but faithful to an old frugal habit, Mr. St. John had put out one of them when his guest left him. The room was good-sized, and full of huge mahogany book-cases; and as the table was at one end of it, there is no telling how full of gloom it was. One of the windows was open, and a great solid piece of darkness seemed to have taken its place, and to be pouring in. Mr. St. John was looking over some old sermons, bending

his head over the papers, with spectacles upon his nose, which he took off when Cicely came in. He did not usually sit up so long, and he was rather aggrieved at the late interview she had asked for. He did not like to be disturbed out of his usual way, and he felt that she was going to speak to him about Wilkins, the most painful subject which could be suggested. Cicely, too, when he raised his head, and took off his spectacles, found the interview a great deal more difficult than in her excited feelings she had supposed.

"Well, my dear," he said gently; "you wanted to speak to me." He gave a little shiver when he saw the books in her hand.

"Yes, papa," she said, laying them down on the table; and then there was a pause. The soft night air came in, and crept wistfully about the room, moving the curtains. When it approaches midnight, even in August, there is always something chill and mournful in the night wind.

"I wanted to speak to you," said Cicely, catching her breath a little; "it was about the books. I don't know if you have looked at them lately. Oh, papa! do you know that we are—in debt? I don't know how to say it—a great deal in debt!"

"Not a great deal, my dear," he said faintly; "something, I know. Wilkins spoke to me to-day—almost before Mr. Mildmay."

"It is not Wilkins alone," said Cicely solemnly; "it is everybody. The butcher, too; and, oh! so many little people. How are they ever to be paid? When I looked over the books to-day, not knowing—Oh! do you know how it has happened? Can they be cheating? It is my only hope."

"My dear," said the curate, faltering, "better that one should have done wrong than that a great many should have done wrong. Poor Mrs. St. John—nay, I should say both of us, Cicely; for I was also to blame. We were not like your mother, my dear; it all came natural to your mother; but she, or rather we ——." Mr. St. John's

voice sank into an indistinct confusion. He was too good to blame the poor woman who was dead, and he did not know how to meet the eyes thus shining upon him, youthful, inexorable, of Hester's child. But even Cicely was moved by her father's wistful looks, and the humility of his tone.

"If only one could see any way of paying them," she said; "if even we had been staying here! I had a plan, and we might have done it. And it brings it all so near, and makes it so certain, to see this man."

"My love," said the curate remonstrating, "we knew that some one must come. It is not his fault. Why should we be unkind to him?"

"Unkind! Oh papa!" cried Cicely in her exasperation, "what had we to do with him? It was not our business to feast him and pet him. But that is nothing," she said, trembling with excitement; "I will not blame you, papa, for that or anything, if only you will say now what you are going to do, or where you think we can go, or what I must say to these poor people. We cannot stay here and starve, or till they put us in prison—only tell me what we must do."

"How can I tell you, Cicely," said the curate, "when I do not know myself? I must advertise or something," he said helplessly. "I am old, my dear. Few people want a curate of my age; I suppose it almost looks like a stigma on a man to be a curate at my age."

"Papa!" Cicely stopped short in what she was going to say, and looked at him with strained and anxious eyes. She had meant to assail him for still being a curate, but his self-condemnation closed the girl's lips, or rather roused her in defence.

"Yes," said Mr. St. John, "you may say I ought to have thought of that sooner; but when things go on for a long time one asks one's self why should not they go on for ever? 'He said, There will be peace in my time.' That was selfish of Hezekiah, my dear, very selfish, when you come to think of it. But I daresay it never seemed so to him, and neither did it to me."

Cicely was utterly overpowered by this; her anger and impatience died out of her, and compunction and remorse rose in her heart. "That is not the right way to look at it," she said. "It is a shame that a man like you should only be a curate—oh, a shame to the Church and every one! Mr. Chester, who never was here, never did anything, what right had he to be the rector?—and this other person ——." It was so necessary for poor Cicely in the disturbance of her mind to be angry with some one that naturally her wrath grew wild and bitter when she was free to pour it out upon strangers.

"Hush! hush! my dear," said the curate, with a half smile at her vehemence; for indeed he was deeply relieved to have the tide of indignation turned away from himself.

"Why should I hush, papa? It is your own college you say; but they never take the trouble to ask who is at Brentburn, who has been taking the duty, who has looked after the people when the rector has been so long away. When people have the patronage of a parish in their hands, ought they not to know about it? And how did they dare, how did they venture, to give it to anybody but you?"

"You don't understand," said Mr. St. John. "The livings are given to the Fellows, Cicely, to people who have distinguished themselves. The dons have no right to alienate a living, as it were, to put it away from those who have a right to it, and give it to one like me."

"What have they distinguished themselves in, papa? In Latin and Greek—which will do a great deal in the parish, don't you think? whereas you have distinguished yourself in Brentburn——"

"I have not done very much, my dear," said the curate, shaking his head.

"You have done all that has been done, papa; what are those college people worth? This fine gentleman!" cried Cicely, with scorn. (I wonder poor Mildmay did not feel himself shrink even within his four pillars and moreen curtains.) "He knows about art if

you please, and shudders at the sight of Mr. Chester's mahogany. Poor old things," the girl cried, turning round to look at the old bookcases with her eyes streaming, "I only know how fond I am of them now!"

I cannot tell how thankful her father was that the conversation had taken this turn. *He* too felt tenderly towards the old unlovely walls which had sheltered him so long, and in the circumstances he felt it no harm to speak a little more strongly than he felt. He looked round upon the ghostly room so dark in all its corners. "A great many things have happened to us here," he said; "this was the first room we sat in, your mother and I. What changes it has seen! I don't know how to make up my mind to leave it."

This brought back the girl to the original question. "But now," she said, drying her eyes, "there is no choice—we must leave it. I suppose that is what this Mr. Mildmay has really come about? He will give you some little time, I suppose. But papa, papa!" said Cicely, with a stamp of her foot to emphasize her words, "don't you see you *must* decide something—make up your mind to something? Hoping on till the last day will do no good to any one. And to think we should be so deep in debt! Oh, papa, what are we to do?"

"My dear, do not be hard upon me," said poor Mr. St. John; "I acknowledge, indeed, that it was my fault."

"It was not your fault—but I don't blame anybody. There was illness and weakness, and some people can and some people can't," said Cicely, with that mercy and toleration which are always, I fear, more or less, the offspring of contempt. "Let us not go back upon that—but, oh, tell me, what is to be done now?"

Mr. St. John shook his venerable head piteously. "What do you think, Cicely?" he said.

This was all she could get from him; and, oh, how glad he was when he was permitted to go to bed, and be done with it! He could not tell what to do—anything he had ever done had been

done for him (if it is not a bull to say so), and he had no more idea what independent step to take in this emergency, than one of the little boys had, to whose room he paid a half-surreptitious visit on his way to his own. Poor little souls! they were surreptitious altogether; even their father felt they had no right to be there in his daughters' way. He went in, shading his candle with his hand, not to disturb the slumbers of Annie, the little nursemaid, and approached the two little cots on tip-toe, and looked at the two little white faces on the pillows. "Poor little things," he said to himself. Miss Brown was well out of it; she had escaped all this trouble, and could not be called to account, either for the babies or those debts, which thus rose up against her in judgment. A dim giddiness of despair had made Mr. St. John's head swim while his daughter was questioning him; but now that the pressure was removed he was relieved. He sighed softly as he left the subject altogether, and said his prayers, and slept soundly enough. Neither the debts nor the babies weighed upon him—at least "no more than reason;" he was quite able to sleep and to forget.

When Mr. Mildmay came down stairs next morning, and looked in at the open door of the dining-room, he saw Cicely "laying the cloth" there, putting down the white cups and saucers, and preparing the breakfast-table with her own hands. He was so much surprised at this, that he withdrew hastily, before she perceived him, with an uneasy sense that she might not like to be caught in such an occupation, and went to the garden, where, however, he could still see her through the open windows. He was not used to anything of the kind, and it surprised him much. But when he got outside he began to reflect, why should she be ashamed of it? There was nothing in the action that was not graceful or seemly. He saw her moving about, arranging one thing after another, and the sight made somehow a revolution in his mind. He had been in the habit of thinking it rather dread-

ful, that a man should expose his wife—a lady—to be debased into such ignoble offices, or that any gentlewoman should have such things to do. This was the first time he had ever seen domestic business of a homely kind done by a lady, and my *dilettante* was utterly annoyed at himself, when he found that, instead of being hurt and wounded by the sight, he liked it! Terrible confession! He went up and down the garden walks, pretending to himself that he was enjoying the fresh air of the morning, but actually peeping, spying, at the windows, watching Miss St. John arrange the breakfast. She had not seen him, but, quite unconscious of observation, absorbed in her own thoughts, she went on with her occupation. There were more things to do than to put the table to rights, for Betsy's work was manifold, and did not admit of very careful housemaid work. Mr. Mildmay watched her for some time, coming and going; and then he became aware of another little scene which was going on, still nearer to himself. Out from a side door came the two little boys, hand in hand, with their hats tied on, and overshadowing the little pallid faces like two mushrooms. They were followed out by their little nurse, who watched their decorous exit with approval. "Now take your walk, till I come and fetch you," said this small guardian; upon which the two little urchins, tottering, but solemn, began a serious promenade, so far along the gravel walk, so far back again, turning at each end as on an imaginary quarter-deck. The little boys tottered now and then, but recovered themselves, and went on steadily up and down, backward and forward, without a break. Mildmay was fond of children (so long as they did not bore him), and he was more amused than he could say. He made a few steps across the lawn to meet them, and held out his hands. "Come along here," he said; "come on

the grass." The solemn babies paused and looked at him, but were not to be beguiled from their steady promenade. Their portentous gravity amazed him—even the children were mysterious in this romantic rectory. He went up to meet them on their next turn.

"Come, little ones," he said, "let us be friends. What are your names?"

They stood and looked at him with their big blue eyes, holding fast by each other. They were unprepared for this emergency, as their father was unprepared for the bigger emergency in which he found himself. At last one small piping voice responded "Harry!" the other instinctively began to suck his thumb.

"Harry—and what else?—come, tell me," said the new rector; "you are not both Harry." He stood looking at them, and they stood and looked at him; and the two babies, three years old, understood as much about that quintessence of Oxford, and education and culture, as he did of them; they gazed at him with their four blue eyes exactly in a row. "Come, speak," he said, laughing; "you have lost your tongues." This reproach roused Charlie, who took his thumb out of his mouth and put his whole hand in, to search for the tongue which was not lost.

The sound of Mildmay's voice roused Cicely. She came to the window, and looking out saw him there, standing in front of the children. Many schemes had been throbbing in her head all night. She had not slept tranquilly, like her father. She had been pondering plans till her brain felt like a honeycomb, each cell holding some active notion. She paused a moment, all the pulses in her beginning to throb, and looked out upon the opportunity before her. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she put down the little brush she held in her hand, threw up the window a little higher and stepped out—to try one other throw, though the game seemed played out, with Fortune and Fate!

To be continued.

A SCHOOLMASTER OF THE RENAISSANCE.

VITTORINO DA FELTRE.

ONE of the chief features of the early Renaissance is its entire simplicity and straightforward earnestness. It was not perplexed by fear lest it might awaken antagonism, for it was not conscious of any opposition to existing systems of life. It appealed only to men's desire to make the best they could of themselves. It called upon them to know the value of the treasures which were really theirs, but which they had let slip from careless hands. Around them were the riches of the past, the literature and art of Italy's golden days, which a wave of barbarism had scattered and hidden too long from the eyes of Italy's true sons. It was an object worthy of the best energies of the noblest minds to gather together all that could be saved from the wreck, to cleanse the remnants carefully and tenderly from the dirt and rubbish with which they had been encrusted, and then set them lovingly before young minds, which might learn from them all that was noble in the life of the past.

This was the spirit of the early Renaissance in Italy. It had no hidden meaning, it cherished nothing which it need be afraid to tell abroad. It combated nothing in existing systems, because it made no claim to have a system of its own. It went along its own course with a deep belief in man's perfection, and a deep desire to cultivate man's nature into all that it could become.

It is true that a time came when the spiritual enfranchisement brought about by the Renaissance began to degenerate into license. This is a danger which all movements towards greater freedom have always had to face. It is hard to pour new wine into old bottles, and there is always the same twofold danger—that the bottles will burst, and the wine be spilt. It was so with Italy of the later fifteenth century. Spiritual freedom tended to run riot; the self-assertion of the individual loosened

the bonds of society; mental subtilty pared away the obligations of morality; religion was threatened with gradual dissolution before the gentle solvent of graceful and playful criticism. Culture had become a source of weakness rather than of strength. The Italian mind had lost its beliefs, and with its beliefs had lost all meaning. Under the hard rule of the foreigner, and under the galling fetters of the old dogmatic system, restored as a harsh despot, and ruling no longer as an indulgent master, Italy was doomed to learn, by three centuries of silent suffering, how freedom could be woven into the web of daily life.

Yet her experience had not been in vain. In the long years of her own darkness she still might feel that the torch which she had kindled was blazing steadily, if not brightly, in other more favoured lands. To mediæval Italy must all who honour culture, turn with unfailing reverence; for she has ever been the home of great interpreters who have revealed man to himself, and have taught him in ever-changing forms to see and know what is the heritage which the past has handed on.

In the higher lines of literature and art this is perhaps sufficiently felt and has been often enough expressed; but in smaller things it is forgotten. We are accustomed, for instance, to look for the origin of our ideas of education to the gradual progress of society, to the workings of modern philanthropy or the enlightened teaching of modern science. Education amongst us has grown slowly to become a part of our political life. Its function is held to consist in drilling the young into fitness to discharge their duties as citizens. Our highest views of education rarely go beyond this. No teacher amongst us would venture to say that he had no belief in the efficacy of formal outward discipline, or of the rigid tests of unbending

examinations, but that his aim was to develop with care and tenderness the youthful spirit into liberty, beauty, and grace.

It may perhaps be worth while to bring forward from his obscurity, for a little while, a great Italian teacher of the early and unconscious epoch of the Renaissance. Like all men who have been content only to teach without aspiring to literary fame, his name is seldom heard; for his labours left no other fruit than the noble actions of his scholars, which the world, claimed for its own and straightway forgot. Yet his silence might deserve respect. Enough, he said, had been written by those of old; his work was to try and make men understand the meaning of the treasures which they already possessed.

Vittorino dei Ramboldini was born of a noble but poor family in Feltre, in the year 1378. Having a taste for learning, he went to the University of Padua, where he maintained himself by acting as tutor to younger boys while he pursued his own studies. He was not satisfied merely with the ordinary reading for the doctor's degree, but wished also to obtain a knowledge of mathematics, a science then so little known that there was at Padua only one professor who was acquainted even with the outlines. He, moreover, lectured publicly on philosophy, and refused to part with his mathematical knowledge, except to private pupils on payment of large fees. These Vittorino's poverty made it hopeless for him to pay. In vain he strove by entreaties to prevail on the avaricious Biagio Pelacane to give him a few lessons for the love of knowledge. In vain he tried to melt him by humility—even offering to work out the fees by rendering menial service. For six months Vittorino acted as his servant, waiting on him at table, and washing his plates and dishes; but the proud professor was relentless, and would have nothing but the money. Stung by such unworthy treatment, Vittorino procured a Euclid, and never rested till he had puzzled out for himself its contents, and by that means obtained a firm hold of the principles of geometry. He did not, however, wish to use his knowledge as food either for vanity or avarice. What he had so hardly learned he readily

taught to any who came to him, till his fame spread in Padua and his story became known. Pelacane discovered, when it was too late, that generosity in education is the best policy, and that a reputation which wishes to stand upon the exclusive possession of knowledge rests on an insecure footing. He was exposed to ridicule, his pupils all deserted him, and he had to leave Padua for Parma, where he died five years afterwards, in 1416.

Henceforward Vittorino had a secure reputation in Padua, but he lived as a retired student, teaching a few pupils and ready to assist all who came to him. He knew much, but still was ignorant of Greek, till, in the year 1420, when he was more than forty years of age, he went to Venice to learn Greek from Guarino. In him he did not find another Pelacane but a warm-hearted student, who gladly taught him all he knew, and warmly appreciated his simple moral worth. Vittorino returned to Padua, and was regarded by all with reverence as a prodigy; by his own efforts he had raised himself to the rank of one of the greatest scholars in Italy. He was now past the prime of life and had shown no desire for self-advancement, no interest beyond a genuine love for knowledge. His company was eagerly sought, and his advice reverently asked and listened to. In 1422 the students of the Gymnasium besought him to be their teacher in philosophy and rhetoric.

At the age of forty-four Vittorino first became a public teacher, and instituted that system of education on which his reputation is founded. Having no object in life except the good of his pupils, he devised the plan of living entirely among them. Accordingly he chose a few, whom he took to live with him in his own house, and whose whole life was spent in his presence. Though this was the plan which he afterwards developed, he does not seem to have been successful at first. In a year he resigned his professorship at Padua, disgusted by the insolence and vices of his pupils, and went to Venice, where he at once opened a school. Numbers flocked to him immediately, for he was already known there through his acquaintance with Guarino. Many, however, who

applied to him were condemned to disappointment, for he adhered rigorously to two rules—that he would not undertake to teach more scholars than he could do entire justice to, and that he would choose his scholars solely by reference to their fitness in character and intellect to profit by his teaching. No offers of enormous pay could tempt him to relax these rules. The son of the wealthy merchant was sent away, as too much spoiled already to be made much of; the beggar boy whose face had attracted Vittorino's attention in the street was chosen to fill the empty place in his rising school-house. He did not, however, remain at Venice long enough to develop his system fully; in 1425 he received an invitation from Gian Francesco Gonzaga, lord of Mantua, to go to his court and undertake the education of his children. Gonzaga had selected him for this office solely on the ground of his merits; but it was some time before Vittorino could determine to expose his simple and straightforward character to the perils of a court life. He came to the conclusion at last that he would not be justified in refusing such an opportunity of extending his usefulness. He went to Mantua, and there taught without intermission for the next twenty-two years until his death.

Gian Francesco Gonzaga was a wise and prudent ruler, who knew how to consult the interests of his State. The position of his city on a promontory between two lakes made it almost impregnable, and the marquis knew how to use his soldiers to advantage in the perpetual wars between Venice and Milan. He was careful always to be well paid, either for his services or his neutrality, so his people prospered under his rule, and he, in imitation of his more powerful neighbour, Galeazzo Visconti, had instituted a luxurious court, and aimed at introducing greater refinement and intelligence among his people. His wife, Paola dei Malatesti of Rimini, was a woman of really noble character, combining with decided intellectual tastes great practical benevolence, and unaffected affability. The Mantuans regarded her with great respect and affection; "the orphans, the poor, and the monks honoured her as children do

their mother, and the people flocked round her when she went into the streets." Nor was she less beloved by her husband, in whose will are contained the strictest injunctions to his successor to consult and obey his mother in all matters. We may assume that Paola had desired to have the best possible education for her children, and that her husband made no difficulties. He was a worthy man, but not of remarkable elevation of mind. Poggio praises him for "virtue, prudence, affability, anxious care for the welfare of learned men, and unceasing diligence in self-education," and his treatment of Vittorino shows that he could certainly appreciate merit in others.

Vittorino was well pleased with his first interview with the Marquis. His only request was that he might have full authority over the servants of his young pupils, and over the youths who were educated with them. He made no stipulation about salary, saying that he had come to propagate virtue, not to make gain; but the marquis made him a liberal monthly allowance, and ordered his treasurer moreover to pay whatever Vittorino demanded. The house in which he was to live with his pupils pleased him greatly, but the whole life to which the boys had been accustomed seemed to him radically wrong. Luxury of every kind, rich food and drink, obsequious servants to do the slightest office, a number of the noblest youths of Mantua as attendants, all bent on commending themselves to the princes, all braggarts and flatterers—this was what Vittorino found, and it filled him with despair. How was education to proceed in such an atmosphere, and how was he to change it? His first thought was to resign his post at once as hopeless; but his second thought was that he was at least bound to do his best, and see if the Marquis really had confidence in him, and would uphold his authority. Accordingly, he waited for a little while, and looked on, a passive spectator of the scene around him. He allowed every one to think that he was weak and careless, till they behaved in his presence as though he were not there, and so showed him their real character. When he had by this

means obtained sure information about them, he suddenly began his reform. All the noble youths of Mantua, with only a few exceptions, were summarily dismissed. The household was rigorously cut down, and the exact functions of the remaining servants were accurately fixed; a porter was put before the door to see that no one went in or out except by Vittorino's permission; and simple fare took the place of luxurious living. Vittorino had waited to make sure that his knowledge equalled his zeal, and then introduced all his reforms at once, and carried them out with decision. Great was the commotion in Mantua, and many were the complaints made to the Marquis by parents, who felt aggrieved by this ignominious expulsion of their sons; but the military habits of the condottiere general made him sympathise with vigorous and sweeping measures. He refused to interfere, and waited to see some definite results of the system thus begun.

Vittorino was encouraged by this tolerance to persevere and soon produced results about which no one could doubt. The young princes were not at first sight very promising pupils. Ludovico, the elder, was so fat that he could scarcely walk, and moved as if he had been made in one piece. His brother Carlo was, on the other hand, a tall awkward boy, of weakly and attenuated appearance. Vittorino felt it was useless to make much of minds enveloped in bodies such as these. His first care was to reduce the size of Ludovico, and feed up Carlo into decent proportions. He had a horror of corpulence, declaring that the mind must always be wearied that had to carry a heavy load, and would never be able to see if the cloud of the body were too dense; so he cut down Ludovico's food, and allowed him only simple diet. At the same time, not wishing to seem cruel, he gave him other amusements; and often, if he saw him eating gluttonously at dinner, would interest him in talk to make him forget his absorbing interest in his food; or he would have music and singing introduced to distract his attention, and then would give a signal that his plate should be quietly removed. For Carlo, on the other hand, he provided simple and nutritious

diet, telling him to eat whenever he felt hungry, but only allowing him between his meals dry bread, which would be enough to satisfy his wants without encouraging him in gluttony. Under this careful treatment the boys rapidly improved in health and appearance, and their parents understood in a most convincing way the wisdom and value of Vittorino's training.

Secure of his position, Vittorino began to develop his system. He received numerous applications for admission to the vacant places which his expulsions had made, but he subjected all candidates to a rigorous test and rejected all of whose character he disapproved, or who he thought were better fitted for other than intellectual pursuits. He chose his pupils reverently, and impressed upon them that they were entering upon a lofty calling, and that their schoolroom should be to them a holy place (*tanquam sacellum ingressuros*). He demanded that they should give up everything to their studies, saying that a love of knowledge and a love of pleasure could not exist at the same time. He preferred the sons of noble parents, if they were equally fit, for thorough-bred colts, he said, were best worth training; but he took in and taught with equal care poor and ignoble youths, who showed signs of promise, and the payments made by the wealthy were devoted to the necessities of his poorer scholars. Under this system Mantua became the great educational centre of Italy, and pupils even crossed the Alps to obtain the benefits of Vittorino's teaching. His fame brought credit upon the town, and his simple manners and entire devotion to his own duties disarmed all possible hostility. Mantua soon became proud of him, and he was treated with reverence by all. The Marquis rose to meet him when he appeared at court, and would never suffer him to stand in his presence. Wherever Vittorino went the tone of conversation ceased to be trivial, and he reproved even the Marquis for loose or unseemly talking in his presence; the reverence due to youth was claimed by their teacher.

Vittorino's method of education was as universal and liberal as was the spirit of

his age. He aimed at cultivating the entire man, in a fulness before which all modern definitions of culture seem narrow and one-sided. The idea of cultivation at present prevalent is that of the refined and high-minded man, who living in the world without being of it, tries to protect himself from its sordour by the free play of his critical faculties, which he uses with equal freedom upon everything, so as to avoid falling under the tyranny of any. Cultivation is realized by abstraction from the current of ordinary life. This was not the culture of the Renaissance, for then man felt that the world and all its contents were his own possession, and that his surroundings could be moulded entirely to his will. Vittorino did not arm his pupils merely for defence against this world. He equipped them that they might conquer it for themselves. Their future was dark and admitted of endless possibilities; they might become princes, generals, statesmen, cardinals, bishops, or men of letters. Noble birth in those changing times did not necessarily imply hereditary rights; obscure origin did not hopelessly debar from the richest principalities. Any of the youths before him might be called by accident, or win his way by his own talents, to the loftiest positions. One thing only was certain, that the keen intellect was sure to carve out its fortune.

So Vittorino trained his pupils in all knightly and martial exercises, in which he always took part himself, and taught their bodies agility by athletics, which he always superintended. Riding, wrestling, fencing, archery, tennis, foot-races, and swimming, formed part of their daily occupations. Sometimes he would lead them to the chase, or instruct them in fishing. Sometimes he would divide them into squadrons, and organize a sham fight; now he would lead one party to the charge, now help their enemy to hold their mimic castle, and "his heart rejoiced when their shouts went up to heaven and all was filled with dust." He inured them to suffer hardships and be brave, to be indifferent to heat and cold, and never shrink from danger. "Remember, my dear boys," he used to say, "you know not what manner

of life Providence may have ordained for you." He allowed no lounging round the fire even on the coldest day, but insisted that the boys should gain warmth by exercise. He was careful that their food should be simple, and set them an example of extreme sobriety; as they pressed things upon him at meals, he would laugh and say, "See how different we are; you are anxious that I should want nothing; I, on the contrary, am careful that you should have nothing unnecessary." He felt that excess of eating and sleeping, and personal indolence and effeminacy, were the first fertile sources of the moral and physical disorders of youth, and that it was useless to attempt to educate the mind, if the body were neglected. Yet with all this he was most careful of their health, watching over each of his pupils, and from time to time taking them all to the hills for change of air.

But he did not only develop the body in this way, he was most careful also to refine it. He corrected all faults in voice and enunciation, removed all awkwardness of manner, remedied small personal defects, and instilled dignity and decorum. He taught his pupils to avoid all obtrusive peculiarities, and above all fidgetiness; if a boy was restless, he would draw a circle on the floor and bid him not come out of it for a given time. He insisted on great attention to personal neatness, and saw that every boy was well dressed in accordance with his rank, and always carefully; yet he was a bitter foe to foppery, and mocked at those who looked at themselves too long in the glass: he allowed no scents or unguents, for he considered them to be signs of effeminacy. His pupils were trained in all social graces as well as in bodily prowess: they were taught to dance and sing, that they might be fit to shine in the festival as well as on the field.

In matters of intellectual training he was equally universal in his principles and method. He did not disdain to teach the youngest boys, but rather was unwilling to build upon another man's foundation. His advice to all who were anxious to prepare for his teaching was, "to unlearn at once what by misfortune they had mislearned elsewhere." He taught little

boys their alphabet by giving them as toys letters of various colours. He watched the direction which the growing curiosity of the youthful mind most naturally took, that he might gain indications of its natural capacity and bent. A boy's natural talents, he said, were like a field, which if well tilled would produce a fruitful crop of knowledge; but the tillage must be adapted to the field, and the boy's mind must be indulged in that study in which it took the greatest delight. So Vittorino was resolved to supply teaching in all possible subjects, and trained up teachers according to his own views, to whom he would assign special branches of knowledge. He even brought over four native Greeks that they might teach their language accurately. All these masters were treated by him with perfect impartiality, and their subjects met with equal respect. Civil and canon law and natural philosophy were the only special subjects for which he did not provide teachers; but if any student, who had gone through his general course, showed an aptitude for these pursuits, he advised him in the choice of a university, and, if he were poor, maintained him during his studies there. In days when manuscripts were a costly possession, Vittorino's library was renowned throughout Italy, so that his scholars were well provided with every means of study.

He taught first the ordinary subjects of the Trivium, and began by a training in the classical languages, literature, and history. — "How foolish," exclaims one of his disciples, Sassuolo da Prato, "are those who strive to study philosophy without an accurate knowledge of the language in which it is written; who do not know that Plato is like Jupiter speaking Greek, and Aristotle rolls on a golden river of speech. No wonder that such incompetent inquirers fail to understand philosophy altogether, and content themselves with the barren teaching of the schoolmen; and while they think they are leading home Minerva as their chaste bride, know not that it is Calypso, a most wanton woman, whom they hold in their embrace." From this fatal ignorance Vittorino secured his pupils by giving

them a broad basis of literary training. Virgil, Homer, Cicero, and Demosthenes, were the authors whom he first taught, and the experience of schoolmasters since his days has not been able to suggest anything better. When his pupils had obtained a tolerable knowledge of the classics, they were next taught dialectic, the science of sound logic, and were well exercised in the examination and detection of fallacies in common reasoning. From dialectic they went to rhetoric, and were taught to write, read, and speak correctly and gracefully. Public disputations were held by them, and Vittorino sat by to judge and arbitrate between their arguments. Mathematics and music were ordinarily the subjects next pursued.

As a teacher, Vittorino aimed especially at clearness and simplicity: he considered carefully beforehand the subject on which he was going to lecture, and then trusted to the impulse of the moment to enable him to state accurately and intelligently what he had to say. His expressions, as became his character, were always refined and modest; but he was careful not to seem to commend himself by his method of teaching, nor to allow graces of style to hide and overlay the matters he was explaining. He did not encourage his pupils to ask explanations at once of what they could not understand, but bade them go away after each lesson and think it over while it was fresh in their minds; if they found any difficulties they were to come for explanation afterwards. He was anxious to secure attention by kindling interest; he often purposely made mistakes in explaining passages from the classical authors, to see if his class would correct him. He strengthened the memory of his scholars by making them learn by heart the finest passages of the authors they were reading. He was very careful in looking over their exercises, and always pointed out accurately the reason for any objections he had to raise. So ready was his sympathy with his pupils that he would shed tears of joy over a good composition.

He maintained discipline by his force of character, and rarely had recourse to personal chastisement. Remonstrances and reproofs were sufficient, for he was never

suspected of partiality, and was most careful to escape being misled by anger. He knew that he was naturally of a choleric disposition, and so took every precaution against it; his elder pupils were charged, if ever they saw him likely to lose his temper, to interrupt him by some question, or call him away to ask his opinion on some other subject, that so he might have time to recover his equal balance of mind. He knew well how to appeal by simple honesty to the boyish mind, and all quailed before his anger or scorn. He was careful by judicious praise to encourage the timid, and would remorselessly rally the forward to cure them of arrogance.

The moral side of Vittorino's system has been already noticed in some of its chief points. He would receive no boy whom he did not believe to be free from vices, and he allowed no one to come near his pupils except by his permission. He lived entirely among them, and never willingly lost sight of them. He fed them simply, and took care that all their time was well employed. Being a man of fervent piety, he attended mass daily and took his pupils with him. He kept far from them everything that could suggest disorder or even indecorum. Carlo Gonzaga, some time after he had left Vittorino's care returning to his old school and engaging in a game of tennis forgot himself in the excitement of the moment, when he had made a bad stroke, and uttered an oath. Vittorino, who was standing by as a spectator, sprung upon him, seized him by the hair, and boxed his ears soundly, overwhelming the youth with such bitter reproaches that he fell upon his knees, and, confessing humbly his fault, besought Vittorino to forgive him. Moved by his sorrow the master's anger passed away, and, with tears in his eyes, he thanked Heaven for a pupil so obedient to reproof.

Such is a brief sketch of the various sides of Vittorino's system of education; his pupils showed forth its fruits. Ludovico Gonzaga, who succeeded his father in 1444, was not only a second founder to Mantua and a great patron of the arts and letters, but was beloved by his people for his justice and humanity. Carlo Gonzaga, it is true, quarrelled with

his brother, and led a wandering life, but was renowned for his learning and personal kindness. The third son, Gian Lucido, was a prodigy of learning. Ambogio Traversari tells us that Vittorino once brought Gian Lucido with him on a visit to Camaldoli, when the boy, who was only of the age of fourteen, recited a Latin poem of 200 lines, which he had written in honour of a visit of the Emperor Sigismund to Mantua. "The poem was beautiful, but the sweetness with which it was recited increased its nobility and elegance. This amiable youth showed us two propositions which he had added to the geometry of Euclid. There was also a daughter of the Marquis, about the age of twelve, who wrote Greek with such elegance that I felt ashamed of myself when I thought that scarcely one of my pupils could write it so well."

The daughter here mentioned, Cecilia Gonzaga, was a devoted pupil of Vittorino, and afterwards, to the great anger of her father, refused to marry the profligate Oddantonio of Montefeltro, Count of Urbino, and insisted upon taking the veil. The fame of her learning and piety is widely spread among the writers of the time. The youngest son of the Marquis, Alessandro Gonzaga, suffered under ill-health, which he bore with patience, devoting all his time to literary pursuits, and living a retired and contented life till his death.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various men of literary and political eminence in their day, who came from Vittorino's school and bore the impress of his training. A glance down the long list of his pupils shows how his teaching influenced the times; but one shines among them, who was Vittorino's favourite pupil, and whose noble life testifies that he deserved his master's preference—Federigo, who, on the murder of Count Oddantonio, was called by the people of Urbino to be their prince. Federigo of Urbino is the ideal Italian prince—a bold and successful general, a wise and merciful governor, a bounteous patron of arts and letters, a most polished and accomplished cavalier whose ready courtesy extended to the humblest of his subjects. He was a true father

of his people, to whom they all flocked for advice and assistance in their personal difficulties, and whose sympathy and help the poorest knew he could claim. Under him Urbino grew into a political and literary capital, and his fame was so far spread abroad that Edward IV. of England sent to invest him with the Order of the Garter.¹

The account of Vittorino's school is also the history of his life ; for all his interests were centred in his pupils, and when friends exhorted him to marry he would point to his scholars and exclaim, "These are my children." All the money which he received he spent in the maintenance of poor students, or in acts of charity. He was diligent in visiting the poor, he ransomed slaves, released debtors from prison, supplied medicine to those who could not afford to buy it, and indulged in the graceful charity of providing dowry for poor and deserving girls. For these purposes he drew from the Prince's treasury such sums as he thought he might reasonably take as almoner. If he wanted more he would apply to the wealthy men in the city, and never failed to have his requests supplied.

The only important event that disturbed his orderly life was the quarrel between the Marquis and his eldest son, Lodovico, who, thinking himself slighted by his father, ran away to Duke Filippo Maria, Visconte of Milan, in 1436. His father, enraged at the political complications to which this gave rise, obtained from the Emperor Sigismund an authorization enabling him to disinherit the rebellious boy. Vittorino tried to make peace, and was assisted in this emphatically, but not wisely, by the eccentric sage Poggio Bracciolini. His proceedings in the matter give an amusing specimen of the relations existing at that time between princes and

men of letters. Poggio wrote to Vittorino, saying, that though they only knew one another by name, he had heard so much of Vittorino's love for learning and learned men, that he felt no scruple in lading him with the duty of delivering to the Marquis of Mantua a letter which he inclosed. The letter contained a good scolding for the Marquis. His son, Poggio said, had done wrong, it was true, but it was the father's fault for treating him unkindly. His offence had not been against the State, but against his father, and he had done himself more harm by his proceedings than he had done his father. It was not right to punish him so severely. "I know," said Poggio, "that princes are praised whatever they do, and are surrounded by flatterers, who always approve of their plans. I write to give you good and sound advice." Vittorino doubted whether the letter would produce the effect which Poggio desired ; so he waited two months before presenting it, perhaps trying meanwhile to prepare the Marquis's mind for what was coming. His efforts, however, were in vain, as Gonzaga refused to receive the letter, and ordered Vittorino to send it back. Great was Poggio's indignation. He wrote angrily to Vittorino for not having executed his commission at once. A Marquis of Mantua, he bitterly remarked, is not a second Cæsar, that his time should be so valuable as not to receive a letter when sent. If he had been a man of any culture such a letter would have been acceptable to him. It certainly was good enough for him, for it had been shown beforehand to the Pope, and had met with his approval. At the same time Poggio wrote a respectful yet stinging letter to the Marquis ; he had heard that he had literary tastes, and assumed that he was consequently polished and refined, and superior to vulgar insolence and pride. Trusting to this belief, he had ventured to write and address him. He was sorry his letter had not been received as he expected ; however, the Marquis was the best judge of his own matters. The letter would be shown to those who could appreciate it, as it was founded on reason and supported by arguments which had cogency in themselves, and did not depend merely on their

¹ A few other names may be worth mentioning of Vittorino's more eminent pupils : Francesco Prendilacqua, of Mantua, who wrote his life ; Gregorio Corrarò of Venice ; Giambattista Pallavicini, bishop of Reggio ; Taddeo de' Manfredi, lord of Imola ; Antonio Beccaria of Verona ; Francesco da Castiglione ; Gregorio Guarino, whose father sent him to Vittorino as better able to teach than himself, and Lorenzo Valla.

favourable reception by him to whom they were addressed.

We do not know the end of this squabble. Most probably the fear of affronting one who could use his pen with such pungency as Poggio induced the Marquis to receive his letter at last. At all events, a few years afterwards Poggio writes of Gian Francesco Gonzaga in a friendly tone, which he would not have adopted if any grudge had rankled in his breast. The unhappy quarrel between father and son was settled by natural affection and motives of policy, and Gian Francesco laid aside his intention of disinheriting his son, to Vittorino's great joy.

Little remains to be told of Vittorino's life. He died at the age of sixty-eight, in 1446, two years after the accession of his pupil Ludovico. He continued teaching up to the time of his death, and reaped the fruits of his healthy and regular life by entire freedom from the annoyances of old age. His biographers record their admiration that he showed no signs of decaying faculties or decreasing vigour. He was in appearance a little man, of impetuous temperament, of spare habit of body, with a fresh, ruddy complexion and sharp features, and a frank, honest, and genial expression of countenance.

Vittorino da Feltre possessed an honesty and simplicity of character, together with a noble self-devotion to a great cause, which would always arrest the attention of anyone who came upon the record of his life. But besides his moral worth, the actual work on which he was engaged is still of living interest for us. The system of education existing at present is the legacy of the Renaissance impulse; the ideal of a "classical education" is embodied in the system which Vittorino carried out.

But Vittorino lived in one of the rare periods of the world's history when man had realized his spiritual freedom; when the world had lost its terrors, and its irreconcilable antagonisms were for a short space at rest; when, like Dante at the entrance of the earthly Paradise, man felt both crown and mitre fixed firmly upon his brow. At such time the teacher, withheld by no inner contradictions, might venture to make his

teaching a real reproduction of the variety of actual life. He was not bound to develop merely the intellect, through fear of venturing into dangerous regions of discussion if he advanced beyond simple intellectual training. He was not restrained from encouraging to their fullest extent all manly exercises through fear that they would become too engrossing, for Italian society was too refined to admit a mere athlete into any position of prominence. He was not checked in the adaptation of his teaching to the real conditions of life by the pre-eminent necessity of maintaining a decent standard of morality among an unwieldy and unmanageable mob of boys unnaturally removed from the ordinary motives to conduct.

In this last point lies the great difference between Vittorino's teaching and all modern methods. He dealt with boys whom he had previously selected as likely to profit by his teaching,—dealt with a number sufficiently small to allow of his real personal supervision. He lived amongst them an honest, simple life, and the fact of his presence among them was the foundation and system of order and discipline. There was no oppressive enforcement of trivial rules, insignificant in themselves and founded upon no obvious principle; but master and pupils lived a common life, and acted freely together, because their ends were the same, and because the life they led was not different in kind, though simpler, healthier, and more active in degree, than the common life of the world whose voice surged round the walls of their school-rooms. Schools amongst us are founded on a quite different basis from that of Vittorino. They are great public institutions for the good of certain classes in society, into which any one can claim admission, and from which expulsion is regarded as a serious disgrace. Hence they are overgrown, and unmanageable except by a system of military discipline. To discipline mainly are given up the energies of those engaged in education, and the real moral and intellectual advancement of the individual pupil is subordinate to the formal organization of the society. Schools grow up each with a

recognizable type of character of its own, with traditions and customs which every now and then, when brought into prominence, create equal astonishment and disgust in the minds of those who have not been subjected to them, with a set of principles which have often to be exchanged, and always to be largely modified by the schoolboy when he goes out into the world. This essential difference, which is the fault, not of our schools, and still less of their teachers, but of our whole social condition and our social aims, renders impossible amongst us the flower of perfect training which Vittorino tried to cultivate and develop.

Vittorino's teaching was as broad and liberal as was the life of man, and aimed at nothing less than the full development of individual character, the entire realization of all human capacity and force. Yet it is wonderful to notice how this revolt against the narrow ecclesiastical spirit of the Middle Ages, this deliberate working out of the freedom which the Renaissance had proclaimed, still clothed itself in the trappings of the old monastic institutions, and modelled itself after the fashion of what it had risen to subvert. Vittorino arose a monk of the order of the Renaissance, who went out into the wilderness and gathered round him a little band, whom he trained that they might labour after he was gone, till the waste places should blossom like the rose. He would have no half-hearted disciples; they must give themselves entirely up to him, and submit themselves to his will. "Unlearn," such were his requirements from a neophyte, "what grossness you have mislearned before. Purge your mind from every prejudice and vicious habit, and give yourself up entirely to a teacher who bestows on you a father's care, and whom you must obey as a son." He trained them up to an ascetic system, not that they might elevate the spirit by subduing the flesh, but that they might acquire wholesome habits, and "have their bodies better fitted for all exercises of knightly and courtly grace." He was their intellectual director and father confessor, to whom they came and told all the deviations of which they had been guilty from the course of life

and study which he had laid down for them. His disciples went forth and preached to others the glories of their master, and stirred up sluggish souls to intellectual efforts. Here is a letter of one of Vittorino's zealous converts, Sassuolo da Prato:—"Let two things only be abolished, first bad masters, who being themselves ignorant of liberal arts, necessarily cannot teach them to others: secondly, those parents, the plagues of children, who, blinded by the most unworthy desires, are unable to see the brilliancy of virtue. For how few fathers are there in this our day who take their sons to school, with no other object than that they may come back really better! Every one despises literary culture, admires and loves law and medicine as the means best adapted for making money. The study of literature, they assert, is simply a short-cut to ruin. Nor is this only the opinion of the ignorant multitude; but, what is more grievous to be borne, philosophers, themselves teachers of wisdom and instillers of virtue, allow their pupils to turn their attention to any source of sordid gain, to any servile task, rather than spend their time on liberalizing studies. Oh, wretched times! oh, age—would that I could call it iron, but it produces nothing but softness, languor, and effeminacy! But it is useless to storm. The recovery of the parents is desperate, as their disease is inveterate. But let us rather admonish and exhort youths who are fired with zeal for letters and virtue, to hold firm to the belief that natural affection itself requires them to oppose the wishes of parents such as these, and to hold to virtue. If they take my advice, they will shun not only all intercourse with their parents, but even their eye, as though it were a basilisk's, and will betake themselves instead to the excellent Vittorino, the common father of all studies. By him, let them trust me, they will be received with such hospitable liberality that they will feel no further regret for relatives or home. Moreover they will have all the opportunities of study which they can desire, first, store of books, then teachers, both of Latin and Greek, not only Vittorino himself, but many others able and

erudite, from whom they may learn oratory, mathematics, and philosophy."

We seem to hear a pupil of a new St. Francis preaching to all enthusiastic youths that they should break through every natural tie, and embrace the higher life of literary culture which this great teacher has to set before them.

In the same tone of respectful reverence does the pleasant Florentine biographer of the worthies of the fifteenth century, Vespasiano da Bisticci, speak of him :—

"Vittorino's sole employment was to show to others the admirable example of his own life, to exhort and rouse all to a life of good habits, showing them that all things that we do in this world ought to be done that we may so live as to receive in the end the fruits of our labours. He was not content to give, solely for the love of God, what he had gained by his own sweat and toil, but he laboured that others

might do likewise. Poor boys, whom he undertook to educate, he not only taught for the love of God, but supported in all their needs; nor was it enough that he should spend his own salary in so doing, but every year, to supply their wants, himself went forth as a beggar. Almighty God, how great a light of Thy grace had Vittorino, who, having read the words of Thy Holy Gospel, 'Give and it shall be given,' not only did it with his substance, leaving himself nothing, but laboured that others should do the same."

Such was Vittorino da Feltre, a true Saint of the Renaissance, who combined all the breadth and fulness of the new culture with all the zeal of the old faith, and by a life of cultivated asceticism and reflective self-denial, laboured to stamp upon the minds of his disciples the impress of his own character, the breadth and fervour of his own knowledge.

M. CREIGHTON.

JOHN KNOX AND HIS RELATIONS TO WOMEN.

II.—PRIVATE LIFE.

To those who know Knox by hearsay only, I believe the matter of this paper will be somewhat astonishing. For the hard energy of the man in all public matters has possessed the imagination of the world; he remains for posterity in certain traditional phases, browbeating Queen Mary, or breaking beautiful carved work in abbeys and cathedrals, that had long smoked themselves out and were no more than sorry ruins, while he was still quietly teaching children in a country gentleman's family. It does not consist with the common acceptance of his character to fancy him much moved, except with anger. And yet the language of passion came to his pen as readily, whether it was a passion of denunciation against some of the abuses that vexed his righteous spirit, or of yearning for the society of an absent friend. He was vehement in affection, as in doctrine. I will not deny that there may have been, along with his vehemence, something shifty, and for the moment only; that, like many men, and many Scotchmen, he saw the world and his own heart, not so much under any very steady, equable light, as by extreme flashes of passion, true for the moment, but not true in the long run. There does seem to me to be something of this traceable in the Reformer's utterances: precipitation and repentance, hardy speech and action somewhat circumspect, a strong tendency to see himself in a heroic light and to place a ready belief in the disposition of the moment. Withal he had considerable confidence in himself, and in the uprightness of his own disciplined emotions, underlying much sincere aspiration after spiritual humility. And it is this confidence that makes his intercourse with women so interesting to a modern. It would be easy, of course, to make fun of the

whole affair, to picture him strutting vaingloriously among these inferior creatures, or compare a religious friendship in the sixteenth century with what was called, I think, a literary friendship in the eighteenth. But it is more just and profitable to recognize what there is sterling and human underneath all his theoretical affectations of superiority. Women, he has said in his *First Blast*, are "weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish;" and yet it does not appear that he was himself any less dependent than other men upon the sympathy and affection of these weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish creatures; it seems even as if he had been rather more dependent than most.

Of those who are to act influentially on their fellows, we should expect always something large and public in their way of life, something more or less urbane and comprehensive in their sentiment for others. We should not expect to see them spend their sympathy in idylls, however beautiful. We should not seek them among those who, if they have but a wife to their bosom, ask no more of womankind, just as they ask no more of their own sex, if they can find a friend or two for their immediate need. They will be quick to feel all the pleasures of our association: not the great ones alone, but all. They will know not love only, but all those other ways in which man and woman mutually make each other happy—by sympathy, by admiration, by the atmosphere they bear about them—down to the mere impersonal pleasure of passing happy faces in the street. For through all this gradation, the difference of sex makes itself pleasurably felt. Down to the most lukewarm courtesies of life, there is a special chivalry due and a special pleasure received, when the two sexes are brought ever so lightly into contact. We love our mothers otherwise than we

love our fathers ; a sister is not as a brother to us ; and friendship between man and woman, be it never so unalloyed and innocent, is not the same as friendship between man and man. Such friendship is not even possible for all. To conjoin tenderness for a woman that is not far short of passionate with such disinterestedness and beautiful gratuity of affection as there is between friends of the same sex, requires no ordinary disposition in the man. For either it would presuppose quite womanly delicacy of perception, and, as it were, a curiosity in shades of differing sentiment ; or it would mean that he had accepted the large, simple divisions of society : a strong and positive spirit robustly virtuous, who has chosen a better part coarsely, and holds to it steadfastly, with all its consequences of pain to himself and others ; as one who should go straight before him on a journey, neither tempted by wayside flowers nor very scrupulous of small lives under foot. It was in virtue of this latter disposition that Knox was capable of those intimacies with women that embellished his life ; and we find him preserved for us in old letters as a man of many women friends ; a man of some expansion toward the other sex ; a man ever ready to comfort weeping women, and to weep along with them.

Of such scraps and fragments of evidence as to his private life and more intimate thoughts as have survived to us from all the perils that environ written paper, an astonishingly large proportion is in the shape of letters to women of his familiarity. He was twice married, but that is not greatly to the purpose ; for the Turk, who thinks even more meanly of women than John Knox, is none the less given to marrying. What is really significant is quite apart from marriage. For the man Knox was a true man, and woman, the *ewig-weibliche*, was as necessary to him, in spite of all low theories, as ever she was to Goethe. He came to her in a certain halo of his own, as the minister of truth, just as Goethe came to her in a glory of art : he made himself necessary to troubled

hearts and minds exercised in the painful complications that naturally result from all changes in the world's way of thinking ; and those whom he had thus helped became dear to him, and were made the chosen companions of his leisure if they were at hand, or encouraged and comforted by letter if they were afar.

It must not be forgotten that Knox had been a presbyter of the old Church ; and that the many women whom we shall see gathering around him, as he goes through life, had probably been accustomed, while still in the communion of Rome, to rely much upon some chosen spiritual director, so that the intimacies of which I propose to offer some account, while testifying to a good heart in the Reformer, testify also to a certain survival of the spirit of the confessional in the Reformed Church, and are not properly to be judged without this idea. There is no friendship so noble, but it is the product of the time ; and a world of little finical observances, and little frail proprieties and fashions of the hour, go to make or to mar, to stint or to perfect, the union of spirits the most loving, and the most intolerant of such interference. The trick of the country and the age steps in even between the mother and her child, counts out their caresses upon niggardly fingers and says, in the voice of authority, that this one thing shall be a matter of confidence between them, and this other thing shall not. And thus it is that we must take into reckoning whatever tended to modify the social atmosphere, in which Knox and his women friends met, and loved and trusted each other. To the man who had been their priest and was now their minister, women would be able to speak with a confidence quite impossible in these latter days : the women would be able to speak, and the man to hear. It was a beaten road just then ; and I daresay we should be no less scandalised at their plain speech than they, if they could come back to earth, would be offended at our waltzes and worldly fashions. This, then, was the footing on which Knox stood with

his many women friends. The reader will see, as he goes on, how much of warmth, of interest, and of that happy mutual dependence which is the very gist of friendship, he contrived to ingraft upon this somewhat dry relationship of penitent and confessor.

It must be understood that we know nothing of his intercourse with women (as indeed we know little at all about his life) until he came to Berwick in 1549, when he was already in the forty-fifth year of his age. At the same time it is just possible that some of a little group at Edinburgh, with whom he corresponded during his last absence, may have been friends of an older standing. Certainly they were, of all his female correspondents, the least personally favoured. He treats them throughout in a comprehensive sort of spirit, that must at times have been a little wounding. Thus, he remits one of them to his former letters, "which I trust be common betwixt you and the rest of our sisters, for to me ye are all equal in Christ."¹ Another letter is a gem in this way. "Albeit," it begins, "albeit I have no particular matter to write unto you, beloved sister, yet I could not refrain to write these few lines to you in declaration of my remembrance of you. True it is that I have many whom I bear in equal remembrance before God with you, to whom at present I write nothing, either for that I esteem them stronger than you, and therefore they need the less my rude labours, or else because they have not provoked me by their writing to recompense their remembrance."² His "sisters in Edinburgh" had evidently to "provoke" his attention pretty constantly; nearly all his letters are, on the face of them, answers to questions, and the answers are given with a certain crudity that I do not find repeated when he writes to those he really cares for. So when they consult him about women's apparel (a subject on which his opinion may be pretty correctly imagined by the ingenious reader for himself) he takes occasion to anticipate some of the most offensive

matter of the *First Blast* in a style of real brutality.¹ It is not merely that he tells them "the garments of women do declare their weakness and inability to execute the office of man," though that in itself is neither very wise nor very opportune in such a correspondence, one would think; but if the reader will take the trouble to wade through the long, tedious sermon for himself, he will see proof enough that Knox neither loved, nor very deeply respected, the women he was then addressing. In very truth, I believe these Edinburgh sisters simply bored him. He had a certain interest in them as his children in the Lord; they were continually "provoking him by their writing;" and, if they handed his letters about, writing to them was as good a form of publication as was then open to him in Scotland. There is one letter, however, in this budget, addressed to the wife of Clerk-Register Mackgil, which is worthy of some further mention. The Clerk-Register had not opened his heart, it would appear, to the preaching of the Gospel, and Mrs. Mackgil has written, seeking the Reformer's prayers in his behalf. "Your husband," he answers, "is dear to me for that he is a man indued with some good gifts, but more dear, for that he is your husband. Charity moveth me to thirst his illumination, both for his comfort and for the trouble which you sustain by his coldness, which justly may be called infidelity." He wishes her, however, not to hope too much; he can promise that his prayers will be earnest, but not that they will be effectual; it is possible that this is to be her "cross" in life; that "her head, appointed by God for her comfort, should be her enemy." And if this be so, well, there is nothing for it: "with patience she must abide God's merciful deliverance," taking heed only that she does not "obey manifest iniquity for the pleasure of any mortal man."² I conceive this epistle would have given a very modified sort of pleasure to the Clerk-Register, had it

¹ Works, iv. 244.

² Works, iv. 246.

³ Works, iv. 225.

⁴ Works, iv. 245.

chanced to fall into his hands. Compare its tenour—the dry resignation not without a hope of merciful deliverance, therein recommended—with these words from another letter, written but the year before to two married women of London: “Call first for grace by Jesus, and thereafter communicate with your faithful husbands, and then shall God, I doubt not, conduct your footsteps, and direct your counsels to His glory.”¹ Here the husbands are put in a very high place; we can recognize here the same hand that has written for our instruction how the man is set above the woman, even as God above the angels. But the point of the distinction is plain. For Clerk-Register Mackgil was not a faithful husband; displayed, indeed, towards religion a “coldness which justly might be called infidelity.” We shall see in more notable instances, how much Knox’s conception of the duty of wives varies according to the zeal and orthodoxy of the husband.

As I have said, he may possibly have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Mackgil, Mrs. Guthrie, or some other, or all, of these Edinburgh friends, while he was still Douglas of Longniddry’s private tutor. But our certain knowledge begins in 1549. He was then but newly escaped from his captivity in France, after pulling an oar for nineteen months on the benches of the galley *Nostre Dame*; now up the rivers, holding stealthy intercourse with other Scottish prisoners in the castle of Rouen; now out in the North Sea, raising his sick head to catch a glimpse of the far-off steeples of St. Andrews. And now he was sent down by the English Privy Council as a preacher to Berwick-upon-Tweed; somewhat shaken in health by all his hardships, full of pains and agues, and tormented by gravel, that sorrow of great men: altogether, what with his romantic story, his weak health, and his great faculty of eloquence, a very natural object for the sympathy of devout women. At this happy juncture he fell into the company of a Mrs. Elizabeth Bowes, wife of

Richard Bowes, of Aske, in Yorkshire, to whom she had borne twelve children. She was a religious hypochondriac, a very weariful woman, full of doubts and scruples, and giving no rest on earth either to herself or to those whom she honoured with her confidence. From the first time she heard Knox preach she formed a high opinion of him, and was solicitous, ever after, of his society.² Nor was Knox unresponsive. “I have always delighted in your company,” he writes, “and when labours would permit, you know I have not spared hours to talk and commune with you.” Often when they had met in depression, he reminds her, “God hath sent great comfort unto both.”³ We can gather from such letters as are yet extant, how close and continuous was their intercourse. “I think it best you remain till the morrow,” he writes once, “and so shall we commune at large at afternoon. This day you know to be the day of my study and prayer unto God; yet if your trouble be intolerable, or if you think my presence may release your pain, do as the Spirit shall move you . . . Your messenger found me in bed, after a sore trouble and most dolorous night; and so dolour may complain to dolour when we two meet. . . . And this is more plain than ever I spoke, to let you know you have a companion in trouble.”⁴ Once, we have the curtain raised for a moment, and can look at the two together, for the length of a phrase. “After the writing of this preceding,” writes Knox, “your brother and mine, Harrie Wycliffe, did advertise me by writing, that your adversary (the devil) took occasion to trouble you because that *I did start back from you rehearsing your infirmities. I remember myself so to have done, and that is my common consuetude when anything pierceth or toucheth my heart. Call to your mind what I did standing at the cupboard at Alnwick.* In very deed I thought that no creature had been tempted as I was; and when I heard proceed from your mouth

¹ Works, iv. 221.

² Works, vi. 514. ³ Works, iii. 338.

⁴ Works, iii. 352, 353.

the very same words that he troubles me with, I did wonder and from my heart lament your sore trouble, knowing in myself the dolour thereof."¹ Now intercourse of so very close a description, whether it be religious intercourse or not, is apt to displease and disquiet a husband; and we know incidentally from Knox himself that there was some little scandal about his intimacy with Mrs. Bowes. "The slander and fear of men," he writes, "has impeded me to exercise my pen so oft as I would; yea, *very shame hath holden me from your company, when I was most surely persuaded that God had appointed me at that time to comfort and feed your hungry and afflicted soul. God in His infinite mercy,*" he goes on, "*remove not only from me all fear that tendeth not to godliness, but from others suspicion to judge of me otherwise than it becometh one member to judge of another.*"² And the scandal, such as it was, would not be allayed by the dissension in which Mrs. Bowes seems to have lived with her family upon the matter of religion, and the countenance shown by Knox to her resistance. Talking of these conflicts, and her courage against "her own flesh and most inward affections; yea, against some of her most natural friends," he writes it "to the praise of God, he has wondered at the bold constancy which he has found in her when his own heart was faint."³

Now, perhaps in order to stop scandalous mouths, perhaps out of a desire to bind the much-loved evangelist nearer to her in the only manner possible, Mrs. Bowes conceived the scheme of marrying him to her fifth daughter, Marjorie; and the Reformer seems to have fallen in with it readily enough. It seems to have been believed in the family, that the whole matter had been originally made up between these two, with no very spontaneous inclination on the part of the bride.⁴ Knox's idea of marriage, as I have said, was not the same for all men; but on the whole, it was not lofty. We have a curious letter

of his, written at the request of Queen Mary, to the Earl of Argyle, on very delicate household matters; which, as he tells us, "was not well accepted of the said Earl."⁵ We may suppose, however, that his own home was regulated in a similar spirit. I can fancy that for such a man, emotional, and with a need, now and again, to exercise parsimony in emotions not strictly needful, something a little mechanical, something hard and fast and clearly understood, would enter into his ideal of a home. There were storms enough without, and equability was to be desired at the fireside even at a sacrifice of deeper pleasures. So, from a wife, of all women, he would not ask much. One letter to her which has come down to us is, I had almost said, conspicuous for coldness.⁶ He calls her, as he called other female correspondents, "dearly beloved sister;" the epistle is doctrinal, and nearly the half of it bears, not upon her own case, but upon that of her mother. However, we know what Heine wrote in his wife's album; and there is, after all, one passage that may be held to intimate some tenderness, although even that admits of an amusingly opposite construction. "I think," he says, "*I think this be the first letter I ever wrote to you.*" This, if we are to take it literally, may pair off with the "*two or three children*" whom Montaigne mentions having lost at nurse; the one is as eccentric in a lover as the other in a parent. Nevertheless, he displayed more energy in the course of his troubled wooing than might have been expected. The whole Bowes family, angry enough already at the influence he had obtained over the mother, set their faces obdurately against the match. And I daresay the opposition quickened his inclination. I find him writing to Mrs. Bowes that she need no further trouble herself about the marriage; it should now be his business altogether; it behaved him now to jeopard his life "for the comfort of his own flesh, both fear and friendship of all earthly creature laid aside."⁷

¹ Works, iii. 350. ² Works, iii. 390, 391.

³ Works, iii. 142. ⁴ Works, iii. 378.

⁵ Works, ii. 379.

⁶ Works, iii. 394.

⁷ Works, iii. 376.

This is a wonderfully chivalrous utterance for a Reformer forty-eight years old ; and it compares well with the leaden coquetries of Calvin, not much over thirty, taking this and that into consideration, weighing together dowries and religious qualifications and the instance of friends, and exhibiting what M. Bungener calls "an honourable and Christian difficulty" of choice, in frigid indecisions and insincere proposals. But Knox's next letter is in a humbler tone ; he has not found the negotiation so easy as he fancied ; he despairs of the marriage altogether, and talks of leaving England,—regards not "what country "consumes his wicked carcass." "You shall understand," he says, "that this sixth of November, I spoke with Sir Robert Bowes" (the head of the family, his bride's uncle) "in the matter you know, according to your request ; whose disdainful, yea, spiteful, words hath so pierced my heart that my life is bitter to me. I bear a good countenance with a sore troubled heart, because he that ought to consider matters with a deep judgment, is become not only a despiser, but also a taunter of God's messengers—God be merciful unto him ! Amongst others his most unpleasing words, while that I was about to have declared my heart in the whole matter, he said, 'Away with your rhetorical reasons ! for I will not be persuaded with them.' God knows I did use no rhetoric nor coloured speech ; but would have spoken the truth, and that in most simple manner. I am not a good orator in my own cause ; but what he would not be content to hear of me, God shall declare to him one day to his displeasure, unless he repent."¹ Poor Knox, you see, is quite commoved. It has been a very unpleasant interview. And as it is the only sample that we have of how things went with him during his courtship, we may infer that the period was not as agreeable for Knox as it has been for some others.

However, when once they were married, I imagine he and Marjorie Bowes hit it off together comfortably enough.

The little we know of it may be brought together in a very short space. She bore him two sons. He seems to have kept her pretty busy, and depended on her to some degree in his work ; so that when she fell ill, his papers got at once into disorder.² Certainly she sometimes wrote to his dictation ; and, in this capacity, he calls her "his left hand."³ In June 1559, at the headiest moment of the Reformation in Scotland, he writes regretting the absence of his helpful colleague, Goodman, "whose presence" (this is the not very grammatical form of his lament) "whose presence I more thirst, than she that is my own flesh."⁴ And this, considering the source and the circumstances, may be held as evidence of a very tender sentiment. He tells us himself in his history, on the occasion of a certain meeting at the Kirk of Field, that "he was in no small heaviness by reason of the late death of his dear bedfellow, Marjorie Bowes."⁵ Calvin, condoling with him, speaks of her as "a wife whose like is not to be found everywhere" (that is very like Calvin), and again, as "the most delightful of wives." We know what Calvin thought desirable in a wife, "good humour, chastity, thrift, patience and solicitude for her husband's health," and so we may suppose that the first Mrs. Knox fell not far short of this ideal.

The actual date of the marriage is uncertain ; but by September 1566, at the latest, the Reformer was settled in Geneva with his wife. There is no fear either that he will be dull ; even if the chaste, thrifty, patient Marjorie should not altogether occupy his mind, he need not go out of the house to seek more female sympathy ; for behold ! Mrs. Bowes is duly domesticated with the young couple. Dr. M'Crie imagined that Richard Bowes was now dead, and his widow, consequently, free to live where she would ; and where could she go more naturally than to the house of a married daughter ? This, however, is not the case. Richard Bowes did not die till at least two

¹ Works, iii. 378.

² Works, vi. 104.

³ Works, v. 5.

⁴ Works, vi. 27.

⁵ Works, ii. 138.

years later. It is impossible to believe that he approved of his wife's desertion, after so many years of marriage, after twelve children had been born to them; and accordingly we find in his will, dated 1558, no mention either of her or of Knox's wife.¹ This is plain sailing. It is easy enough to understand the anger of Bowes against this interloper, who had come into a quiet family, married the daughter in spite of the father's opposition, alienated the wife from the husband and the husband's religion, supported her in a long course of resistance and rebellion, and, after years of intimacy, already too close and tender for any jealous spirit to behold without resentment, carried her away with him at last into a foreign land. But it is not quite easy to understand how, except out of sheer weariness and disgust, he was ever brought to agree to the arrangement. Nor is it easy to square the Reformer's conduct with his public teaching. We have, for instance, a letter addressed by him, Craig and Spottiswood, to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, anent "a wicked and rebellious woman," one Anne Good, spouse to "John Barron, a minister of Christ Jesus his evangel," who, "after great rebellion shown unto him, and divers admonitions given, as well by himself as by others in his name, that she should in no wise depart from this realm, nor from his house without his license, hath not the less stubbornly and rebelliously departed, separated herself from his society, left his house, and withdrawn herself from this realm."² Perhaps some sort of license was extorted, as I have said, from Richard Bowes, weary with years of domestic dissension; but, setting that aside, the words employed with so much righteous indignation by Knox, Craig and Spottiswood, to describe the conduct of that wicked and rebellious woman, Mrs. Barron, would describe nearly as exactly the conduct of the religious Mrs. Bowes. It is a little bewildering, until we recol-

lect the distinction between faithful and unfaithful husbands; for Barron was "a minister of Christ Jesus his evangel," while Richard Bowes, besides being own brother to a despiser and taunter of God's messengers, is shrewdly suspected to have been "a bigoted adherent of the Roman Catholic faith," or, as Knox himself would have expressed it, "a rotten Papist."

You would have thought that Knox was now pretty well supplied with female society. But we are not yet at the end of the roll. The last year of his sojourn in England had been spent principally in London, where he was resident as one of the chaplains of Edward the Sixth; and here he boasts, although a stranger, he had, by God's grace, found favour before many.³ The godly women of the metropolis made much of him; once he writes to Mrs. Bowes that her last letter had found him closeted with three, and he and the three women were all in tears.⁴ Out of all, however, he had chosen two. "God," he writes to them, "*brought us in such familiar acquaintance, that your hearts were incensed and kindled with a special care over me, as the mother useth to be over her natural child; and my heart was opened and compelled in your presence to be more plain than ever I was to any.*"⁵ And out of the two even he had chosen one, Mrs. Anne Locke, wife to Mr. Harry Locke, merchant, nigh to Bow Kirk, Cheapside, in London, as the address runs. If one may venture to judge upon such imperfect evidence, this was the woman he loved best. I have a difficulty in quite forming to myself an idea of her character. She may have been one of the three tearful visitors before alluded to; she may even have been that one of them who was so profoundly moved by some passages of Mrs. Bowes's letter, which the Reformer opened, and read aloud to them before they went. "O would to God," cried this impressionable matron, "would to God that I might speak with that person, for I perceive

¹ Mr. Laing's preface to the sixth volume of Knox's Works, p. lxii.

² Works, vi. 534.

³ Works, iv. 220.

⁴ Works, iii. 380.

⁵ Works, iv. 220.

there are more tempted than I.”¹ This may have been Mrs. Locke, as I say; but even if it were, we must not conclude from this one fact that she was such another as Mrs. Bowes. All the evidence tends the other way. She was a woman of understanding, plainly, who followed political events with interest, and to whom Knox thought it worth while to write, in detail, the history of his trials and successes. She was religious, but without that morbid perversity of spirit that made religion so heavy a burthen for the poor-hearted Mrs. Bowes. More of her I do not find, save testimony to the profound affection that united her to the Reformer. So we find him writing to her from Geneva, in such terms as these:—“You write that your desire is earnest to see me. *Dear sister, if I should express the thirst and languor which I have had for your presence, I should appear to pass measure. . . . Yea, I weep and rejoice in remembrance of you*; but that would vanish by the comfort of your presence, which I assure you is so dear to me, that if the charge of this little flock here, gathered together in Christ’s name, did not impede me, my coming should prevent my letter.”² I say that this was written from Geneva; and yet you will observe that it is no consideration for his wife or mother-in-law, only the charge of his little flock, that keeps him from setting out forthwith for London, to comfort himself with the dear presence of Mrs. Locke. Remember that was a certain plausible enough pretext for Mrs. Locke to come to Geneva—“the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the Apostles”—for we are now under the reign of that “horrible monster Jezebel of England,” when a lady of good orthodox sentiments was better out of London. It was doubtful, however, whether this was to be. She was detained in England, partly by circumstances unknown, “partly by empire of her head,” Mr. Harry Locke, the Cheapside merchant. It is somewhat humorous to see Knox struggling for

resignation, now that he has to do with a faithful husband (for Mr. Harry Locke was faithful). Had it been otherwise, “in my heart,” he says, “I could have wished—yea,” here he breaks out, “yea, and cannot cease to wish—that God would guide you to this place.”³ And after all, he had not long to wait, for, whether Mr. Harry Locke died in the interval, or was wearied, he too, into giving permission, five months after the date of the letter last quoted, “Mrs. Anne Locke, Harry her son, and Anne her daughter, and Katharine her maid,” arrived in that perfect school of Christ, the Presbyterian paradise, Geneva. So now, and for the next two years, the cup of Knox’s happiness was surely full. Of an afternoon, when the bells rang out for the sermon, the shops closed, and the good folk gathered to the churches, psalm-book in hand, we can imagine him drawing near to the English chapel in quite patriarchal fashion, with Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Bowes and Mrs. Locke, James his servant, Patrick his pupil, and a due following of children and maids. He might be alone at work all morning in his study, for he wrote much during these two years; but at night, you may be sure there was a circle of admiring women, eager to hear the new paragraph, and not sparing of applause. And what work, among others, was he elaborating at this time, but the notorious *First Blast*? So that he may have rolled out in his big pulpit voice, how women were weak, frail, impatient, feeble, foolish, inconstant, variable, cruel, and lacking the spirit of counsel, and how men were above them, even as God is above the angels, in the ears of his own wife, and the two dearest friends he had on earth. But he had lost the sense of incongruity, and continued to despise in theory the sex he honoured so much in practice, of whom he chose his most intimate associates, and whose courage he was compelled to wonder at, when his own heart was faint.

We may say that such a man was not worthy of his fortune; and so as he

¹ Works, iii. 380.

² Works, iv. 238.

³ Works, iv. 240.

would not learn, he was taken away from that agreeable school, and his fellowship of women was broken up, not to be reunited. Called into Scotland to take at last that strange position in history which is his best claim to commemoration, he was followed thither by his wife and his mother-in-law. The wife soon died. The death of her daughter did not altogether separate Mrs. Bowes from Knox, but she seems to have come and gone between his house and England. In 1562, however, we find him characterised as "a sole man by reason of the absence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes," and a passport is got for her, her man, a maid, and "three horses, whereof two shall return," as well as liberty to take all her own money with her into Scotland. This looks like a definitive arrangement; but whether she died at Edinburgh, or went back to England yet again, I cannot find. With that great family of hers, unless in leaving her husband she had quarrelled with them all, there must have been frequent occasion for her presence, one would think. Knox at least survived her; and we possess his epigraph to their long intimacy, given to the world by him in an appendix to his latest publication. I have said in a former paper that Knox was not shy of personal revelations in his published works. And the trick seems to have grown on him. To this last tract, a controversial onslaught on a Scottish Jesuit, he prefixed a prayer, not very pertinent to the matter in hand, and containing references to his family which were the occasion of some wit in his adversary's answer; and appended, what seems equally irrelevant, one of his devout letters to Mrs. Bowes, with an explanatory preface. To say truth, I believe he had always felt uneasily that the circumstances of this intimacy were very capable of misconstruction; and now, when he was an old man, taking "his good night of all the faithful in both realms," and only desirous "that without any notable slander to the evangel of Jesus Christ, he might end his battle; for as the world was

weary of him, so was he of it;" in such a spirit, it was not, perhaps, unnatural that he should return to this old story, and seek to put it right in the eyes of all men, ere he died. "Because that God," he says, "because that God now in His mercy hath put an end to the battle of my dear mother, Mistress Elizabeth Bowes, before that He put an end to my wretched life, I could not cease but declare to the world what was the cause of our great familiarity and long acquaintance; which was neither flesh nor blood, but a troubled conscience upon her part, which never suffered her to rest but when she was in the company of the faithful, of whom (from the first hearing of the word at my mouth) she judged me to be one. . . . Her company to me was comfortable (yea, honourable and profitable, for she was to me and mine a mother), but yet it was not without some cross; for besides trouble and fashery of body sustained for her, my mind was seldom quiet, for doing somewhat for the comfort of her troubled conscience."¹ He had written to her years before, from his first exile in Dieppe, that "only God's hand" could withhold him from once more speaking with her face to face; and now, when God's hand has indeed interposed, when there lies between them, instead of the voyageable straits, that great gulf over which no man can pass, this is the spirit in which he can look back upon their long acquaintance. She was a religious hypochondriac, it appears, whom, not without some cross and fashery of mind and body, he was good enough to tend. He might have given a truer character of their friendship, had he thought less of his own standing in public estimation, and more of the dead woman. But he was in all things, as Burke said of his son in that ever memorable passage, a public creature. He wished that even into this private place of his affections posterity should follow him with a complete approval; and he was willing, in order that this

¹ Works, vi. 513, 514.

might be so, to exhibit the defects of his lost friend, and tell the world what weariness he had sustained through her unhappy disposition. There is something here that reminds one of Rousseau.

I do not think he ever saw Mrs. Locke after he left Geneva; but his correspondence with her continued for three years. It may have continued longer, of course, but I think the last letters we possess read like the last that would be written. Perhaps Mrs. Locke was then remarried, for there is much obscurity over her subsequent history. For as long as their intimacy was kept up, at least, the human element remains in the Reformer's life. Here is one passage, for example, the most likable utterance of Knox's that I can quote:—Mrs. Locke has been upbraiding him as a bad correspondent. "My remembrance of you," he answers, "is not so dead, but I trust it shall be fresh enough, albeit it be renewed by no outward token for one year. *Of nature, I am churlish; yet one thing I ashame not to affirm, that familiarity once thoroughly contracted, was never yet broken on my default. The cause may be that I have rather need of all, than that any hath need of me.* However it (that) be, it cannot be, as I say, the corporal absence of one year or two that can quench in my heart that familiar acquaintance in Christ Jesus, which half a year did engender, and almost two years did nourish and confirm. And therefore, whether I write or no, be assuredly persuaded that I have you in such memory as becometh the faithful to have of the faithful."¹ This is the truest touch of personal humility that I can remember to have seen in all the five volumes of the Reformer's collected works: it is no small honour to Mrs. Locke, that his affection for her should have brought home to him this unwonted feeling of dependence upon others. Everything else in the course of the correspondence testifies to a good, sound, downright sort of friendship between the two, less ecstatic than it was at first, perhaps,

¹ Works, vi. 11.

but serviceable and very equal. He gives her ample details as to the progress of the work of reformation; sends her the sheets of the "Confession of Faith," "in quairs," as he calls it; asks her to assist him with her prayers, to collect money for the good cause in Scotland, and to send him books for himself—books by Calvin especially, one on Isaiah, and a new revised edition of the "Institutes." "I must be bold on your liberality," he writes, "not only in that, but in greater things as I shall need."² On her part, she applies to him for spiritual advice; not after the manner of the drooping Mrs. Bowes, but in a more positive spirit; advice as to practical points, advice as to the Church of England, for instance, whose ritual he condemns as a "mingle-mangle."³ Just at the end, she ceases to write, sends him "a token, without writing." "I understand your impediment," he answers, "and therefore I cannot complain. Yet if you understood the variety of my temptations, I doubt not but you would have written somewhat."⁴ One letter more, and then silence.

And I think the best of the Reformer died out with that correspondence. It is after this, of course, that he wrote that ungenerous description of his intercourse with Mrs. Bowes. It is after this, also, that we come to the unlvely episode of his second marriage. He had been left a widower at the age of fifty-five. Three years after, it occurred apparently to yet another pious parent to sacrifice a child upon the altar of his respect for the Reformer. In January 1563, Randolph writes to Cecil: "Your Honour will take it for a great wonder when I shall write unto you that Mr. Knox shall marry a very near kinswoman of the Duke's, a Lord's daughter, a young lass not above sixteen years of age."⁵ He adds that he fears he will be laughed at for reporting so mad a story. And yet it was true; and on Palm Sunday, 1564, Margaret Stewart, daughter of Andrew Lord Stewart of

² Works, vi. pp. 21, 101, 108, 130.

³ Works, vi. 83.

⁴ Works, vi. 129.

⁵ Works, vi. 532.

Ochiltree, aged seventeen, was duly united to John Knox, Minister of St. Giles's Kirk, Edinburgh, aged fifty-nine: to the great disgust of Queen Mary from family pride, and I would fain hope of many others for more humane considerations. "In this," as Randolph says, "I wish he had done otherwise." The Consistory of Geneva, "that most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the Apostles," were wont to forbid marriages on the ground of too great a disproportion in age. I cannot help wondering whether the old Reformer's conscience did not uneasily remind him, now and again, of this good custom of his religious metropolis; as he thought of the two-and-forty years that separated him from his poor bride. Fitly enough, we hear nothing of the second Mrs. Knox until she appears at her husband's deathbed, eight years after. She bore him three daughters in the interval; and I suppose the poor child's martyrdom was made as easy for her as might be. She was "extremely attentive to him" at the end, we read; and he seems to have spoken to her with some confidence. Moreover, and this is very characteristic, he had copied out for her use a little volume of his own devotional letters to other women.

This is the end of the roll, unless we add to it Mrs. Adamson, who had delighted much in his company "by reason that she had a troubled conscience,"—and whose deathbed is commemorated at some length in the pages of his history.¹

And now, looking back, it cannot be said that Knox's intercourse with women was quite of the highest sort. It is characteristic that we find him more alarmed for his own reputation, than for the reputation of the women with whom he was familiar. There was a fatal preponderance of self in all his intimacies: many women came to learn from him, but he never condescended to become a learner in his turn. And so there is not anything idyllic in these intimacies of his; and they were never so reno-

vating to his spirit as they might have been. But I believe they were good enough for the women. I fancy the women knew what they were about when so many of them followed after Knox. It is not simply because a man is always fully persuaded that he knows the right from the wrong and sees his way plainly through the maze of life, great qualities as these are, that people will love and follow him, and write him letters full of their "earnest desire for him" when he is absent. It is not over a man, whose one characteristic is grim fixity of purpose, that the hearts of women are "incensed and kindled with a special care," as it were over their natural children. In the strong quiet patience of all his letters to the weariful Mrs. Bowes, we may perhaps see one cause of the fascination he possessed for these religious women. Here was one whom you could besiege all the year round with inconsistent scruples and complaints; you might write to him on Thursday that you were so elated it was plain the devil was deceiving you, and again on Friday that you were so depressed it was plain God had cast you off for ever; and he would read all this patiently and sympathetically, and give you an answer in the most reassuring polysyllables, and all divided into heads—who knows?—like a treatise on divinity. And then, those easy tears of his. There are some women who like to see men crying; and here was this great-voiced, bearded man of God, who might be seen beating the solid pulpit every Sunday, and casting abroad his clamorous denunciations to the terror of all, and who on the Monday would sit in their parlours by the hour, and weep with them over their manifold trials and temptations. Now-a-days, he would have to drink a dish of tea with all these penitents. . . . It sounds a little vulgar: as the past will do, if we look into it too closely. We could not let these great folk of old into our drawing-rooms. Queen Elizabeth would positively not be eligible for a housemaid. The old manners and the old customs go sinking from grade to

¹ Works, i. 246.

grade, until, if some mighty emperor revisited the glimpses of the moon, he would not find anyone of his way of thinking, anyone he could strike hands with and talk to freely and without offence, save perhaps the porter at the end of the street, or the fellow with his elbows out who loafs all day before the public-house. So that this little note of vulgarity is not a thing to be dwelt upon: it is to be put away from us, as we recall the fashion of these old intimacies; so that we may only remember Knox as one who was very long-suffering with women, kind to them in his own way, loving them in his own way—and that not the worst way, if it was not the best—and once at least, if not twice, moved to his heart of hearts by a woman, and giving expression to the yearning he had for her society in words that none of us need be ashamed to borrow.

And let us bear in mind always, that the period I have gone over in this essay begins when the Reformer was already beyond the middle age, and already broken in bodily health: it has been the story of an old man's friendships. This it is that makes Knox enviable. Unknown until past forty, he had then before him five-and-thirty

years of splendid and influential life, passed through uncommon hardships to an uncommon degree of power, lived in his own country as a sort of king, and did what he would with the sound of his voice out of the pulpit. And besides all this, such a following of faithful women! One would take the first forty years gladly, if one could be sure of the last thirty. Most of us, even if, by reason of great strength and the dignity of grey hairs, we retain some degree of public respect in the latter days of our existence, will find a falling away of friends, and a solitude making itself round about us day by day, until we are left alone with the hired sick-nurse. For the attraction of a man's character is apt to be outlived, like the attraction of his body; and the power to love grows feeble in its turn, as well as the power to inspire love in others. It is only with a few rare natures that friendship is added to friendship, love to love, and the man keeps growing richer in affection—richer, I mean, as a bank may be said to grow richer, both giving and receiving more—after his head is white and his back weary, and he prepares to go down into the dust of death.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

TORQUATO TASSO: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

PART II.

FROM Rome Tasso was summoned by Alfonso II. d'Este, the brother of his late patron, to the ducal court of Ferrara. The duke, as we have already seen, desired, in the first instance, to retain him as one of the gentlemen of his court; on the other hand, it had long been the object of Tasso's ambition to be admitted into his service. He had endeavoured to obtain his wish through the influence of various powerful friends, and he attributed his success to the influence of the Princess Lucrezia, now Duchess of Urbino, and to her sister Leonora.

The gratitude which he felt on this occasion—alas, how soon to be cancelled!—is recorded in his letter to his friend Scipio Gonzaga: "He (that is, Alfonso) took me out of a state of misery and obscurity, and set me in the light and splendour of his court. Raising me from poverty, he placed me in a position of ease and comfort, declaring me to be worthy of every distinction, inviting me to sit at his table, and admitting me into the intimacy of his private life. Nor was any favour that I asked of him ever denied me."¹

Again, the passage in the "*Aminta*" is meant as another graceful acknowledgment of his gratitude. The "*Uom d'aspetto magnanimo e robusto*," who stood on the threshold of the "*felice albergo*," and with "*real cortesia*" invited Tirsi to enter, is doubtless intended for Alfonso, while Tirsi, who cannot decide whether the title of "*Duce or Cavaliero*" best befits his courteous host, is meant to represent himself. "*Ei grande e'n pregio, me negletto e basso.*"²

But there is also another passage (act i. sc. 2) which tells us a different

tale, picturing the evils of a court life, and the persecutions to which he was subject.

Tasso was admitted into the duke's household in 1573. In 1579 the calamity overtook him which darkened the rest of his life—which precipitated him from the height of happiness to the depth of misery, and has ever since made him an object of the tenderest compassion. It is by no means an easy task to trace the beginning of his misfortunes. Many of his early biographers, in their anxiety to shield the house of Este, give a purposely confused account of their origin. But later accounts tear away this flimsy veil, and reveal the treacherous cruelty which lurks behind it. During the first three years his life was peaceful and happy. He wrote his "*Aminta*," a pastoral drama, composed in two months' time, so perfect, says Muratori, that it left no chance to posterity of ever surpassing it. All the former Pastorali—the "*Sacrifizio*" of Beccari, the "*Aretusa*" of Lollo, the "*Sfortunato*" of Argenti—appeared as the roughest sketches of that species of composition beside the polished beauties of the "*Aminta*," which will always remain as a gem in the Italian language for graceful elegance of diction and purity of style. Parini considered that in it Tasso had succeeded in engrafting the choicest specimens of Italian ideas and language on the ancient beauties of the Grecian stock. He is especially happy in his "*cori*," which are masterpieces of vigorous style, and each individual specimen in itself a perfect piece of poetry. Take for example the one at the end of the second act, beginning—

"Amore, in quale scuola,
Da qual mastro s'apprende,
La tua sì lunga e dubbia arte d'amare?"

Yet Tasso himself never thought very highly of the "eclogue," as he called

¹ Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 300.

² *Aminta*, act i. scene 2.

the "*Aminta*," nor did he take any steps to have it published. It was not printed until after the control of his works had passed out of his hands during his imprisonment. At that time (1580) it was printed at the Aldine Press, with a preface by Aldo il giovane, in which he laments with much feeling the sad condition of "*Il Signor Torquato*."¹

The "*Aminta*" was represented with great splendour at the court of Ferrara in 1573; again a few years later at Mantua, when the artist and architect Buontalenti painted the scenery, and the Duchess of Urbino summoned Tasso to her court that she might hear the famous "*Pastorale*" from the lips of the author.

Tasso made a happy sojourn there of a few months, and during that time he wrote a sonnet (one of his most finished productions), "*Negli anni acerbi tuoi, purpurea Rosa,*" to the duchess, now in her fortieth year. Lucrezia rewarded his graceful compliments with a collar of gold and a valuable ruby, presents which afterwards, in his great poverty, he was obliged to barter for money.

Tasso's next care was to finish his great epic poem, which was eagerly looked for throughout Italy. In his anxiety to give to his country as perfect a production as possible, he consulted all his friends upon various passages of the poem, making journeys to Padua, Bologna, Rome, Sienna, and Florence, omitting no opportunity of gaining assistance in his task from all the learned men he knew. Thus portions of the poem would pass from hand to hand, till the printers somehow or other gained possession of them and surreptitiously printed them, to the great annoyance of Tasso, before the whole work was complete. In this manner, now two cantos, now four at a time, appeared in various cities of Italy, but even in this imperfect state they were received with enthusiastic applause.

At length, in 1575, the first complete edition of the poem was published, and throughout the literary "*Accademie*" and circles of Italy nothing else was discussed, while comparisons were imme-

diately instituted between the "*Gerusalemme*" of Tasso and the "*Orlando Furioso*" of Ariosto. A greater mistake could hardly have been made, for it is obvious that there is an essential difference between the two poems. Tiraboschi observes that you might as well compare the "*Æneid*" of Virgil with Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*;" but of this a few more words will be said at the end of the paper. It is only mentioned here because it was the first cause of the fierce attacks of the *Accademia della Crusca*, which so vexed and wounded the sensitive spirit of Tasso, the first cloud which announced the storm of trouble about to burst over his devoted head.

On his return to Ferrara in 1576 the duke appointed him biographer of the house of Este, in place of his former secretary Pigna, who from that time forward, became his bitter enemy, and stirred up the jealousy and malice of the other courtiers to show itself in open persecution. Tasso's letters were opened and intercepted, and his papers stolen.

Notwithstanding their petty intrigues and jealousies, they had not as yet succeeded in poisoning the duke's ear against him, and he stood as high as ever in the favour of the court. The princesses continued to show him every mark of esteem. Leonora, in order to distract him from these harassing vexations and troubles, invited him to her villa at Consandoli, on the borders of the Po, about eighteen miles from Ferrara. Soothed by her kindness, and happy in her presence, he put the finishing touches to the episode of *Erminia*,² one of the favourite passages of his poem. He was never tired of polishing and repolishing this cherished work of his genius, and, far from having sanctioned the edition published in 1575, he complained bitterly that the poem had been fraudulently snatched from his hands before it was complete, and persuaded the duke to write to the Pope, to the Republic of Genoa, the Duke of Parma, and many other Italian princes, to prohibit the publication of the poem without his sanction. Up to this

¹ Tasso, *Opere*, vol. ii. p. 10.

² *Gerusalemme Liberata*, c. vii.

period he seems to have succeeded in concealing from every one his passion for Leonora, although, to those who are now aware of his secret, the thought of her seems to pervade all his writings, and appears under some form or another in all the varied productions of his poetical genius.¹

But on his return from Consandoli, in an unguarded moment he confided the first hint of his secret to one of the courtiers—Maddalò by name—whom he trusted and believed to be his friend. Maddalò proved himself instead to be a traitor of the blackest dye. Tasso became aware of his treachery—a quarrel and a duel ensued. The cowardly traitor brought his two brothers with him, and all three set simultaneously upon Tasso.

But Tasso, not unlike one of the brave heroes of his poem, proved himself more than a match for all his three enemies, so that they fled before him, and the streets of Ferrara resounded with the saying—

“Colla penna e colla spada
Nessun val quanto Torquato.”

(“Wield he the sword, or wield he the pen,
Torquato is greater than other men.”)

This skirmish had unhappily the effect of increasing his suspicions, and he sank into a state of melancholy from which nothing could divert him. He mistrusted everybody; he even began to doubt himself. He thought himself guilty of heresy—he feared his faith was not so firm as it ought to be—that his philosophical speculations had led him into error respecting the great truths of religion. Tormented and perplexed, he volunteered to go twice before the Inquisition at Bologna and Ferrara, and, although somewhat reassured, he was not satisfied, because absolution had not formally been administered to him. Then another apprehension assailed him, lest his enemies should take away his life either by poison or the sword. One of the attendants aroused his suspicion to

such an extent that he forgot himself so far as to draw his dagger upon him in the apartments of the Duchess of Urbino. For this action the duke caused him to be arrested, but more out of regard to his own safety than in punishment for the offence.

Up to this time the duke seems to have had patience with eccentricities and suspicions which might have aroused harsher feelings, for he soon set Tasso at liberty, and invited him to his villa at Belriguardo. It is here that Goethe lays the scene of his drama of “Tasso.” But here, whether weary of the poet’s importunities, or whether his malicious enemies first awakened in the duke’s mind a suspicion of Tasso’s passion for the princess, is not known; but Alfonso, as the only way of disposing of the unheard-of presumption that a gentleman of his court should dare to raise his eyes to one of the princesses of the house of Este, caused it to be intimated to Tasso that he should feign himself mad.

It was, indeed, no wonder that Tasso left Ferrara in indignation, recording the insult in the never-to-be-forgotten lines—

“Tor mi potevi, alto Signor, la vita,
Chè de’ Sovrani è l’usurato diritto,
Ma tormi quel, che la bontà infinita
Senno mi diè, perchè d’amore ho scritto
(D’amore, a cui natura e il ciel m’invita),
È delitto maggior d’ogni delitto.
Perdon chiedi, tu mel negasti: addio:
Mi pento ognor del pentimento mio.”

He fled away poor, footsore, wayworn, to his sister at Sorrento, to whom he first showed himself in the disguise of a shepherd, and, to try her affections, told her that her brother was far-off in peril of his life. When reassured, by her unfeigned grief, of her affection, he told her the truth, and she affectionately received him, striving by every means in her power to soothe his troubled mind.

While at Sorrento, Manso tells us that he received a twice-repeated summons back to Ferrara from “Madama Leonora.” But it appears from Tasso’s own letter to the Duca d’Urbino that

¹ The whole question has been ably treated by Professor Rosini in an essay upon the “Amore” del Tasso. *Opere del Tasso*, vol. 33.

the duke never invited him to return. Happier far would it have been for Tasso had he resisted the invitation; for although on his arrival at Ferrara he was received at court, Alfonso had not forgiven him. The poet's enemies continued to pour their malicious tales into his patron's ear. Tasso was never allowed a personal interview with the duke, and very soon the princesses were forbidden to receive him.

Again he fled from Ferrara to Mantua, to Urbino, to Torino, where, under the name of "Omero Fuggiguerra," he arrived in such a sad plight, that the keepers of the gates of the city would not have admitted him had not Ingegneri, the Venetian printer, who had printed sixteen cantos of the "*Gerusalemme*," recognised him, and announced who he was.

In vain did the Marchese Filippo d'Este and the Prince Carlo Immanuele implore him to stay at their court. His unlucky steps took him back to Ferrara for the third time. He arrived there in February 1579, just before the entry of the duke's third bride.

He presented himself at the threshold of the palace. The duke, intent on the wedding preparations, would not receive him; the princesses were not allowed to do so; the courtiers jeered at him. Tasso's bruised and wounded spirit could endure no more insults. He broke out into fierce invectives against the duke and the whole house of Este, retracted his praises, cursed his past life, abused the vile race of courtiers. Alas! there were too many evil tongues ready to carry these reproaches to the ear of the duke, and Tasso was shut up as insane in the hospital of Sant Anna in Ferrara.

It is not the intention of this essay to dwell on the piteous spectacle presented by Tasso in the asylum of Sant Anna, nor to recall the painful circumstances connected with it—details of physical and mental anguish so terrible that the pen of his contemporary historians refused to fill them in, and left the passages blank. Moreover, a subject so pathetic has naturally furnished

a theme for great writers in poetry and prose.

Byron caused himself to be locked for an hour in the poet's cell, whose narrow limits contained

"Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier,"

before he wrote the poem which records his sufferings.¹

Shelley brought away with him a piece of the very door "which, for seven years and three months, divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated through his poetry to thousands." Montaigne visited him, and writes compassionately of his "*piteux estat*." And two modern poets,² his countrymen, once more relate to free Italian ears the story of a prince's tyranny and a poet's fame.

Whatever may be the surmise as to the motive which prompted the iniquitous conduct of the duke, the real reason has remained wrapped in that impenetrable mystery with which it pleased the Italian princes to shroud their crimes. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that records of similar cruelties stain the history of almost every State and Republic of Italy. The rippling waves of the Venetian lagune yet hide the witness of many a deed of darkness, and the treacherous instruments still preserved in the arsenal remain as tangible proofs that no law of friendship, chivalry, or honour, was allowed to stand between a tyrant and the object of his revenge.

It suited the purposes of Alfonso that Tasso should be considered a madman, therefore he was imprisoned in the foul precincts of Sant Anna. The biographers of the house of Este use every endeavour to prove that the poet was really out of his senses, in order to excuse the conduct of the duke. Admitting, for the sake of argument, this to be true, would it justify him in condemning the great genius of the age to languish among the

¹ *Lament of Tasso*. Byron's Works, vol. iii. p. 113.

² Riccardo Ceroni, and Alcardo Aleardi,

common herd of lunatics, stunned by their perpetual meaningless clamour, shocked by the sight of their sufferings, placed, in short, in circumstances revolting to every one of his refined and delicate senses? Had his affliction been of the nature which the duke pretended it to be, he should have been treated with every mark of consideration and respect, and not exposed to treatment which, far from curing it, was calculated to aggravate it in the highest degree. But such was not the case. Indeed, the perfect sanity of the poet's mind only added to the horror of his situation, enabling him to sound with fearful accuracy the depths of the abyss into which he had fallen. What higher proof of his sanity could be urged than that it withstood shocks sufficient to shake the reason of most men from its seat.

Let any one read his *Dialoghi*¹—treatises composed during his imprisonment—models of calm, dispassionate reasoning, or his poetry, full of the deepest and tenderest pathos, and then judge if Tasso's reason was not entirely within his control. Would they not rather wonder, that, in spite of the fearful circumstances in which he found himself, he was able to retain a poet's keen imagination, a philosopher's serenity of thought?

The original of one of his treatises ("Il Malpiglio Secondo") written throughout in his own hand, is still to be seen in the British Museum,² and as we reverently turn its yellow parchment pages, what a train of compassionate recollections do they awake! Copies can also be seen in the same place of his letters to the Duke of Urbino, imploring him to procure his release from captivity.

But we must pass over the recital of his numerous entreaties, addressed either directly or indirectly to his inexorable tyrant; the palpable contradiction pre-

sented by his being called upon to write from a lunatic asylum the defence of his poem against the attacks of the Accademia della Crusca—"a handful," says Monti, of "insolent sophists, who, like a pack of yelping curs round a sick lion, have made it their business to insult the great genius of the age;"³ and the alternations of hope and fear which must have often made his heart sick, to notice the effect produced by his sufferings upon his character.

Despite the cruel nature of his imprisonment, no abuse of his tormentor ever passed his lips, nor did he ever turn against him the weapon he had once used in his cause; for it should always be remembered that the words "Tu Magnanimo Alfonso," still stand un-erased from the first page of the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*."

No dark thought of putting an end to his almost unendurable misery by suicide seems ever to have presented itself to his mind. The following passage in the "*Torrismondo*," gives us a clue to his thoughts on this awful subject. In it he blames him who—

"Against himself
Would arm his impious and reckless hand,
Scare from its sacred tenement the soul
Which o'er the body keeps a holy ward,
Placed there by God, yielding alone to Him
The trust He gave. Who, when the task
is o'er,
Will call it back to heaven whence it
came."⁴

He held fast to those earnest religious convictions which had early sunk deep into his mind, and now in the midst of the wreck of his hopes he fixed his thoughts steadfastly upon God, "Who," he says, in one of his letters, written from Sant Anna, "never abandons those that firmly believe in Him." And nothing ever shook this trust, not even when in the lonely hours of the night, worn

³ Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 31.

⁴ *Torrismondo*, act i. scene 2.—So Spenser (who died one year after Tasso) writes:

"The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it;
The souldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand until his Captain bed."

Faery Queene, Book I. c. ix.

¹ 1. Il Messaggero. 2. Il Gonzaga. 3. Il Padre di Famiglia. 4. Il Malpiglio Secondo, etc., vols. vii. viii. *Opere del Tasso*.

² Manuscripts. Additions to the department of MSS. in the British Museum, 1841—1845, folio 12,045, p. 20.

with illness, and unable to rest, his fevered fancy would people his cell with strange forms and phantoms tempting him to despair.

But the years of patient endurance were not to remain unrewarded ; the pale, haggard face was not always to gaze piteously through the iron bars of his prison, for the long-desired release came at last. We must again have recourse to surmise to account for the motive which suddenly induced Alfonso to set his victim free.

During the confinement of Tasso in the asylum, Leonora d'Este died, in the forty-fifth year of her age. Up to this period Alfonso gave no hope of ever releasing Tasso from imprisonment, but after that time he was gradually brought to relent. First a change of apartment was provided for [the unfortunate poet. Later he was allowed to pay a visit to the Duchess Marfisa d'Este, who was so enraptured with his poem that she implored her cousin (Alfonso) as a personal favour to allow her to invite the author to her villa at Maddaler for one day. This was granted, provided that he was conveyed there and back to Sant Anna in a close carriage. After this, by degrees, the rigour of his imprisonment was relaxed ; and at length, but not till he was so ill that it was hardly possible for him to recover, in compliance with the supplications of the whole city of Bergamo, the united prayers of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Cesare d'Este and Virginia de' Medici, whose marriage was about to be solemnized, on the 5th of July, 1586, Tasso was set free.

Free once more to breathe the pure air of heaven, to drink in those beauties of nature which he has so eloquently described, to listen to the song of the birds, to enjoy the sweet smell of the flowers and all the summer glory of his enchanting country—to him these must in truth have seemed “an opening paradise.”

Before closing this painful chapter of his life, we must call attention to one of the worst traits in Alfonso's character—his refusal to allow Tasso to kiss his

hand before leaving Ferrara—a last favour which, in token of his free forgiveness, the injured poet asked of his former patron.

Tasso lived nine years after his release from captivity. At first he was courteously entertained in the palace of the Duke of Mantua, the father of his deliverer, Vincenzo Gonzaga. “I am in Mantua,” he writes to his friend Licino, “the guest of his excellency the duke. I have been allowed to choose my own attendants out of his household. I am treated with deference and courtesy. I have good food, delicious fruit, excellent bread, and choice wines like those my father used to delight in.”¹

This state of ease and tranquillity was unhappily of short duration. Duke Guglielmo of Mantua died. Vincenzo, his son, was too much taken up with the cares of his new dignity to bestow much thought or care upon Tasso, who again set out on his wanderings. The poverty and misfortune which had clung to him all his life still attended him ; and it is sad to see him roaming restlessly from city to city, from place to place—he, the author of the great poem of the age, forced to implore the loan of ten scudi to pay his expenses to Rome.

At first also he was tormented by fears lest Alfonso should even now drag him back to the cell whence he had escaped with such difficulty. A modern poet² describes his situation in very pathetic language, which can hardly be done justice to in a translation :—

“O'er fields and plains he roams,
Pale, soiled, a mendicant from door to door,
His mind distraught with anguish. Can this
be
The gentle poet-knight? Ever behind,
Nearer and nearer still, there seems to come
Fast in pursuit the gallop of a horse ;
Perchance some officer to drag him back
To foul Sant Anna's narrow prison walls !
Were there in truth around forms with weird
hands
Outstretched to snatch from him his cherished
lays,
The polished work, the ceaseless toil of years,

¹ Manso, *Vita de Tasso*, p. 187.

² Aleardo Aleardi, p. 113.

And cast them to the winds? Strewing the sheets
 Along the way-worn track, or on the banks
 Which line the desert way! He almost doubts
 In sheer perplexity his very self.
 Was his poetic genius but a dream,
 A futile fancy his immortal work?
 Tancréd, Clorinda, all the noble forms
 And bright creations of his poet's muse,
 But vain imaginations?"

Half tempted by the offer of the Ethical and Poetical Chair of the Academy "Degli Addormentati," at Genoa, he felt obliged to decline it because of the impaired powers of his memory; and once again he returned to Mantua, to dedicate his recently-finished tragedy of "Torrismondo" to the new duke. A long course of insult and injury had rendered the unhappy poet sensitive to an almost morbid degree. Dissatisfied with his reception, fancying that his new dignity had changed the countenance of his former friend towards him, he left Mantua for Rome, with the especial intention of making a pilgrimage to Loretto. Footsore, poverty-stricken, and well-nigh exhausted, he accomplished his vow, and then pushed on towards Rome. But fresh disappointment awaited him there. He had neither strength nor spirit left to struggle and strive among the crowd of place-seekers in the court of the Papal palace to obtain the reward which ought freely to have been bestowed upon the greatest poet of the day.

Again he turned away and fled to Naples, cherishing, as a last hope, the thought of recovering his forfeited paternal inheritance. In this, as in every other matter connected with worldly prosperity, he was unsuccessful. Nevertheless, in that peaceful and beautiful sojourn his mind was able to rest content. The soft, delicious climate was like balm to his shattered health; his eye rested with pleasure upon the bay which has no rival in Europe, the deep blue of the glorious sea, the stately buildings, the fresh fountains, the abundance of fruits and the ever-blowing flowers; and his interest was daily awakened by the scene

of animation before him in the concourse of strangers from all parts of the world, the splendour of their equipages, and all the gay throng of chivalry which had had such charms for him in former days.

In order to escape from the courteous invitations which were showered upon him, he retired for a short time to the quiet monastery of Monte Oliveto. Many went thither to pay their respects to him; among others, Manso, Marchese della Villa, his great friend, and the writer of the biography often quoted in this paper. We next hear of Tasso paying a visit to Bisaccio, the villa of the Marchese; and we read with pleasure the report of Manso, that "Il Tasso is now become so keen a huntsman, that he despises all inclemencies of weather. In the evening we spend many pleasant hours listening to music and singing. He especially delights in the *improvvisatori*, admiring their readiness in versification, in which he always considered himself to be deficient."¹

But again his love of wandering carried him back to Rome, to be again received with coldness by his former friend, Scipio Gonzaga, and to throw himself once more upon the hospitality of the monks of Monte Oliveto, whence also he fled away, and was afterwards discovered in circumstances of the greatest poverty in the hospital of the Bergamaschi. However, his troubled life was not destined to endure much longer

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

He had patiently borne each and all of the

"whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

But a tardy justice was at last to be paid to his genius; and like a flame flashing for a brief instant before it expires was the earthly glory of

¹ Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 316.

the unfortunate Tasso. The Duke of Mantua pressed him to return to his court. The Grand Duke of Tuscany invited him to Florence, and there all the academies and the literary world, with the exception of the envious Crusicans, poured out to welcome him and do him honour. In Rome, through the good offices of Cinzio Aldobrandini, the nephew of Pope Clement VIII., he was given an apartment in the Vatican, with an annual income of 200 scudi. Here he completed the "*Gerusalemme Conquistata*," an unfortunate result produced by the harsh criticisms showered upon the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*." Lastly, the wreath of poet's laurel which had crowned Petrarch was now destined to adorn Tasso's head.

It is a fact worthy of note that in both cases this distinction was obtained by an inferior production of either poet: the "*Scipio Africanus*" of Petrarch, and the "*Gerusalemme Conquistata*" of Tasso. And this coveted honour, which Tasso had deservedly won in the first flower of his youth, now came too late. The ceremony was delayed that it might be performed with more solemnity; and his health, long undermined by disease, hardships, and sorrow, at length gave way. His wanderings were over for ever when his weary steps halted at last at the threshold of the quiet monastery of San Onofrio, on the summit of the Janiculum. "I come," he said to the monks, who received him with pitying glances, "to die among you." Here he spent the last weeks of his life sitting under the shade of the oak, whose boughs stretched out over the garden, looking on the beautiful prospect before him of the ancient capital of the world. Surely those mighty ruins, on whose dim outlines his thoughtful gaze loved to rest, must have added one more example to the long, stern lesson of his life as to the vanity of human greatness, the futility of earthly desires.

But further teaching was scarcely needed now. His spirit, long ago chastened by suffering, and firmly fixed on another and brighter world, was only

waiting the last summons to flee away and be at rest. It was not long delayed. On the 10th of April, 1595, he was told by the papal physician, sent on purpose to attend him, that there was but little hope of his recovery, and from that day till the 25th, when he died, he turned his thoughts heavenward.

There is a touching simplicity in the contemporary narrative of the last days of his life. "Father," he said to his confessor, who was attending him, "write, that I give my spirit back to God who gave it, my body to the earth whence it was taken, to be laid in this church of San Onofrio. My goods I leave to the Lord Cardinal Cinzio, and I pray him to restore to Il Signor Giambattista Manso the little portrait of me painted by his wish, and only lent to me for life. To this monastery I bequeath this Sacred Image of our dear Lord,"—and, as he spoke, he clasped the crucifix of singularly beautiful workmanship which hung beside his bed. A few days afterwards he received the last sacraments of the Church, and died peacefully with the unfinished ejaculation on his lips, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, —."

That same evening his body, according to his wish, found a last resting-place in the church of San Onofrio.

The simple inscription, "*Hic jacet Torquatus Tassus*," graven in the stone, still marks the place of his repose,—

"And nought remains to mark thy last abode
But the bright waters of a sparkling well,
A simple stone, and the eternal smile
Of the Campagna. Suffer us once more
To wake thy golden lyre, that we may touch
With trembling hand the chord which tells
thy fame."¹

When we remember that the pen of Tasso never rested from the time when, at seventeen, it produced the "*Rinaldo*" up to the very last days of his life, and that he died in his fifty-first year, we cannot wonder that twenty-five volumes remain to us of his writings. It would not only be presumptuous, but impossible, to attempt to do more than give a passing notice of them in these pages.

¹ Aleardo Aleardi, p. 115.

His prose compositions may be divided into "Dialoghi," "Discorsi," and "Lettere." His "Discorsi," Ginguéné¹ tells us, especially the one which relates to heroic poetry, prove how much he had meditated on the poetics of Aristotle; the "Dialoghi" how deeply he had studied Plato. Any one of these Dialoghi, the "Messaggerio," for instance, is well worth reading as a sample of the clear reasoning and pellucid style which characterizes his prose as well as his poetic writings. Of these last the "Rinaldo" and "Aminta" have already been mentioned; of the "Torrismondo," begun before and finished after his imprisonment, Tasso himself had not a high opinion. The dialogue is reckoned dull and heavy, but the "cori," like those in the "Aminta," are full of fire and spirit, and the concluding one pictures forth his recent sufferings with great pathos. The whole manuscript, in his own handwriting and the original vellum binding, has been recently added to the collection in the British Museum.²

The poem on the Creation ("Il Mondo Creato") was the last work of Tasso's life, but only the two first books were ever finished, the five last being merely sketched out. In the completed portions there are some fine passages—the creation of light on the first day,³ that of the firmament on the second day, and a remarkable protest against the presumptuous folly of astrologers and stargazers. Milton is supposed to have borrowed many of his ideas for "Paradise Lost" from this poem.

But all these minor works sink into comparative insignificance beside the great production of his genius, the "Gerusalemme Liberata;" and here again the discussions and controversies

which occupied for years the attention of the literary Italian world can scarcely be reduced into a few paragraphs.

It is necessary, however, to point out as briefly as possible the cause which first raised the storm of criticism.

When the "Gerusalemme" first appeared, the poem of Ariosto was at the zenith of its fame, and it was imitated with servility by all the inferior poets. But the genius of Tasso early taught him, that, if he was to rival Ariosto, it could not be by following in his steps, that he could not surpass the "Orlando Furioso" as an achievement of romantic poetry. An epic poem, however, like those of Homer and Virgil, had as yet been untried by an Italian poet, and this was the path which Tasso resolved to follow in pursuit of fame. This appears in his reply to the letter full of eulogy addressed to him by Orazio Ariosto, the nephew of Ariosto: "The crown you would honour me with," writes Tasso, "already adorns the head of the poet to whom you are related, from whence it would be as easy to snatch it as to wrest the club from the hand of Hercules. I would no more receive it from your hand than I would snatch it myself. I honour him (Ariosto); I pay him every mark of respect. I publicly declare him to be my father in the art of poetry, my master, my prince," etc.

But despite these protestations, despite the pains Tasso had taken to follow a completely different route from Ariosto, his enemies would insist upon accusing Tasso of the presumption of contending with Ariosto; and the ill-advised, but well-meant treatise of Camillo Pellegrino⁴ only confirmed them in this idea.

We will not attempt to deal with the pedantic criticisms and wholesale vituperations by which the recently founded "Accademia della Crusca"⁵ hoped to attain an early celebrity. To these Tasso replied with calm dignity,

"With a glory round his furrow'd brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow

¹ Vol. v. p. 30.

² Catalogue of Additional Manuscripts, 1860. Add. 23773. This autograph manuscript of Tasso, filled with numerous alterations and corrections, was given by Licino (the friend who announced to Tasso his release from Sant Anna) to Abbiosio the poet (1588); it subsequently fell into the hands of the Minorite Ottaviano Cameriani of Ravenna, and was presented by him to Cardinal Cybo (1650), whose arms it still bears on the cover.

³ *Mondo Creato*, p. 19.

⁴ *Opere di Tasso*, vol. xviii. 20.

⁵ 1583.

No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire.”¹

It is a more pleasing task to quote the opinion of Metastasio. “If Apollo,” he says, “were to take a fancy to endow me with a great poetical genius, and commanded me to declare which of these great poems (*‘Orlando Furioso’* and *‘Gerusalemme Liberata’*) I should wish the production of my genius to resemble, I should certainly make my choice with great hesitation, but I think my natural inclination to order, exactitude, and method would decide me in favour of the *‘Gerusalemme.’*” “Thus he writes,” says Tiraboschi, whose comment on this opinion is still more interesting, “with the modesty of a really great man; but I should reply with more courage to Apollo, and my answer would be different. Were he to ask me to write an epic poem, I should beg him to make me resemble Tasso; were I to undertake a romantic poem, I should desire to imitate Ariosto; but if I were to choose which of these poets I should most wish to resemble in their natural gift for poetry, I should first of all beg Tasso’s pardon, but I should pray Apollo to bestow on me the natural gift of Ariosto.”²

It is certainly a truth not to be denied, that Tasso was apt to overlay with too refined and artificial ornament scenes of natural pathos which would have been more vigorously painted by the bolder hand of Ariosto. But this trivial failing does not justify the harsh opinion expressed in the spiteful lines of Boileau:—

“Tous les jours à la cour un sot de qualité
Peut juger de travers avec impunité,
A Malherbe, à Racan, préférer Théophile,
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l’or de Virgile”—

which, eagerly caught up and repeated, have done more than any other criticism to damage Tasso’s reputation as a poet. Ginguène tries to explain away the lines. Boileau, he says, never meant

to imply that because Tasso’s poetry contained some alloy it was not also full of precious metal. He only blamed those who prefer the artificial portions of *“Gerusalemme”* to all the solid gold of Virgil, and, afterwards, in another passage of his *“Art Poétique,”* the French satirist considerably modified his opinion of Tasso. It may be doubted, by the way, whether he was aware that Tasso’s happiest imitation, the famous verse on the sick child, was taken from Lucretius. Unhappily Boileau’s partial recantation is forgotten, while the former lines are remembered; and it is difficult not to think, with Byron, that these were inspired by an envious motive.

Let us now turn from refuting the criticisms of the *“Gerusalemme Liberata,”* to point out some of the great intrinsic merits of the poem. In the choice of his subject Tasso was especially fortunate. At all times calculated to enlist the earnest sympathy of the Christian reader the circumstances of the age give it a still more marked and definite interest. The peaceful condition of Europe had left the Christian states free to turn their arms against the Turks, and it seemed hardly probable that they would shortly be compelled to surrender their “grande ingiusta preda,”³ for just at the moment when Tasso, in his twenty-seventh year, was still engaged on his poem, the Christian forces had won the famous victory of Lepanto (1571). This war against the Turks naturally diverted the stream of European thought back into the old channel of the Crusades, and many warriors entertained the hope that another crusade would shortly be organized.

The oration pronounced in honour of Tasso before the Academy at Ferrara, the year after his death (1596), concludes with a passionate entreaty to all the princes of Europe to avenge the depredations of the Turks, and not to cease from warfare till, like new God-freys, they had hung up their victorious arms as trophies before the Holy Sepulchre.

In the military plan and operations of

¹ *Childe Harold*, canto IV. xxxviii.

² Tir. vii. 1267, 1268.

³ *Gerusalemme Liberata*, c. i. 5.

his poem, Tasso is considered unrivalled by any other poet, and this success is considered, in some measure, to be due to the instructions of Alfonso. During the happier days of his court favour at Ferrara, Tasso would consult the duke, who piqued himself on his generalship, as to the march of the troops, their plan of attack, the positions of vantage, the method of conducting the siege, and all the military features of the enterprise.

Again, Godfrey de Bouillon is a model general, while he is also an example of calm, faultless virtue. The other knights, Tancred and Rinaldo, despite their courage and chivalry, are not so attractive as heroes as the bright, captivating Clorinda, or the modest, gentle Erminia as heroines. Each of the detached episodes in which they appear is in itself a perfect picture, while they do not hinder the unity of purpose which gives such a distinct coherence to the action of the poem, causing it to march in an undeviating course to its conclusion.

These are some of the main features of the "*Gerusalemme*," but every Italian scholar will rather turn to the poem itself, and recall some of the favourite passages which it contains—the grand opening stanzas, the soul-stirring description of the Crusaders' first sight of Jerusalem, the pathetic beauty of Dudone's death, the flight of Erminia, Tancred and Clorinda, their battle and her death, which can hardly be read with dry eyes. In the description of nature, Tasso is peculiarly happy, whether he describes the gradual coming on of night with her "*stellato velo*" (vi. 103), or the sea with her "*cerulei campi spumanti*" (xvi. 4), or the cool waters of a spring which "*mormorando sen va gelida e bruna*" (xv. 56), or when he seizes upon the slightest circumstance, such as the varied hue of the feathers,

"Che di gentile
Amorosa colomba il collo cinge" (xv. 5),

and interweaves it as a bright ornament in his chain of description, or, as a last example, when he rises to the sublime

in his account of the ruins of Carthage (xv. 20).

It was, in truth, no wonder that the polished stanzas found a responsive chord in every Italian heart from the first moment of their publication. The princes caused them to be read aloud in their courts, the priests murmured them in the shade of the cloister, the people loved them, the gondolier would recite them in soft melancholy cadence as he steered himself through the water-streets of Venice or launched out towards the Lido, the brigand of the Abruzzi, with their sound still in his ears, would not hurt a hair of the poet's head when he journeyed alone and unfriended towards Rome; even the galley-slaves of Livorno, as, chained together, they dragged their weary steps along the shore, would chant fragments of the Crusader's Litanies in the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*."

In the space of six months after its first publication it was reprinted seven times—six times in Italy and once in France,¹ and two thousand copies of Ingegneri's edition were sold in two days.

As the "*Rinaldo*" marked the dawn of Tasso's poetical genius, and the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*" its meridian splendour, so the "*Gerusalemme Conquistata*" may be considered as its sunset. The expiring rays still shine on such passages as the "*Dream of Godfrey*" (c.x.), or the attack on Jerusalem; but whereas the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*" will be considered one of the classics of Italy so long as her language remains, the "*Conquistata*," pared and tamed down in deference to the opinion of his merciless critics, and filled with elaborate allegories, is scarcely if at all read, and then only to compare with its predecessor, and lament over the omission of the finest passages of the first poem.

Space forbids the mention of his numerous Canzone and Madrigali in every varied form of poetical beauty; but however brief and imperfect this notice may have been, enough has perhaps been said to prove that his works were indeed

¹ Milman's *Life of Tasso*, vol. ii. p. 29.

the faithful mirror of his mind and character.

In his philosophical essays—and it should be remembered in what fearful circumstances many of these were written—we notice a calm, patient reasoning, a well-balanced order of thought, unmoved by passion, unshaken by misfortune. Nor can we render full justice to this gravity and sobriety of mind till we have learnt from his enthusiastic poetry that, far from being cold and reserved, his nature was sensitive and passionate in the highest degree, his tender love of everything that was beautiful or noble speaking in every line of every poem, and awakening a kindred feeling in the heart of his reader.

Of gentle birth, he was also a gentleman in the truest sense of the word. Courage, chivalry, loyalty, were among the brightest ornaments of his character, and to these may be added that essentially Christian virtue, forgiveness of injuries. How perfectly he fulfilled this last duty let each who reads his life judge for himself.

Lastly, the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*" gives us the true clue to that deep piety which sustained him throughout his

troubled storm-tossed life, and guided him safely into the haven of peace and rest. It is true that the earthly crown of glory slipped from his dying grasp, but we cannot grieve on this account when we remember the words which he puts in the mouth of his favourite hero, and which are now so applicable to himself—

"Già non si deve a te doglia nè pianto ;
Chè, se morì nel mondo, in ciel rinasci ;
E qui, dove ti spogli il mortal manto,
Di gloria impresse alte vestigia lasci.
Vivesti qual guerrier cristiano e santo,
E come tal sei morto : or godi, e pasci
In Dio gli occhi bramosi, o felice alma,
Ed hai del ben oprar corona e palma."

Gerusalemme Liberata, canto iii. 68.

"We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest ;
Earth is thy bed, and not thy grave ; the skies
Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest ;
There live, for here thy glory never dies ;
For like a Christian knight and champion blest,
Thou didst both live and die ; now feed thine eyes
With thy Redeemer's sight, where, crown'd with bliss,
Thy faith, zeal, merit, well-deserving is."

Fairfax's translation.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

THE AMERICAN HEROINE.

OF all the curiosities given to the world by America, the national heroine of romance is, to our mind, one of the most singular and interesting. She speaks for more than herself; she throws a light on American social institutions and ideas, such as not even the travelling notes of observant and philosophical members of parliament give us; and through her we are constantly getting deeper insight into the working of the wonderful social and political fabric that those energetic and fearless descendants of ours are building out of old-English manners. If we examine the American heroine as she appears in the pages of the earlier novelists, and compare her with those of to-day, we find that she has undergone a gradual development and change from the flashing-eyed squaw of Mr. Fennimore Cooper's tales up to the completed type in the hands of Mrs. Stowe, the younger Hawthorne, or Miss Alcott. She has grown with the growth of her country, and strengthened with its strength, until now she appears before us in full bloom, as one of the most striking of national phenomena. We have her treated by master hands. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes Elsie Venner into a philosophical study; he puts her through a process of accurate and careful analysis, favouring his readers with all the results, and giving us not only the colour of her hair and eyes, but also the component parts of her blood. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, following in the same path, subjects his characters to a scrutiny which, though there is little trace in it of what the great master calls "the modesty of nature," may be supposed to give us facts—facts which, however disagreeable, are, it is supposed, only supplied by such like vivisection. In the elder

Hawthorne, on the other hand, we have the heroine spiritualised and supernaturalised into an etherealness of texture only equalled hitherto by Richter.

We can, too, see our heroine under various shades of attendant incident, from Indian adventure, to life in social communities, or in the Fifth Avenue hotel; but in all circumstances and in all hands she carries with her an unmistakable nationality; whether she is described well or ill, whether she is treated of philosophically, religiously, or sentimentally, the heroine of American tales is a new being, and must be accepted as a new type of woman. Mr. Darwin must account for her as he can. She is no daughter of the old-fashioned Eve. Freitag's Lina speaks German, Victor Hugo's Minette has French manners; but they are still of the old type—we still recognize them as belonging to the race. But this American girl is an essentially new creation. It is not that she does not speak our tongue, that she is not graced with feminine attributes, that she is not gifted with beauty, golden hair, small feet and a bewitching smile, attributes which are happily common to heroines of all countries; but as one reads of her sayings and doings, we feel that this creature is no longer of us. She is not bone of our bone; she has passed from among us; she has emigrated to new spheres; and we examine her with wonder and admiration mixed with some little amusement. She is possibly the representative of a future era in fiction, and we are perhaps destined to see the day when we shall meet her in the pages of English novels. She must therefore be an instructive study.

Where can we find her best? In the elder Hawthorne we are cut off from

noticing some of his finest figures—notably, Hester Prynne and Hepzibah of the *House of the Seven Gables*, as they belong to a period so early in American history as to place them perhaps more in the midst of American than English ideas and associations. Priscilla and Hilda of the *Blithedale Romance* and *Transformation*, belong to New England of to-day. In them, Desdemona-like in their pensive delicacy, the purity and sweetness of the Roman lady is scarcely lessened under the discipline of Puritan manners; her grace and beauty scarcely dimmed as the silk and jewels are changed for the Puritan cap and kerchief. About these exquisite forms, Hawthorne has, however, thrown his visionary atmosphere, under which they seem to contract and expand, ghostlike, into greater or less clearness, an atmosphere which carries them out of the range of criticism. Priscilla's hand melts in ours as we try to draw her nearer for inspection; and Hilda and her doves dissolve into a Fra Angelico's Madonna, which in the whimsicalness of a dream we seem to have conjured into the form of a New England girl. On the other hand, Mr. Bret Harte objects so thoroughly to any respectable people, either men or women, that we may be pardoned if we do not choose a heroine from his pages at all for our special examination. His notion that the heroic virtues are chiefly to be found in the very worst company—the whitest lilies only blooming in the darkest and dirtiest of pools—is possibly correct. But we still hope that it is scarcely just to his countrywomen to take Miggles or M'liss as flowers of the purest national growth; and while by no means denying the power of his sketches, we think it will be fairer to take Mrs. Stowe's or Miss Alcott's young ladies as being more genuine pictures of the American heroine.

About Miss Alcott's Joes and Dolly Wards there is certainly no vagueness, no philosophising. We have in the "Old-fashioned Girl" and "Little Women"

the American girl of ordinary life at her best, and very pleasingly portrayed. Miss Alcott has the advantage of not having any physiological theories to discuss or psychological difficulties to solve, and she is quite content to lay before us clear unambitious sketches—giving us, with homely truthfulness and vivacity in fiction, what Mr. Eastburn Johnstone does in painting. Her characters are not heroic, but, unlike those of some other American novelists, they do not smack of the laboratory, the necromancer's study, or the dissecting-room. Her "girl" steps on the stage and begins her career amazingly early of course. One of her "little women" is a fascinating person before she is fifteen. She has begun life, wears long dresses, looks after the morals of her boy acquaintances, and takes a foremost place in the drama of life, when her European contemporary is leading a humdrum life in the schoolroom, and knows herself to be a person of no moment to any one beyond her parents and governess.

But it is not as a child that the American young lady almost before her teens is interesting, not as a mere passive recipient of impressions, but as an active and influential personage, that her sayings and doings are recorded. Life has begun for her. She has her part to play, her responsibility to meet, and her opinions to enunciate. She has already entered and is an actor on that world of emotion and excitement which begins some five or six years later with us: the world of romance that opens somewhere between childhood and the time when the serious work of life begins. This period of first youth—when the consciousness of individuality dawns, and the subtle influences of other people on ourselves and of ourselves on other people become apparent, and when, through friction with others, comes the knowledge of good and evil, both within and without—is the time chosen by all novelists and storytellers as giving them the openest field and the fullest materials wherewith to work.

It is the time when the elements of character are fused, and are at their highest heat. The mind of childhood is like the gold in the crucible, unsullied but formless. The forces of life, like fire, are at work upon it, but we can scarcely do more than guess what its secret workings may be. When maturity is reached the time of change is over; the gold in its solid and firm shape goes forth to its passage in the world, and there is no further change for it but that of wear and decay. But around the moment of transition—around that brief bright period of youth when the doors of life seem to open and the pure and splendid metal is poured forth to meet the world—to take we know not what form, to receive we know not what stamp—around this time there hangs a charm, just because it is so momentous and so brief. Youth is the time of bursting blossom and springing power. Love throws its light over it, and above it hangs the wavering shadow of uncertainty; for who shall say which way the new life will turn?

And into this flowery Eden, with its glory and beauty, its tempting Satan and its forbidden fruit, American writers agree to place their Eve almost in the years of childhood. English novels have children in them no doubt. Charlotte Brontë, Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, have given us the childish experiences of their heroines; but it is as children and as children only that these young heroines are interesting. Their place is entirely understood. Their *raison d'être* is as charming creatures who are being moulded into shape, and under harsh or kindly treatment made into members of society. The first two or three chapters of an English novel may well be given, we think, to school and nursery days, if only to explain to us what the future Jane Eyre, Hester, or Maggie Tulliver is to be. The child here is understood to be merely mother to the woman, and it is only as a transitional being that she is brought before our notice.

But American novelists take an entirely different view. These "girls" of

theirs—for the word has received a new meaning, and is a specific rather than a generic term—are interesting as active members of society. They do not strike us, as they have been sometimes described, as impudent, and usurpatious of fictitious rights, and we entirely protest against that view being taken of their frankness and vivacity. We heartily enjoy their talk, their half wise, half foolish, wholly genuine reflections. They are exquisitely and *unconsciously* truthful. There is no effort about their honesty, it is as unaffected as their phraseology, with its "guesses" and abbreviations. They are audacious, but they are full of tact. The little girl standing on a door-step vainly endeavouring to reach the bell-handle was no exceptional child. When an old gentleman—a minister among the Quakers—approached and mounted the steps to her relief, she turned, and at once acknowledged his kindness by saying, with gravity and perfect readiness, "I am obliged to thee, friend Jones; I have frequently heard thee preach with pleasure." This was not impudence. The young Philadelphian showed, we think, not only a Bayard-like lack of fear, but a Bayard-like sense of courtesy in thus attempting to enter into the feelings of her aged friend and praising his "ministry." Such a child as this does not belong to the insensate condition of the *enfant terrible*; she is a civilized being among civilized beings, and is *en rapport* with mankind.

Miss Alcott's heroines are all of this kind—they are full of tact, readiness, and amiable audacity. Their self-assertion is not of the rebellious order, for their position is perfectly acknowledged. They seem very kind to their parents, though their relations with father and mother perhaps partake rather of good fellowship than reverence. We hear of no family dissensions; fathers and their sons, mothers and their daughters, pull very evenly together, though one cannot deny that the daughters frequently row "stroke" in the family boat. There is a hearty and confidential feeling between

Mrs. March and her daughters. "Send me as much advice as you like," writes Miss Amy to her mamma; "and I will take it," she frankly adds, "*if I can.*"

The "violet-like" bashfulness that hangs almost like a perfume upon the presence of Mrs. Gaskell's Mollies and Ruths these New England heroines have not; but they are wholesomely truthful, very sprightly, charmingly at their ease. They know how to be generous, but for any of that amiable hypocrisy with which Thackeray was so fond of charging his countrywomen, we look in vain. The most amiable and docile of the "March girls" has no more of this weakness than an English schoolboy, and withal they have none of the ugliness of self-consciousness and *mauvaise honte*; and if to our ears some of their phraseology is a little awkward, we must acknowledge that they themselves are not *gauche*. Their position is assured, and they make no painful efforts to please. Like the great Metternich, their manners are the same to prince or peasant. "They say I am not to speak to you unless you speak to me; is that so?" said the American belle when presented to the Prince Regent, finding that he was slow in beginning the conversation. And this is precisely the remark that Mrs. Stowe's Sally Ketteridge, or Miss Alcott's Jo or Amy March would have made, adding, had they seen good to do so, any advice on his public or private duties to his plethoric Royal Highness that might have occurred to them.

The only instance of an anxiety to please in an American girl that we recall is in the case of Mr. Anthony Trollope's Ophelia Glodd. Mr. Trollope has, as we know, been everywhere, and doubtless draws Miss Pheely from life; but we are surprised to find the cool, audacious Boston belle, who patronises everybody, show actual timidity when she has accepted an English lover, at the thought of meeting the "she baronet" among his relations. We should have been quite prepared to find Mr. Trollope express anxiety as to her

reception in London, but certainly none on the part of Miss Pheely herself.

In fact, it seems, judging by what we find in most American novels, to be an acknowledged truth in America, that the young ladies are the best and most agreeable exponents of the virtues, and best guides to old and young; so that a sprightly heroine has, we find, much to do in the way of giving advice, and has opinions of her own about everything, which she is consistent in carrying into action, and about which she speaks freely. "I never dance with Tom," says one; "he is a non-union man." One says the Empress of the French dresses in bad taste, or the English cathedral service is formal; another reads her male friends lectures on the evils of smoking and taking too many glasses of sherry. Any of Miss Alcott's sisterhood would have said what we once heard a pretty Abolitionist say to a devoted Baltemorian who stood holding her fan, gloves, and bouquet at a ball. He had tested her principles somewhat roughly by saying, "But I suppose you would scarcely be ready to marry a black man, Miss——?" "As lief as one who would ask me the question," she answered, between the spoonfuls of ice she was eating.

In English tales the good advice and moral sentiments are left to the rector of the parish, or the earnest member of parliament; or perhaps they are modestly given from the mouth of the author himself in the pauses of more exciting conversation; but all these good things are served up to us by the heroine herself in American tales. No doubt the author shows much shrewdness in making all the moralities proceed from the charming person with whom everybody is expected to fall in love; but while holding the very apparent truth that virtues unexplained have a much higher charm, we must admit that the sort of talk which abounds in American novels to which we refer is much better than the sentimental inanities or sensationally horrible posi-

tions to which English heroines in all but novels of the higher class are condemned. American novelists have less incident at their disposal, and are forced to become more analytical and deductive.

And here we come to the explanation of one of the peculiarities of the American heroine. The security of her position and the conditions of society in which she lives are not romantic. Her very independence and freedom of action cut her off from those situations of trial and danger which have served to make the heroines of the Old World; and it is difficult to find for her, unless she has had the advantage—speaking in a literary sense—of being a black or quadroon, any of those misfortunes and trials by which her European contemporary is rendered charming. Where every one has elbow-room and a vote, there are naturally fewer catastrophes, fewer trials for the heroic virtues; and society under these circumstances offers less material for the seeker after romance. It has been said that but for the miseries and misfortunes of mankind there would have been no history; and we may certainly add, that without the griefs and difficulties that fate throws in the way of individual men and women, the novelist would have little to say. The two greatest stories ever told have danger, war, and death as their theme, and the figures of Hector and Helen, Achilles and Penelope, move asserting their life and vigour through a troubled and stormy atmosphere. Tales written about a safer, more comfortable, and more monotonous state of society must naturally trust less to incident, and throw the interest more and more into the analysis of character and emotion. Since the days of Scott and Goldsmith our tales have been growing more introspective; and in America, where the acme of individual well-being and freedom has been reached, it is perhaps not wonderful that the novelist is driven further and further on this course, and that some American writers have pushed on the process of

physiological dissection in a way that renders their work both preposterous and disgusting. But there is happily another class of novelists in America to whom a healthier instinct has forbidden this cause, and for them there is another path open. They candidly take the common incidents of everyday life, steeped in what local atmosphere they can get, and let the characters of their stories develop themselves and talk themselves clear. The pictures of New England life in Mrs. Stowe's *Pearl of Orr's Island*, are vivid and charming; the heroines of Miss Alcott's novels talk extremely well. If they have not the charm which comes from the romantic interest of many misfortunes, they have plenty of opinions on all subjects. If the heroine of an English, French, or German novel usually charms us by reason of her sweetness, fortitude, and gentleness, she herself remaining almost a passive instrument in the hands of Fate, the American heroine, with her graces and powers, is an active agent, and amid circumstances over which—if we except the weather and some of the natural laws—she has always perfect control.

Why should we be surprised by the contrast? The European heroine has close hedging disabilities on all sides, which we have, somehow, come to regard as, if not forming one of her charms, at least tending to develop qualities which are charming. The harsh relatives, the all-powerful parents and guardians, the family feuds, the difficulties about property, the distinctions of class—all these are shades in the picture which serve to throw out the principal figure into fuller light. The dangers that beset her invite the display of manly loyalty and devotion; and if difficulties hedge her path, or chain her, Andromeda-like, to a rock, the charm of her patience and courage are almost sufficient to disarm the malignity of the monster himself; and it is the novelist's duty to see that Perseus arrives in the third volume. The American heroine has to make

her way without any of these attractive but painful disasters. Where property passes readily from hand to hand, and no one is hopelessly cast down at the loss of a fortune, difficulties about property are rare, and family quarrels scarcely known. She has no harsh relatives, and if such a thing as a cruel stepmother were possible in America, it would be absurd to represent Cinderella crying disconsolately over the hearth, when as a matter of fact we know that she might easily pack her trunk and go and "teach school," or "travel west," where half a dozen young emigrants are ready to marry her, or a place in the telegraph-office is awaiting her acceptance. There are, as we know, no wicked earls in America to persecute lovely governesses with their attentions, no dreadful duchesses to interfere with the happiness of young persons, not even a blustering squire to swear at his daughter and hinder her perfectly justifiable union with the excellent young curate. From all these painful but interesting casualties the American heroine is cut off. If Romeo falls in love with Juliet in Boston or New York, stolen interviews and a ladder of ropes would be absurdities, when he has only to call on her and candidly and decorously avow his feelings in her own private "parlour." Juliet under these circumstances is doubtless happier than if she lived in Verona, but as a heroine of romance we must admit she is less interesting. American novelists have to play their game according to their board and with new rules. Their queen piece has perhaps a wider range and more moves, and is in truth as active as bishop or knight, but she no longer seems to hold the place of central interest, and the security of her position is not so momentous to the game.

As the American novelist has not much to offer his heroine in the way of romance in her career, she is somewhat thrown on her own resources, and we must own she supports herself very cleverly. It requires uncommonly good

conversational powers to keep one's self going through three volumes; but some of these young Americans do it well to the last page. Mrs. Stowe's and Miss Alcott's girls are always sprightly; they are, in fact, far cleverer than their male friends. They are neither pert, nor fast, nor unfeminine, but they take the lead. The female voices in the chorus chant the melody, the basses and tenors fill in the parts. Let us give them all due praise. These young women are true-hearted, high-minded, and pure—with a purity which perhaps strikes one as belonging more to dignity and self-respect of character than that which is allied to depth and passion of nature. If they have faults, they are the faults of sensible people. They feel that their tact and truthfulness, their shrewdness and good sense, are a mainstay to society, and society is in their hands. A sentence from one of these New England stories throws a curious light on the changed position given by American novelists to the members of a family:—

"To outsiders, the five energetic women seemed to rule the house, and so they did in many things; but the quiet man sitting among his books was still the head of the family, the household conscience, anchor, and comforter; for to him the busy, anxious women always turned in troublous times, finding him, in the truest sense of those sacred words, husband and father."¹

We have read a description such as this in some English tales, but in this case it was the father and sons who were "busy" and "anxious," and it was the "quiet" mother who was described as the "anchor" and "comforter."

Character is shown and developed under all emotions, but love has its own especially testing powers; and if, as is said, love transforms the heart, it much more reveals it. Under this crucial test of love we may therefore expect to find the deeper parts of our heroine's nature disclosed. But here,

¹ "Little Women Wedded."

as everywhere, she is gracefully self-contained, and is never carried beyond herself and the moment. It would be generally admitted, we imagine, that the interest of a love story, like a well-conceived melody, should flow on, rising higher and fuller as the passion strengthens, the disclosure of the two hearts like the ever-expected but exquisite closing chords of the melody ending the history. The love story in American novels is usually original and charmingly told, but there is something wanting. The air is sprightly and sweet, but the harmony seems to lack force. The love scene is often graceful, natural, and ingenious, but wanting in that ring and depth of tone that stirs the imagination with a sense of wonder and delight, as if the gates of Eden had momentarily opened, and some of the light had fallen upon us as we read. There is less of disclosure, less of contrast, in the two natures that meet; less ecstasy and effulgence in the surprise and joy. In them the pathos is not so striking as the cleverness of the questions and replies.

In the story of *Bressant* there are, we must admit, situations conceived which promise the display of overpowering emotion; but is the promise kept? We think not. Cornelia Valyon is represented as a beautiful woman, carried into treachery and humiliation by a passionate love. There are pages taken up with descriptions of her nature and her feelings; but, after all, physiological scrutiny is not dramatic power, and Mr. Hawthorne's painstaking and unscrupulous inquiries end in making more vague a character that in the first few chapters was vivid and life-like. Possibly the explanation lies in the fact that *reserve*, that subtle element in all passion, is not here, and that the most accurate dissection of emotion is but a confession of impotence to conceive it in living form.

It is not our place here to enter into any discussion of the deeper question underlying the simple one before us. It is with the novelist alone that we

have to do. We would only seek to compare the qualities of what we may roughly take to be the ideal woman of American fiction with those of the heroine of the Old World. That American novelists have discarded the old artistic place of the heroine as the passive, though perhaps central figure, in the drama, and placed her in the rank of active agents in the scene, is plain; that in their view her highest charm is no longer in her "eyes of meek surrender" and "her constraining grace of rest," but rather in her playful and shrewd supremacy over society. If, in their hands, she has lost some of the pensive charm of the Juliets, Desdemonas, and Violets, we must admit that she has gained by freedom the virtue of freedom—truthfulness. If, in the greater ease and security of the society in which she is placed, she seem to have lost somewhat in passion and tenderness, she has at any rate preserved the graces of uprightness and courage in their full beauty. This we must, however, venture to think—in removing her from the old position as the passive centre of the tale, the American novelists have lost for their heroine something of that more subtle and hidden power which the poets and writers of the Old World have ascribed to her. The earliest story of human life has perhaps been the type for others; and the first initial act of Eve, while it for ever laid upon her the doom of a secondary place in the active world, endued her for ever in men's minds as having a subtle and close connection with the invisible powers of good and evil. Dimly or clearly this great instinct has been reflected in all literature; nobly or basely it has found expression in legend, poem, and popular superstition, declaring itself under the shapes of Prophetess, Sibyl, or the vulgarer form of Witch. It finds its last echo perhaps in the position assigned to the heroine in the modern European novel—a position of very limited action, but one of subtle and spiritual influence.

Our own poets all lend their precedents to this idea. Shakespeare asserts it in almost every play, giving the world of action to men, but making the moral catastrophe and interest centre and hang upon the fidelity, love, or virtue of a woman. Spenser taught it not more strongly, but more directly; the active interest of his stories always being in the fights and adventures of the Red Cross Knight, Sir Scudamore, or Prince Arthur; while the hidden and fatal powers are laid in the hands of Britomart, Una, and Duessa. And Milton, with the voice of Adam, even under the rebuke of an Archangel, asserts it again:—

“For well I understand,

In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures.

Yet
. Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenance, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first not after made,
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, *as a guard angelic placed.*”

It seems to lie now with the American writers to show whether this is all a dream and a fallacy.

AGNES MACDONELL.

SNOWDROPS.

O SNOWDROPS, do not rise,
Because the happy eyes
That loved you once, now underneath you lie;
Let not your buds appear,
Each seems a frozen tear,
That never drops, and yet is never dry.

Such useless tears they seem,
As in a heavy dream,
We pour about our griefs to make them grow;
When all the lights are pale,
And all the cruses fail,
And all the flowers are underneath the snow.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

THE "BANIANs."—THE TRADERS OF THE INDIAN SEAS.

I.—THE BHATTIA EPICUREANS.

THERE are few more tempting fields of investigation for the ethnologist, or for the student of moral or political philosophy, than the history and habits of the various trading communities to be found round the shores of the Arabian Sea.

Here, in Europe, a few generations suffice to amalgamate with the older inhabitants of the land the foreign immigrants who come to trade and settle amongst us. But in India, and in all the ports of Indian seas where trade is in the hands of Indian merchants, each class, tribe, or caste of traders remains for ever distinct. As they are now, so apparently they have been for ages; trading together, and sometimes in partnership, but never intermarrying, and rarely consorting much, except on 'change. A century of English rule, the greatest modern solvent of caste distinctions, has done little to fuse together the separate elements of the native Indian commercial community. At any large port like Bombay, Muscat, or Zanzibar, the number and variety of the classes engaged in trade, their sharply distinctive features, costumes, and customs, strike the most superficial observer, whilst those who look deeper find in the bazaars of the port a perfect microcosm of Indo-Arabian and African history and manners.

We will take one important and characteristic division of such a community—the Bhattias—a sect of Hindu Epicureans, amongst whom are to be found the keenest of traders, the most sensual of voluptuaries, intellects remarkable even among Hindus for acuteness and subtlety, sometimes an obtuseness of moral consciousness which would startle a galley slave, but in rare exceptions a simple devotion to truth

which would do honour to a Christian martyr. The Bhattias have their homes in all the great commercial centres of Western India from the north of Rajputana to Bombay; but they may be found sometimes as residents for years together, sometimes only as temporary visitors during the trading season, at almost every port on the western coast of India, on the shores of Arabia, and of Africa, as far south as Mozambique. They may be easily distinguished from other "Banians" by the difference in their dress. If they wear their Indian costume, it is a tight-fitting, long-skirted, white cotton vest, and instead of trousers, they wear a long cotton web formed into a kind of kilt (*dhotu*) and tucked up so as not to impede the action of the feet in walking. Above all, they may generally be known by a huge coloured cotton turban, usually red, and folded with a curious distinctive peak in front. One or more of these turbans may be seen at the landing-place in most ports between Busora and Mozambique. The wearers are generally men of fair complexion with sharp, aquiline, well-cut features, and keen black eyes. In youth the face is often strikingly beautiful; but, as years roll on, the absorbing attention to mercantile gain gives a haggard and hawk-like expression to the features, though some men of mature and advanced age may be seen with countenances, which, less disguised by their ugly head-dress, would be models to a sculptor or painter. These men generally belong to the "*Vallābhāchārya*" sect of Hindus, who may be briefly described as a class of Hindu schismatics, exclusively devoted as a body to foreign commerce, and ruled, with the iron rod of a most despotic caste, by a class of priests called by the royal title of "*Mahārājas*." These have reduced

philosophical Epicureanism to practice in forms more hideous and degrading than almost any which the Hindu Pantheon could furnish. It was the fortune of Sir Joseph Arnould, the late Chief Justice of Bombay, to sit as judge at a trial which in its day caused unprecedented excitement among the Hindu community in Bombay, and went far to expose the practical horrors of the religion—if religion it can be called—of the Vallabhacharyas, effecting something, it may be hoped, towards a thorough reform of its monstrosities. The whole history of the Maharája trial is one of the greatest interest to any one who takes an interest in the ancient or modern religions of India. It has been recorded by a man who would have been remarkable in any age or country as a social reformer, and true martyr to his principles.

Kursandas Mulji, of the Kapole Banian caste, was born in 1832, at the village of Vadai, near Mhowa, in Kattiarwar. He spent his boyhood with some rich relatives of his mother's in Bombay, where he got a good education in his own language, Guzerati, and in English. From his nineteenth to his twenty-second year he studied in the Elphinstone College, where he won a college prize for an essay on "Hindu Widow Marriage," and subsequently a prize offered by a Guzerati Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the best essay "On the Advantages of Foreign Travel to Hindus." It is possible that these two subjects gave a vent to his thoughts which influenced his after career. Leaving college, he took the post of head-master in a large school, but he soon gave up the Government service to return to Bombay, where he started a weekly newspaper in Guzerati, called the *Light of Truth* (*Satyaprakash*), devoted to the social and moral improvement of the Guzerati-speaking population of Bombay. In this periodical he exposed, with great tact and courage, the immoral practices of the Vaishnava Mahárájas, and the head priests of the Vallabhacharyan sect. So great was

the effect produced by his writings that after various ineffectual attempts to bribe him to silence, it was resolved to crush him by an action for libel. Unaided he could never have withstood the powerful combination against him. But his fearless vindication of truth and purity of life had secured him many powerful though secret friends, and funds were supplied him to defend the action. A trial which caused an unprecedented sensation throughout the whole Hindu community ended in a great moral triumph for Karsandas, and he might speedily have become a popular hero. But he had set before himself a definite plan for the moral improvement of his people, and in pursuit of this object he visited England in 1863, and recorded the results of his observations in his *Travels in England*, published in Guzerati and Maharatti, his main object being to induce his countrymen to visit Europe, and there learn practically how life may be restored to the decayed civilization and fossilized caste systems of India.

In 1865 he published in English the history of the contest in which he had been engaged, rightly judging that it would prove the turning-point in the moral and social reform of his people.

The book is remarkable in many ways. The hideousness of its revelations of the inner life among the priestly and upper classes in one of the richest and most luxurious of modern Hindu communities, is indeed repulsive. But every statement is supported either by references to the sacred books of the Hindus themselves or by quotations from the judicial evidence produced and sifted at the trial. There is a total absence of declamation and rhetorical clap-trap, and of egotism and personal self-glorification as rare in Hindu as in European reformers. The general result is a view of Hindu society in one large and influential sect very widely different from anything generally put forward by modern Hindu writers; different also from the descriptions usually given by European critics and observers. The difference in the latter

case is less in the facts and features observed than in the mode of accounting for them; and, in this respect, we rarely meet with anything written by our own countrymen more historically accurate, more sound in reasoning, or stated in better English than in the pages of the Hindu Reformer. His calm dispassionate and judicial statements are more trustworthy than the ideal Hinduism dreamed of and described by many modern Hindus and their European admirers, but never anywhere existing in India; and, we must add, his descriptions are more just than the pictures usually drawn by those who can see in Hinduism nothing but a stupid idolatry devoid of all remnants of original truth or reason.

The preface is an excellent sketch in a brief space of the growth and condition of the chief modern Hindu sects.

"It is still a general complaint that comparatively little is known of the religious, moral, and social state of the Hindus. This ignorance of their actual condition results not so much from a want of research and observation as from the limits imposed on inquiries respecting the people of India, conducted by distinguished scholars on the one hand and by popular writers on the other. The Orientalist, attracted by the singular philological and mythological curiosities which are discovered in the *Vedas*, the oldest of Sanskrit works, breathes so much of their ancient spirit, and sympathises so much with the pretensions ages ago urged in their behalf, that he believes they must to the present day have no small share of their ancient authority and respect. The popular observer looks merely to the surface of Hindu society, forgetful that the jealousy and secrecy of caste conceal to a great extent the mainspring of action of Hindu life. Even intelligent natives themselves look little beyond their own immediate sphere, having no care or interest in the affairs of their neighbours. Hinduism is consequently imagined to be very much an abiding and universal system of faith and manners, without reference to the great changes which it has undergone in the course of time, and the great diversity of the forms which it has assumed over the wide extent of this great and diversified country. The fact is, that within a certain range Hinduism has been ever on the move. The *Vedic* songs recognized, if not very clearly, the existence of the great Creator and Governor of the Universe. They contained many fresh and beautiful allusions to the phenomena of nature, and many striking personifications of the forces and agencies inter-

mediately regulating these phenomena. The lively spirit of these primitive songs had well-nigh entirely disappeared at the time of the composition of the *Bráhmaṇas* (or Brahmanical Directories), when reverential worship was to a great extent laid aside for the art of the magician and conjuror, dealing with the gods through *mantras*, charms and complicated ceremonial manipulations. The philosophical schools originating in the revolt of the inquiring mind of the country from the puerilities and inanities thus manifested formed a new era in which Atheistic and Pantheistic speculation became predominant. These schools prepared the way for the Buddhist Revolution, which gave social and religious liberty to all its adherents in opposition to the caste system which had become to be fostered by the Brahmins shortly after the entrance of the Aryans into India, and which almost completely altered the national creed. The revival of Brahmanism by the craft of its partisans and the persecution resorted to by its kingly adherent, after a thousand years' depression, was not effected in its pristine form. Its strength lay in its religious orders; and its champions, such as Sankarácárya and his associates and successors, assumed an importance never before conceded to mere individuals of the priesthood. They became the oracles and pontiffs of the country; but they did not long maintain an undivided sway among its various tribes. The people of India had their favourite gods in the extensive Pantheon of Brahmanism, and particularly in its new established triads. The aggregation of legends connected with individual gods gave scope to the popular choice, and the spirit of sectarianism became rampant among them. The devotees of the different gods were the leaders in the movement, and everywhere they had a large following. One sect was for the supremacy of Vishnu; another for that of the deified King Krishna, set forth as an *avatára* of Vishnu; a third for that of Siva; and a fourth for that of his consort (the Devi or goddess, emphatically so called), or of the female energies in general.

"In all these changes—for an elucidation of which in their main features the reader is referred to Professor H. H. Wilson's valuable sketch of the Religious Sects of the Hindus—the moral restraints of Hinduism, such as they were in the earlier days, have nearly perished. Krishna's conversion into the god of love and lust, and the worship of the Saktis or female energies, have introduced a moral plague into India, the ravages of which are both appalling and astounding. The readers of this history of the Maharáj or Vallabhácárya sect, and of the various documents included in its Appendix, will find this assertion but too amply vindicated. It is put forth simply in the interests of truth and purity. Its author does not apologise for its revelations, which have all been tested by the keen and impartial investigations of a court presided over by

British judges, but he expresses the hope that they will not be lost either upon the European or Indian public. The lessons which they teach are so obvious that it is not necessary to draw them in this place."

The author then gives an excellent, but very succinct sketch of Hindu religious books. He describes the principal religious sects of the Hindus and the causes which gave rise to them, quoting Professor H. H. Wilson to show how the *Puranas*, and similar comparatively modern works, not only taught their followers to assert the unapproachable superiority of the special members of the Hindu Pantheon to which each work referred, but inspired them with feelings of animosity towards all other sects. In this conflict the worship of Brahma and of almost the whole old Pantheon except Vishnu, Siva, Sakti or their modifications disappeared. "With respect to the two former," he adds, "the representatives have borne away the palm from the prototypes, and Krishna, Rāma, or the Linga (phallus) are almost the only forms under which Vishnu and Siva are now adored in most parts of India."

Had these heresies been purely speculative they would have encountered little opposition from the Brahmins, among whom, as Wilson justly says, "latitude of opinion is a very common characteristic;" but Vrihaspati, the founder of an atheistical school, attacked both the Brahmins and their sacred books, asserting that the whole Hindu system was a contrivance of the priesthood for selfish and secular ends, while the Buddhists and Jainas invented new gods and deposed the ancient Pantheon. The result was the expulsion of the Buddhists, of whom no trace now remains in India save the relics of countless temples and a few opinions which they shared with the Jainas who survived the storm. About nine centuries ago, our author tells us, the worshippers of Vishnu, Siva, and Sakti, spread into a multitude of sects, which the great Brahmanical reformer, Sankacharanya, in vain attempted to reunite in the worship of a supreme sole

ruler of the universe; and in a century or two after his death the Hindu religion had assumed very nearly the form which we now find most prevalent. Our author points out the extreme rarity now-a-days of any one who can in any logical sense be considered an orthodox Hindu of any ancient school, and observes that "a very remarkable feature of sectarianism in the present day is that the distinction of caste almost merges in the identity of schism."

His enumeration of the chief sects into which the religion is now divided contains no less than fifty-two principal divisions, with innumerable subdivisions and sects of minor importance. His description is well worth studying, as illustrating the inaccuracy of our usual conception of Hinduism as a uniform or ancient system of faith; and as proving that the Hindu religion is what he describes it, "a maze of confusion, the interminable intricacies of which cannot be threaded for want of a clue."

He then traces the descent of his own sect, the Vallabhāchāryas, from the great body of Vaishnavas or worshippers of Vishnu. He describes the chief ceremony of initiation, which in all Hindu sects is the communication by the teacher to the disciple of the "*mantra*," a charm which generally consists in the name of some deity, or a short address to him, communicated in a whisper, and never made known by the adept to profane ears. The Vaishnava sects were severally distinguished by the degree in which they identified Vishnu with other manifestations of the Deity, by their tenets as to the form or quality of the Deity and the unity or diversity of the divine essence. Some, like the disciples of Kabir, formed an eclectic system, in which many traces of Mussulman and Christian doctrine may be found. In others may be found almost every form of moral doctrine, from that of absolute asceticism and devotion to the worship of a simple spiritual deity, down to the boldest atheism. But, as our author tells us, the opulent, the luxurious, and the self-

indulgent in a large mass of society, especially females, are apt to attach themselves to the worship of Krishna, "adored under this name and his wife Rádhá either conjointly or singly, by the names of Vishnu and Lakshmi." But there is a still more popular form of the worship of the divinity than this, namely, that of Bala Krishna, or the "Infant Krishna," a worship widely diffused throughout all ranks of Indian society under the image of an unclothed child resting on his knees and left hand, while in the right hand he holds a ball. The founder of this sect was Vallabhacharya, the son of a Tailinga Brahman, who lived in the sixteenth century, and persuaded his followers that he had been promised by the god Krishna that he should have three sons, the second of whom should succeed him as the incarnation of the god. While on a pilgrimage at Benares the parents of Vallabha fled from a violent conflict between the Hindus and Mussulmans, and in the midst of a wilderness in Champoran, Vallabha was prematurely born, A.D. 1479. The legends relate that the wild jungle immediately became illumined by celestial visions; and the child, abandoned by its parents in their continued flight, was afterwards found alive and well, playing in the midst of a volume of sacrificial fire. As he grew up he was supernaturally enlightened in all the learning of the Hindus, and travelling southward towards the land of his ancestry, he became distinguished as a disputant in the schools of philosophy, which then flourished at every Hindu court, and was elected by the worshippers of Vishnu as their leader or "Acharya." After wonderful travels he was rewarded by a visit from the god Krishna, who enjoined him to introduce the worship of the infant Krishna, which has ever since been one of the most popular forms of Hinduism, though it has long degenerated into a kind of practical Epicureanism, very different from what its founder appears to have contemplated. Even during his lifetime, however, it was known as the "Pushti Marga," or

"eat and drink doctrine," and during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was spread over all western and central India by his descendants, who in the third generation appear to have assumed the title of Maharája or Great Ruler. The sect is now widely diffused throughout the whole of the Bombay Presidency, Central India, and Malwar. They everywhere include some of the most opulent merchants and princes from Juggernaut on the east to the western boundary of Scinde. The descendants of the founder have now multiplied to about sixty or seventy persons, who are known as Maharájas, and are dispersed throughout India. Only two or three have any knowledge of Sanscrit, the rest being "grossly ignorant and indulging merely in sensuality and luxury."

They never take the trouble to preach, "but give as an equivalent public exhibitions in their temples to divert attention. Vallabhacharya taught that privation formed no part of sanctity, and that it was the duty of the teacher and his disciples to worship their deity not in nudity and hunger, but in costly apparel and choice food—not in solitude and mortification, but in the pleasures of society and the enjoyment of the world. In accordance with these precepts, the gosáins, or teachers, are always clothed in the best raiment and fed with the daintiest viands by their followers, over whom they have unlimited influence. These gosáins are often largely engaged in maintaining connection amongst commercial establishments in remote parts of the country; they are constantly travelling over India under pretence of pilgrimage to the sacred shrines of the sect, and on these occasions they notoriously reconcile the profits of trade with the benefits of devotion. As religious travellers, however, this union of objects renders them more respectable than the vagrants of any other sect. Priestly craft is ever alert to obtain, by fair means or foul, the wealth needful to the sustentation of its power and self-indulgence. The source of the permanent revenue of these priests is a fixed *lágá* or tax upon every article of consumption which is sold by their votaries.

"This tax, although but trifling in each individual case, amounts to a considerable sum upon the innumerable commercial transactions that take place, and is always multiplied in each case where articles pass from hand to hand for a consideration. When, therefore, we consider the swarming population, the great consumption, and consequently the thriving business that is carried on, and the fact that

the fixed revenue is often greatly augmented by the presents and votive offerings which are made by their followers from affection or fear, the wealth, indolence, and luxury of the Mahārājas follow as a matter of course, and the corruption of society ensues as the result of their dissolute and effeminate teaching. Like the deadly upas, they overshadow society with their malignant influences, in Western India especially, and it is with a view to counteract this blighting tendency that the present work has been undertaken, in the hope that the exposure of their acts and doctrines may eventually bring their converts to reflect upon the depravity of their practices, and the utter incompatibility of such vicious doings with a pure faith. The original teachers may have been well-disposed men, but their descendants have widely diverged from their courses. The infatuation of the Vaishnavas is so great that all the descendants of the Mahārājas are held from infancy in extreme veneration, and are nurtured in ignorance, indolence, and self-indulgence; they are empowered by their votaries to gratify through life every vicious propensity; and when, exhausted by vice, they pass away in premature old age, they are held by their votaries to be translated to the regions of perfect and ecstatic bliss; for, as remarked by Mr. H. H. Wilson, it is a peculiarly remarkable feature in this sect that the veneration paid to their gosāins is paid solely to their descent, without any reference to their individual sanctity or learning; and although totally destitute of every pretension to even personal respectability, they nevertheless enjoy the unimitted homage of their followers."

The chief scriptural authority of this sect is the *Bhagavata Purana*, in the tenth book of which the history of Krishna, as the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, is given in ninety chapters. These have been translated from the Sanskrit into the language of Brij, under the name of *Prem Sagar*, or "Ocean of Love," selected by Vallabha as the foundation of his doctrines, and from which he deduced the ideas which have gradually expanded into the desecrating libertinism practised by his descendants. Our author quotes at great length from this work, which it is curious to remark was long one of the text-books in which young English students were required to pass their examination in Hindi. The work is held in the highest authority by the sect as a revelation from the Deity himself. Our author observes that "its true character is doubtless symbolical or allegorical, whereas the Mahārājahs by

interpreting it literally, have converted its abstruse significations into a code of vicious immorality, not merely sanctioning, but inculcating the most hideous sensuality."

The following are the religious doctrines of the sect as described by our author. Vallabha and all his descendants are incarnations of the God Krishna. His residence is far above the three worlds, having, at five hundred millions of Yojans below it, the separate regions of Vishnu and Siva, which may give some idea of the immeasurable superiority attributed to this sect by its disciples as compared with other sects of Hindus. The region (Gouloka) is indestructible while everything else is subject to annihilation. In its centre abides Krishna, of the colour of a dark cloud, in the bloom of youth, clad in yellow raiment, splendidly adorned with celestial gems and holding a flute. He is surrounded by his wife Radha, and three hundred millions of Gopis or female companions, each holding a separate palace of her own with three millions of female attendants. Two of these Gopis once quarrelled about the god, and, having cursed each other, the effect was such that they fell from heaven with all their retinue. Krishna, out of affection to them, descended to earth and took the form of a man to effect their restoration, and appeared first in the form of the founder of the sect, and afterwards of his son, in whose form he completed the salvation of both Gopis with their millions of attendants. The same process is repeated by successive generations of Mahārājas. Born as incarnations of Krishna, they redeem their followers by sending them to Gouloka, where the disciple, if a male, is changed into a Gopi and obtains the everlasting happiness of living in perpetual intercourse with Krishna in the heavens. On the authority of this childish legend are founded the doctrines of the sect, the "Pushti Manga," or way of enjoyment, a sort of creed for the convenience of votaries who had neither leisure, education nor inclination to study the doctrines in detail. There are ten principal tenets inculcating the

duty of belief in the legend with only two moral precepts, which are to adopt the society of the good, knowing them to be divine, and to see not the faults but speak the truth. In his account of the divine revelation of his tenets Vallabha states that they were revealed to him at midnight on a given date, when God visibly uttered words which are here repeated word for word. "By entering into relation with Brahma all persons' sins of body and mind are washed away." Then follows a description of the different kinds of sin which it is stated ceased to exist after the above relation with Brahma has been established. Nothing must be accepted by the disciple till it has been dedicated to the Deity, and nothing dedicated which has not been offered. This seems to be the root of all those doctrines of the sect which gave its priests such unlimited power over the persons and possessions of their votaries. "Here," says our author, "we have the doctrine of the origin of sin and its mode of expiration or absolution, and here is the first insinuation of the paramount importance of the Guru teacher as the direct mediator.

Then follows an enumeration of the indescribable torments which await the sixty-seven mortal sins, many of which are connected with disrespect or disregard for the spiritual teacher. Everywhere the teacher is described as the Deity himself:—

"Totally without desires, without wants, with all desires fulfilled, possessed of all virtues, the head of all those who appreciate sensual or intellectual pleasure or poetry, desirous of fulfilling the wishes of his devotees, why should he want anything, himself the creator of endless crores (ten millions) wherein his glory is diffused all over? Inspirer or propeller of the souls of all animated beings, he is to be regarded as God—nay, even greater than God, for if God gets angry, the Guru Dava, or Divine Teacher, is able to save, whereas if the Guru is displeased, nobody is able to save."

In order that the offerings to the Mahārāja should be unlimited it is not prescribed what they are to be. *Everything* is to be offered, and the promised

reward is the highest heaven, whereas the mere worship of God entitles only to an inferior paradise.

All earthly possessions are summed up in the three expressions "Tan," *i.e.*, the body is all its relations—"Man," the mind, with all its faculties and qualities; and "Dhan," all earthly possessions and relations. Everything must be offered to the Mahārāja before it can be rightfully enjoyed by the owner.

These doctrines are the foundation of the horrible practices which led to the trial before the High Court in Bombay. Curious extracts are given from a work published in 1860, by a Society for the Diffusion of the Vishnava Religion. It explains the Pantheistic doctrine, that the whole universe is the spirit of God, and has become in parts all forms, so that in everything done in the world "He is at play with His own spirit." "With God, therefore, the relation of my own and another's does not exist; all is His own; consequently sin," even the grossest, "does not affect Him." The sin of enjoying other people's things affects *this* world. "With God, nothing whatever is alien—God has therefore ordained sin for this world," and so on, ending in a justification of every kind of the grossest immorality. It is one of the curious results of the European civilization which is pervading India, that the infamous doctrines inculcated by this book should be printed and published under a name which signifies "Promoter of our religion and Destroyer of doubt." Our author's chapter on this subject closes with a list of seventy-four works, which are authorities with this sect. More than half of them are translations from Sanskrit works written with great learning and acuteness. The author next gives an account of the forms of worship and psalmody of the sect, the servile ceremonies with which the Mahārājas are adored as incarnations of the divinity by their followers, their wonderfully luxurious living, and the curious mixture of religion and epicurean indulgences which characterise all their proceedings.

The effect of these doctrines, pervading it must be remembered not an obscure or small sect, but one of the largest and richest mercantile communities in Western India, is, of course, most marked in the weaker sex. Our author observes :—

"These preceptors imbue their teachings with the idea that all emanates from the highest source of spiritual inspiration, they themselves being absolutely its full impersonation upon earth; and their doctrines impressively inculcating that they are even superior to the Divinity Himself, because, although ostensibly the mere medium of communication between Him and the worshippers, they can save when it is beyond the power of God, and can grant absolution and ensure pardon to the positive certainty of their votaries evidently enjoying the delights of paradise. The moral nature of the devotees being thus controlled and subjugated, they succumb slavishly to the infatuation, unconscious of the foul snare into which they fall; and, under the supposition that they obtain honour and spiritual exaltation by immoral contact with these incarnations of Deity, lend themselves willingly to minister to their corrupt pleasures. The Mahārāj is invited to the houses of the Vaishnavas when they are sick, or on the point of death; in the latter case he puts his foot on the breast of the dying person with a view to free him from sin, and receives in return for the blessings he thus confers from ten to a thousand rupees. In Bombay alone there are from forty to fifty thousand Valabhacharyans. We may therefore form some conception of the manner in which the depravity of the priests percolates through this community, which includes some of the most wealthy and most intelligent inhabitants of Bombay; and to how much greater an extent it may indirectly corrupt society by its contaminating influence. The Vaihnavas are strictly prohibited from showing to the followers of other sects the book containing the poetry, and indeed all the books issued by the Mahārājas."

The preliminary initiation of the Vallabhacharyans commences very early in life. The first instruction takes place at the age of two, three, or four years. The child is then taken to the Mahārāj, who repeats to it the "Astakshar mantra," or formula of eight letters, namely, "Sri Krishna is my refuge." This the child is made to repeat after the Mahārāj, who then passes round its neck a string of beads, and the ceremony is complete. The second initiation, called by a name which signifies "consignment," takes place at the end of eleven

or twelve years, or in the case of a female upon her marriage. The initiated then becomes a full member of the sect, and is fitted for the duties of life. This is the celebrated absolute self-dedication to Krishna, and his incarnation the Mahārāj, and is known by a Sanskrit name signifying "union with the Supreme Being." The votary is required to repeat the formula daily mentally, and alone after bathing, and it may not be recited to any one. It is in Sanskrit, and runs thus :—

"Om. Sri Krishna is my refuge. I who am suffering the infinite pain and torment produced by enduring for a thousand measured years separation from Krishna, do to the worshipful Krishna consecrate my body, organs of sense, life, heart, and other faculties, and wife, house, family, property, with my own self. I am thy slave, O Krishna!"

"For the performance of each of these ceremonies the Mahārāj is paid a fee in money, which is not usually restricted to the prescribed amount, but is ordinarily accompanied with collateral presents, depending upon the opulence, position, or devotion of the votary." [This profession absolves from all sins previously committed.] "It is not a barren principle, it must bear fruit; as the preceptor says: 'To each of us (himself a Krishna) you thus offer your body, your soul, your wives, your sons, your daughters, your body, mind, and property. Before you enjoy any portion of "dhan" you must offer it, him, or her to your God, personified in us.' 'The new full sectary,' observes Karsandas, 'thus goes forth, although disencumbered of his sins, yet heavily burdened morally, and without a claim to any possession, for in this formality he has renounced every possession to his Mahārāj.'"

After describing the marks and secret signs by which the Sectarics recognize each other, our author proceeds:

"He goes forth thus to be recognized by his brother Sectarics" as the enthusiastic devotee of the Mahārāj "to whom he has desecrated the purity of his home under the terrible threat of the denial 'of the deliverance of his soul and of its reabsorption into the divine essence;' under the threat here, also, of excommunication from all intercourse with his fellow devotees, and under the prohibition of enjoying food, or participation in the worship of his idol. His contempt can be purged only by presents and submission, or by the strong act of renunciation of the sect, which few have the moral courage to resolve upon, chained as they are by the relations of life or the artificial bondage of a conventional condition of society."

Of course the case is even worse with regard to the female devotees. After describing the puerile and immoral forms of this so-called religion, our author observes:—

"It must astonish every one that such debasing practices should proceed from the religious code of intelligent, if not educated persons; and those who are accustomed to think and to test everything by reason and common sense, can scarcely believe that such fanaticism can exist in an enlightened age. India was the centre of civilization for ages, while other portions of the world were in a state of barbarism; and it is, therefore, the more remarkable that it should be the *locale* of this pestilential moral miasma, which the rapid and almost universal spread of intelligence has failed to dissipate. The existence of so foul a plague-spot would suggest that our moral nature has its antithetical phases, and, like the luminaries of the sky, is now at its zenith and now at its nadir: and that the absolute progression of our race without divine aid is but an idle dream and a baseless hope. It would almost seem to be the duty of the rulers of the realm of India to prohibit these practices in the interest of our common humanity, leaving to public opinion the delicate task of correcting mere social follies and aberrations. Our governors may be legitimately held to be guardians of public morals. At any rate the efforts of philanthropists for the enlightenment and reformation of India should be increased a hundredfold."

A separate chapter is devoted to the effects of the doctrines and worship of this sect, and quotes the elaborate judgment of Sir Joseph Arnould to show how fatally this form of Epicureanism must undermine the foundation of society; and a cloud of witnesses and quotations, some selected from the literary productions of the sect or its critics, others taken from the evidence adduced at the trial, testify to the ineffable horrors which are the result, and to the moral paralysis which takes from the votaries all power of freeing themselves from its thralldom.

A curious chapter is devoted to the oppressive exactions of the Mahārājas. The sumptuous entertainments with which they are welcomed in their travels, the costly penalties with which all offences against their will are punished, and the system of self-taxation by which an immense revenue is raised by the sect for the priests. Their votaries are among the most active traders in Western India

—the traffic in cloth is almost monopolized by them, and they are great dealers in every important article of trade. The system of taxation appears to date no further back than 1811, but it has been most regular, and has raised the owner of the great Temple in Bombay to a place among the richest inhabitants of the second largest city in the British Empire. The regular money contributions are not less than 16,000*l.* per annum.

When it became apparent that some of their practices might bring them within the scope of the British laws, the caste leaders proposed an agreement appropriately known as the "Slavery Bond," binding the community never to summon a Maharaj into a Court of Justice, and to spare no expense to protect him should he be summoned by others. Reluctance was naturally shown by some of the sect to sign such a document, but the Mahārājas closed the doors of their temples for eight days, at the end of which time the sect generally gave in and signed the document.

But a day of retribution was at hand. Among the causes which led them into difficulties are enumerated religious disputes between them and the Brahmans; secondly, their attempts to set up immunity from attendance in Courts of Justice, the criticism of the public press, and their infatuated mistake in endeavouring to enforce the "Slavery Bond." This part of their history is full of interest as an illustration of the mode in which the system of the British Government in India reacts on the most corrupt and fossilized superstitions. Orthodox Hindus of other sects entered into controversy with the Vashnavas, to prove that profligacy is nowhere inculcated in the sacred books of the Hindus, and rests on a corruption of symbolism from its true meaning, introduced by infamous men to sanction their own deeds. Public discussions between Brahmans and the Mahārājas led to newspaper controversy. The newspaper already referred to, started by a Vishnava Reformer, edited by Karsandas Mulji, and called the *Light of Truth*, soon obtained a wide circulation. An attempt to

claim exemption from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court in 1856 was defeated by the firmness of the Court. "The community was thoroughly aroused, and men began to think, to talk and to act. The press, stimulated by this movement of society, gained courage to make its comments. Not only the fifteen or sixteen Guzerati papers which at that time were printed in the vernacular idioms, but three or four English local papers discussed the practice of the Mahārājas and 'greatly shocked the feeling of the public who had no conception of the enormities thus exposed.'" The great mover in this reform was Karsandas. No pains were spared to intimidate or bribe him. Among other means his opponents subsidized another native newspaper called the *Whip*, and endeavoured to effect a combination of their caste, some of the members of which were on Her Majesty's commission of the peace, and members of the grand jury. Karsandas was to be excommunicated, and an appeal was to be made to the Legislative Council to pass an act which would secure a permanent exemption to the Mahārājas from attendance in Courts of Justice. Among the objects to which the caste was to bind itself, were :—

"(1). That a barrister of first-rate talents should be sent to England with a view to secure a permanent exemption for the Mahārājas from attending in courts of justice. For this purpose 60,000 rupees are to be subscribed among the Hindus. (2). That all cases in which the Mahārājas happen to be one of the contending parties, should be referred to arbitration. (3). That persons criticising the doings of Mahārājas, even in a spirit of fairness, should be punished with excommunication."

Karsandas retaliated by a series of admirable articles in the *Light of Truth*, exposing the folly as well as the wickedness of the combination against him, and appealing to a just Providence to support the justice of his cause. This appeal to publicity had a great effect in breaking up the combination; but after further consultation the Mahārājas resolved to attempt to crush the heroic editor and his supporters by an action for libel. All the tyrannical power of

caste was invoked to support the prosecution, but the attempt brought them within the arm of the law, and some of the leading members of the community were convicted of conspiracy, and fined by the English Chief Justice. This naturally increased the public excitement regarding the trial, which reached such a height that nothing but the strenuous exertions of a powerful police prevented personal violence to Karsandas, the defendant. This case came on for trial in January 1862. All the ablest barristers in Bombay were arrayed on both sides, the defence being conducted by the late Mr. Chisholm Anstie, whose wonderful learning and intense earnestness found an appropriate field in defending the cause of truth and free thought and liberty of speech. The trial extended over forty days, sixty witnesses were examined, including not only the chief members of the sect on both sides of the question, but learned Europeans like Dr. Wilson, and educated native gentlemen, who felt that they were advancing the best interests of Hindu society, in probing to the bottom such a widespread moral cancer. The results were thus well expressed by Sir Joseph Arnould; after arguing that the time of the court had been wasted on such a trial, he said :—

"It seems impossible that this matter should have been discussed thus openly before a population so intelligent as that of the natives of Western India without producing its results. It has probably taught some to think; it must have led many to inquire. It is not a question of theology which has been before us; it is a question of morality. The principle for which the defendant (Karsandas) and his witnesses have been contending is simply this, that what is morally wrong cannot be theologically right; that when practices which sap the very foundations of morality, which involve a violation of the eternal and immutable laws of Right are established in the name and under the sanction of Religion, they ought for the common welfare of society, and in the interest of humanity itself, to be publicly denounced and exposed. They have denounced, they have exposed them. At a risk and at a cost which we cannot adequately measure, these men have done determined battle against a foul and powerful delusion. They have dared to look custom and error boldly in the face, and proclaim before the world of their votaries that their evil is not good, that their lie is not the

truth. In thus doing they have done bravely and well. It may be allowable to express a hope that what they have done will not have been in vain; that the seed they have sown will bear its fruit; that their courage and consistency will be rewarded by a steady increase in the number of those whom their words and their examples have quickened into thought and animated resistance, whose homes they have helped to cleanse from loathsome sensuality, and whose souls they have set free from a debasing bondage."

Every one will concur in the remarks with which Karsandas concludes his history of the case:—

"The history of the sect of Vallabhacharya which has been here unfolded reads like a chapter of romance. It is the history of a sect in which immorality is elevated to the rank of a divine law. The immutable distinctions of right and wrong, the sharp line of demarcation between virtue and vice, human personality and human responsibility, are lost and confounded in a system of theology which begins in sensuality and ends in the complete subversion of the first principles of our common nature. Such a system has perhaps no parallel in the annals of our race. Its effects can be more easily conceived than described. It has checked and arrested the healthy growth of all moral power. It has furnished its votaries with principles of action which, if carried out in their integrity, must produce the dissolution of society; for it treats holiness in life as a crime, and proclaims to 'the world and its votaries' that man becomes acceptable to his Maker *in and through sin*. It would be strange indeed if the discussions awakened by the trial should bring about no tangible result. The sect, though to all appearance powerful in organization, is in an unsettled state. While the old and bigoted cling with pertinacity to the dogmas of their childhood, the young and the educated detach themselves more and more from its contaminating influences. Assailed from without and racked by internal dissensions, the Vallabhacharyan faith must sooner or later be superseded by a more rational form of worship. The obstacles in the way of a thorough revolution are great but not insurmountable. That the power of the Maharajas for evil is not what it was fifteen years ago, is one sign of progress. Let us express a fervent hope that by the combined exertions and the steady co-operation of all lovers of truth and moral purity, the Vallabhacharyas may emerge from the darkness of error and falsehood into the glorious light of day, and that the faith proclaimed by Vallabha four hundred years ago may be crushed by the weight of its own enormities."

The subsequent career of Karsandas in no way belied the promise of this his first effort at social reform. He twice visited England, and wrote an admirable history of his travels, which was translated into Guzerati and Mahratti, and is deservedly regarded as a valuable addition to modern and original Hindu literature; but in visiting Europe he brought himself within the power of those members of his caste who had a grudge against him for the manner in which he had exposed the numerous wickednesses of their religious leaders. He was excommunicated and expelled from caste. He might at any time have purchased readmission, by submission to the caste rulers, by the payment of a small fine and by performing one or two childish but degrading ceremonies, which he justly considered as derogatory to the dignity of a human being. It is difficult for any European to realize the temporal and spiritual terror of caste excommunication. I have heard few things more pathetic than a detail of them from one who has suffered them for the cause of truth; but Karsandas scorned to obtain immunity from such punishment by any admission which he felt to be contrary to truth, and he remained excommunicated up to the day of his death, which was, no doubt, hastened by the wearing persecution to which he was subjected. But though firm as a rock when his principles were at stake, I never met a man of more modest or unassuming demeanour, with less self-seeking and more of the spirit of the true martyr. I know of no more hopeful sign for the future of the races of Hindostan than the existence among them of men like Karsandas Mulji; and I can testify from my own knowledge that Karsandas was by no means a solitary example of high moral excellence developed under circumstances which at first sight seemed sufficient to blight anything like sound moral feeling.

To be continued.

NOTES ON THE FIRTH.

I.—FROM A FOURTH-PAIR WINDOW.

THE sky is dappled blue with clouds that stray.
 Like frozen waves the roofs go rolling down
 The valley steeps, but weatherworn and brown
 Steeple and stack shoot mastlike toward the day.

Pandean pipes whereon the winds would play,
 Long rows of chimney pots the ridges crown;
 And black on slates and skylights flicker and frown
 Shadows of smoke that streams and wings that sway.

The city's monstrous voices surge to me,
 The mist afar its fantasies arranges,
 And sudden windows twinkle joyously.

A blue grey streak, a fixed uncertainty,
 A fallen slip of sky that shifts and changes,
 The Forth beyond them broadens into sea.

II.—AT QUEENSFERRY.

The blackbird sang, the skies were clear and clean.
 We bowled along a road that curved its spine
 Superbly sinuous and serpentine
 Thro' silent symphonies of glowing green.

Sudden the Firth came on us—sad of mien,
 No cloud to colour it, no breeze to line,
 A sheet of dark, dull glass, without a sign
 Of life or death, two shelves of sand between.

Water and sky merged blank in mist together,
 The fort loomed spectral, and the guardship's spars
 Traced vague, black shadows on the shimmery glaze.

We felt the dim strange years, the grey strange weather,
 The still strange land unvexed of sun or stars,
 Where Lancelot rides clanking thro' the haze.

III.—FORENOON.

Soft as the whisper shut within a shell,
 The far sea rustles white along the sand ;
 A tiny breeze, blown wanton from the land,
 Be-dimples it with kisses visible.

A dim, blue dream, the Fife hills sink and swell ;
 The large light quivers, and from strand to strand
 A vast content seems, breathing, to expand,
 And the deep heaven smiles down a sleepy spell.

Black bathers dance ; the girders of the pier
 Stand softened forth against the quiet blue ;
 Dogs bark, and wading children take their pleasure.

A horse comes charging round, and I can hear
 The gallop's wild waltz rhythm, falling thro',
 Change to the trot's deliberate polka measure.

IV.—VENUS EN HERBE.

Ten summers old the little maid appears,
 With March blue eyes and hair of pale March gold,
 And full red lips, yet ignorant and cold,
 And peachbloom cheeks, unstained of any tears.

Sweet with the supple promise that endears,
 Her shape suggests a tale of love half told.
 Her dainty dress falls graceful, fold on fold,
 With all the careless charm of perfect years.

Her slim legs' languid pose, her subtle, sweet
 And sudden changing glance, the innocent wile
 In her child laugh reveal her further yet :

A sketch that Time, the artist, will complete
 With loving tones and touches, till it smile
 On all the world, an exquisite coquette.

V.—MUSIC AMBULANT.

The beach was crowded. Pausing now and then,
 He groped and fiddled doggedly along,
 His worn face beaming on the thoughtless throng
 The stony peevishness of sightless men.

He seemed scarce older than his clothes. Again,
 Grotesquing thinly many an old sweet song,
 So cracked his viol, his hand so frail and wrong,
 You hardly could distinguish one in ten.

He stopped at last, and sat him on the sand,
 And, grasping wearily his bread-winner,
 Stared dim toward the blue immensity,

Then leaned his head upon his poor old hand.
 He may have slept, he did not speak or stir,
 His pose expressed a vast despondency.

VI.—BACK VIEW.

I watched you saunter down the sand,
Serene and large, the golden weather
Flowed radiant round your peacock feather,
And glistered from your jewelled hand.
Your tawny hair, turned strand on strand
And bound with ribands blue together,
Streaked the rough tartan, green like heather,
That round your lissome shoulder spanned.
Your grace was quick my sense to seize.
The quaint, looped hat, the twisted tresses,
The close-drawn scarf, and under these
The flowing, flapping draperies—
My thought your outline still caresses,
Rococo, charming, Japanese !

VII.—DOGS ON THE BEACH.

This to the dog must be a paradise !
Free as the wind his instincts he enjoys,
Horses he frightens, children he decoys,
Policemen and the muzzle he defies.
He swims, barks, races, basks and snaps at flies.
Life is to him a space of blissful noise,
All sun and sea, and stones and idle boys,
And sand his ideal cave to realize.
See the retriever burrowing quite alone !
Mark you the orgasm tremulous in his tail,
His flaglike ears, wild eyes, and eager tongue !
He stops, he trots to find a certain stone,
Superb and slow returning—as to hail
Saved by his act the country whence he sprung !

VIII.—RAIN.

The sky sags low with convoluted cloud,
Heavy and imminent, rolled from rim to rim,
And wreaths of mist be-veil the further brim
Of the leaden sea, all spiritless and cowed.
The rain is falling sheer and strong and loud,
The strand is desolate, the distance grim
With stormful threats, the wet stones glisten dim,
And to the wall the dank umbrellas crowd.
At home !—the soaked shrubs whisper dismal-mooded,
The rails are strung with drops, and steeped the grasses,
Black chimney-shadows streak the shiny slates.
A draggled fishwife screeches at the gates,
The baker hurries dripping on, and hooded
In her stained skirt a pretty housemaid passes.

IX.—FISHWIFE.

A hard north-easter fifty winters long
Has bronzed and shrivelled sere her face and neck;
Her locks are wild and grey, her teeth a wreck;
Her foot is huge, her bowed leg spare and strong.
A wide blue cloak, a squat and sturdy throng
Of brief blue coats, a mutch without a speck,
A white vest broidered black, her person deck,
Nor seems their stern and old-world quaintness wrong.
Her great creel forehead slung, she wanders nigh,
Easing the heavy strap with gnarled, brown fingers,
A deep esurience in her anxious eye,
Ever and anon imploring you to buy,
As looking down the street she onward lingers,
Reproachful, with a strange and doleful cry.

X.—TWILIGHT.

The sunset's roses faint and fain decline.
Inshore the still sea shimmers scale on scale,
Like an enormous coat of magic mail—
Sheet silver shot with tremulous opaline.
Rare boats traverse it, glidingly supine.
The Inchkeith light by moments flashes pale.
The distance darkles, and a far grey sail
Melts vague into the solemn evenshine.
The thickening dusk is quick with pattering feet
And swishing dresses, and the airs of June
With broad sea scents and blown cigars are sweet;
And over yonder, where the ripples beat,
Sweethearts are wandering, while the yellowing moon
Sails the blue lift, and wide stars glance and greet.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

THE EXPLORING EXPEDITIONS TO WESTERN YUNNAN OF 1868 AND 1875.

DURING the last few months the public mind has been agitated by the questions arising out of the murder of Mr. Margary, and the forcible stoppage of a peaceful party of British explorers on the frontier of Burmah and China. The expedition was under the permission and protection of the King of Burmah. Mr. Margary travelled with special passports and authority from the Pekin Government. There have appeared many articles, some temperately discussing the question as to the really guilty parties; others intemperately assuming the treachery of either or both of the Burmese and Chinese. While hearing the frequent discussions of the subject, the writer has been made aware that the train of events which culminated in the tragedy of February 21st is very partially known, save to the few who have been especially interested therein.

Now that it is almost certain that the Chinese Government will be required to render access to Yunnan secure, as well as to punish the guilty parties, a brief sketch of these events will be not unacceptable to many; and no one need dread a discussion of rival trade routes, or intrusion on the province of our diplomatists. Both commerce and science have always had their martyrs. To judge the guilty, and apportion punishment, is not the province of the votaries of either the one or the other.

Ten years ago our knowledge of the country lying between the kingdom of Burmah and the Western Chinese province of Yunnan was partial and inexact. The rapid development of the new British port of Rangoon had begun to force our merchants' attention to the possibility of overland trade between Burmah and China. Tradition and history pointed to such a trade as having long existed *via* Bhamo, a town

on the upper Irrawaddy. Burmese annals told of wars with China, arising out of wrongs done to Chinese merchants, and of treaties in which the chief article referred to the re-opening of the "gold and silver road," and the restoration of former commerce.

The almost forgotten observations of Hannay, Bayfield, Symes, and other Englishmen, testified to the importance of the trade carried on, and of Bhamo as the emporium.

Baron des Granges in 1848, and Dr. Clement Williams in 1863, had urged the claims of this line of communication on all interested in the matter; and Colonel Phayre had secured in the Burmese treaty of 1862 a clause allowing and regulating British trade in and through Upper Burmah. But during the previous decade, or since 1855, the old Bhamo trade, computed by Colonel Yule to have yearly amounted to half-a-million sterling, was said to have ceased. Such scanty commerce as was still carried on between the new Burmese capital, Mandalay, and Yunnan, was conducted by the tedious overland route, *via* Theinnee, a journey requiring nearly two months to accomplish it. This change, though suspiciously coincident with the British occupation of Pegu, was said to be due to the Mohammedan rebellion in Yunnan, which had been devastating that wide province since 1855. As an ally, if not as an actual tributary of China, the King of Burmah could not risk dealing with the rebels; and the condition of the border populations affected was not clearly known. The commercial community of Rangoon pressed upon the Government the desirability of at least investigating the actual state of things.

It might be that the old channel of trade only needed to be cleared of ob-

structions that the auriferous stream might flow again. Visions of imports of Manchester goods, and return cargoes of the rich products of Yunnan, Kweichau, or even Szechwan, presented themselves to many a far-seeing merchant. The then Commissioner, Colonel Fytche, was not slow to forward the views of the community under his care. In 1867 he obtained the consent of the Indian Government to the despatch of an exploring party of British officers and commercial representatives, charged to examine the routes from Bhamo to Yunnan, and penetrate, if possible, to Talifu. The King of Burmah gave a ready consent to the passage of the expedition through his territory. A royal proclamation was issued, commanding all officials to render every aid in their power; and a royal steamer was placed at the disposal of Major Sladen, then resident at Mandalay, and the appointed leader of the expedition. The English members of the party represented engineering science and the mercantile interests, and an escort of fifty armed police accompanied them. The first steamer voyage, *en* Bhamo, was accomplished in eight days without mishap, which was reached January 13, 1868. From this town the high range of the Kakhyen hills could be seen stretching away in an unbroken line. Across and beyond there lay the route leading to the desired goal; but a month's delay had to elapse before the departure from Bhamo could be effected. In the absence of governor or woon,—the former holder of the office having been killed, while his successor delayed his arrival,—the subordinate magistrates were timorous, and disinclined to act; the Chinese merchants of Bhamo having first tried to daunt the new comers by predictions of failure, set to work to intrigue for their destruction. No wonder, if they regarded these foreign interlopers as heralds of a movement which would break down their long-possessed monopoly.

Li-see-thai, a name now familiar to English ears, was then first heard of. He is of mixed Chinese and Burmese

extraction, and was at that time a partisan of the Imperialist Chinese, who still waged a guerilla war against the successful Mohammedans holding a position which commanded the road to the first leading Pantha town, Momien, or Teng-ye-chow. He was now engaged by the Bhamo Chinese—who represented the English as friends of the Mohammedans—to attack the party in their advance. Having become acquainted with this danger, by a successful counter move, the British leader secretly sent letters to the Mohammedan governor of Momien, explanatory of the pacific purposes of his journey and bespeaking his aid. No information could be obtained of any route across the hills save one, and recourse was had to the Kakhyen chief of Ponlyne, through whose district this road led by the northern bank of the Tapeng river, which flows through the hills, joining the Irrawaddy at Bhamo. He engaged to provide mules and escort the party safely to Manwyne, the first town in the valleys inhabited by a Shan population. It was uncertain whether these Shan states would prove favourable to the progress of the expedition, or how far they had become subject to the Mohammedan Chinese. It was known that the latter had established a sort of government under an elected emperor, who resided at the ancient and holy city of Tali-fu. It might be expected that he and his people would gladly assist in re-opening direct trade with Burmah, and Major Sladen relied on the effect of his letters to secure a welcome, and an escort, if needed, through the intervening valleys to Momien. Bhamo was left February 26th, and the fifteen miles of plain extending to the base of the hills were soon traversed. At Tsitkaw, the point of departure for the hills, the avaricious and faithless nature of the half-savage Kakhyens already began to show itself, but after various delays and difficulties the hills were entered on March 2nd, and on the 6th, after toiling up and down rugged mountain tracks, ascending to a height of three thousand five hundred feet, the party encamped at

a Kakhyen mountain village called Ponsee.

The next day the mulemen drove off all their mules, and left the expedition stranded without any means of further progress. It would of course have been possible to retreat, leaving the valuable baggage a prey to the highlanders, but Major Sladen decided on a policy of expectant patience. In this he was soon encouraged by the return of his messengers from Momien with letters and glowing accounts of their cordial reception by the Mohammedan governor. The detention of the party in their camp on the Ponsee hill-side lasted till May 11th. During this period the Kakhyen chiefs, especially he of Ponlyne, tried by every imaginable form of menace, cajolery, and pretended plans of assistance to extract rupees; they cut off supplies, and invented or reported all sorts of rumours of combinations on the part of Shans, Chinese, and even Burmese to destroy the whole party. The Bhamo people, influenced by the Chinese merchants, undoubtedly did all they could to embarrass us. The Panthays were told that the English really meant to drive them out of their territory; the Shans that their country was to be conquered. The governor of Momien, however, was convinced of the sincerity of our purpose, and took the field in person to drive Li-see-thai from his stronghold and clear the way for our advance. By his influence the Shans were brought to assist the party, and after all expectations of progress seemed to have faded away, and some members of the expedition had returned to Mandalay, the three remaining travellers found themselves *en route* for Manwyne. Doubtless there had been a narrow escape from attack. Some of the Kakhyens had even killed a bullock, and, dipping their swords in its blood, had sworn to fall on the camp by night, but dissensions among themselves and a wholesome fear of fifty muskets averted the danger. The two months' detention converted all these savage hill-men into friends, at least they acquired a conviction that it *paid better* to serve than to

thwart or attack an Englishman. It is true that even the liberality and consideration shown to them cannot be said to have transformed them all into steadfast, trustworthy allies, but a great advance was certainly made in winning their confidence, as subsequent events have shown. Descending from the Kakhyen hills the explorers entered on a very different scene.

The long narrow valley, stretching between walls of lofty mountains, down which the Tapeng flowed through its successive Shan states of Muangla, Sanda, and Manwyne, delighted the eye with its natural beauty. The industrious and thriving population received the visitors everywhere with cordial welcome. Signs of the devastating war, which had not spared even these remote towns, were not wanting. Breached walls, roofless houses, and ruined temples told the tale of civil strife, exasperated by religious prejudice, but the valley was still smiling with cultivation and teeming with busy life. Perhaps the change from the monotony of mountains and dirty scowling Kakhyens, made the fertile valley and the good-humoured Shans seem more attractive than they other wise would have done, but most pleasant was our intercourse with them, both on the upward and return journey, as well in the Sanda valley as in the adjacent state of Hotha, occupying a parallel valley to the southwards. The result was a conviction that no obstacle to trade or travel would arise from the people or the chiefs of the Shan states tributary to China, if uninfluenced by *hostile advisers*. For it became quite clear that after debouching from the Kakhyen hills the traveller is really in the empire of China, at least within its normal boundaries. These Shan states were each ruled by its patriarchal *tsawbwa* or chief, but each paid a yearly tribute and obeyed the governor of Momien.

In fact, a stream which, down a deep glen, forced its way through the Kakhyen hills to the Tapeng, is the ancient boundary between Burmah and China. This stream, named the Nampoung, was crossed before reaching

Ponsee. Beginning with Manwyne, a considerable and increasing Chinese element showed itself in the population, and the fact was borne in on us gradually, but strongly, that both to the north and to the south of the Tapeng the boundary between the two countries ran but a few miles distant from the Irrawaddy valley. The Kakhyens themselves, though practically independent highlanders, living in clans, and, like true highlanders, ready to quarrel with, and plunder each other, or any one else, are fully sensible of their position, as living either on Burmese or Chinese ground. Manwyne itself was then a sort of no-man's-land, filled with a lawless rabble of refugees and rowdies, but of the towns next in order a separate Chinese quarter existed in each until Muangla was passed. From this point the road left the valley of the Tapeng, and ascended that of its affluent, the Taho, flowing down from the hills north-east of Momien. In the next Shan state of Muangtee, two closely neighbouring towns—Muangtee and Nantin—were respectively occupied by Shans and Chinese. From this, till Momien itself was reached, the country had been too plainly desolated by war. Ruined villages and neglected rice-fields told of past industry, but now only of robbers. The broken fugitives of the Chinese Imperialist armies seemed to haunt the hill-sides of the deserted valleys. We did not escape an attack, though escorted by a strong guard of Mohammedan soldiers from Nantin, which was garrisoned by them. And two of the Panthay officers fell victims to their friendship for the English visitors. It is well to add that the Indian Government recognized their services by a pecuniary grant to their families. The paved road carried over stone-bridges polished by incessant traffic, and even occasional iron suspension-bridges, was almost deserted. And when Momien was at last reached, the city walls contained but a few houses, tenanted by the Mohammedan authorities and their soldiery.

This lofty valley, at a height of nearly 6,000 feet above the sea, and surrounded by mountains, had once been literally crowded with inhabitants. Around the city itself lay a ring of large villages—only the graveyards on the hill-slopes and the deserted ruins now remaining to bear witness to their former populousness. The numerous temples had been sacked by Moslem intolerance, although the extensive ruins still showed abundant traces of the wealth and devotion of the founders and worshippers. The scanty remains of the Chinese population occupied a walled bazaar outside the city gate, but all were poverty-stricken, and numbers were mere beggars. Outside the walls, robbers infested the ruins, and their presence was manifested by continual alarms, and frequent executions of so-called dacoits, who had made reprisals on their conquerors. It was absolutely unsafe to venture half a mile without a strong guard; and a visit to the hills was impossible. Nothing, however, could exceed the cordial welcome and the thoughtful hospitality extended by Tasakone the governor to his guests. The Panthays, naturally fraternised with the Mohammedan policemen of the escort, and the tedium of the stay from May 26 to July 13, during which period it rained almost incessantly, was relieved as far as possible by the kindness of the good-natured Panthay officials. There was, however, no possibility of advancing to Yungchang, the centre of trade, or to Tali-fu, the seat of the Mohammedan kingdom.

It was a strange coincidence that at this very time Mr. Cooper was endeavouring to reach Tali from the north, and Garnier and his companions from the Cambodia. The capture of Yun-nan⁵ fu, the capital of the province, was announced; but the constant fighting, and the numerous detached bands of Imperialist soldiery, rendered it impossible to do more than send forward to Tali-fu the presents brought for the purpose. The king, Suleyman, sent letters of greeting, and promises of a mission to Rangoon, when possible; while the governor him-

self eagerly entered into the arrangements for future commercial intercourse, and promised that the duties to be levied should not be exorbitant.

Returning from Momien, the party retraced their steps to Manwyne, having spent some days in familiar intercourse with the Shans of Sanda. From Manwyne a new line of return was adopted. Crossing the Tapeng and the southern border mountain, we descended into the valley of the Hotha Shans, and travelled along the embassy road, by which in olden times the Burmese embassies had passed to the Flowery Land, and so regained the Burmese plain through the Kakhyen hills, south of the Tapeng.

These highlanders appeared superior to their countrymen of Ponsee, especially within the Chinese frontier; and the only delays on the journey were caused by the pertinacious hospitality of chiefs, who thought nothing of guiding their visitors a mile or two out of the way, and over an extra mountain or so to gain the honour of entertaining them for a night. The Kakhyen chiefs from these southern hills, commanding the embassy road, to the number of thirty-one, followed us to Bhamo, and at a grand sacrificial ceremony held in September, twelve took oaths of fidelity and friendship, according to their most solemn and binding form; and with this interesting ceremony, the expedition of 1868 may be said to have terminated.

And now what results had been attained? Thanks to the patience and determination of the leader, almost all had returned in safety, with the loss of only two, a sepoy and a native zoological collector, who had succumbed to disease. Friendly relations had been established between English visitors, and the successive populations, viz. the Kakhyen of the hills, the Shans of the valleys, and the Mohammedan Chinese of Yunnan. It is not the place here to speak of additions to our stock of ethnological and physical knowledge, but it had been distinctly proved, partly by our own personal exploration, and partly by the report of a Burmese surveyor detached for the purpose, that

three usual and available routes lead from Bhamo to Momien, all passing through the territory of the Kakhyens, who derive profits from the hire of carriage, and from dues accustomed to be paid to the chiefs. The northern route traversed in the outward journey is the most difficult. The central embassy route partly traversed in the return, ranks next in facility, but the easiest, although longest, is the road which, starting from Sawaddy, a village on the river, below Bhamo, leads through lower hills to Muangmou, and thence turns to the north east to Nantin, at the latter place all the three lines of communication converge, and from thence the Chinese high road leads to Momien. By the latter route it was gathered that most of such traffic as then existed was conveyed. That no great engineering difficulties would occur to prevent the formation of a good hill road through the Kakhyen county was proved by the report of Mr. Gordon, who joined the expedition on its return journey at Muangla; but the road over high hills, or along valleys, through friendly Shans or greedy highlanders could only lead to a province devastated by war, where the conquering rebels ruled over a people, politically and religiously hostile.

The Panthays were ready enough to welcome English traders or travellers, but they could not secure the roads, nor were the natural prejudices of the Chinese likely to be lessened by the spectacle of friendly intercourse between those whom they esteemed rebels and the foreigners. If the march of events had established a settled and peaceful Mohammedan kingdom, the good results achieved by Major Sladen would have borne abundant fruit.

It may, however, be briefly said, that the objects of the exploration, in verifying the reports as to lines of communication between Burmah and China, in investigating the political relations of the population, and the physical features of the country; and last, but not least, in conciliating the various chiefs, and their subjects to whom English-

men were then first made known, were fully attained. With that consciousness, the leader of the expedition which went and returned in 1868 can console himself for the absence of any recognition of his services.

An immediate outcome of the work done was the establishment of an English assistant political agent at Bhamo. A handsome residence was erected outside the town, and a succession of British residents have since maintained the then acquired influence of the British flag, and from this distant outpost, two hundred miles from any countrymen, watched the prospects and interests of trade.

During the next few years the state of Yunnan continued to be that of internecine warfare, but the desultory efforts of the Imperialist Chinese were at last exchanged for more active hostility. It is probable that the Government of Peking discovered the truth that their high officials were embezzling the funds supposed to be devoted to suppressing the rebellion. Perhaps too the news that the Panthays began to hope for English support, awoke the slow-going Chinese mind to the necessity of prompt and resolute action.

In May, 1872, Prince Hassan, son of the Mohammedan king, made his way to Rangoon, and thence proceeded to London with a retinue and presents, in the hope of obtaining at least a recognition of his father's government as *de facto* existing. In this the prince was necessarily disappointed. He was, however, treated as a private guest of the government, and remained in England until August. During his stay Mr. T. T. Cooper, the Chinese traveller, was introduced to him, and was requested by him to accompany him to Talifu. Her Majesty's Government commissioned Mr. Cooper to escort the Prince to the frontier of British Burmah, from whence he would proceed to Tali as a guest of the Mohammedan king. Meanwhile, the Chinese had poured masses of troops into Yunnan, and invested Talifu; and when Prince Hassan and Mr. Cooper reached

Rangoon, they received the news that Talifu had been captured and the Mohammedan king killed. The Panthay power was thus broken, and the merciless extermination of the Mohammedans completed the ruin of the province of Yunnan, though Momiën and other strongholds held out till the following year.

Order, however, was gradually restored. The Chinese authorities were reinstated, and Li-see-thai in reward for his fidelity, was appointed Governor of the Chinese Shan States, the Shans themselves gladly welcoming the restoration of the old *régime*. Trade slowly resumed its former channels, though continual disturbances, the flashes from the dying embers of the civil war, broke out here and there. The Hon. A. Eden, Chief Commissioner of Burmah, earnestly desired to make a fresh attempt to open communications between Bhamo and China, and prepare the way for English merchants and travellers. The difficulty of a rebellious province, entrance into which, by our treaty, was prohibited, no longer existed, and with the consent of the Government of Peking, a gold and silver road might be opened through the very centre of China. In 1874 Lord Salisbury decided to send a second expedition to penetrate China from Burmah, and exploring the routes for commerce, pass through, if practicable, to Shanghai.

To avoid possible misunderstanding, and to make it plain to the Western Chinese Mandarins that the foreign visitors were of the same nation as the English, who lived and traded in the treaty ports, her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Peking was instructed to send a Consular official with Imperial passports to meet the party entering from Burmah.

Having secured the full permission of the Peking Government, Mr. Wade selected Mr. Margary, a young but most promising member of the Consular Service, to make the journey across China, and await the expedition at Momiën, and he started from Shanghai September 4, 1874. The appointed

leader, Colonel Brown, and some other members of the party, with a guard of fifteen Sikhs, and valuable presents, left Mandalay in January 1875. The king of Burmah had accorded a splendid reception to the mission. Royal officials and elephants awaited our landing, a solid silver dinner service was provided for our use, and we were declared to be the king's guests till we entered China. Daily pooays, or theatrical entertainments, were given. Nothing was left undone to show that the king delighted to honour the members of the mission, whom he received in audience before our departure, on which occasion he expressed himself in most friendly terms. The voyage up the river was marked by the same manifestation of feeling. At every town and village the officials had prepared a festive reception. The women were ranged in rows, dancing and singing Burmese fashion, to amuse the strangers. On January 15th Bhamo was reached, the moon coming to meet the steamer with a large escort of war-boats, and showing the most kindly thoughtfulness for our accommodation.

As a set-off to all this outward display of goodwill, there had not been wanting rumours and confidential statements that the king really wished the very opposite of success to the mission. Mandalay, however, is beyond all capitals a prolific breeding-ground for *canards*. The king, being centre and head of everything—trade included—is frequently represented as uttering opinions which only exist in the imaginations of those who repeat them. There is an *entourage* of European adventurers who seem to delight in misrepresenting the king to foreigners, and foreigners to the king; and as the groundless stories and rumours, once propagated, are apt to fly until they find place in the columns of newspapers, much mischief thereby results. The king of Burmah is an intelligent monarch, well acquainted with English and Indian affairs. He may not bear any great affection to the nation that holds the fairest half of his ancestral kingdom, but he knows their power; and though,

naturally, he may not relish interference, he is not unwilling to encourage commercial intercourse, being himself, indeed, the principal merchant in his kingdom. While reading much of the "own correspondent" statements and comments thereon, touching Burmese affairs, one could not help recalling the fable of the "Wolf and the Lamb," and thinking that the writers were anxious to see an illustration of it, with the Upper Irrawaddy as the stream which the lamb rendered unfit for use, before the waters flowed down to the wolf.

At Bhamo, Mr. Ney Elias was awaiting the arrival of the Mission, and on the 17th, to the delight of all, Mr. Margary arrived, having come from Momien by Sanda and Manwyne. His progress through Kweichau and Yunnan had been most successful. The Mandarins had received him as if he had been a high Chinese dignitary. The acting Viceroy of Yunnan showed himself "unexpected ally and friend," and sent two Mandarins to escort him, and also forwarded despatches to the frontier towns to prepare for the reception of the mission. He had even been permitted to enter Tali, and found the people civil; while the Tartar general had been so won by the manner and accomplishments of his English visitor as to promise to invite the mission to stay for a few days in Talifu. At Manwyne he met Li-see-thai, who paid him marked respect, and this in the presence of Kakhyen chiefs and Shan notables. There is a sad interest in the account given in his private letters of his stay at this place. The gallant young Englishman, fully versed in Chinese language and etiquette, who was the first of his nation to traverse China, might well excite the interest of the Manwyne chiefs and people. His stay there is summed up in his own words in a letter dated Manwyne, January 13th:—"I come and go without meeting the slightest rudeness among this charming people." Little more than a month elapsed before he was treacherously murdered at that very place! His report of the condition of the provinces of Kweichau and Yunnan, especially the latter, fully con-

firmed the opinions expressed by Mr. Cooper and others.

The ravages of the Miautze, or hill-men, who availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the Mohammedan rebellion, have desolated Kweichau, as the civil war has laid waste Yunnan. Everywhere the cities are reduced to mere villages, and the villages to collections of mere straw huts. The devoted cities remain as cities of the dead, with extensive walls surrounding acres of ruins. The fine valleys of Yunnan are given up to rank grass, and ruined villages and neglected fields attest the former prosperity. "Every day," writes Mr. Margary, half-way between Yunnan and Talifu, "I come to what was once a busy city, now only containing a few houses, within walls which surrounded a wide space of ruins. The people are returning gradually. The blue smoke can be seen curling up here and there against the pine-clad hills; but it must take some few years to re-people the country, rich as it is." This is the picture of the once richest province of China, drawn by the first Englishman who traversed the trade route of the future.

But this is anticipating the tragic end to which all preparations to go forward from Bhamo were tending. The Resident, Captain Cooke, and Mr. Ney Elias had arranged for the mission to proceed by the Sawaddy route, through the district of the Lenna Kakhyens, thence by the Chinese Shan States of Muangmow and Sehfan, in the valley of the Shuaylee river, to Momien. This, though much longer, was considered a far easier route, and possessed the recommendation of opening up a new country. The Paloungtoo, a Lenna chief, had agreed to furnish pack bullocks, and escort the party to the first town in Muangmow State.

The Burmese woon recommended the embassy route, but cheerfully gave all aid to carry out the plan proposed. A numerous Burmese guard was assembled, the royal order being that the mission was to be safely escorted to the Chinese frontier line. Difficulties arose

with the Kakhyen chief after the baggage had been partly arranged for transit at Sawaddy. The Kakhyens could not restrain their pilfering propensities, and there seemed some doubt as to the consent of all the chiefs on the proposed line of march. It subsequently appeared that the main difficulty was the concealed objection of the chiefs to the presence of the Burmese. And the same chiefs loyally escorted Messrs. Cooke and Elias through their territories to Muangmow.

Colonel Brown decided to advance by the route traversed by the former expedition, through Ponlyne and Ponsee to Manwyne. The Burmese, though not approving, at once cordially co-operated, and sent out to the Kakhyen chiefs for our mules, a sufficient number of which were soon collected at Tsitkaw.

February 17th saw the long array of laden mules toiling up the stony ruts that are called roads in the Kakhyen Hills. Fifty Burmese soldiers, commanded by a Tsaredawgyee, or royal writer, escorted the party, together with the fifteen Sikhs, who brought up the rear. Successive Burmese guard-houses, each occupied by a small party of soldiers, were passed, a regular chain having been established from the foot of the hills to the Nampoung, or the boundary stream which divides Burmah from China.

Ominous reports soon began to be brought in. Several hundred evil-disposed Kakhyens and Chinese robbers had banded themselves together at Manwyne to attack us in the hills; but the authority for these rumours was doubtful, and it was resolved to go forward to the glen of the Nampoung, and encamp on the Burmese bank of the stream. Hence, Colonel Brown decided that Margary should go forward to Manwyne and ascertain the real state of affairs; and on the 19th of February he started, accompanied by his Chinese writer and servants, without any apprehension of danger, so great was the confidence engendered by his previous reception at that town.

The following day a letter arrived

from him, written from Seray, a Kakhyen hill village, on the way to Manwyne, announcing that all was quiet, and the people had been civil.

The march was at once resumed, the Nampoung was crossed, and the mission, still escorted by the Burmese guard, though now in Chinese territory, climbed the eastern slopes and encamped on the Sheetee Merroo Hill, at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea. Next morning the leader was anxious to proceed, but the Burmese requested him to await news of Margary's safe arrival at Manwyne. Men were seen hovering on the upper heights. The Burmese threw up earth-works across the road, in front and rear. That same evening the Burmese officer reported that an attack would certainly take place that night or the ensuing day, and his men constructed a rough breast-work. Our position was surrounded by heights and jungle, save to the west, where a steep descent led down to the Nampoung valley.

All were astir at daylight on the 22nd. Large bodies of men appeared on the heights, and hurried down to the south-east of our position, so as to occupy the road in our rear. The Burmese posted guards on the road leading to Seray, and drew a cordon round on all sides but one. Soon their officer came, with grave face, and exhibiting letters from Manwyne, announced the terrible news of the murder of poor Margary, and with him his writer and servants. There was little time to grieve, or to consult, for the invisible enemy opened fire from the jungle on all sides but the west, but chiefly from the south. The Sikhs took up a position covered by a huge boulder, and opened fire, whenever the enemy showed themselves, with fatal effect; the Burmese also briskly returned the fire.

The Burmese officer had been warned of the attack in the letters from Manwyne, and advised to keep out of harm's way; but he and his men loyally adhered to their trust. He displayed a cool presence of mind throughout the day. The mules and drivers retreated

into a hollow where they were secure. Two Kakhyen Tsawbwas, Woonkah and Sheetee, brought in men to assist us, and remained all day. By two o'clock the firing ceased, and the enemy retreated. The mules were got ready for a start, when the foe returned, at least five hundred strong, and opened a hot fire from the heights and jungle, and our position appeared likely to become untenable. A diversion was shortly effected by the faithful Kakhyens, who made their way below the enemy to the south, and fired the jungle, an operation which was repeated till the assailants, deprived of cover, made off along the ridges, acquiring as they ran an unpleasant knowledge of the long range of rifles. By five o'clock all firing had ceased, the baggage was promptly loaded, willing Kakhyens eagerly assisting, and was soon on its way to Sheetee. Our return was effected unmolested, the Burmese doing all in their power to secure the safety of all. Save one of their number and a servant, both slightly wounded, no one was hurt, and the baggage was eventually brought intact to Bhamo.

Nothing would have been easier than for the Burmese to have deserted their charge; but from first to last they displayed a zealous fidelity beyond all praise. It is strange if the services rendered by the Tsaredawgyee pass unrequited, and yet not so strange, seeing that the Burmese have been accused of at least conniving at the attack. Besides our grief at the death of Mr. Margary, who during our short intercourse had endeared himself to all, great anxiety was felt for the safety of Ney Elias. He and Captain Cooke had preceded by the Irrawaddy route to Muangmow—the suspected Kakhyens had behaved admirably—the lavish hospitality of the Lenna chiefs literally franking the travellers through the hills.

At Muangmow they had found Lisee-thai, who had received them courteously. He had expected the whole Mission to come by that route, and apparently gone there to meet it. In order to enable Elias to proceed more quickly, Captain Cooke returned to Bhamo.

On the 17th Elias was still at Muangmow, Li-see-thai having declared it unsafe for him to proceed through Sehfan, as there was fighting on the road. This had been the last news, and we dreaded to hear that he had shared the fate of Mr. Margary. Letters, however, dated two days previously, reached Bhamo on the 26th, reassuring us of Elias's safety up to that time. Li-see-thai had asked him to wait and he would see if he could send him on into the regions ruled by Mandarins; but at last declared that it was out of his power to secure the Englishman's safety through the turbulent state of Sehfan, and Mr. Elias returned safely to Bhamo.

It is impossible to avoid the reflection that the Chinese officer, had he been so minded, could have let the traveller advance to certain death, and that without any apparent complicity. The Chinese Shans of Muangmow were certainly not friendly disposed, though no overt act of hostility occurred; but the purloining of Mr. Elias's note-book marked their dislike to foreigners obtaining a knowledge of their country. It may be remarked that no particulars of Mr. Margary's murder are given. No authentic or trustworthy account could

be obtained whether he fell a victim to the robbers and assassins of that turbulent frontier town, who feared interference with their intended plunder, or to the organized hostility of the Chinese merchants.

This brief but perhaps tedious account is not an indictment of the Chinese, although one cannot help remarking that Li-see-thai, as governor of the Shan states, could certainly bring to justice the guilty parties, unless they had been instigated and screened by officials superior to himself. If by their punishment it be established that a peaceful English traveller or trader shall hereafter pass unmolested through the Shan valleys, though for years the fancied commerce may be still only an unrealised vision, the gallant young Margary will not have died in vain.

No towering pagoda, or simpler monument, may rise on the spot where he fell, to tell the wondering natives that England never forgets her heroes; but, what he would more have desired, the opening to commerce of a secure trade route between Burmah and China, which has now become a national duty, will keep his memory green.

JOHN ANDERSON, M.D.

LONDON, *September*, 1875.

END OF VOLUME XXXII.



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